

Reassignment

Pushing open the tinted door, Bravo's heart raced from excitement as the sights and sounds of a busy police station filled his slightly floppy ears. The chubby dog stood at the entrance for a moment, taking everything in, but also trying to get a layout of the area. He couldn't see a direct path to the chief's office, which was to be expected, so he instead straightened his posture and walked towards an available officer sitting behind a polished wood counter. The officer had his face turned slightly as he examined a computer monitor, that Bravo noted, was a few years old. To the keen dog, this indicated that the station was kept relatively up to date. Not on the cutting edge, but also not behind the times; a nice middle ground.

After a moment, the middle-aged badger looked over and smiled at the chubby dog that had approached him. "Hi there, son, how can I help you?"

Bravo cleared his throat and adjusted his glasses, then placed a small pile of papers down on the counter. "Hello, I'm Bravo, the new forensic scientist from Central. I was told to report here and see Chief Barnaby about an available position on his team."

The badger's face lit up in a broad smile and, with a little effort, he pushed himself up from his chair. "Ah, excellent! We've all been looking forward to having a new member for the team." Wadling over to a partition in the wood counter, the Badger lifted up a flap, indicating for the dog to come on through.

Bravo quickly scooped up his pile of papers and walked behind the counter. Finally getting a good look at the middle-aged badger, the dog had to stifle the urge to wag his shaggy tail. He'd always appreciated men with some meat on them, and this gentleman definitely had a lovely frame. Tearing his eyes away from the lovely man, Bravo attempted to speak, and was embarrassed as his words caught in his throat, making his voice crack, as though he were a pup going through puberty. "I'm terribly excited...to...uh..."

The badger chuckled and slapped him on the back. "Oh dear me, son, you're gonna have to watch yourself around here. If you're not more sure of yourself, you're gonna get used right up!"

This did absolutely nothing to help the poor flustered dog, as his mind seized on the word 'used,' and drove rather unprofessional images into his head. He could feel his face blush, and was caught of guard as he detected a slight smirk on the badgers face, as though he could guess at what the chubby dog was thinking.

"Alright, Bravo, you just head on back down that hallway. The chief is in the first door on the right, giving a demonstration to a number of officers. You just go on in and say ol' Gus told you to come back." He smiled and patted the dog on the back, giving him a slight push of encouragement.

"Th-thank you, Gus! I appreciate it." Bravo positioned his stack of papers down in front of his lap, in hopes to hide the small excitement that was growing down there. Then, perhaps more quickly than he should have, he made his way down towards the indicated room. Taking a deep breath, he gathered his thoughts, trying to push out the image of the handsome badger, and opened the door. The worst was behind him, he assured himself, as he headed into the room. He doubted there would be any other gentlemen as lovely as the badger he had just left at the front of the station.

And then he got a look at the room at large, and instantly regretted ever tempting the chubby-older-men-gods. All around him were various species of animal, most of them male, and a good portion of those males were packing some beautiful pounds. Of particular note was the Old English Sheepdog standing at the front of the class. He wasn't nearly as heavy as Gus, but something about his uniform

seemed to accentuate whatever extra weight he carried, especially around the middle. He was also smoking a black bent-stemmed pipe, filling the air with a wonderful aroma of vanilla and various other spices.

In the back of his mind Bravo knew that smoking inside a station wasn't allowed, but that particular point was pushed out of consideration as he simply stood there admiring the smorgasbord of older man meat laid out before him.

The sheepdog simply stood there, politely waiting for the newcomer to identify himself. When it became obvious that the awestruck redheaded canine wasn't going to be forthcoming with that information, the sheepdog took the initiative. "Can I help you, son?"

For whatever reason, Bravo's brain didn't kick in that he has been asked a question, but rather noted that this was the second person who had called him 'son' since arriving, and that he had only talked to two people here. That gave him a 100 % 'son' status, though the sample size was hardly anything to make concrete theories out of. And, did he really look that young? Maybe he should have left the green sweater vest at home and worn his green corduroy jacket.

"Son, are you lost?" The sheepdog had wandered forward and was halfway to Bravo, when the distracted canine finally found his voice.

"Oh, no sir! I'm here about the job." His voice cracked again, and Bravo gripped his stack of papers tighter, holding them close to his lap.

The sheepdog smiled and snapped his fingers. "I thought that might be the case. Excellent, you're right on time." He waved the flustered dog forward as he made his way back up to the front of the room. "Come on up, son, and we'll get this going."

The bespectacled mutt curiously wandered up to join the older sheepdog, who was now pulling on a pair of black leather gloves over his white, fuzzy hands.

"Alright men, and ladies," the older canine nodded to the two female officers sitting next to each other at a table near the middle of the room, "the first thing to remember when conducting a strip search is to always wear protection." He held up a gloved hand, and casually grabbed the papers from Bravo's hands, and set them down on a nearby table.

"Oh, sir, those are..." Bravo thought a moment, and eventually his mind caught up with what the chief was doing. "Wait, strip search?"

The fuzzy white dog continued on, obviously more focused on giving a good demonstration than what the chubby redheaded dog had to say. "I usually find it's best to start off by asking the person to remove the outer layers of clothing, like coats and vests and shoes." He paused a moment, as if expecting something to happen, then leaned over and whispered into Bravo's slightly floppy ear, "This is where you remove your vest and shoes, son."

Wisps of the nice smelling pipe smoke floated out towards the young forensic scientists nose, and he wasn't sure why, but he was already starting to take off his green sweater vest, while kicking of his shoes, when he meekly replied. "Oh, sorry sir."

The chief pressed on. "Once those are off, you should thoroughly examine each article of clothing for any hidden pockets or compartments, and of course any contraband. While you do this, ask the person to please empty their pockets, and take off their belt." The sheepdog rested a gloved paw on his leather belt as he turned to watch the chubby dog execute his instructions.

His vest and shoes were one thing, but Bravo didn't want his first experience with all of his fellow officers to be of him dressing down to his skivvies. "Um, sir, I think there's been a misunderstanding..."

The sheepdog cut him off quite abruptly, "At this point, should the suspect start to appear flustered and uncooperative, you should be suspicious of what they may be hiding. Do you best to avoid it, but some physical contact might be necessary." With speed most would not have suspected, the chief moved close to Bravo, unfastened his belt, and had pulled it out before the poor chubby dog could protest further.

“What?! Sir, no! It's not like that!” Bravo tried to back away, but found that his pants had also been unbuttoned and were in the process of being slid down, which caused him to fall roughly back on the table where his papers, vest, and shoes had been placed. This, unfortunately, allowed the sheepdog to slide the pants the rest of the way down, revealing the nerdy dog's tighty whities, and a rather peculiar lump forming in the crotch.

“When you have the suspect off balance, this is a particularly good point to unbutton their shirt, using the flick and wave motion we discussed earlier.” The shaggy dog stood up, and in a fluid motion that Bravo was sure could have passed for a magic trick, he had slid his gloved hand up the middle of his shirt, waving it slightly as he progressed, and had him fully unbuttoned within seconds. “It's at this point, that if you worry the suspect will become violent and try to bite you, that you should use your universal muzzle.”

Bravo struggled with the pants around his ankles, while trying to also keep his shirt closed, so he was a step behind when he looked up into the face of the older sheepdog, and felt something slide over his large canine muzzle. He attempted to speak, but all that came out was a muffled whimper. He then instinctively reached up to take the muzzle off, when he found himself being turned around quickly, a cool breeze rushing over his now exposed nipples, as his shirt was slid off in such a manner that he wasn't sure which sleeve the sheepdog had started on first.

“As you can see, stripping an uncooperative suspect is easiest when you have the element of surprise. If you keep them off balance through the whole procedure, it will only take minutes to have a fully stripped and properly restrained suspect.” To fully emphasize his point, the chief brought the squirming forensic scientist's hands behind his back and slapped a pair of handcuffs in place. Then, holding him by the scruff of his neck, the sheepdog stood Bravo up so that the officers could see him in his nearly naked glory. “And to finish the job, it's generally easiest to cut away the underwear when you have a suspect that is bound and muzzled.”

Bravo gave another muzzled yelp as he felt a quick tug at the left side of his underwear, followed closely by the right side of his underwear, and finally, his briefs were slid off, leaving him standing fully nude, save for his socks. The chubby dog would have looked down at his package, except his belly kept it fully from view. Unfortunately, Bravo knew all too well what was happening down below, since he had spent his whole post-pubescent life dreading any moment he was embarrassed, especially in a public situation where all eyes were on him. A situation exactly like now. A situation which, for whatever reason, always made Lil-Bravo want to come out and play.

“It's at this point where we would continue on to a cavity search, as well as examining...what are you all giggling at?” The chief, having remained calm and professional through the whole demonstration, was visibly agitated at what he assumed was grade school humor from some of his officers. “You act like you haven't seen a naked dog before!” He stepped around to the front and gestured down to the chubby dog's privates, “Is this really a first for some of you? Well take a long, hard look...” It was at this point that the chief finally understood what the giggling was about, and he himself chuckled a bit as he gazed down at Bravo's bright red penis poking out of his sheath. He puffed a few times, and then smiled. “Seems like someone already provided the hard part of our examination.” Looking Bravo in the face, which was hard because the naked and embarrassed dog was doing his best to avoid any eye contact, the sheepdog puffed a sweet cloud of smoke down at the exposed dog's belly, and then lightly grazed the tip of the engorged member with his leather-clad thumb. “It would appear that we have an exhibitionist on our hands, ladies and gentlemen.”

Bravo inhaled sharply as his sensitive member was manipulated by the older, plump sheepdog, and he felt a bolt of electricity shoot through him as the chief continued to tease his tip. Reflexively he stuck his tongue out the front of his muzzled snout, doing his best not to moan at being played with down there.

The chief stood off to the side, but kept his gloved hand resting gently on Bravo's sheath. “I'm happy that the agency has provided a volunteer that reacts this way, because now I can show you some

of the more interesting methods for handling an aroused suspect.” The sheepdog gently pinched the base of the chubby dog's sheath, and tugged it to the left. It wasn't overly painful, but Bravo had every intention of moving with the motion of the chief's hand, so as to avoid any painful stimuli. “As you can see, a critter at a heightened state of arousal is easily manipulated by minor inputs to their genitals.” The shaggy dog then started to walk slowly, still holding onto Bravo's sheath, and smiled knowingly as the red headed canine kept close to him. The classroom was quite except for the clicking of the chief's tall boots on the linoleum floor, and the muffled grunts and moans of the handcuffed and muzzled suspect.

The chief brought Bravo back next to the table, and let go of his sheath, only to grab the dog's fuzzy testicles. “I have also heard that some officers with tie a little string around a suspect's sack, and use that to lead or tether a critter in place.” Laughing a bit, the sheepdog gave the balls a little pat, then ran his finger up the still very erect penis, once again making Bravo fidget and grind noticeably. “Of course, this only works for sexually excited male suspects, so you should practice the conventional methods first.” The chief examined his gloved finger that had just come off the chubby dog's excitement, and he puffed contemplatively. “Hmm, you're a rather leaky pup, aren't you.”

Bravo obviously couldn't respond, but it was more of an observation than a question. He was particularly surprised when his new chief wiped off his wet leather fingers on the dog's protruding tongue. Bravo blushed horribly as I watched his own pre coat the tip of his tongue, and whimpered as he stuck it back in to swallow it.

“There's a good boy!” The chief smiled and puffed happily, while rubbing Bravo's ear.

Without thinking, the chubby nerd dog began to wag, but quickly stopped himself when he realized what he was doing.

The sheepdog left Bravo's side, and meandered over to the table where he had placed all the dog's items. “Okay officers, let's move on to cavity searches. Morris, you're up first.”

Bravo went wide-eyes when he saw a large bear stand up, who was pulling on a very thick black rubber glove that went all the way to his forearm. Trying to protest, the chubby mutt only made muffled noises, and tucked his tail between his legs. Morris was standing right in front of Bravo, a slight smirk on his face, as he flexed his large hand in his thick glove.

“Hold on, Morris.”

Bravo sighed just a bit, but the way his morning had been going, he half expected to look over and see a giant dildo in his chief's hand. Venturing a glance, he saw that the older sheepdog was examining the pile of papers on the table.

Looking up and taking the pipe out of his muzzle, the chief gave a toothy grin and walked around behind Bravo, quickly unlocking the handcuffs. “Well, don't I have egg on my face.” The sheepdog placed the handcuffs back in the pouch on his belt, and then he unfastened the buckle for the muzzle, and slid it off. Then standing off to the side, the chief gestured to the naked chubby dog at the front of the room. “Everyone, this is our new recruit from Central, Bravo. Give him a hearty welcome!”

Everyone started making their way up to the front of the classroom, each shaking the dogs hands as they got up to him, all of them smiling and patting him on the back, or squeezing a shoulder, and Bravo just stood there, completely naked, meekly thanking them.

He was dreaming and this was a nightmare, Bravo was fairly certain. Instead of being naked at school, he was naked and being unknowingly humiliated at his first day of work. There's no way he had found himself in a precinct staffed but handsome chubby policemen, being led by a pipe smoking older dog. None of that made sense. Now that he had figured out this was a dream, he waited for himself to wake up.

A few more officers came up and shook his hand, most of them standing around and chatting with one another. Bravo overheard the chief belly laughing and saying “Boy am I embarrassed!” With

no hint of irony in his voice.

Yup, any moment now Bravo would wake up in his bed, wet with sweat, and sporting a nice erection that he would take care of. But...that didn't happen.

"I'm Chief Barnaby," the chief stepped over and shook Bravo's hand. "I'd say you should get dressed, son, but it seems like I've ruined your underwear." He looked around at everyone gathered and asked loudly. "Does anyone have some fresh underwear that our new member could use? I'd hate for him to have to go commando when he gets into his uniform later today."

Bravo was going to say not to worry about it, since his pants were very comfortable and all he'd need in the lab was a lab coat. But one of the officers piped up, "I have an extra pair, sir!" It was one of the female officers, a golden retriever with rather curvy hips.

"Thank you Holly." Chief Barnaby replied, and the retriever left quickly to grab the undergarments. "Alright, son, you go ahead and get dressed, I need to go back to my office and call Central, real quick. Please report to me by 0950. Don't be late." Something in the chiefs voice made it clear that he did not tolerate tardiness. Then he smiled and left out the door.

Holly hurried back in a little bit later, panting as she stopped in front of Bravo, and held out a pair of pink panties. "Sorry about that, I was stopped in the hallway for a bit."

The chubby dog tenderly took the panties, seemingly worried that they would explode if mishandled, and unfolded them. Across the back was written 'Hot Stuff' in a flourishing font, with a picture of a flame right below it. "Umm...you wouldn't by chance have anything else?"

Holly shook her head, and looked a little apologetic. "Sorry sweetie, I normally bring in extra clothes during the middle of the week."

Bravo looked around the crowd, still fully naked, aside from his socks. "Doesn't anyone have some extra underwear?" He almost pleaded. Everyone shook their heads to indicate that they didn't, and the chubby dog looked back down at the underwear. It was definitely better to go commando.

"Hey, Bravo, not to worry you, but it's almost 0950." A rat said from behind a few people.

Looking frantically for the clock, and finding it, Bravo realized that he only had three minutes left before he had to report to the chief. "Oh no! No no no!" Without considering anything, he pulled on the panties and started grabbing other items off the table, dropping them as he did so.

He then felt a powerful paw on the back of his neck, and realized it was the large bear, Morris. "Sorry, Red Rocket, but there's no time." He growled in a low tone, as he pulled the blushing dog out the classroom door.

Holly called after him, "Good luck, sweetie!" Then gave him two thumbs up.

The bear could move surprisingly fast, and Bravo was panting as he was dragged along behind. They went down one hallway, which twisted into another corridor, then up some stairs, and finally down another hallway. All the while random officers were whistling and cat-calling at Bravo as he fled past.

Bravo found himself increasingly agitated as he tried to plead his case to everyone who commented on his wardrobe.

"Nice underwear, stud!" A beefy bull shouted.

"They're not mine!" Bravo shouted back.

"Loving the pink, hot stuff!" A bulldog with a belly bellowed.

"I didn't really have a choice!" Bravo growled loudly.

"Hey, nice ass." This was from a voluptuous vixen.

And, perhaps way more harsh than intended, Bravo yelled back. "Thank you very much! I appreciate the compliment!"

Finally they reached a door that had 'Police Chief Barnaby Grey' stenciled on it. Bravo gazed up

at the digital clock hanging right above the door, and it read 0950. He sighed in between trying to catch his breath, then practically squeaked with dread as he watched the clock change to 0951. He then quickly rapped on the door's wood.

"You're late!" Was the response he heard through the door, quickly followed by "Enter."

Morris placed a meaty hand on Bravo's shoulder, and the canine realized he was still wearing his rubber glove. "He hates it when you're late." The bear said in a tone that Bravo wasn't sure if he was being scolded.

Ideally Bravo would have adjusted a tie or jacket before going in, but as he looked down he was reminded that all he had on were some pink panties. So, making do, he adjusted his package so that it was as centered as possible, and entered Chief Barnaby's office.

What struck the chubby dog first was the odor of the chief's office, which smelled strongly of a mixture of various aromatic tobacco blends. Most prominent were vanilla and maple, but other subtle scents were mixed in as well, like rum, cherry, and something that he could only describe as 'spicy.'

Chief Barnaby was seated behind a large wooden desk, which was decorated with a computer monitor, a mug, various other accoutrements, and most notably a large stand of pipes, all ranging in size, style, and color. "Please, have a seat, Bravo." The chief indicated one of the chairs directly in front of his desk. Bravo took a seat, suddenly feeling more exposed than when he was being led through the hallways of the precinct. "Let me start off by saying, you pull off those undies very well."

The chubby redheaded mutt visibly blushed, and adjusted his glasses. "Oh, well, to see sir, Holly was late in getting her extra pair, and then by the time she got back I wasn't able to get dressed again before leaving, so that I wouldn't be late."

Barnaby nodded, as he leaned back in his chair. "And yet, you were still late." Bravo tried to counter that he was only a second or two late, but then the chief smiled and sat upright in his seat. "Don't worry boy, just having a little fun with ya." The sheepdog then clicked a few things on the computer screen with his mouse, and pressed on. "But, we have a serious discussion that needs to happen, my young scientist. I guess you could say I have some good news, and some bad news."

Bravo wasn't expecting this, and swallowed hard. "What's the matter, sir? I was told that I was being assigned to your team and should report here today, was there a mix-up?"

"Well, it's a bit more complicated than that. You see, the whole county is kind of experiencing an over-saturation of forensic scientists these past few years. In my precinct alone, I already have two more specialists than what I truly need. We have a lot of old folks who aren't ready to retire, and a new batch of lab people who are itching to get into the field. It puts a lot of strain on the system to find work for everyone."

The chubby dog's heart sank as he saw through the chief's explanation to the plain and simple truth. "So there's no work for me here, and given that I was transferred from Central, there's likely no work for me in the immediate surrounding areas."

Much to Bravo's surprise, the chief actually chuckled at this. "They told me you were a sharp one!"

Fiddling his thumbs, the nerdy dog did his best to hide the pride he felt from being complemented by the handsome older chief, and cursed his tail as he felt it wag just slightly. "So, what are my options?"

Barnaby turned the computer screen around, and Bravo gulped as he saw a map of Alaska, with a red dot positioned near the top of the state. "I spoke with Central, and they said you could make you're way up north and hang out up there until a position opens up in their unit."

"But, if I'm waiting for a spot both there and here, why would I choose to wait up there?"

The sheepdog shrugged. "They said there's high turnover for officers and support personnel up north. Something about loss of mental stability due to prolonged day and night cycles. Midnight madness or some such."

Bravo had a brief image of himself freezing out in a snowy forest wearing only the pink panties, and then shook his head to dislodge the vision. Maybe he was already going insane, given the events from today. "And the other option."

The chief smiled widely and leaned forward in his chair, resting both his elbows on the desk. "You could work here as my assistant." Barnaby paused for effect, and just when it appeared that Bravo would ask what that entailed, he continued on. "Being my assistant would allow you to stay here in the city, while gaining insight into how a modern precinct is run. You would carry out my orders here in the station, and accompany me to the many different educational presentations in the community. Pay would be nearly twice that what you would make as a forensic scientist, and you would get some extra benefits you don't currently get as a Central scientist. If and when a position opens up in my lab, you would get first pick, though you would lose the pay, adjusted for time spent as my assistant, of course, and any of the extra perks not deemed necessary."

It sounded too good to be true, and in Bravo's experience, that usually meant it was. "Begging your pardon, chief, but what's the catch? Surely there are many officers that would want to be your assistant, given the pay alone; and I feel I must stress that I am not trained in firearms or other combative forms. So, what makes you think I would be a good choice for this position?"

Barnaby, still smiling, wagged a finger at the young chubby dog, and replied "Like I said, sharp." He was happy to see that it made the bespectacled dog wag a bit more this time. "To be frank, I like my assistants to have a sharp mind, and a tender heart." The sheepdog picked up a pipe from his desk and stared at it, as if examining it for some hidden meaning. "And I prefer them to be somewhat submissive and eager to please. A beta, if you will." A corner of his shaggy mouth twitched up in a smirk, and the chief paused as he gauged the young scientists reaction.

Bravo didn't even try to hid his embarrassment this time, but rather lowered his head and tail, which right after he had done it, knew it was an almost instinctual submissive reaction to the older canine in front of him. "I...didn't know I projected that particular character trait so strongly." The nerdy dog muttered. He was a bit surprised when the chief laughed, and was even more surprised when the older canine walked over and placed a paw on the back of his neck, and rubbed it gently. He wasn't sure why, but it calmed him down immensely, and he perked his ears up in response.

"My dear boy, maybe it's not so much that you project it, but rather that I'm particularly good at spotting it?" Barnaby then grabbed Bravo by the scruff of his neck, ever so gently, but still firmly enough that the nearly naked dog could pick up on what he was being directed to do, and was extremely happy when the redheaded youngster rose up from his seat with hardly any coaxing. "Good boy." He said, and scratched the nerd dog's neck. "But, for the record, I doubt many people would have been so polite while being undressed and bound for a strip search." The chief then snagged the top of the pink panties with a claw, and snapped it. "Or would be willing to run around a police station dressed like this."

Again, Bravo blushed, but he wagged his tail all the same. "So, what do I need to do to qualify for this position, Sir?"

The chief walked over to the desk and traded the pipe for a stack of papers. "I have a few questions to ask, and then if you meet my requirements, we'll have you sign the contract and get you outfitted for your duties." Barnaby cleared his throat and continued. "First, would you be willing to work weekdays, nine to six, with the possibility of overtime at night or on the weekends, depending on my schedule and what needs I have of you?" The sheepdog looked up from the paper and said in a less formal tone, "Basically your shift will mirror mine, and if I am out for certain functions after hours or on weekends, I'd need to know you could be right by my side, if needed."

Bravo considered this for a moment, gauging how busy it might keep him, but figured the chief would be less busy than his subordinates, and so he'd likely have it a bit easier than if he were the low man on the totem in the lab. He nodded in agreement, and the chief carried on.

"Number two, are you comfortable wearing a specialized uniform as my assistant?"

The chief offered no explanation for this, and Bravo knew he'd likely have to wear a uniform if he were working with the chief, so he nodded again. "I have no problems with that."

Barnaby nodded and pressed on. "Third, are you comfortable around pipe and cigar smoke?" The sheepdog motioned towards the desk and smiled. "I favor the briar myself."

The chubby dog adjusted his glasses and fidgeted a little. "I, um, I'm okay if you smoke around me, Sir."

"Hmm." The chief scratched his chin and shook his head. "I'm afraid that won't do, son. I very much take advantage of my post and ability to enjoy a pipe inside and outside of work. So, I'm going to need something a bit more than you being 'okay' with my pipe smoke."

Bravo swallowed, his mouth suddenly feeling dry, but he figured he might as well just give the chief what he wanted. "Please, Sir, I like the smell of your pipe, and would enjoy having you smoke it around me."

The nerdy dog couldn't see, but this made Barnaby's nub tail wag excitedly, and he grinned widely. "Excellent! I think you'll come to love many of my blends!" He pressed on to the next portion, but visibly more jovial about the whole affair. "Fourth, can you withstand crouching, kneeling, stretching, or standing for long periods of time, and able to lift at least thirty pounds?"

A few of those seemed off, but it was a pretty standard question for any work position, even one in the forensics lab. "Oh, sure, that's no problem at all."

"Ha ha! Perfect! You pass, my boy!" The chief beamed at the bespectacled nerdy dog, and placed a hand on his back. "I just need you to initial next to each part, and then sign here...aaaand...here; and then we can get you outfitted and start your training!"

Bravo was a little surprised that there wasn't more to the whole process, but was secretly glad that he'd soon be able to actually get out of these panties and fully dressed. Once he had initialed and signed where indicated, the chubby mutt stood up proudly and saluted his new chief. "Thank you Sir! For this opportunity. I know I won't disappoint you!" His tail was wagging quickly, and he was nearly naked, but he didn't care. Bravo was feeling wonderful.

"My pleasure, boy. Now then, through that door you'll find my personal locker room. My previous assistant's uniform and gear are still in there, since I let him use the space as well, and it's easily big enough to accommodate two dogs like us." Barnaby patted his own gut, looking nice and round beneath his snug uniform.

Bravo chuckled and patted his own. "Don't worry chief, I have you beat!"

Chief Barnaby smiled and gently traced around the nerdy dog's belly, playing with the red fuzz trail leading down into the pink panties. "I think it's a fine belly, pup. And depending on how well the uniform fits you, you may have to add a few more pounds." The sheepdog laughed and turned the blushing dog towards the door, then lightly slapped him on the butt. "Go on then, get dressed and report back to me ASAP. You'll know your locker when you see it."

Bravo was impressed by the personal locker room, and began making mental notes of where various things were. Though he wasn't sure what a few of the things were in there, he saw a number of metal frames with chains and leather straps, and figured it was an exercise machine, or something. He also noted that there was a small bookcase entirely lined with glass jars, each filled with a different type of tobacco. And above that were pipe racks fixed to the wall, each holding dozens of pipes in various shapes, colors, and finishes. "The chief definitely enjoys his pipes." Bravo took a deep sniff, and felt a tinge of excitement as his sheath grew just a tad firmer. He hadn't been lying when he said he did enjoy the smell of a pipe.

Searching around, it didn't take long for him to narrow down which locker contained his new uniform. A metal door with the inscription of 'Jr.' on it seemed like the kind of thing the chief would go for, and Bravo smiled when he opened it to find a dark blue bundle of clothes hung neatly up inside. The dog searched around on top and found some socks, his new police hat, and a pair of stretchy briefs.

Bravo generally wasn't a fan of wearing other people's underwear, but given he had on a pair of pink panties that belonged to one of his new colleagues, he figured this was a step up.

Taking the panties off, he happily flung them in a nearby hamper, and then pulled on the briefs. They were smooth and stretchy, and he was pretty sure they were made out of spandex, but other than that, they fit great. "Thank you previous assistant who also has a wide load. You are my hero." Bravo waged his tail to test the back fit, and found it allowed excellent movement.

Next he grabbed the shirt, and quickly worked out that there were no buttons to it, but rather it was also made out of a similar spandex as the underwear, with various panels and pockets sewn to it out of a more firm fabric. These panels were colored either blue, yellow, or orange, and a patch on the right breast side read 'Jr.' He pulled it down over his head, and was relieved when it did fit him. In fact, it fit his eerily well. Then he quickly pulled on the pants, and while they looked like they were made of traditional cotton fabric on the outside, they too were lined with the smooth spandex material on the inside. And they too, fit perfectly.

Bravo was suspicious about this supposed second hand uniform, but decided he'd look into it at a later time. Right now the chief was waiting for him, and he was eager to get to work. He grabbed a pair of shiny shoes from the bottom of the locker, and after switching out his civilian socks for the uniform pair, put on the shoes. He was almost relieved that they were a size too big for him. It wasn't ideal, but he'd get replacements in a few days. Hopefully he wouldn't be doing too much walking around.

Finally, he fastened his patrol belt around his middle, and then donned his hat. He was terribly excited to see how he looked and rushed over to a full length mirror. He smiled and posed like a new cadet, giving himself a crisp salute. His shirt framed his chest and belly particularly well, and while the yellow and orange panels on the side of the belly seemed odd at first glance, he did appreciate how they worked in tangent with the dark blue. Almost serving as safety reflective panels. Bravo leaned in and examined the gold badge on his shirt and hat; both bore an emblem of a bent pipe. The chubby dog fiddled with the one on the shirt and noticed it was permanently fixed to it, just like the one on the hat. "I guess this will make it easy to know who's assistant I am." He paused for a second. "Unless we find another high ranking police official who also smokes a pipe..."

He shook his head and looked over the rest of his uniform. The pants looked perfectly normal, and the shoes shined from new wax, but the patrol belt looked a tad off, or at least the compartments on it didn't look like one's he'd seen on other officer's belts. He'd have to ask about that later. As for now, he felt he was sufficiently dressed to report of duty. With a skip in his step, the nerdy dog headed back into the chief's office.

When he reentered the room, Bravo was a little startled to see that the large bear, Morris, was also in the office. But when he nodded respectfully towards the chubby mutt, he felt a bit more at ease. "Ready for duty, Sir!"

Barnaby, who had started smoking a new pipe while Bravo was away changing, smiled and got up from his desk, walking around to examine his new assistant. "You look mighty, fine, son!" The sheepdog beamed, taking a moment to adjust Bravo's belt and tuck down a wrinkle in the uniform. "Given the fit, I'd say you were made to be my assistant!" The chief laughed at this, puffing merrily at his pipe.

"Um, Sir, I was wondering, why does everything concerning my uniform have 'Jr.' written on it? And, what exactly am I carrying in this patrol belt?" Bravo hoped he wasn't out of line, but knew he was okay when his chief smiled and looked at Morris.

"See? I told you he was sharp!"

Morris nodded in silent agreement, and waited patiently for their chief to explain.

"The belt is one I had made special for my personal assistants. You see, I find it best if I don't have to carry around a lot of extra bags for all my pipes and accessories, so..." To further demonstrate

his answer, Barnaby grabbed a couple of pipes off the stand on his desk, and strapped them into place on the belt, instantly answering what some of the odd shaped pouches were for. "And the others hold things like tobacco, lighters, tampers, and a few other nifty toys, I enjoy having around." He smiled and puffed, then continued. "And your uniform says 'Junior,' because that's your new nickname. It's a term of affection this precinct has for my assistant, you could say."

Bravo blushed, but pressed on. "With all do respect, Sir. Do I need that title?"

The chief puffed slowly as he thought, then nodded his head. "I believe you do, son. If for no other reason than because your given name is terribly confusing when it comes to radio communication. How many officers will think we're starting to spell something, when in fact we're talking about you." The sheepdog removed the pipe from his muzzle, and looked serious. "Of course, if you wanted a different nick name, I believe there's a few that have already been making the rounds amongst the other officers, in your short time here. Such as, Hot Stuff?"

Morris chimed in with his deep voice. "Red Rocket?"

Bravo wondered if he could turn any more scarlet than what he felt right now, and just nodded dumbly as he mumbled. "Junior is fine, Sir."

The chief slapped him on the shoulder and puffed a thick cloud as he spoke. "Excellent! Junior it will stay!" He rubbed the nerdy dog's neck, and then faced him towards the bear. "Now, for your first duty as my assistant, you can help Morris finish the demonstration on strip searching. The others still need to practice cavity searches, and you did so well with the rest of the presentation, I know you'll do splendidly!"

Bravo whimpered softly as the chief removed his hand from the back of his neck, and Morris in turn placed his big, meaty paw there, griping him firmly. And as the chubby dog could feel, he was still wearing the thick rubber glove from earlier. "Come on, Junior. Class is in session."

Chief Barnaby sat down behind his desk, and smiled behind his pipe. "Don't worry, son, Morris has gentle hands. He's great at breaking in new recruits." Just before the pair left the office, Barnaby casually saluted Bravo. "Also, welcome to the Peterson County Police Force!"