

POLICE DOOG 2

HER MAJESTY'S FINEST



By wwwolf

Table of Contents

Chapter 1: A Long Drive.....	1
Chapter 2: Cobblestones and Threadbare Shirts.....	15
Chapter 3: Quiet Halls and Softer Footfalls.....	29
Chapter 4: Up The Drainpipe.....	42
Chapter 5: A Private Breeder.....	55
Chapter 6: Library Card.....	69
Chapter 7: Brothers and Sisters.....	81
Chapter 8: Inbreeding.....	93
Chapter 9: Looking in the Mirror.....	106

[Story by wwwolf](#)

[Cover art by Da Boz](#)

[Editing by Friday](#)

Chapter 9: Looking in the Mirror

July 3rd 1993
21:00 Hours
London, England

I slept in a hotel that evening. The idea of spending a night in the Kennel sickened me.

The hotel was not high class. It was, at best, middling, the type of accommodation shop workers take when they come on holiday to London to see the sights.

My room wasn't even as nice as the one I'd had so long ago back at the 'Crown.

Hunched over at the small and wobbly writing desk, I went slowly over the additional papers I'd taken from Records. Thirteen had glared daggers at me while I'd riffled through his desk, but he hadn't been foolhardy enough to try and stop me.

As it stood, I was the only reason Forty-Seven was still alive. The Dog that shouldn't exist in the first place was now on the lam. He'd made himself known to the Service as a whole when he'd attacked me. It had taken all the pull I had to sweep it under the rug and keep the Goddard's Board from tracking him down. The Service had far, far better procedures to track down rogue Dogs now than they'd years ago.

I should know. I'd written them.

From the papers before me I could easily see how Forty-Seven had managed to become a competent Dog. He had all the information in the Kennel at his fingertips. Once something was consigned to Records no one cared about it any more. There was no security, no safe guards. Forty-Seven had been able to pick up a surprisingly complete education on everything from the genetic make-up of Dogs to combat techniques and criminal investigation.

What he didn't have, however, was experience. The Dog likely knew more than any other, he likely had more pieces to the puzzle than any living soul, but he'd never poked his head from the dusty catacombs to be able to assemble them into a coherent whole.

I thought back to when I'd first stepped out of the Kennel so long ago. My mind had been

bursting with training... and more. I thought I knew all there was to know. I closed my eyes and shook my head. I'd been a fool.

My stomach grumbled. Looking at the clock, it was nine in the evening. Time to get dinner.

It was a short walk to the modest restaurant on the first floor, I slipped in just as they were beginning clean up for the night. The waitress gave me a double take as I seated myself.

"Umm, can I help you?" To her credit, she did put a menu in front of me.

I nodded and gave her a tight lipped smile. "Yes please. I'll start with a cup of tea. Strong."

She blinked. "Sure."

I'd picked up a taste for restaurant tea over the years. None of it was good, but each was horrible in its own unique way. I enjoyed sampling them all. There was only a single way to make a *proper* cup of tea, but there were infinite ways to create an abhorrent brew.

A quick run down the menu and the choice was obvious. This was not an up-scale establishment – there were no more than a dozen entrées to be had.

I dismissed the vegetarian options off hand. The pastas soon after. The soups... they didn't even register. They may allow a Dog into the dining area, but I doubted they would care to watch me lap away at my meal.

When the waitress returned, she asked what I'd like. I handed the menu back to her and ordered a steak. Well done. That would leave me with some time to gaze out the window as it cooked.

It was getting later in the evening, but the road was still busy. People passed by, heading here and there, all rushing to get where they weren't.

I even saw a Police Dog patrol past.

He saw me as well. I waved at him. In return I got just the slightest nod of his head. He was on duty. That was all he could do.

It was enough.

My hotel was nowhere near the Kennel. I'd picked it for just that reason. It felt I could breathe more easily here.

The last glimmer of the sun faded from the sky and suddenly the street was dark. The throngs of tourists began to thin out.

"Uh... Sir?"

I turned. The waitress stood next to me, my meal in her hands.

I nodded. "Thank you."

She tarried. I looked back up at her.

"Is there... is there anything else I can get you?"

I cocked my head. "No, thank you. I'm fine."

I began on my meal immediately. The human utensils were clumsy in my hands, but I had experience holding them in my thick, inhuman fingers.

I didn't slice the chop as a human would. Rather than small, bite sized squares that could be stabbed on a fork I cut it into strips. Reaching down, I took the first of the strips between my fingers and raised it slowly to my lips.

I still don't like it when others see my teeth. It's far too easy for even a split-second glimpse to be misinterpreted. Humans looking for any excuse to bolt can easily be spooked by even a flash of my fangs.

I slipped the beef between my lips and swallowed it whole. I was a Dog. Dogs don't chew.

It took all the will I had not to bolt the rest of my meal. Again, fighting against instinct, I sat back and tried to enjoy the moment, but thoughts of Forty-Seven kept slipping back into my mind, robbing me of any pleasure.

I sighed.

A few small items of garnish had been provided with my meal. I gave them a sniff, but left them be. It wasn't that I couldn't eat them, but simply that there would be too much mess conveying them to my lips.

I left a few minutes later. My cheque resting on the table, along with a sizeable tip.

The waitress hadn't taken her eyes off me the whole time I'd been there. I could tell without a doubt she wanted to speak with me but never worked up the nerve. Perhaps she'd be more at ease speaking to a normal Dog.

Back up in my room, I sat once again at the small desk. Sifting through Forty-Seven's papers, I began to notice a direction to his research.

And research it was. There was no question the Dog was a smart one. And he only became smarter over the years. He was searching, he was *learning*. There were project reports on the latest in genetic therapies, the most up to date breeding practices, and every single scrap of paper from Dr. Brophy and Handler Proust could be found here. Active records – more recent than should be consigned to the depths of the Kennel.

A smile tugged at one of my lips. I showed just the hint of fang. He, however, only had the official records. He didn't know the whole story.

Pushing deeper, I began to see more and more familiar records. Mine. The paper trail was patchier, as if he were taking care never to access records that were too current, that could get him caught or raise suspicion, but he had an obsession with *me*.

It figured. We were, in essence, the same Dog. He was what I was *supposed* to be. He was what I was born.

I paged through the records. There were photographs of me as a pup. There were results of my first tests. How soon I opened my eyes, how quickly I'd learned to walk. How quickly I gave up my dam's teat to move to proper kibble.

I had been in the ninety ninth percentile for all metrics. I was, by all appearances, the perfect Dog. And I had no doubt Sixty had been just behind me.

On I went. It seemed Forty-Seven had gone to great lengths to acquire every photograph of me he could. There must be a hundred snapshots of me here.

Standing at attention for inspection. Laying in the medical wing, undergoing my therapies. Standing next to Handler Llyal as I won yet another competition.

I couldn't help but smile at that memory.

Officially they weren't competitions. Officially they were *intergroup tests*. The Dogs of one set of Handlers would be pitted against those of another. The rumours were that substantial sums of money could change hands during these competitions.

The teams were large. Llyal, Proust, and my other handlers looked over a hundred Dogs. We'd been pitted against another group in everything from martial arts to spelling bees.

I closed my eyes.

Those, surprisingly, were happy memories.

I remembered Handler Llyal standing behind me as I sat at a desk. I was about to be quizzed on the history of the Empire. I could still feel his hand on my shoulder.

He was the closest I'd ever had to a father. "You'll do fine, Forty-Two," he'd whispered. "You're the best there is."

I shook my head and returned to the here and now.

He'd been right. I was the best. But what did that make Forty-Seven?

I continued deep into the evening, well past midnight. The city was quiet around me as I turned over yet another paper, relived yet another memory.

The records of me were almost obsessively perfect. There was little left to the imagination.

Little, other than what Brophy, Proust, and Train had done to me. And that, that had been what made all the difference.

That had been what turned Forty-Seven and I from mere Police Dogs into something far more.

It was much later that night I finally turned off my light and went to bed.

I do not sleep like a human is wont to. I was on the bed, but only because there was no place better. Sitting up, propped against the headboard, it reminded me of my time in the West Woodburn police box. It reminded me of home.

The night was quiet around us. No storms, no rain. Even the endless hum of humanity had fallen away, as if the city itself knew this was time for a rest.

My eyes opened.

I felt no danger, no threat, yet I was awake.

I didn't move. I didn't so much as change my breathing.

Eyes flicking around the room, I could see nothing. Taking a careful breath, I could pick up no scent but my own. But I could hear something. A second set of lungs.

They were so close to mine, so exact, that we even breathed in time. Our hearts beat together perfectly.

"Hello," I said.

His breathing stopped.

Slowly, carefully, with no sudden motions, I stood up.

Now that I looked for it, I could see him, hunched in a shadow by the window. He was all but invisible. Only the faint glimmer of his eyes gave him away.

He didn't say a word.

I walked to the table and clicked on the light. Carefully, I angled the shade to illuminate me, but still leave him comfortably in darkness. He knew so much about me. I had nothing to hide.

"Hello, Forty-Seven," I said again, my voice soft. "This is all I wanted. I want to talk to you."

He cocked his head slightly. I knew what he was thinking. *This Dog. This creature that looks so like me, sounds so like me, but acts so different. What goes through his mind?*

I squared up the papers on my desk.

"I'm sorry I took the records from you," I said. "Would you like them back?"

He blinked. Surprised at my offer. "No. You can keep them."

And when he spoke I found it hard to draw breath.

He'd spent his life knowing about me. I'd only had days to realize I had a twin. The sound of my own voice in the dark room...

I sighed.

"Please take a seat... brother. We have much to discuss."

He cocked his head ever so slightly, but moved no closer. The curtain behind him fluttered in the night breeze.

I was glad I'd left the large French doors to the balcony open.

"No." His voice was soft, but there was no room for argument. "I won't speak civilly with you."

There was something to his words... the more he spoke the more I could hear it. He didn't have the proper clip of the Service, nor the rebellious slur that Archer had carried.

He sounded... he sounded dry and dusty, poorly accented. Like he'd learned everything in his life from a book.

I took a deep breath. I still sat alone in the light. I couldn't see his face, I couldn't smell his scent over mine.

"I'm sorry." The words slipped from my lips, little more than a whisper. But they were heartfelt. "I'm sorry," I said again, stronger this time. "I didn't know what they'd done to you. I didn't even know what they'd done to *me*. I only found out about you days ago."

His head cocked ever so slightly. "That's not enough. *You're* the one who made me like this. It's your blood, your soul they forced into me." I could see the texture of the darkness shift, I could see him raise a hand to his head. "I can't... I shouldn't... why did they? What did I do wrong? Why did they pick *me*?" His voice had cracked. He sounded like a pup, like a lost pup that was alone and

forgotten.

Standing slowly, I made my way to the shadows where he hid. His wide blue eyes looked up to me.

"I'm sorry." I said it again, my voice soft. Reaching out, I set a hand on his shoulder.

He was still wearing the uniform I'd seen him in last, but it was ripped and stained now. He didn't know how to care for it.

"But *why me?*" his voice was a pup-like whine. I could hear the pain in his words. He *knew* he could have been great. That it had been robbed from him.

He been born for only one purpose. Every fibre of his being had been bred for it over generations. And it had been robbed from him almost before he'd been able to open his eyes.

"Because we were too perfect," I whispered. "Because we *were*."

I wrapped my arms around him. His body was so like mine. I could feel him shivering.

"I watched you," he said, face buried in my shoulder. "I watched you from the moment I learned to read. I followed every report, I studied every photograph. You... you were *me*. You and I were made into the same. They would come down with their needles and their pills. They would talk about you. They would say how perfect you were, how flawless." Reaching out, he took one of my hands in his own. We were identical. "I was even made larger than Police Dog standard," he whispered, "My fur was grown longer, I was made to look *exactly* as you do. I was forced to exercise, to grow the same muscles, develop the same metabolism. I *am* you in all ways that matter. When I looked at your reports, I knew that the medical data was *me*. The records are perfect, the paperwork is unquestionable, but I knew the Dog they called Forty-Two was in fact both of us. The Kennel had one record, but it was us two."

I wondered what that must have been like. The two of us had never met, but Forty-Seven had seen me every day in photos, reports, even video footage. It had been like he'd been seeing himself, but he could only imagine.

"When did you start leaving Records?" I asked.

He glanced over to me. "How did you know?"

I smiled softly. "You escape me, then I see you again in uniform. It's obvious it couldn't be the first time you'd escaped to the surface."

He sighed.

"That was my reward from Thirteen," he said. I could see tears in his eyes. "He... he loves me. He promised me that the day you graduated I would be allowed to leave. I believed him. I thought the day you graduated they'd have no further need for me. That I'd be allowed to walk out a free Dog."

He buried his face deeper in my pelt.

"That wasn't what happened. They never had any intent of letting me go. They couldn't. It was only Thirteen who told me that story. The day you went into your tests Thirteen gave me his uniform and badge. He told me to go above ground. To walk the city." The Dog began to cry in earnest now. "You were given your commission in reward for your years of service. I was given my first moment in the open air." Suddenly his voice turned hard. "Do you know what it was like, Forty-Two? Do you

know what it was like to see the sky open above me for the first time? Do you know what it was like to walk the streets? To be, at least pretend to be, a Police Dog?"

I held him closer. "I'm so sorry, Forty-Seven. I know you can't ever forgive me..."

He pushed me back, breaking our embrace.

Face to face, he slowly lifted a hand to touch my cheek. "But you didn't become the Dog they all expected you to, did you?" He cocked his head, looking into my eyes. "What happened?"

I averted my gaze, looking down. "Did you ever hear of Forty-One?" I asked. My voice shook.

There was a pause. "He was our litter mate. He didn't pass the test."

I shook my head. "He never took the test. He was kept alive for only one reason. I... he..."

I stopped and looked up at Forty-Seven. "He was my best friend. I'll never forget him."

Now it was Forty-Seven who held *me*.

"We are the only two of our litter to survive?" he asked.

I nodded my head.

Standing up, I took the Dog's hand. "I thought I was alone when I lost Forty-One. Now I have *you*."

He paused for a long moment before rising.

"I'm not a Police Dog," he said.

I looked him up and down. He wore the uniform, he wore the face, he had been born one.

"No," I said. "No, you're not a Police Dog. And I doubt you ever will be. You're something different. Something more."

He pulled away from me. I felt a sudden stab of cold as he stepped out of reach. In just the few seconds we'd been together the warmth of his body had given me calm.

"Not more. Less. I had only one goal for my life. To become an officer. You can't say you looked at it any differently. That's what we are. That's what we're hard-wired to want. To need." He turned, looking out the open window. We were on the sixth floor. "I'm no more than a faded copy of you." He took a step towards it as he spoke. "You needed me when you were hidden. You *needed* me. I served a purpose, if only through you. I helped you, I supported you. I *was* you. You don't need me any more."

Standing behind him, I set a hand on his shoulder again.

"Yes I do, Forty-Seven. I need you in a way now that I've never before. Do you think I would seek you out, hunt you down, if I didn't *need* you? I'm here not simply for curiosity's sake. I need you. I need a *family*."

I strained to find something more to say. Anything.

I could see the way he looked at the open balcony, the drop so close by. We may have lived lives so apart, but I could imagine what was going through his mind. The open air was his river, his escape, his way to wash things clean.

I'd contemplated suicide not so many years ago.

I forced a lighter note to my voice. "Neither of us are normal Dogs, Forty-Seven. That's what makes us who we are. Special." I turned him around, away from the window. "I know what two brothers need to do."

Five minutes later we were down on the ground floor. It was obvious by the way Forty-Seven walked that much of everything was new to him. He knew of elevators, but had never ridden in one. He knew hotel lobbies, but had never set foot in one before.

He did an amazingly good job, but I could see the uncertainty in his motions. They were my motions.

Down the street, I had to trust my memory that I'd seen a shop out of the corner of my eye on the way to the hotel.

An all night kebab shop.

The smells coming from the place reminded me more of deep fried grease than any type of *food*, but I led the way there nonetheless.

"What are you doing, Forty-Two?" he whispered into my ear.

I smiled. "I assume you eat kibble, brother?" He nodded. "Then the first thing I shall do is break you of that habit. Kibble is fine for mere Police Dogs. We are more. And," I added with a twitch of my ear, "It is always easier to think with a full belly."

Stepping into the small shop, the bell above the door announced our arrival. The man at the counter looked up.

He did a double take. I didn't blame him. It's not often two Police Dogs wander into your shop, one wearing riding leathers, the other a rumpled and stained uniform.

"I don't want no trouble," the man began.

I set a bill on the counter. "Then get us two kebabs. Large. With everything."

His jaw just about hit the counter.

I let a grin slip to my lips.

"But Dogs don't..."

"*We* do."

Taking Forty-Seven's hand, I went to a booth and sat down.

He was nervous, hands shaking. I put my hands over his.

"You'll be fine. I was. We're not normal. We're not like the others. It's not a curse, or at least it doesn't have to be. We can be so much more."

He shook harder.

"No. Not me. You're more, Forty-Two. You were made more. I'm what you were *supposed* to be. I'm just another Dog. I could have... I could have been great." A smile slipped through his pain. "I could have given both you and Sixty a run for top Dog. I know it. But my opportunity is gone now. We're not human, we don't get a second chance."

I sighed.

“But we can find you something else. Look at me. Look at what I've done. The Service can learn to change. It has to.”

We were interrupted a moment later when our meals arrived.

I looked down at the skewers of meat. Bite sized cubes of lamb, they almost looked like large chunks of kibble they were so hard and dry.

I lifted mine and closed the little teeth between my canines on the first piece, and snorted.

It wouldn't come off the skewer.

I heard a laugh. Forty-Seven was watching me.

I smiled.

“Alright, smart Dog,” I said, giving up. “You try.”

“The proper way to eat a dive shop kebab,” he said, lifting his own, “Is as follows.”

He sunk one of his canines into the meat and tore it in two like an old piece of boot leather. Then proceeded to nearly choke on the pieces when he tried to swallow them.

I couldn't help it. I laughed.

Reaching across the table, I helped him force them down.

“It's not easy when you've eaten kibble all you life,” I said. “But you'll get used to real food.”

He looked up at me. “Why?”

I smiled again.

“Because you're my brother. You deserve to be more than just another Dog. You've survived this far. I want you to have the same opportunity I did. I was forced to adapt, I was *forced* to become more. I want you to have the *choice*. You... you are me. We both know you can do it. We both know you have the abilities. I want you beside me.”

He scowled.

“Why not just have some more pups? Train *them*.”

I gave him a dower look. “I bred because it is required. It is no reward. Spreading one's genes should not be an honour granted to the few. The Service may hold it up as the greatest reward that can be granted a Dog, but I assure you it becomes little more than yet another task.”

It was obvious he didn't believe me.

I sighed. “Forty-Seven, I have no other way of saying it. It's a lie. Just as so many other things the Dogs are based off of. We're are creatures of nature no longer. The first time you're locked in a room with a female it might be exciting. The tenth time it's still fun. The hundredth time... it's a job, the same as any other.”

His face fell.

I reached out to pat his shoulder as he choked back another cube of meat. His eyes were already looking clearer as he ate real food.

“Then what is there? We have our duty and nothing else. No goal in our lives. We serve. We do our duty as proper Dogs and we die. We don't even have heaven to look forward to.”

I stopped for a moment and cocked my head. I wasn't one to speak of religion. I had more experience in it than most, and I'd been well and soured to it.

“A wise man once told me that we have whatever heaven we want ahead of us, Forty-Seven. I don't know if I believe him, but there was something to it. You've made no decision to become what you are, but I'm offering you the choice to become something more. You don't have to take it, but you *can*. You can become anything you choose. The other Dogs can't. The other Dogs can only do as they've been trained. You and I, we can do *anything*.”

For just a moment he smiled.

“I want to be a Police Dog.” His voice was perhaps the strongest I'd ever heard it, the most sure. As if everything he'd lived for up to this moment was for this.

And I suppose it was.

I reached out across the table. He took my hand. “You are a Police Dog,” I said. “But we can make you an official one.”

“How?”

I shrugged. “All it takes is effort. You have most of the training already. We'll find a Handler for you. We'll get you one-on-one. We'll get you to your final exam. If you want it, you can earn it.”

He smiled.

We left the kebab shop shortly thereafter. He was smiling, so was I.

“We'll go back and find someone to help you in the morning,” I said. “We'll get you out of Records and into training.”

For just a moment he looked at me, his face falling.

“But what of Thirteen? He raised me. I don't want to leave him behind.”

I shrugged.

“Someone has to run Records. But,” I smiled, “If you can become a full Police Dog, perhaps you can still be assigned to work with the Records department. I doubt there is a Dog alive who knows it better than you.”

We re-entered the Kennel side by side. The Dogs guarding the door knew better than to try and stop us.

Forty-Seven led the way back down to Records. Even if he'd never walked these hallways before he had the plans to the building memorized.

It was late, but Thirteen still sat at his desk. It was obvious he'd been waiting for Forty-Seven to return.

He hadn't been expecting me to be with him.

The Dog's head shot up. He almost fell off his stool. “Get away from him, Forty-Seven!” the

old Dog shouted.

My brother stepped forward and gave him a hug. For just a moment the two of them almost looked like Forty-One and I.

I had to look away.

"It's alright," he whispered. "My brother and I... we've..." Forty-Seven sighed. "The past is dead. Dr. Brophy is gone."

Thirteen eyed me suspiciously.

The two of them spent the rest of the night together. I spent it far busier.

As one might suppose, there was quite a bit of paperwork to get a Dog that shouldn't exist back into the program. If the administrators had anything to say about it they would have just sent him to disposal and closed the file right there.

They stopped suggesting that when I glared at them.

It took six hours. I had to call human officers up from their beds at home to make it happen, I had to beg, coerce, and outright threaten a dozen people, but at last I had a piece of paper that stated Forty-Seven was a proper Dog.

He'd never died. He'd only been... temporarily misplaced.

There was only one thing left. I needed a Handler who'd be willing to train him. And that was more difficult than it sounded.

Most handlers deal with the better part of a hundred Dogs. And with new pups being born every day they're often booked up for months, if not years, in advance.

And a Handler who'd be willing to go one-on-one with a Dog, no matter how talented, was simply unheard of.

I smiled.

The sun was just starting to rise as I killed the engine of my bike. Lifting my helmet off, I could smell the scent of petunias.

His wife always planted petunias. She'd even given me some to take up to West Woodburn.

I walked slowly up the steps. I hadn't the slightest what to say. He'd gone into retirement two years ago. Would he be willing to come back for just one Dog?

I didn't even get a chance to knock on the door.

He looked at me from where he stood in the doorway, wearing a bathrobe.

"I heard," he said.

I smiled.

"Hi, Dave."