



## Police Paws

Story by Brandon Kosinski

Illustrated by Angel Blanco

Special Detective Iris Forester had served in the Air Force and took great pride in marching in the annual Memorial Day parade. Decked out in her full THORN dress uniform, she was pleased to set a good example of continued service to her country as well as her community. She walked the entire way, head held high, beside her fellow officers and veterans.

It came as no surprise when she arrived home, bone tired, that she was in no mood for her partner's silly antics. She slammed the door behind her, still in a huff, and pulled off her tunic to hang it, for the moment, on the nearby coat rack.

"Gees! What's got your tail in a knot?" Joe asked.

"Oh, you really want to know?" Iris asked, taking a seat at the dining table.

"Of course," he replied.

Iris pulled out her side arm and dropped out the magazine. The table was cluttered with tools and parts; left out for day-to-day use. After clearing the chamber, she went to work performing her usual end-of-day maintenance.

"Well, let's see," she began, "today I spent hours marching in the sun. I was doing my best to look strong and confident, fighting the urge to let my tongue loll out in the heat. I'm tired and my paws hurt."

“Oh is that all?”

“Well, that and the fact that my supposed boyfriend didn’t even come out to watch! Yeah, that’s all.”

Joe’s eye’s turned to the ground.

“Iris, you know I can’t go outside for very long. Being a husky is no fun in the summer. I had my fur cut short, but it doesn’t do much at all. I was made for winter service and that was all there is to it.”

“Joe? Bite me!”

“What? What’d I do?”

Iris set her gun down and buried her face in her hands.

“Joe, don’t make up excuses! You didn’t come because you didn’t want to come. Did you forget that I’m part husky, too? I’m a Saarloos! My grandmother was a pure blood German Shepard and her husband was a Siberian Husky. Then my father was a wolf. I’m sweating bullets out there in full uniform because I’m proud to have served my country and I’m proud to continue my work with THORN.”

Joe took her by the shoulders and lifted her to her feet. He hugged her close and she felt her hate melting away.

“Iris, when I see you in uniform, whether you’re marching in a parade or just standing guard, I think of just how lucky we are. This is the one of the greatest nation in the world, because our children can grow up to be whatever they want to be. When they see you, I hope little girls realize that they can be soldiers; that they can be police officers and firefighters. They can be whatever they want to be, no matter what anyone says.

“When little boys see you, I hope they realize that girls can be just as good as boys at sports and games, every bit as smart and every bit as brave. I hope they see that they should treat each other with respect, because anybody can grow up to be anybody.

“I hope others see you and feel the way I feel. I hope they remember that veterans aren’t always old men. That young men and women are still fighting for what we believe in. I hope they remember that some gave all, and those who made it back are still giving all they have. I hope you know just how much I love you, and how proud I am of you. Thank you so much for just being you, because you mean all that and more to me.”

Iris smiled. Joe could be a jerk sometimes, but it was moments like this that reminded her of why she loved him.

“Do you feel better?” he asked.

“Yeah, I do,” she replied as she took a step back. “I’ll feel even better once I get out of this uniform! Go turn down the AC.”

Joe watched as she unbuttoned her blouse and loosened her tie. The shirt slid down her arms and fell to the floor. She wore a black Kevlar vest beneath it and, while she felt safe with it on, it was very uncomfortable. The armor came unbuckled and, holding her cap in one hand, she pulled it off over her head. There was a tee-shirt underneath; something she wore to keep her fur from rubbing on the synthetic vest and developing a static charge.

“You know, I’ve seen better; I give this show a five!”

Iris stopped for a moment, having forgotten that he was watching.

“Shut up Joe! I’m still mad at you, remember?”

“Well, maybe I can make it up to you.”

A wicked smile crept across her snout as Iris got an idea.

“Well, maybe you can!”

Iris took a seat on her side of the couch and gestured for him to fallow. She waited for him to take his place before setting a pillow between them. The Saarloos snuggled down into her seat; her legs stretched over the cushion, her boots resting on the husky’s lap.

“What do you want me to do?” Joe asked; a rather confused look on his face.

“Take them off.”

“Your boots?”

“No, your pants!” she quipped. “Of course, my boots!”

He did as she asked, pulling each off in turn and handing them to her. She placed them on the floor beside the couch and wiggled her toes in his face.

“Come on, you know you want to!”

Joe did want to. He loved playing with her paws and he was shocked that she though it was some sort of punishment. The crew socks slowly slipped from her soles to join the boots on the floor. The German girl’s feet lay exposed on his lap, her paw pads begging for his attention.

“You’re a peach! I don’t know too many guys who like rubbing their girl’s feet.”

“Rub them?” he asked mischievously.

Iris looked puzzled.

“Well, you said you wanted to make it up to me. Rubbing my paws after a long day seems like a pretty nice place to start...”

“I’ve got other plans,” Joe chuckled, retrieving the quill he’d stuck between the cushions. “I knew this would come in handy!”

“Come on, Joe... Please? You know I’m not ticklish.”

“Are you sure?”

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I think she’s lying...

### **Development of a Story:**

Some of you who have been around for a while may remember a different version of this story. I rewrote it in order to coincide with Memorial Day and made certain changes in order to better develop the characters as well as improve the over all content.

### **Character Notes:**

When this story was first written, Iris was not as well developed in my mind. I decided that she needed a stronger background, as her previous incarnation seemed far too weak and frail to ever serve on a Special Forces team. This is the new version of Detective Forester; a self assured, well rounded officer of the law.

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Joe Boreas, Iris Forester and all other related items and characters

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