

For the first fifteen years of his life, Alex was your average middle-class white kid who had never gotten in any kind of trouble in his entire life. He had never stolen, or hit anyone, or harassed anyone, or done anything even considered as moderately disagreeable or antisocial. But today, on his sixteenth birthday, that was going to change. To put it simply, he was *bored*.

Today, when he woke up, it was like he *woke up* for the first time. He had had an epiphany, a divine moment of revelation: he'd never, ever, done a single interesting thing in his entire life. He was chained by society's constraints, by his parents' expectations, and his friends' ridiculous standards. His inner rebel, hidden for fifteen years and three hundred and sixty-four days, had woken up, a beast hidden deep inside of him that no one, including him, had ever realized existed. In his mind, it was time to break out of these chains, and maybe cause a little mayhem.

On his way to the store, the weather was perfect: the sun was in the sky, the temperature was a mild 20° C, flowers had begun to pop up out of the soil and buds had begun to form on the trees. Greenery had returned to the world, and it was a wonderful spring day.

It was at this time, idly reflecting upon the weather, that our bored and average teenager saw his opportunity for mayhem and rebellion. A police officer had stopped his car and left it to give some driver a ticket, and Alex could see that he left the key in the ignition. He decided that it must be God's will – that the universe was telling him to steal the police car.

He hurriedly opened the door and practically flew into the seat; he had a limited amount of time, and if he was going to pull this off, he was going to have to be quick. He was smart, and capable, and he knew what he was doing – he believed in himself, and he was completely sure that, if he did this carefully, he could steal this car.

Unfortunately for him, his definition of “*carefully*” differed from that of the rest of the universe, and he hadn't thought to check the opened back seat for any passengers. This, my friends, is how you get tackled out of a police car by a several thousand pound dog.

It came at him without warning (to his oblivious mind): one second he almost had his butt in the seat, and the next he had an experience similar to being hit full-on by a furry freight train. He had the sense that something enormous had *slammed* into him, and then felt a great weight atop him, pinning him to the ground. He had no idea what was going on, mostly because it's hard to see or make a tactical assessment when you're buried under a massive dog's chest. He didn't even know there was a dog due to the fact that he'd been blindsided.

Alex's mind raced; *Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. What the fuck? Fuck!* He tried to shove the thing off of him, to no avail; his hands sunk into fat and fur, and it didn't budge one bit. He tried to crawl out, but he was totally pinned by its great weight. This left him with one option: “*Mmmmph fmph mpmpephmph!*” (Translation: Help me! Let me out!)

The dog on top of him, a German Shepherd known as Officer Cory, was not very happy. Nobody was allowed to enter the police car without the permission of his master, and somehow this *deviant* had audaciously decided to infringe upon his territory. True to his training and discipline, however, he waited patiently for his partner to finish ticketing the other man, having incapacitated this irritating prick.

It took about a minute for the officer to return to his car and see Cory lying there, and about another

second to hear Alex's muffled cries; he saw the opened car door and put two and two together. "Get up, Cory," he said, "but if he tries to go anywhere, get him again." The dog obliged, heaving his ton of weight, much of it fat, off of the perpetrator, but making sure to shove him back down with a paw and growl in his ear before letting him up for real.

"Oh, *shit*."

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Alex was formally arrested and read his Miranda rights, before being put into the back seat of the police cruiser. It was enormous and roomy, which he hadn't really expected, but ever since scientists invented magic things had been bigger on the inside on a regular basis anyway.

Before, there was an opening between the back and front seats, but now it was closed; Alex heard the *fss* sound as the divider was locked and sealed tight. All of these details came into startling fruition as Cory leapt into the car from behind Alex, burying him under his 2,000 lb of fat and fur; our protagonist quickly found his face enveloped in the corpulent canine's stinky butt.

It was a tidal wave of dog ass, rolling over him and completely covering him. He wasn't quite wedged in there, his face resting a little bit away from the dog's asshole, but that didn't make things much better; Cory didn't have very good hygiene, and the bottom of his rump was covered in dog poo.

It took about five seconds for the German Shepherd to reveal to Alex why the divider had an airtight seal; the kid could only look on in abject horror as the dog's anus slowly opened up, like raising the gates of a medieval city, and let loose with a nasty fart.

"*PAAAAAAAARP*."

It wasn't particularly forceful; his hair didn't blow back or anything, and for all intents and purposes, it was lazy and relaxed. But dog farts in enclosed spaces are always awful, and there is no space more enclosed than under a dog's butt: it was the ultimate, furry dutch oven, trapping the abominable stink in with him. He gagged, and tried to get away, but the dog that had delivered unto him a tidal wave of ass was not going to let him go easily, and all that happened was that Cory backed up and shoved the human's face deeper in-between his cheeks.

As Alex struggled, the dog made this weird "grrr-rrrr-rrr" noise, and it took Alex a second to realize that the dog was *laughing* at him. True to his newfound rebelliousness (and in-between gagging and coughing at canine nastiness), he took the time to scoff and call the dog a nasty fucker.

This was a mistake, because it caused the dog to respond with what must have been the longest, wettest fart in the history of the universe. It blew his hair back, spat sweat from the dog's ass into his face, soaked his shirt through thanks to the sheer amount of gassy humidity, and made him actively suppress the urge to vomit; he did *not* want to find out what happened if you puke on a police dog, much less one who was progressively punishing you with *farts*.

Suddenly, Alex realized that the car had stopped; he hadn't even realized that it had started in the first place, because you miss a lot of detail when your face is all up in a canine officer's rear end. The car door opened, and the dog got up, shook his butt a little, and leaped out of the car; Alex was reduced to coughing and practically falling out, still dazed from his close encounter with the German Shepherd.

“Wha-what the fuck *is* that thing?!” He asked the human officer, in-between gasps of fresh air.

“He isn't *that thing*; that's Officer Cory to you. He's part of the new national program to import police dogs from a certain nearby dimension, where they're bigger, tougher, smarter, and... nastier. Now come with me; you've already been sentenced.” He said.

“What? How can I-”

“Judges have the power to perform telecommunication sentencing. You're to work with police dogs, and live with them, for at least the next two days. Come with me; you can meet your all your new 'friends'.”

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His 'new friends' turned out to be three more enormous dogs, living in a big, well-furnished (for dogs) room in the police station. It was his job to play with, otherwise entertain, clean up after, *clean*, and take care of all of the dogs and their needs.

There was Officer Spokes, an excitable fatty Rottweiler barely out of puppyhood; Officer Jack, a big, black and lazy Bernese Mountain Dog that weighed three tons and eclipsed the others in sheer size; and Officer Lilly, a Bouvier des Flanders with something of an attitude problem. And, of course, Officer Cory, who lovingly introduced him to Jack by shoving Alex into the dogs big ol' butt, which apparently hadn't been cleaned in years. Possibly never.

Jack didn't even stir, but he *did* let out a small, airy parp from his rear that made Alex wrinkle his nose. He knew it was going to be nasty, but he didn't think he'd get shoved into a dog's butt quite so *quickly*.

He managed to extricate himself from Jack's mass of fat and fur, only to get blindsided by Lilly, who was playing with Spokes and didn't really care that the human was in the way. He landed with an “oomph!”, only to get whacked in the face with her tail as she rose and dove at her partner for a second time. He mused to himself that it isn't so bad to be forgotten, if it means he isn't going to spend more time dealing with these awful dogs.

Unbeknownst to him, Jack had risen from the ground like the Behemoth, a colossus in comparison to Alex, and he had chosen this moment to wrap a leg around the human and drag him towards him, his face enveloped in the dog's enormous, musky paw.

He found himself dragged under the dog's enormous belly as Jack fell down into prime napping position with a *fwump*, his face still stuck in the dog's awfully smelly paw that covered his face and most of his torso. There were very few places he wanted to be any less than this; his nose was stuck in-between two of the dog's hairy, nasty toes, clogged with dirt and who knows what else and stinking of musk and wet dog. It wasn't long before he was covered in sweat – not his sweat, but Jack's. Dogs in Alex's world didn't have sweat glands, but apparently *these* creatures were a different story, and wet dog smell combined with dog BO is one of the very nastiest things in the world.