

To the dogs of the Westshore City Police Department, Officer Jack was a big, patronly dog who they could go to for trust or support, and who *always* acted according to protocol. Essentially, of their K9 Unit, it was his job to be the *adult*, the Team Dad and the cool uncle all wrapped up into one.

To Alex, though, the black Saint Bernard was a mountain, a horizon filled with thick black fur and fat that was pulling him closer with a paw hooked behind his back. One second, he'd been lying down and trying his best to avoid being slammed into by one of the large, playful “officers”, and the next he was looking into Jack's expansive bulk, who shoved him under his belly slightly and then came down with a *woomph!* as he settled himself down on the floor for a nap, burying the kid under his paunch.

The human under him tried his best to get out from under his impromptu captor, but he could barely move: he was engulfed in the creature's huge belly, and Jack had him pinned with his sheer weight. He tried grasping handfuls of the fat and pulling himself backwards or forwards, but he didn't make any progress whatsoever; the dog may have looked squishy, but he was *heavy*, and his fat was a lot firmer than one would think.

After a few minutes, he had no choice but to give up; by then he was panting and covered in sweat, and it was not very pleasant in an environment that was already hot and enclosed to begin with. The dog's body practically radiated heat, and his fur acted as almost perfect insulation, so Alex would have been sweating in no time even without his futile struggling.

As he calmed down from his formerly frantic state, he began to be consciously open to sensory data, and he was quickly overwhelmed by Jack's intense musk and... *body odor*? Dogs from Alex's world didn't sweat, but apparently this one did, because the human was covered in it and he certainly didn't sweat on the *outside* of his clothes. Dog B.O. apparently stank like a mix of normal, human body odor and wet dog smell, but it was a hundred times stronger than that and made him want to gag. As it was, all he could do was wrinkle his nose – he was so surrounded by fat that he couldn't even bring up a hand to cover it. From the outside, Jack's fur would have been just slightly, almost unnoticeably damp, but when you're under all that belly, apparently it made for a very different experience.

Needless to say, the dog needed a bath, and after this, so would Alex.

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After about an hour, Officer Jack finally elected to heave himself to his feet, taking his enormous bulk off of Alex and plodding off to the food bowl. The human groaned and rolled over onto his stomach, then pushed himself up. It felt like almost his entire body had fallen asleep, and he was awash with pins and needles. It felt good to finally be able to *stretch* and be out of the smelly confines of the unwashed dog.

The dogs apparently had some sense of decency, because it took them an entire two and a half minutes for him to get used to being up off the floor for him to be tackled by Officer Spokes, the fat Rottweiler who he'd been assured “just wanted to play”. And while this is true, there seemed to be a caveat that the human police officer hadn't mentioned: *Alex was the toy*.

Jack was 4,500 pounds, but Spokes was barely out of puppyhood and weighed only 2,000. Alex, at his 160 lb, was practically weightless to the officer and provided almost no loss of inertia to the excited rottie. In simple terms: he smashed into a – thankfully, padded – wall. Somehow, Spokes had managed to somersault in the air, and flew into Alex with a *crash!* and hitting him with his relatively hard (but

fat and furry) back.

Thanks to the wonders of gravity, they both fell to the ground and were unharmed. Officer Spokes got up, shook himself and rushed over to the boy, placing his paws on his shoulders and giving him a big, long lick on his face, before doing something that perfectly fit in with his “Alex as a toy” philosophy: he picked Alex up by his shirt collar and threw him in the air at Lilly.

As though it was the result of hours of practice, the Bouvier de Flanders caught him in her mouth with a short and happy growl, did a bit of a spin to gain the kid momentum, and threw him back. It wasn't long until Alex was covered in the two dog's spit as they caught him in different positions in their mouths, and it took a surprisingly long time for one of them to miss.

Naturally, the dogs had incorporated this into their game, and when Spokes missed the pass, his comrade-in-arms responded by leaping at him from across the room and planting her sizable tush on his face. It wasn't long before Alex heard a small, short *"frrrt!"* come from out of her butt, and Officer Spokes began pawing at her in order to get her off of him. If he could speak, he would probably have said something like this: *"Aw, c'mon! I know we agreed to this game, but you're done now, and this stinks!"*

After Lilly got off of him, he rolled to his feet and immediately launched himself at his pal, trying to get his rear on *her* face. However, she outweighed him by about 1,000 pounds, and this does not make for any easy play-fight; his excitability got the better of him, and he lost quite terribly, once again getting his face smothered under Lilly's chubby butt. This time, though, Alex was about two feet away, and he could tell that she wasn't holding back.

Her tail lifted up, and there was a clear and audible “*frrrbluhhhrrrrrrrrrrttttt!*”. It took about two more seconds for her fart to reach his nose, and he immediately tried to exit the room; however, the main door was closed and locked, because he was here as a penalty, and there was only one other door that was wide open.

He walked in the only empty room and discovered exactly why it was empty, and exactly why he was allowed in it: this was where the K9 Unit went to the bathroom. He remembered what the human officer whose name he couldn't recall had told him about his duties:

“You’ll have to feed them, *clean up after them*, play with them...”

He groaned and stared at what must have been a thousand pounds of poop.

Soon after discovering the bathroom, he received a memo from the police department that he was to clean up the bathroom with their supplied shovel, wash down the floor, and then give each dog a bath. After that, he would be allowed to go to shower himself, and go to sleep in the bed of whichever dog he chose to share a bed with. He already knew which one he *wouldn't* choose.

He picked up the shovel and a bucket and started with the closest pile of shit, a fresh and steaming pile that was higher than his waist, and sighed. It entered the bucket with a wet *plop!*, and, despite its wetness, somehow managed to weigh more than he would have thought. These may have been dogs, but this was even worse than *regular* dog poop. He wondered to himself if there was anything about

these guys that *wasn't* nastier than your average canine.

After his first hour of all this, he started getting pretty quick at it and somehow managed to scoop up about half of the poop, even though it had seemed to fill the whole room before. This place must have been designed for people like him: otherwise, they could have snapped their fingers and made the poop disappear, and it would have taken him much longer to get cleaning.

Behind him, he heard a dog *huff* and snicker and then the tap-tap-tap of claws on a hard floor. He looked behind him, dreading what he knew he would see: a brand new, absolutely fresh pile of shit.

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Eventually, he had cleaned up all of the poop, and even cleaned the floor, and got to pick which dog he was going to wash first. He had been given a showerhead, a hose, towels and soapy sponges, and a pair of swimming trunks; apparently they expected the dogs to get messy.

He decided that he was going to start small, with Officer Spokes. When he called him in, the young rottie was uniquely *unexcited* about something for once, but had apparently decided that a bath was inevitable anyway and walked in with his head hung and his tail between his legs.

It went quite well, without any *really* nasty events; the dog wasn't even playful at all. His normal, playful mood had been ruined... right up 'till the end, after Alex had dried him off, when he'd tackled the teenager to the ground and gave his face a rough lick before happily trotting out of the room.

Next, it was time to call in Lilly. *She* was the picture of good behavior, at least to start with: delicately presenting her hind paws as requested, letting him make sure to wash her legs without complaint, and allowing him to get the rear half of her back before moving on to the area just above the base of her tail.

As he started with her tail-base he was very glad that she was about a foot shorter than he was, because it meant that he didn't have to put her face anywhere near her butt as she began farting in the rhythm he was lathering the sponge in: "*pfft, pfft, pfft, pfft...*" They were very close to being silent, and only mildly smelly, but the stink in the room increased every time she cut one and it quickly made for a very nasty room. Thankfully, he was able to finish after only five or so minutes of her constant flatulence.

Then, as per his orders, a table lifted up below her and took her butt to his face level. *This* was what any non-crazy person would have been dreading: washing her butt. He grabbed his sponge and applied it to the outside of her left cheek, watching it wobble up and down as her fur was soaked with soap suds. It honestly wasn't that bad until he had to separate her cheeks, which was when she let loose a three-second whopper of a dog fart that blew back his hair. It wasn't very stinky, but it made up for that in sheer *wind factor*, imprinting itself on his hair style at the very least. The sixteen year old was very unamused.

After this event, though, she was perfect, and ran back outside the room to say hi to Officer Spokes. Cory was next, and he was perfectly fine as well, with no issues – he was an older, dignified dog, and he supposed that Alex had had enough of a punishment from him earlier.

After Officer Spokes and Officer Cory's near-perfection, despite their fucking nasty bodies and habits, Alex had a lot of hope that washing down Officer Jack, the mountain of a dog, would go perfectly well.

He called him in with very little reservation, thinking that he'd be as exemplary as the other three, and at first it seemed that he was right. Jack amiably waddled in with his tongue lolling out and a mischievous look in his eye; the human assumed that he'd been reading too much into things and let it rest.

He started off by rinsing the dog, and it didn't take long for a heavy musk to permeate the air: it was obvious that Jack hadn't been properly washed in months, if not years. It smelled like wet dog and the almost familiar reek of sweat that had come off the dog earlier during their "nap" together.

Unlike the other dogs, there was no dainty or careful presentation of a leg or a paw; the pungeant left hind paw was *shoved* in his face before the bernese mountain dog let him guide the paw down and back a little so that he could give it a good washing. It required a very long, solid scrub, because of his thick fur and its level of uncleanliness, but ten minutes later he was pretty sure it smelled almost bearable, so he left it for the other paw, which was once again shoved in his face.

After he finished the paws and legs, it was clear that there would be no starting with the rear half of his back: this dog wanted his enormous rump scrubbed, and it was going to be scrubbed *now*. The teenager tried to fight off the sudden deluge of dog butt that was all up in his face; he got his head stuck between the two monstrous cheeks for just long enough to cop a massive, wet blast of wind in his face. It made Lilly's cheese-cutting seem dainty and feminine; he felt like his head was stuck in a fucking wind tunnel, and was almost blown out of the black rump from the sheer force of it. Speckles of crap hit his face and even got inside his mouth, and it was so wet that the top of his shirt managed to get soaked from the sheer humidity. It was a goddamn *nasty*, 10/10, once-in-a-lifetime dog fart, and Alex had no choice but to lie there and cop it in the face.

Afterwards, the dog panted for a second and shook the kid out of his cheeks before calmly picking up a sponge and putting it into his hand. He then shoved his butt into the kid's hand, and after a second, Alex got the message and began lathering his butthole. There were a lot of bubbly, soapy gusts, and a lot of "*Ugh, Officer!*", but his face wasn't buried in the copious ass anymore, and so Alex was willing to settle for less.

After another two hours, they were finally done, and it was time for Alex to shower. The four dogs, however, wanted to 'play' with him a little bit first, and it was quite obvious that they weren't afraid of making a mess in the newly-cleaned room, or in their newly-cleaned fur. Spokes, Lilly, and Cory had snuck in when he was busy with Jack's chest, and it was at this point that Jack calmly pushed him back with a paw and into the sudden gaggle of chunky canines.

He landed on something soft and fat and furry, but he had no idea exactly who, because it had seemed to him that someone had turned off the lights and *every* option was soft and fat and furry. It was quickly revealed who, however, as it turned out that the 'lights turning out' effect had been due to Spokes planting his big brown Rottweiler butt on his face, and the dog had decided to get out and shake it in his face.

There was a loud, windy blast from behind him, but before he got the chance to even smell it he was catapulted forward into the rottie's ass, squeaky clean but still pretty nasty-smelling. There was no BO, or sweat, or poop, or farts, it was just... a butt. And he could bear it.

Right up until he felt a warm liquid hit the back of his head and heard the trademark sound of an animal taking a tinkle. That was about when he started struggling against the paw holding him down.

Apparently, peeing on someone from behind just isn't very much fun, so he quickly found the back of his head shoved up against Spokes's butt and came face to face with Officer Cory's cock, which had decided to cancel its brief intermission and continue a veritable torrent of piss right in his face.

When it finally sputtered to a stop, Alex, head and shirt totally soaked in urine, immediately had his head buried in a certain Bouvier des Flanders's ass. This time, true to form, her tail went *thwump thwump thwump*, and she farted in the pattern her tail was beating back and forth – long-lasting, gassy poots. “*Pfffffffffffffft, pfffffffffffffft, pfffffffffffffft...*” Each one longer than the last. They were almost silent, but they were the stinkiest things that he'd ever smelled, and he was desperate to get out from under her chubby ass.

This was, of course, when Officer Cory helpfully fell onto his bottom half with a *thump* of his own, completely burying the kid under the collective girth of the two dogs.

After about another minute, though, something else made itself known: Jack. He was a force to be reckoned with, and he lifted up Cory and threw him to the side, doing the same to Lilly. Neither dog was happy, but they'd known Jack since their own puppyhoods and they were used to him manhandling them. Alex lay there, gasping for clean air that didn't smell like a rhythmic, gassy expulsions and urine, and didn't even have the strength to try and crawl away from whatever the enormous dog was going to do to him.

Jack's belly grumbled, and he gave a small little growl that must have been the bernard's equivalent of a groan; he turned his rump to the boy, and proceeded to back up slowly, his wobbling rear end eclipsing the kid's vision. He then *sat* on the kid forcefully, practically pounding his head into the floor and making sure that his face was all right up into the huge dog's *massive* asshole, his entire body buried beneath the dog's titanic backside.

What happened next will never be forgotten, at least for the boy. A torrent of wet, heavy poop came out of the dog's asshole, spitting his now shit-covered face out of his big, black cheeks and quickly burying him under the huge turds. They were solid enough to have form, but wet enough to hit the ground with a plopping sound, and the air rang with the “*blurrrrrt!*” of an unexpected defecation.

The boy backed up out of the way as the dog proceeded to painstakingly pile turd after enormous turd onto a pile that ended up being bigger than he was. Each turd was larger than his head, and it stank like something fierce; it was no wonder the room had been so full of feces earlier today, if *this* was the dog's typical bowel movement. After about three and a half minutes of nonstop pooping, the Saint Bernard wagged his tail and looked over at the boy expectantly.

Another ten seconds later, Alex found himself flying towards a pile of dog poop.