

Alex shut his eyes a split second before slamming into an enormous, steaming pile of dog poop. The dog had taken wet, heavy shits, massive ploppers, and it showed; as soon as the boy hit the pile, his momentum completely stopped. He ended up in the middle of it, submerged in two feet of Jack's intestinal sculpturing; it was warm and thick and sloppy, and felt soft and squishy and absolutely disgusting as it ran along him.

He quickly tried to get up on his knees, but had some trouble with the weight of all the shit on his back. He'd only been under for about a second, and while he had no trouble holding his breath, that was still a second too long. Struggling, he got on his hands and knees and pushed upwards, breaking the surface as splatters of shit fell off him. He immediately took a breath, but immediately began gagging and retching as he inhaled the stinky, mildly steamy air. He was covered in brown from head to toe, though all one could see above the pile was his head and the beginning of his back, and he was surrounded by a cloud of awful, miasmic air. If one looked closely, steam was even coming off of *him* from the hot, fresh crap he was covered in.

Because his eyelids were covered in and ears were filled with poo, and because he was completely overloaded with repulsive messages, he didn't hear the pitter-patter of Jack's paws behind him as the Saint Bernard raced towards him on the linolium floor, or see the beige Bouvier des Flanders's form as she ran towards him right in front of him. Which meant that he was completely surprised when Lilly crashed into him and sunk him once more beneath the surface of Jack's copious leavings, having somehow landed in such a way that his face ended up right between her cheeks, not seeming to care at all as she sank below the mass of shit.

Jack, for his part, was trying to resist, but he couldn't do much against the bulk of Lilly's obese form, and he sank back under the pile like a brick, shoved in fairly roughly by gravity. His found his head squished between the floor and her butt, his face located right in front of but not quite between her cheeks; he was slightly smooshed into the cheeks, but not enough to be pushed between them, and above his head her tail was wagging like crazy and thoroughly mixing the dog poo. His entire body was stuck under her, and though he did his best to shove himself off of her and get out from under her, the only resulted was for his arms and legs to sink into her fat.

For about a second, Lilly was able to lie in the muck, quite glad to have buried Alex under her 3,000 pound body; the only things that could be seen above the surface of the pile of shit was her snout and her wagging tail, beating back and forth happily. Officer Spokes had crept closer to the pile for further inspection, and had pulled back his ears and whined after getting splattered in the face by a bit of the poo that had been displaced by her whipping tail.

The second passed with a tick on the clock, and a shadow loomed over Lilly; Jack had gathered himself and leapt, and proceeded to unceremoniously and roughly dump himself onto Lilly, Jack and his enormous heap of poop. The Bouvier des Flanders was smooshed under him, buried under his fat, furry body, and a sizable portion of the pile billowed out from under him, displaced by his massive weight. Officer Cory, wise to the ways of the other canines, had already left to take a nap, but Spokes had remained as an onlooker and was consequently covered in dog poop with a yip and a whine. Alex had found himself slammed onto the floor, and his head ended up shoved into Lilly's butt with a great *WHUMP!* Sound; she wasn't as big as the Saint Bernard, and some of his head could be seen between her cheeks if they weren't both buried in shit, but he was still pretty much stuck there.

It was a curious scene: Alex was buried under Lilly's 3,000 pounds, but Lilly had found *herself* buried under 4,500 pounds of Saint Bernard as well. Her head was smooshed in-between Jack's vast rump

cheeks, and her body was buried under a velvety expanse of belly and chest.

Despite all this, Lilly was a strong dog, and much more able to resist than Alex had been; she was able to squirm, wiggling her butt back and forth and buckling her knees, trying desperately to lift her superior officer's great frame off of her. The human boy stuck under her had his face thoroughly rubbed in her fat ass, and, true to form, she began to release rhythmic, stress-induced gas.

Her butt wiggled back and forth as she tried to throw the other dog off, and Jack's face was thrown back and forth with it, shaking him from side to side like a rag doll. It was gross enough to be under one of these dog's butts to begin with: even though she'd just been cleaned, her fur was still covered in sweat, and there was an overpowering and moist stink of sweat – sweat which took almost no time to coat his head and soak his hair, once he'd been thrown around enough in her jiggly arse.

It was impossible to escape the overpowering stench of dog poo, as well: there was very little of it within her rear, but she was otherwise surrounded by it, and getting out was barely an option with Jack on top of her. And of course, predictably, she started farting – stress-induced, rhythmic gas that made it even more humid under her. *BLRT. BLRLRLRLRT. BLRT. BLRT.* Her anus gave a little *pop!* each time, with a nasty puff of air more than covering his face and seeming to soak into the fat cheeks that surrounded him.

Finally, after about three minutes of her escape attempts, she managed to lift herself an inch off the ground with the brute strength of a desperate canine. Jack, freed from his prison except for his still-buried face, quickly tried to maneuver himself out from under her, only to discover that his neck couldn't quite move that way. *BLRLRT.* Another puff of gas came right in his face, the butthole expanding and contracting in a rhythm, had to be cringed at and then ignored; he changed tactics after about a second, knowing he had to work quickly, and decided that he should push himself out: his hands sunk into her cheeks, fingers and palms visibly dipping *just a little*, and doing his best to ignore her gas.

It seemed that, the more she strained, the longer and wetter her gas was: it had started out similar to machine-gun fire in length, *blrt-blrt-lrt-blrt-blrt*, but was now getting to much larger proportions. His head began to, slowly, slide back out of her rear, aided by the humidity from her gas and all the sweat that was already in her butt.

When he'd finally reached what seemed to be a plateau, he was rescued by the only fart in his face that he could ever say had been fortuitous: a massive, awful stinker that would have been bad if it *hadn't* been released under a fat dog's butt that was stuck under a heap of poop.

*BBBBLLLLLLRRRRRRLLLLRRRRRTTTTTT!* His head came out with a little bit of a gross squishing sound, and he held his breath as he was once more engulfed in shit.

He wasn't quite prepared for the awful feeling of it on his face again, but at this point anything was better than being stuck under Lilly's rear end. For what seemed like an eternity, but was actually about three seconds, he crawled out of the mass of shit, grimacing as he felt it squish under and around him with every movement.

He finally broke out of the pile, bursting out and gasping for air, lying in a shallow but nasty pool of dog shit next to the relatively immense pile. He didn't care what else was going on: he had no energy left for the moment but to gasp for air, even if it wasn't clean, and to wipe the shit out of his eyes and clear it out of his ears. After having the chance to lie there for a few seconds, his senses fully returned

to him, and he realized just how stinky he was and how nasty it was to be lying in poo; he rolled over, gagging, and right then, vomited copiously into an already soiled floor.

Meanwhile, Lilly was busy with her own fight, and hadn't even noticed Alex's absence. Jack had decided to just go limp and act as if this were the time to take a nap, and hadn't responded at all to her struggles, even when she lifted him up off the ground on her back. He had, however, seemed to punish her in one way: his colon was expelling gas at full blast, and it didn't seem like it was ever going to stop.

She was huffing and puffing, using her full strength to just lift him, trying desperately to dislodge him, and this meant that she had to inhale boatloads of nasty, immense farts. Her head was already surrounded by fat – as if it could be in any other situation around someone as big as Jack – and she felt immersed in his stinky, musky, sweaty rump. She was still a little bit playful, and already had plans to pay him back somehow for what he was doing, but at the same time she was certainly not enjoying being on the *receiving* end of a nasty dog's farts, and was on a mission to escape. Playing with Jack was fun, but it almost wasn't worth it sometimes.

She growled and gave a great shove, and to her surprise, things worked out exactly the opposite of how she'd wanted them: her head got *closer* to Jack's tailhole, and her snout ended up almost stuck in it for about a second before being blasted out with the nastiest, wettest fart she had ever experienced. There must have been some kind of air in it, or she'd have suffocated, but as it was she felt like she was surrounded by just that fart's nasty miasma, and had to redouble her efforts just to stay standing.

To her surprise, after a few minutes of this gassing, Jack actually rolled over off of her and let her out of his butt with one last repulsive fart. She lay there on his belly for a minute, tongue lolling out of her mouth and relaxing, and heard Jack doing the dog equivalent of laughter: deep, bellowing, happy growls that made his belly rumble. Finally, she got up and trotted over to Alex, nuzzling him and licking his face before dragging him off to the shower.

It turned out that the dogs were playful, but they weren't malicious: Lilly actually *washed* Alex, softly and tenderly, and then got Officer Spokes and Officer Cory to help her clean up the mess. It had been Jack's duty, as the most senior officer, to take care of their charge, and he made sure that Alex wasn't going to help or go anywhere.

It was quite a simple tactic, really: the big dog lumbered over to Alex, lightly shoved him onto the ground and snuggled up to him. Alex found himself pinned under the great dog, but with the dog's snout in his face, and couldn't help but giggle as Jack covered his face in that enormous tongue and nestled him under his fuzzy neck. Buried in warm and recently-washed fur, he quickly fell asleep.

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Officer Cory, true to the canine's playful nature, woke up the sleeping teenager. He lifted his big butt in the air right above Alex's head, and then plopped it down on the ground as Lilly and Spokes giggled and watched it ripple from the force of the impact as it hit the floor and slipped the human's head right between his hefty cheeks, and immediately blasting the kid with a hot guff of noxious wind.

*PffffRRRRt!*

Wiggling his rump a little bit, he finally lifted it up and let Alex's head fall to the floor; he then turned around towards the gasping teenager and nuzzled his face before nudging him up on his feet.

Alex was very confused: why the hell were they suddenly so affectionate, instead of just... well, nasty? The gross playfulness was there, but this seemed encouraging and almost apologetic, too. And it was so sudden!

He didn't have any time to think, however, as he had a schedule to keep and had to head towards the kitchen to feed the waiting canines. He did have time to do a quick look around and marveled at how they'd managed to clean the lavatory/shower room: it was totally spotless, when before a large amount of it had been covered in shit, including the ceiling. He didn't even know how they *reached* the ceiling.

Feeding them required lifting very heavy bags of dog food and putting them in labeled bowls; Spokes required relatively little food, whereas Jack required four bags of the stuff. As a joke, one of the dogs pushed him into the pile of dog food, which was a bit stinky, and he had to go and put it all back into the bowl. The dogs proceeded to chow down, and once they were done, they played with each other; Spokes finished first, and then started teasing Cory by taking lighthearted snaps towards his food, leading to an impromptu tumble of dogs trying to fart on each other. Lilly, finally finishing her food, anxiously leapt into the fray of dogs, hopelessly messing up the kitchen.

They slammed into a wall, knocking all of the pots and pans off of where they were hanging; they slammed into the oven, leaving a huge dent in the door; they slammed into their own food supply, breaking a bag open on Cory's head; it was a total wreck.

Finally, Jack finished his breakfast and somehow seemed to be frowning disapprovingly, before giving a little howl and leaping into the fray himself. However, he didn't intend to join them: he was larger and wiser than the other three dogs, and pacified them all almost immediately. It didn't take much – he slammed Spokes, the one who started it, into his enormous butt, shoved Lilly under his belly and had two paws standing on top of Cory. After waiting for a moment, he gave a small growl and a shake of his body, loosing a puff of air from his rump for emphasis for Spokes's sake, and let them all go.

They all left, single-file, tails between their legs, and Jack actually helped Alex clean up the kitchen, hanging the lower pots and pans and calling up a display to repair the door. It took about fifteen minutes, instead of the hour or two it'd have taken him otherwise, thanks to the dog's help and access to technology that Alex, as an individual on punishment duty, did not have.

After this, he received another memo from the police department: he was to be released immediately, following a “special meeting” with the chief of police.

Apparently, the dogs got the memo, too, because just as he exited the kitchen he suddenly found himself immersed in a mass of fat and fluff and whines and howls. This wasn't some kind of joke, or something done just by the younger dogs: he saw and felt and smelt Jack in the four-dog jumbling tumble. Finally, after a few minutes, they managed to calm down and stop, and he was able to just hug them goodbye. They wouldn't let him leave otherwise, he thought, and they were already being so sweet to him.

He did get one parting gift from Cory, though: a big face full of butt and the loud blast of a reeking fart. The same big butt then shoved him out of the exit; the last thing he saw of the dogs was a bum-wiggle goodbye from Officer Cory.

He was then met by an officer, and escorted to the chief of police. Alex looked ragged, wearing

rumpled clothes and messy hair and no shoes, and the chief of police was a very proper, very well-dressed man who looked good in uniform. He shook his hand and introduced himself, and then sat down.

Concerns raced through his head: what had he done? What were they going to do to him now? He thought he'd been sentenced for just three days, and here he was after two! He figured he was going to have his sentence extended for bad behavior, or something. So when the chief made his offer, the teenager was shocked.

“Alex, you're a natural prodigy with these dogs – no-one's ever managed to deal with them effectively like you have, and they're even more cooperative and efficient when you're around. So I have an offer for you: we want you to become their official handler, with full pay and benefits, and have your crime wiped from your record. What d'you say?”

He was then given a form, which informed him that it wasn't really a choice, but he had to go through the motions anyway. It was apparently just too important for them to follow procedure. So, with absolutely no choices, what the hell was he supposed to do?

So he said yes.