

When Alex entered the police dog's section of the police station three mornings later, having completed his police training in a day thanks to a brain implant and being given another day for rest, he was surprised to find the front (“recreation”) room totally empty. Empty and *trashed*.

The furniture had been turned upside down, the toys had been thrown in totally random places, and the floor had been scratched and bucked and ripped as if something or things had been clawing and tearing and stomping at it specifically to damage it. Everything had been ripped off of the walls except the TV, which had a blinking message that meant that Alex had a memo from someone in the PD.

What exactly was he expected to do in this situation? He had no idea. There wasn't exactly a protocol for this situation – and he would know, since all of the codes and protocols had instant-access thanks to the chip in his head. So he did the next best thing, and turned on the video memo.

The video had been taken on the camera's side, and was, for the first few seconds, filled with static. Finally, *ten* enormous dogs filled the scene, and were apparently in the middle of arguing and making demands at the same time.

Alex realized that the four that had been here must have been just for his punishment, and that the police station actually had many more dogs than the ones he'd been exposed to – and that he was expected to deal with *all of them*. He'd been told that before, but he'd thought that it was some kind of joke in the official records, or something. It wasn't until now that he actually saw the proof in front of him.

A few seconds later, the audio came in clear and had stopped being so garbled, and he could finally make out the audio, even if he had no idea what was supposed to be going on.

He saw Jack amble into the (vertical) of the (sideways) video, shoving aside two moderately large dogs with his sheer bulk.

“What they're trying to say is-”

“Hey! Hey! I can say it better!”

“Shut up or I'll shut you up, Spokes!”

“Hey! You can't shut up Sp-”

At this point, apparently Spokes and Lilly got into a fight with some of the other dogs: the camera shuffled and got knocked over (again?) and was now upside-down, and he saw a big, brown butt slam down on top of Spokes's face. Lilly could be heard, but not seen, her muffled voice barely audible over someone's farts. Finally, after the brief tussle, someone got the camera back on its side, placing Jack once more on the center of the camera, the unmistakable sound of two dogs farting still being able to be heard in the background.

“Okay, is this thing on the right side now? We've got it working?”

Someone behind the camera gulped. “Uh, y-yes, sir.”

“Then get over here! We have to make a united stand.”

A small, spotted dog walked back over whispered something inaudible, at which point Lilly and Spokes were let go and could be seen being shoved back into the scene.

“What we're trying to say is, as of today, we are on strike until you bring Alex back as an officer.”

Apparently, no-one had informed the dogs.

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He walked into their “bedroom” (which was mostly just a bunch of dog beds in an open room with the occasional chew toy on the floor), and saw that apparently, there *were* ten dogs here, and they had dragged their dog beds together and ended up sleeping on and flopping all over each other.

Cory was the first to notice Alex when he walked in, as he'd been awake anyway and had been dutifully waking up a smaller dog with a deep blast to the face. Even given that, though, it was only about a second before Alex was tackled by 2,000 lb of flying dog.

Alex had enough time to give out a small cry before being smashed into and falling to the floor, his face squished into Cory's squishy, jiggly belly; he reflexively tried to push up at the dog to get him off of him, and to his surprise, it worked: he felt his face drag along the soft fur as the dog shuffled backwards a bit (keeping the human's legs under his belly) and practically drowned him in dog saliva to say hi and express his joy, simultaneously ensuring that Alex would need to shower after having his face licked and drooled on by the distinguished canine officer.

It wasn't long before someone else noticed it: Cory ended up getting pulled aside by Jack, who promptly buried the human officer in his thick, curly black chest-fur; it wasn't long before he was let up for air, surprisingly gently for a dog as big as Jack, and the dog proceeded to fall completely onto him while letting his face out from under his bulky frame in order to nuzzle him with his long snout. He got a few short licks, but it was absolutely nothing like Cory's saliva-drenching tongue bath.

Suddenly, the rest of the team was there, and Lilly and Spokes started fighting as to who was going to say hi to him first. Somehow, Spokes managed to beat Lilly to the chase, shoving himself under Jack so that he could get access to Alex's from the other side of his head. Jack responded with his deep, rough laughter that was almost a growl, his belly shaking and vibrating and... disconcertingly enough, *gurgling*.

“Alex Alex Alex Alex Alex!” Spokes said, too excited to even bother pausing between words... or forming words other than his name, for that matter. “You're back! Yay! I can't believe it!” He licked Alex's face with his – considerably tinier, less drooly – tongue, five or six times, and then just nuzzled his face and reached out with a paw to drag him closer, covering about half of the human's body with torso fat.

Jack got up for a moment to let Lilly take his place on top of Alex; Lilly, being her playful self, shoved Spokes a little to the side and settled down (partly on top of him). Then, she welcomed Alex by staring him straight in the eyes and giving a big, happy belch, creating a small cloud that was a little bit stinky and made him start coughing. “Ugh, L-Lilly!”

She just wagged her tail, ignoring his obvious discomfort, and roughly nuzzled his face. “So, you're back! I knew it all along. Do you wanna play?”

Before he could answer, Jack answered for everyone when he decided to glomp all three of them, immersing his friends and co-workers in 4,500 lb of fat and curly black fur, causing cries of protest from all of them.

They couldn't move, which was fine, because none of them were all that interested in moving anyway (except possibly Alex, who didn't have a choice); the trouble was that his face was facing the other direction, leaving his big black butt plopped down right in all of their faces. It was big and musky and more than a little bit stinky, as if he'd just taken a shit and forgotten to wipe, and given his size and temperament, it was quite likely that this was exactly what had just happened. Jack was a veteran of gross pranks, and it showed: his butt, and as a result, his tailhole, was aimed right at their three faces.

“Hey! Hey! I just got back! Come on, you guys! You don't have to do this right *now*!”

He was answered with a soft, sputtering and very wet fart: it lazily wafted out of his ass, right in the direction of their faces, and none of them could do anything about it to get away. It gave a whole new meaning to Monty Python's famous quote, “*I fart in your general direction!*” and made it into a reality.

It was a dog fart-cloud: the kind that would normally clear a room full of the most polite, fart-ignoring people, because of its sheer reek and hang-time. It seemed to hang in the air without moving at all, though that didn't matter much anyway, because Jack's gurgling belly showed that there was *plenty* of gas where that came from.

There was no way that Alex was going to get out from under the three dogs (who weighed 10,000 cumulative pounds), but he tried anyway, his hands sinking into Lilly and Spokes's chest-fur; he didn't actually go anywhere, but he did manage to work up a sweat from his exertion. He couldn't even move his head enough to bury his head in their chests to mask the stink coming from Jack's ass. There was really no escape.

As Jack released another fart, this one a loud and bubbly and not-so-very silent puff that exited with a “pfffffffffffft!”, the chip in Alex's head beeped and told him that he was doing quite well mobilizing the dogs already, with unprecedented success. He had no idea what the hell it was talking about, and didn't have time to think, as he was being blasted in the face with the aforementioned fart.

He felt the air fly into and past his face, smelled the foul stink of dog shit that sputtered from the dog's butt, and did his best to escape his torment, even though it wasn't working.

Suddenly, the dog's tailhole widened to enormous proportions; one could easily make it out under his thick, curly butt-fur, for once, and with a crashing BOOM!, Jack released a barrellfull of intestinal gas right into the trio's poor faces. “BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPT!” It was loud and deafening, and pushed their hair and fur back, towards the floor; it looked like they'd all three passed through a wind tunnel, or stuck their head out of a car going 60 miles an hour. Alex rasped and coughed, and tried not to look at the dog's jiggling ocean of an ass, vibrating from the sheer pressure of his reeking gas.

There was another crash, and the floor vibrated, but it sure as hell wasn't from a fart: it turned out that, on the other end of their little love pile, Cory had decided to join them by plonking his brown rump right on Jack's face. Alex could hear him farting, trapping Jack under the stinky confines of his ass, but it didn't last long, and the trio ended up being relieved of their great, black, gaseous burden as he got up to tackle Cory.

Finally, Alex was able to get up and see what the hell was going on outside of the four dogs he'd already met. To his surprise, they were all gone: when he checked the computer, they'd already been

deployed with their officers.

“Huh.”

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After that, he was able to take a shower and go on patrol with one of the dogs. He picked Jack, because he had the most experience and was the least likely to get excited and do something stupid. He'd never driven a police car before, but the chip in his head knew where everything was and what to do, and he sure as hell wasn't going to argue with a magical head-chip.

They were supposed to walk around the city looking for criminals and interlopers. Walking around with Jack, though, was an odd experience: everyone saw the massive dog and the police officer and knew exactly what they were doing, but occasionally couldn't avoid said dog because of his sheer size. Jack apparently loved kids, and kept knocking over toddlers and elementary school kids and farting in their faces “by accident”; there wasn't much Alex could do about that, and when he protested he ended up getting a whopping fart in the face himself. He didn't fight it after that.

Eventually, they found a real criminal: a nearby satellite had caught a middle school kid selling crack to a man, and both subjects had to be apprehended. Alex called a car in, and the car drove itself to their location; police officers were still expected to drive, but occasionally they had the ability to use magic or technology to their advantage.

They caught the man who had bought the crack in the most unsurprising place in the world: outside of a crackhouse. He took one look at the police car and the cop and ran, and ended up being chased down by Jack and tackled to the ground. He protested – *everyone* protested – and ended up being dragged out from under the dog's ass and handcuffed. He shoved the man into the back seat, and Jack leapt in afterwards; on the drive to the middle school to arrest the child, Alex repeatedly winced in sympathy as he could hear – and sometimes feel – the deep, bassy, vibrating farts the poor criminal was being subjected to.

Jack apparently thought that middle schools were the best things in the universe; in the hallway, he repeatedly bumped into groups of kids and farted massive farts into their faces, giving them a really great idea of what the enormous dog's poop smelled like. Once, he even blasted *five kids'* hair back from the force of his gaseous blast. He certainly managed to make a mark on the kids of the school.

Eventually, they found the kid, and the dog was much more nice and forgiving to this kid than he had been to the adult: the kid ran, but Jack just lifted him up by his collar, allowing Alex to handcuff him and personally carrying said kid into the back of the car. Whereas the other man got a facefull of dog butt, the kid ended up curled up in the other end of the backseat being licked and burped on. It wasn't very pleasant, but it was *definitely* better than huffing dog farts face-first.

They arrived at the station, and Alex put the two people into impound. The kid would probably be let off with a warning, and the man would go into a detox program; the system thought they'd both been punished enough – or they would, when they saw the dog that had helped to arrest them.

Finally, they were able to go back to the police dog compound, at which point Alex was able to get out of his uniform and into what he was going to wear in the compound from now on – sweatpants and a sweatshirt. No point ruining his uniform with whatever the dogs were going to do to him.

As soon as he entered the lobby, he saw six enormous dogs that he'd never met before; it was fairly unsettling. It'd only been five days, but he'd forgotten just how intimidating and enormous Jack, Lilly, Cory and Spokes were – they were so playful that it didn't really seem to matter how big they were. But these dogs were strange, and unfamiliar, and threatening.

This feeling lasted approximately five seconds, as the biggest dog of the group – he was even bigger than Jack! – padded up to him amiably and bumped him to the floor to give him a more up-front visual inspection. “So you're Alex, eh kid?”

His name was Don, short for nothing, and he was a big, 6,500 lb monstrosity of light brown fur and flab, an enormous bullmastiff, and just by walking over he had buried Alex's legs under his immense belly. He sniffed Alex with his great face and sneezed, a huge stream of snot covering the human's face, and then *licked it up*, apparently giving no fucks and covering Alex's face in drool.

“Uh... hi?”

“They told me that you're great, you're the best, yada yada yada, but right now you just look like food. So you'd better get me food.”

“Alright then.” It was feeding time anyway.

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After feeding the dogs, he proceeded to get “inspected” similarly by the other five dogs that hadn't met him. He got licked, drooled on, burped on, smooshed into chest and belly fur, tackled, nuzzled, cuddled with against his will, and accidentally rolled on top of. Eventually, though, *all* of them had to go to the bathroom, and as soon as one did another one took their place with their inspection, until finally the great big bullmastiff came back.

“Hey kid, you seem pretty sweet, but I don't buy into all that propaganda Alex-is-so-great crap. So you're gonna come with me, and spend the night with me, and there's nothing you or anyone else can do about it. And first, *we're* gonna have a shower.”

He meant it: he lifted up the human in his enormous jaws and took him into the bathroom where the shower was, dropping him onto the hard ground. It wasn't painful, but it was uncomfortable. The dog then shoved a sponge into his hand and turned around, revealing his wide, unclean, and enormous butt cheeks; the rump was just a few inches from the human's face. They were clearly stained deeply with sweat; they smelled mildly musky, but the dog obviously had very bad body odor, and Alex wrinkled his nose. He could see streaks of poo on his fur as well, and he could smell dog shit just from being this close.

“I want to see how well you can scrub this old, grizzled dog's ass.”

He sighed and took the soapy sponge to the dog's ginormous rump, watching it jiggle up and down and side to side as he scrubbed over and over again, trying to get the deep sweat stains and streaks of shit out of his rear end. Eventually, after a lot of scrubbing, he actually succeeded, and had to lean against the wall, gasping for clean air after all of the exertion with his face right into 6,500 lb dog's butt.

After that, the dog washed himself, occasionally smushing the kid into the fat on his flank by accident because they were in such close quarters. The bathroom could be converted into one huge shower, but

right now it was just a tiny portion of it, and it meant that the wet and closed-off space quickly filled up with the stink of dog farts... which Don was conveniently letting loose at a fairly steady pace, judging from the way the room was stinking, though Alex couldn't hear a damned thing.

Finally, they were done, and the dog dried himself off; he refused to let Alex do so, saying “you can dry off in my fur.” The fact that he was a short-haired dog didn't seem to matter at all to him, and he proceeded to pick up the boy and take him to the dog's sleeping chambers for the “final test” to see if Alex was worth keeping around.

He put Alex down into the dog bed, and made sure to sit on his chest so he couldn't go anywhere, almost totally burying the kid under his rump; the human's face sunk deeply into one of the butt-cheeks, and he sure as hell wasn't going to go anywhere or do anything – it's not like he could yell when if he opened his mouth he'd get a mouthful of flab.

“Hey, Pandora! Get over here.”

“What d'you want now, Don?” A somewhat smaller, but not at all slender Irish Wolfhound responded from across the room, sighing.

“I've got Alex for the night. D'you wanna join me?” She nodded her assent.

So Don settled his great brown ocean of a – now squeaky-clean! – butt over Alex, making sure to cover only *half* of his head, and Pandora covered the other half with her big black floofy bum, relaxing and letting loose a long pffffRRRRt! onto the kid's face.

This was going to be a long, *long* night.