

Puppy Mill Peril Pill

Irbisgreif

for SneakCoyote

Description

THIS STORY IS done for SNEAKCOYOTE, and happily, it's right up my alley! There is a guest appearance by the devious TRICKTHEFOX, a mutual friend of Sneak and myself.

Commission vitals! This was a \$10.00 per page commission, and was done with a budget of \$160.00. At $5\frac{1}{3}$ pages, it came out to a final cost of \$53.33. Sneak has the honour of being one of my first not-special-discount customers! I get to eat well. I'll give you a toast, Sneak!

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WHAT DISTURBS ME MOST about the 'pet' industry is the second word—industry. Industry is not kind; it is not gentle; it is not beautiful or soft; it is not lovable. On the other hand, pets *are* supposed to be the epitome of kind, gentle, soft, lovable beauty. You can see the disconnect forming already.

Worse still is what the pet industry does to the people involved. And no, I don't mean the workers. The workers are fine, if a bit desensitized to suffering. No I mean the other people involved.

No, not the customers.

Oh? You don't know who else is involved? Well then, sit down and listen well and I'll tell you about who I'm talking about.

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A STIFF BREEZE BLEW, carrying hot desert sand off the alkali flats and into the poor coyote's eyes. His hand shot to his face, shielding it from further

intrusion while tears cleared the violation from his sclera.

This sandstorm was shaping up to be the worst of the year—probably of several years. Thankfully, modern conveniences being what they are, it was not long before the coyote was inside the bar for the evening, and the harsh winds were blowing fruitlessly against the doors and windows of the seedy little establishment.

"Hey, Sneak, welcome to The Clamped Knot!"

The coyote blushed a bit, rubbing the sand from his head fur while tilting his ears towards the voice. He still couldn't believe that he had let someone talk him into visiting a gay-bar, especially one as notoriously extreme as this place.

The coyote made his way towards his friend, knowing full well that about half the eyes in the room were focussed on him, wondering if he was a top or a bottom, and either way, imagining how it would feel to bed the virginal coyote for the first time. Of course, how the coyote knew that everyone in the room was aware of his virginal state was anyone's guess. More clear was how they knew—Trick (a fox) at the bar had made it known to everyone that "a cute coyo with a virgin rump" was on his way.

Sneak didn't know this, all he could be sure of was that Trick was waiting for him at the bar with a pair of Jamesons'—just like Sneak and he would drink if they were at home hanging out.

In fact, the main difference was that at home, the two could just flirt and be playful. Here they could do the same, but every innuendo and witty, multifaceted compliment was fuel for the libido of every other guy in the room.

It was a small bar, but the crushing scent of arousal

lingered heavy in the air, making it impossible to determine just how many bodies were flooding the chamber with pheromones and heat. For Sneak, it was decidedly dizzying, and the alcohol he was consuming was only adding to his lack of perception.

Still, Sneak couldn't deny that being the center of attention like this was very nice. Disorienting as the crowd was, every one of them wanted his body, him, to warm their bed that night. Being desired was almost a better drink than the alcohol.

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TOWARDS THE END OF the glass, Sneak began to feel very strange. Something about the number of people in the room was making him feel very tired, more tired than the raw alcohol would have done alone. The coyote felt like he was swimming deep underwater. The air tired and slowed him, and he couldn't help but smile pleasantly at all the people around him.

It was amazing. They were looking at him, wanting *him* and not any of the other people in the room. That cute wolf boy in the corner. That buff stallion in the other. Sneak smiled at each one in turn, expertly playing up both his availability and inaccessibility in a way that made every heart throb and every cock stiffen.

However, while the beginning of his glass had been spent being adored, the grins and motions of the room had taken a far more lecherous tone. It was while he was bumping against a cute mink who felt him up that he realized something.

Jameson is a whisky—and he was drinking from a full glass now, not taking shots. Sneak whined a bit and took another sip, the sweet taste of rum passed his lips. The coyote whined, which the mink took as an invitation to give his package a squeeze.

A big white tail fluttered across his face and he took another sip of his drink, finishing it off. The coyote tried to remember when he'd changed drinks, or what he'd had since starting, but found he couldn't remember. In fact, the only thing he could remember was the floor.

He blinked, his head pounding as he stared at the metal floor beneath him. That was odd, normally

bars use wooden floors. Normally also you don't hover above the floor after passing out. He winced and rubbed his neck, then opened his eyes again. Better focussed, he could now see the cage he was sitting in.

He looked around for the mink, but the room was still spinning. Trick, the mink, the studly stallion, the cute wolfboi—none were to be seen. A rumbling in his ears and the smell of combustion caused him to realize he was in a truck.

He tried to take another sip of his drink, but found his hands empty. In fact, he had nothing on him. No drink, no wallet—so no ID or money. Whoever had placed him here had even taken his shirt. And pants. And underwear.

The coyote shivered in the cold and lay his head down, passing out.

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THE COYOTE SHUDDERED AND looked to the big, feral German shepherd in the cage next to the one he was waking in. He looked about the room, seeing it otherwise empty and undecorated except for the other cage and a door in the far wall. There existed nothing else, just walls of grey concrete. It was only after looking around for a few minutes that he heard something, the voice from the bar—Trick's voice.

"Good morning, Sneak. Welcome to the kennel."

Sneak grunted in reply, "Trick. . . Where are we?"

"I just told you, silly coyote. You are in the kennel." The vulpine paused before continuing, "Me, I'm in an office, getting a nice fat pay-check for bringing you in."

"How does that work?"

Trick chuckled, but did not reply. Sneak could hear the sound of paper shuffling, then nothing—the speaker disconnected.

The coyote gulped and tried to push the door of his cage. He was surprised when it opened with a soft click, which sent him tumbling out of the cage and onto the hard, concrete floor of the room.

He rubbed his head, having not expected his balance to be so poor, or for the cage to just let him out like that. He pushed up onto his hands and tried to

get up, but for some reason, there was a lot of extra weight on his back. Whatever pill Trick had slipped into his Jameson, it was really doing a number on him. It felt like he had 60 pounds pressing down on his back. 60 pounds that wouldn't stay still and let him balance.

60 pounds that was breathing.

For the second time, the coyote shuddered and looked to the big, feral German shepherd—the one now pinning him down onto the floor. “Any moment now,” the coyote thought, “It is going to bite down on my neck and I will die.”

The bite never came, instead the dog just licked his face playfully. Were it not pinning him to the rough concrete floor, it would be cute and adorable even. However, the pair's positioning left him nervous. He couldn't help but feel uniquely vulnerable trapped under the dog as he was.

Of course, when the dog shuffled on him and pinned his tail into the small of his back, his eyes still went wide. Kennels are where dogs are kept and *bred*.

He shook his head, hoping to in some way convey his utter lack of consent to the shepherd above him. The animal was totally oblivious to the coyote's opinion, and it was only moments before Sneak could feel something hard pressing under his tail.

The coyote chanted a series of 'no's, desperate for his first time not to be with an animal on a concrete floor. The demanding canine penis pressing up against his rump had other preferences, and as it pressed the coyote's ring open, it was clear that these preferences would be dominating.

Much as the act was dominating the poor coyote on the floor. He could only yelp and whimper as the dog *fucked* him. The coyote had imagined his first time as something gentle and sublime, but it was turning out that fate had planned a zoophilic rape for him instead.

Sneak cried, and it wasn't long before his tears were staining his muzzle and the floor. Nevertheless, his reluctance didn't mean he couldn't feel the effects of that shaft slamming his prostate against his pelvis. He groaned, becoming aroused despite himself.

It wasn't exactly comfortable, since this meant that his shaft was chafing against the concrete floor. No

doubt the shepherd was enjoying his velvety ass far more—which was likely, since the pace of prostate battering and wet, squelching noises was rapidly increasing.

Sneak's face burned with humiliation, he could barely feel his body now, except for the pleasure of the dog grinding into his ass. He could feel every pulse of the shepherd's heart, and even began moaning slightly. Dirty, pressed to the floor, and moaning like the slut he was at heart, Sneak came just moments before the dog did.

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ECHOING THE DOG'S HOWL of pleasure, Sneak pressed his rump up against the feral's crotch. He couldn't deny that the massive knot inflating in his ass was the best thing he'd ever felt—far better than any sex toy, for sure.

His ass hurt, given how large that knot was in there, but the pressure it forced onto his prostate meant that the coyote didn't care. Semen spurted in him, making his rear-end tingle. Spent, the shepherd flipped around and gave a few tugs, but then settled down to wait for his knot to deflate.

Tied to the dog in this way, there was nothing Sneak could do to prevent the human who came in from putting a collar on his neck, a tag in his ear, or a shot in his arm. That last one made him whine, but it seemed to be the end of it. The boots disappeared from his view and a trio of bowls were left in place, one of food, two of water.

Sneak tried to relax with the shepherd still buried in his rump, but found it difficult. Every movement caused the bulb at the base of the dog's shaft to shift inside of him, mashing his prostate against his pelvis in various ways. 'Distracting' wouldn't even begin to describe the feelings pounding the poor coyote's brain.

It got worse when the dog noticed the food and began moving for it, pulling Sneak along by his anal ring. There was no decision to keep-up or not, the knot was far too firm and inflated for Sneak to opt out of this trek. Instead, he got to shuffle along backwards on his knees, gasping and groaning every few steps, until the dog had reached the food.

Sneak's face, at this moment, was next to one of the water bowls, and as thirst overcame him, he leaned towards it and began lapping up the water. That moment, Sneak whined. The sound of his tongue lapping up the water combined with the sound of meat being chewed and the knot still inflated in his rump to make the coyote blush with humiliation.

After drinking, Sneak could only sit and rest, waiting for the dog's knot to deflate so that he could get loose and free. It took nearly an hour for that to occur, and no sooner had the dog pulled out than a wave of semen washed over the coyote's rump and legs. It felt like his rear was gaping wide open from the knot, and Sneak couldn't help but wish the cock was back inside him, now that he was stuck dealing with the feeling of loss.

He drank a bit more, and when he got hungry, he asked the door for food. When none came, he gave in and ate the soft dog-food—it wasn't so bad, actually. It appeared to be cooked meat in gravy of some kind.

Shortly after eating, he tried to lie down to sleep; as his eyes closed, the dog stepped over him to breed him again.

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FOR DAYS, THIS KEPT up—daily breeding from the German shepherd. Every morning, midday, and night, Sneak had to moan as the dog fucked him relentlessly. Sneak couldn't help himself. The truth was, he had never felt so alive as he did now—under an animal, being bred like one. His captors didn't even use his name whenever they came in to change out the food and water bowls, instead just calling him 'bitch' when they told him to move out of the way.

At first, he growled and argued, though the 'handlers' never came in unless he was tied to the shepherd, so there was little he could do to fight back. After a few injections, he found himself just grunting. After a day of them, he loved it.

The second day, he began to think of himself as a bitch, craving the fierce fuck that preceded each meal. It was easy, once he gained the habit. Bitch

would just lean forward and hike his tail, and his new German shepherd mate would prance over to bury his cock right in the coyote's rump.

On what the coyote presumed was the third day, (Without light, and unable to sleep for more than a few hours a go, he was steadily loosing track of time.) Bitch found himself clamping when the shepherd tried to pull out. He wanted to keep the dog in him for as long as possible. Once it was out, the feeling of need was back, stronger than ever. He had assumed that the injections were vaccines and maybe a drug or two, but as he clenched his rump and whined for another mounting, he began to wonder.

It wasn't long before he confirmed his suspicions. Breasts were growing and his musculature was changing as the feminizing hormones he was injected with were changing him. Once he'd adapted to the sex, he'd been able to come easily while being fucked, but now he was coming with no effect. He surmised that one of the hormones must have been an androgen blocker, because his libido was both stronger, and certain.

Bitch needed fucking, and he thanked heaven, earth, and hell that the German Shepherd shared a room with him, and that all he had to do was hike his tail and whine to get filled.

Eventually, Trick visited him, giving him some papers to sign saying that he'd come willingly and would be staying. There was a lot of legal terms, and he found it odd to be signing something as Sneak—Trick had to stop him from writing 'Bitch' on all the pages—but the coyote found he didn't care. He was being distracted from the fuckings he wanted so badly.

A few fuck-periods after that, the handler started visiting without even waiting for him to get tied. They even left the door unlocked after leaving. Bitch didn't mind, it made it easier to get food, and the faster he wolfed down his portion, the faster he could get back to squeezing his rump against that knot.

He overheard a handler talking once, and soon determined she'd been there for a week. He was busy at the time, but hearing the humans talking, she realised two things—fuckings were a far more enjoyable unit of time, and she'd been here for 37

fuckings; bitches are female, she shouldn't think of herself as a 'he' any longer.

She grunted and yelped in pleasure as another orgasm wracked her frame, her lover coming soon after and filling her rump with that knot again. Bitch panted and moaned, happy with her new lot in life.

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UNDER THIS CARE, SHE began to finally show signs of pregnancy around fucking 64. Bitch wasn't sure how this could happen to a guy, she just had a large litter of little German shepherds inside him somehow. The handlers here must've had a way of making her into just as much of a girl as she felt.

Bitch enjoyed it greatly, and found that once she was knocked up, she didn't feel the strong urge to slide under her 'mate' that she'd previously had. Soon, he was taken out, and she could spend her days eating and resting. At first, she missed him a bit, but over time, she grew to enjoy the time for relaxation that being pregnant afforded her.

Her belly slowly grew in size, tawny fur stretching more and more as time passed. After a while, she could feel the pups within her kicking and shifting occasionally. It was pure bliss, resting constantly and enjoying the lives growing within her.

Eventually, she even got a nice round mattress to lay on that supported her huge, pregnant belly. And a nice doctor even came in from time to time and checked up on her pregnancy. She blushed when she learned that she had a healthy litter of six pure-bred German shepherds.

Eventually, the day came when it was time to birth. More people than ever before streamed into Bitch's room constantly, checking her temperature and pulse and heart-rate and dilation. They did everything to make her fully comfortable, petting her and reassuring her, mostly.

It must have been late at night when her water finally broke, because there was only one technician there. He quickly ran to get the veterinarian. But by the time they returned to help her, it was too late to give her a painkiller safely.

Instead, the handlers could only hold her still and guide her breathing as contractions came in waves,

pressing each child out. The first was the hardest, but it did not take long for Bitch to settle into a rhythm that propelled each and every one of the six outwards.

Later, she would wonder how she was birthing, but with her body busy performing the act, she didn't have time to analyse the sensations. By the time the sixth puppy was free and being cleaned, she was almost completely unconscious, and her last thought was of how nice it was to feel the six suckling on her engorged breasts.

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CHOOSING THE FOX, SHE shuddered in anticipation. Foxes generally belong under coyotes, and to invert this was very shameful of her. Still, after birthing the shepherds like an animal, how could she resist even more delicious humiliation?

Bitch had not expected to be treated so well after giving in. The handlers still made her eat from a bowl on the floor, but she got daily grooming now. They'd taken the puppies away and given her a few more injections, leaving her numb while she recovered from her pregnancy.

However, the time came when she needed to take on another litter. They gave her a choice of species and this time. Beagle, Great Dane, Wolf, or Fox. Just a few minutes after her selection, she was lifting her tail for her next lover. The fox replied with a yip and a slide onto Bitch's back.

Bitch grunted as the blunt shaft forced its way inside her rapidly, filling her tunnel. It was smaller than the shepherd had been, but Bitch was still moaning rapidly as the fox got started on her.

The fox picked up the pace, and was soon thrusting much harder and faster. Bitch didn't even notice the smaller size now; she was far too busy screaming in pleasure as the fox on her back rutted her vigorously.

The room filled with wet sounds as the fox leaked copious amounts of pre-seminal fluids into Bitch's ass. She groaned and lifted her rump, presenting it to the fox to make it easier to take her. For the first time in weeks, she felt like she was supposed to. She felt like a good little breeding bitch.

She clenched herself around the fox and pressed herself back against him, helping him to fill her rump with vulpine cock and cum. She screeched as her prostate was violently mashed, igniting a wildfire in her which set her whole abdomen ablaze.

The fox—for it's part—assisted her. First by thrusting harder as pre-seminal fluids lubricated her ass. Second by thrusting deep as she loosened up and grew accustomed to the fucking. Third by exploding his knot within her and flooding her with potent semen. Bitch moaned with the last one, and fell to the floor while cumming herself. The fox flipped ass-to-ass, waiting for his long orgasm to be done.

Broken-in, it took Bitch far less time to get knocked up from the fox than the German shepherd had. Twelve breedings only before she was rubbing a beautiful, swollen belly, filled with fox-kits.

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KENNELS ALL RUN THIS way—it seems—taking in the unsuspecting and breaking them down. They are converted into the breeder bitches that produce the pets sold throughout the nation.

I can tell you don't believe me, and that's fine. It really is. I don't need you to believe me. I just wanted you to listen, and understand what I was saying. Most importantly, I needed you to not pay too much attention to other things.

Things like your drink. The drink I bought you a half-hour ago had rohypnol in it. We need a new bitch for our wolf. Goodnight!

