

The Pet Show

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Content warning: Dubious consent, casual world, exhibition, public humiliation, degradation, bestiality, musk, filth, vaginal prolapse, marking/watersports, same-size fatal vore, digestion, and disposal

Christine had been so excited the day her school put fliers on all the lockers advertising a pet show judged by Mrs. Chwalinski, her AP history teacher, to be held at the local theater a week before graduation. Her dog had been one of the best new additions in her life, after all! Obedient, smart, and oh-so-regal, her doberman Riley fit all of the qualifications for a winner, and the pretty blonde eighteen-year-old couldn't wait to show him off before leaving to pursue a meaningful college education; with the promising scholarships she'd earned, she certainly had one ahead of her!

There had been many weeks of training, dog and owner getting to know each other and bond over their eager preparations. A dominance based on respect and admiration was established, tricks were learned, and both girl and dog grew very happy with the progress. Riley particularly seemed to be confident, eyes shining with a cruel, self-pleased intelligence. Christine, meanwhile, was worked harder than she had ever been as a cheerleader or honor roll student, doing her best to make Riley happy while trying to coax him into a smart, crisp routine. But it would all be worth it for the recognition and praise. They were so confident that they offered to take the very last spot in the pet show.

The entire student body filled the chairs that faced towards the community theater stage; it was an impressive feat for noon on a Saturday, especially one so close to the freedom of summer. The seniors, in particular, bustled in the first few rows, already looking forward to their freedom from high school and the promise of either good colleges or a year's hiatus with rich parents. A small TV crew was on hand, happy for a bit of positive cheer involving the preppy high school that could be inserted into the five o'clock news. The competition was tough, filled with cats that seemed more concerned with appearance than training, birds that sung short ditties, rodents that would run mazes through tubes and between tall walls, and countless others. But Riley and Christine both seemed certain that their training would pay off...especially Riley, who looked at the other dogs with a slightly patronizing tilt of his black head, angled features, and tan cheeks.

"Finally!" Christine cheered as the golden terrier trotted off stage, panting happily at having pleased their own master with their routine. Her fingers tapped out the smallest bit of nervousness along the fabric leash loop that wrapped around her palm and the back of her hand. On the other end of the leash, the proud canine stood up, ears perked, and tail swaying with patient anticipation. The pair walked onto the stage, Christine in her familiar cheerleader's

getup and Riley in his unashamed, unclothed muscle and poise. As the spotlight turned on with the mechanical thoom of old equipment, Christine gave her best and brightest smile.

"This is Riley," she introduced, "and I a-*HOOMF!*"

The interruption was caused by the doberman's weight, the dog having deliberately jumped up to put his front paws on top of her rump, just above her skirtline, and force her down. Stepping forward as she fell, his back paw lifted up and pressed firmly forward on the back of her knees, causing her to fall forward into a kneeling seat in the middle of the spotlight. Giving a low growl at the successful demonstration of "sit", Riley circled around to the side of the senior student.

"R-Riley!" she gasped, cheeks flushing fully red. "This is the other...routine! This wasn't what I tr-" Again, she never got a chance to finish, a slash of thick claws tearing her mascot-emblazoned tank-top off along with the sports bra she wore beneath. Sure, this wasn't what Christine had trained him for, but Riley wasn't looking to put that on display as he kicked the garments off the front of the stage. Instead, he walked back around to where her rump squirmed atop the soles of her feet; his left paw stepped firmly upon the hand that had reached back in the girl's attempt to stand up, and the right tore the skirt and panties off as well. "Riley?" she whimpered in submission, trembling with embarrassment before all her attentive peers and the future watchers of the evening news.

The doberman walked around and forcefully butted his head against her left cheek, and his many weeks of training her began to show. Almost automatically, she pushed herself around, now no longer facing the crowd but instead showing a side profile. Nodding, he walked past her face, stopping only to lift a hind paw and reposition himself just so. He gave a sharp bark, and Christine found herself unwilling to disobey the dog she admired so. Her face drifted forwards and lowered, squeezing herself as low against her kneeling legs as possible, and Riley gave an almost human smile. He lowered his own hindquarters, just enough for two heavy balls to fall over her nose with a solid *plap~*.

Riley made the best of the moment, smearing and rolling his sack across Christine's face as the audience respectfully gave a round of applause for a completed trick. Nose scrunching, Christine realized that she had forgotten to give the canine a bath...for all these many weeks. Riley knew it wasn't her being forgetful; it was her not desiring to remove some of the delight she experienced as part of her submissive routine. Pungent, canine musk and grime caked over every subtle curve and well-moisturized expanse of her face, clogging her breath and staining her lungs, causing both a shuddered groan of demeaned acceptance and the first revealed drip-drip of her arousal onto the floor just shy of her fidgeting toes. Riley could've done this for hours, but they only had ten minutes to their routine. So, instead, he stepped backwards slightly, rear paws now digging into the expanse of hairless skin just above her knees, and began to hump his full sheath over her pretty features.

The news team's cameras continued to roll as thick, lurid cock began to squeeze out to dangle and bob over her gasping face. Bloated, shiny, and vividly red where it was not lewdly purple, the bulbous length throbbed, splattering a slime everybody watching knew with confidence was an older collection of the same slutty fluid that gushed from Catherine's sex now. The cheerleader, meanwhile, was the only one close enough and submissive enough to recognize that her own scent didn't exist; even the faint smell of her prior arousal had been conquered by the doberman that had come to claim, train, and own her whenever not humoring her training him for a more respectable routine. The resulting surge of arousal from her nethers, causing lewd fluid to run in small courses down to the uneven boards of the theater stage, was enough to give the spotlight something to glint upon besides the now bloated doggy dick that used her identity as a rag. Her long blonde hair escaped only barely, a tiny pink hair-clip holding the once-complimented locks back. Riley didn't mind; it meant every whorish expression his bitch made was in full view.

The moment he felt his sheath begin to stop pumping out the proof of his worth, he slid himself off and walked once more behind the panting girl towards her posterior. There, he licked only once or twice, just enough to get her to cry out as if in heat from the rough lashing. Then, he hopped forward, straddling her body just far enough to squeeze his front paws around her dangling breasts. Without pause, the hound began to pump his hips into her feet and soaked, squeezed mound. Despite how squishy and malleable the canine cock was, it barely took any time at all for the distinctive **SHlurP** of his flesh penetrating her soaked cunt to echo within the audience-filled theater. Positioned as she was, Riley received the best squeeze and press around his thrusting shaft as almost none of Christine's most sensitive nerves and folds were even touched. The sloppy noises and clear dominance of what was supposed to be her obedient pet, however, was enough to make Christine announce an orgasm mere seconds into the rutting with a unmuffled sob of delight.

They must have done this nearly a hundred times, and the experience and deliberateness of the act was visible to everyone. They had no way of knowing even the honor roll student had never felt this much pressure before, fingers trembling as they still tried to keep hold of the leash's handle. Riley, meanwhile, wasn't interested in drawing the pleasure out. The doberman's black-furred body shone in the spotlight, muscles rippling as he used his pet. His tanned highlights showed off how casually and mechanically he treated the twitching girl below, giving him an expression of boredom even as his balls spanked her sat-upon heels and occasionally high enough to splatter cuntjuice with their smack. A massive bulb of swollen red cockflesh moved in and out of view of the front row and detailed zoom of the TV cameras, eventually popping in, grinding her hole, and sending her drooling face down onto the wood below. Eventually, he felt his knot catch within her tight, needy snatch, only giving a small huff as canine spunk injected into Christine with lazy spurts and drools.

She shuddered, trying her best to hide yet another orgasm from the feeling of his seed drooling into her womb and coating her insides yet again with undeniable ownership. But there wasn't much to hide as he swung his leg over her ass and continued to pump fresh cum from

his ample supply inside. There was no movement but her trembling body and moaning lips, her praise for Riley's dominance and the confirmation of their roles the only interesting thing to observe. Nobody, after all, really cared about the passionless breeding of a dog and a bitch he bore no true feelings towards. Then, the doberman comboed this trick into another, yanking hard enough for his knot to blow out the pussy it had been locked in with a sickening **POP**.

The audience clapped some more, a few cheers even showing some admiration for the impressive feat. Christine was left spasming with delighted discomfort at her prolapsed sex oozing sexual leftovers atop her own feet, and she received her reward for a trick well done when her head was thrust down even further, neck straining from the tight contortion, and a familiar, warm organ flopped over her scalp. Riley didn't seem to even notice how his pet's hair began to crust and stain with the residue and thick fumes from his well-relieved cock. Instead, even as a few front-row classmates of his pet giggled at the cheerleader's ever more lewdly decorated nude body, his front claw went up to scratch and shred the collar he'd humored for so long. Eventually, the metal tag fell to the ground with a clatter. Riley walked forward and over Christine's head, studly phallus dragging behind until it flicked back down with a small spray of fluid into the orchestra pit. Luckily for the respectable humans observing, no one was inside.

Riley hadn't panted with exertion or extreme pleasure once, and he certainly wasn't about to now that his sheath began to take back the pulsing organ that had finished injecting its sperm. He simply stood behind his well-trained girl to look at his work in a moment of pride. Offstage, Christine's history teacher tapped her watch, the signal for only three minutes remaining. Riley nodded, deciding he'd had his fun, and stepped forward with a lazy look over the still-prostrated student. It was time to prove the relationship he and Christine had, one final trick. Christine didn't even have the luxury of expecting or understanding it, and Riley didn't really care what she thought. Instead, he yawned wide and stretched his jaws as far as they could go, tongue lolling and jowls flecking drool about. His mouth pushed firmly over those fluid-coated feet and the blown-out rear he'd made, and he pushed forward so the toes could dance in ecstasy against his awaiting throat-flaps.

Christine felt the heavy, humid change around her body, but her mind raced with other thoughts. Even as a hand reached back, trying to finally once again push herself up only to squish in drool-layered maw-flesh, she was too distracted to understand, reeling from having been so willingly shameful before all her peers and the TV camera crew. The beloved cheerleader and future biology student at the University of Parview was now in full view as a dog's plaything, having been mounted and shown off by the animal she so loved. But as well-trained as she'd been, Christine couldn't find any way of regretting it. After weeks of sleeping on the floor below him, waking up to his marking, and having her parents walk by every day after dinner during her ball-snorting lessons, all she could think about was making Riley happy. So, when eventually the reality of her situation was announced for the nearby stage mics to hear and amplify, all she could do was shudder in degraded approval.

GULP~!

ULP~ulk~Gulp~ulk~ulp...

Riley swallowed down his meal hastily and with little savoring, dragging her already scrunched-up form down his gullet and trying his best to stuff her away in his gut for good. The constant slutty noises that issued from her mouth were almost tiring, his eyes rolling as if to say "We get it, we get it." His jaws would occasionally lunge forward to make another huge amount of nude honor roll student vanish behind his jowls, and his fleshy gums and tongue dragged over each and every packed-in ounce of orgasming girl. Christine's bulge was detailed and clear. Her body was tightly pinned like a whole hog in a shrink-wrapped meat tray, but still everyone could see every trace of her bent knees, thick hips, heaving chest, and neglected breasts. And when Christine gazed out from Riley's mouth, hair and leash strap trailing behind, looking out on the world she'd never see again as the throat squeezed over her face and began to drag her down...her desperately moaning face and wide eyes made just as detailed a lump descending the doberman's tan throat.

Riley closed his mouth early, letting all the noises of his settling food—the moans, groans, grumbles of gut, wet shlicking of slutty holes, the sagging squirms and stretches drooping from his belly—muffle into meaningless background noise. He gazed down as if looking at that clear impression of a certain promising student's face as it gasped and celebrated being consumed by its owner, watching as the inescapable, dooming tug of his gullet dragged it down with his own features set in an almost skeptical, bemused expression. Then, he slurped up the hair and pink hair-clip, happily matting it down with drool to gulp and slap its bearer in the face with, and the last thing to remain dangling from his mouth was the torn collar and attached leash.

Christine's face was slowly squeezed over by a thick ring of muscle, the last glances of the pulsing tunnel she'd descended sealing over her scalp and the last soggy splat of her long hair atop her forehead. The very first full squirm she did within the impossibly tight gut made her instantly aware the point-of-no-return had long been passed. In fact, as soon as she'd knelt to the ground from his weight, as soon as her revealed breasts shoved into her upper legs, as soon as the soles of her feet no longer were allowed to touch ground...as soon as that moment passed, there was no escaping her fate. She loved her Riley, and she had become too well-trained not to see every desire of his as law. Her body spluttered meat juice from her blown-out hole, cumming even as one final command was made from her.

Riley kicked the squirming bulge that nearly dragged his belly against the ground. After a second, he gave another kick. Christine had one last trick to do to prove they were truly the most dominant owner and obedient pet. Exasperated, he kicked once again. What did he expect from a pet he'd only trained in a few weeks for high school pet show? But the canine couldn't help but be disappointed in his property's incomplete understanding. Then, as another kick was winding up, the moaning Christine-bulge shifted, her reward a punishing follow-through of the prepared kick for not having done so sooner. The tag's weight dragged the collar to the ground, a metal tink soon followed by the following crumpling of wet leash atop it. Eventually, a familiar

leash handle slipped from his mouth to smack against the floor. Having relinquished her hold, Christine proved to the whole audience how complete their relationship had become. The owner was clearly dominant, the pet was clearly submissive, and the tricks had been performed to perfection with only one final act having encountered a delay. Riley smiled with a slobbery lick across his chops. Clearly, he'd proven that his pet training skills had been far superior to the competition's.

Sure enough, the crowd applauded and cheered, and Mrs. Chwalinski brought forth the first place trophy, a big golden cup with a small happy dog laser-engraved upon it. "Congratulations, Riley! Your pet was extremely obedient and displayed so many...unique tricks! You must be very proud." The doberman only shrugged his shoulders...however, he couldn't help but wag his tail a little in pride.

For the next hour, Riley walked around backstage and through the theater aisles, hearing congratulations, compliments, and even the occasional reluctant concession of a competitor or two. His belly sagged and rocked, a hand occasionally pressing out with spread fingers from where it had been pinned by powerful muscles. As muffled as her slutty noises and exclamations were, Christine got to hear so very clearly a number of comments by her peers and the TV crew's winner interview. That is, when her hearing wasn't completely dominated by the busy gut announcing to all around of its inevitable digestion of the meat within.

"You're a really good trainer, Riley!"

"Christine had a full scholarship. Guess she's not getting that anymore!"

"So...um, how did it feel? Being...I-I MEAN, eating meat?"

"Woah, you can really see her squirm in there! Can I rub your belly while you break her down?"

Gurgle...glorp~, grrrrgl...

"She didn't even cheer that loud during our conference finals. Guess we know now what she really was cheering for."

"Your training must've been really good; Chrisy looked sopping wet!"

"Riley! Riley, Sahsa O'Hannon, KBTY 5 O'Clock News. Riley, how did you find a meat-pet so shameless? What's your secret?"

Squelch!~ Glurp...squish, blurp...

"Man, you're so smart. My bird never would be able to do that."

"Good dog! I knew she'd end up something like this. I mean, what respectable person DOESN'T want to get fucked by me behind the bleachers? ...oh, uh, sorry Mrs. Chwalinski, I mean, uh...I'm glad to see you're happy being a dog-fucker, Christine. HEY-Ow, what...I call it like I see it, Mrs. Chwalinski, don't pull my ear!"

"Hey, Riley-" **GLLLLRRK-CHUUURN**, *squelch~slosh...* "NNMMRFFF!" "Woah! She's really getting off to this, huh? Wow, what a slut!"

"Excuse me, Riley? Sasha wanted me to ask. Is it okay if we follow you while you digest your pet? We think a timelapse and some audio would be a great endslate for the news."

"Riley, uh, dude. Could you come swing by my house sometime? See, I've got this annoying younger sister..."

*Glorp, rumble, glk- *squeeze*-GGLRRRP, "MRHPH!", slosh-slosh-slosh, GURRRLG~ "MRPHF!"*

By the time most everyone had lost interest in their former-classmate-turned-meatpet, Riley was more than tired of the attention. The only desire he had was to find a good spot to rest off his meal. Mrs. Chwalinski, recognizing the doberman's exasperated glances, invited the canine to rest in the school's gym building, happily guiding him and the interested TV camera crew across the street and unlocking the door. Riley walked right in, following a scent he thought he'd long erased, until he came upon the women's locker room and a particular row. "Oh, Christine's locker!" Mrs. Chawliniski laughed, opening the locker door. "I'd almost forgotten she used to change here. Well, if you own her, I suppose you own this too!" She placed his well-earned trophy next to the door.

Sure enough, with a good night from the history teacher, Riley lifted a leg and began to piss his scent all inside the metal chamber, soaking her shoes and gym clothes and dissolving the few lovely photos of a promising student and her friends with his acrid stream. His still distinctly girl-shaped gut could hear the stream as it passed just beneath her prison all too keenly, her degraded mind working overtime and quickly assembling the scene inside her mind. The cameraman gave a chuckle as well, the amusing sight of a living meatpet cumming and pressing out from inside a doberman's gut as he pissed her last traces away too cute to mind the unpaid overtime. Riley simply was happy to have obliterated the last remaining scent of his meal, the girl he'd trained, won, and conquered. He settled down next to the newly marked locker, curling up and letting his belly thud against the ground for the first time that night, and began to drift to sleep.

Stomach juices gushed and flooded the chamber around her, Christine's body instantly recognizing the will of the dog and beginning to surrender. Her own copious arousal that spilled out behind her did little to dilute it; instead, her perfectly pinned and squeezed form began to happily slough away. As the doberman she idolized slept, she churned away from a girl with dreams and a future to a slowly obscuring shape of squirming meat, from the recognizable shape of a popular cheerleader to a featureless slurry of fuel for an animal only slightly more special than the everyday pooch. Full of love and humiliated pleasure, the girl slowly began to sink and squeeze until the camera outside only had the image of Riley bearing a satisfied weight in his belly. Having gotten their footage of the meat's final visible squirms, the TV crew left the locker room and rushed to turn in their work.

Hours passed, and the student formerly dreaming of college freedom and dates with cute boys no longer existed even as a trace. Riley yawned, stretching out after his delightful nap. His tail raised, and thick lengths of dirty grey doberman shit pressed out to pop into the trophy's cup. The embarrassing waste eagerly pressed out and filled his symbol of victory, leaving his twitching rear clean. He relieved himself of another, far-longer stream of yellow, this time pooling and dribbling out of the locker's bottom until much of it trickled into the nearby locker room drains. Riley looked behind him, amused by how nothing recognizable remained, how the past few weeks had allowed the clever doberman to use and humiliate a promising girl, training her to the point of not resisting in the slightest to her churning into waste.

As he left the locker behind for good without a regret, Christine's parents watched the news segment. "This year marks the first year in which every senior at Santa Mora High will have graduated," the reported concluded with a smile. "Only this senior, Christine Meyers, won't be walking the stage next week. Instead, she graduated here as meat, her degree granted by Riley the doberman. This is Sasha O'Hannon signing off for KTBV's 5 O'Clock Evening News."

The screen simply showed a slow pan over her urine-marked locker, finally resting on the image of the meatpet squirming and moaning to the sounds of her own digestion within a seemingly common dog. The video became a timelapse, the pre-recorded footage having the bulge vanish as the recording of the early gutsound played, but Christine's parents had already turned the TV off to have a romantic dinner together and consider trying for a less shameless daughter.

And Riley, having forgotten his meal, walked along the night streets. He could've chased after that younger sister he'd been told of, but he was far more interested tracing the smell of that one student who'd asked him about being meat. The doberman wondered if he could train her in time for her graduation day, too.