

Mile Marker 134

Passenger Seat

It was maddening. That was the only word that Barnaby could think of that accurately conveyed his current predicament. He was sure he could find a better word if he could lay his hands on a thesaurus, but that way the issue, wasn't it? Well, one of the issues. Actually, if he could rank each of the different parts that of his current state, not having full use of his hands would probably be near the bottom. Next above that would probably be...

"I'm sorry boy, but I'm waiting for your decision. Which will it be?"

Barnaby's body fidgeted uncontrollably as a boar's talented fingers lightly jostled the base of the dog's erect member. The fingers then ran up towards the top of his excitement and moved around in a circle. The sheepdog thought the rubber sheath would have dampened such light touches, but after being in his full body rubber prison for most of the day, it was so slick inside that it was practically like a second skin. It also didn't help that there was a tube running down into his urethra that connected to the top of the sheath.

The poor dog could only whimper, as his muzzle was stuffed with an inflatable gag that had a tube running out the front. The rubber body suit had an attached hood with clear lenses over the eyes, but the lenses had fogged over a long time ago. Most of the countryside was sliding by in a slightly colorful haze. Definitely not enough detail to determine exactly where they were at, but enough that he could tell if they were in a green forest versus a red desert. But it wasn't the scenery that was holding the dog's attention at the moment. The agonizing question he'd been milling over in his mind for the past 10 minutes was if he wanted to cum, or pee? Because sadly, he wasn't allowed to do both.

Tusker chuckled and pressed down on Barnaby's belly, exactly at the right spot to put more pressure on the sheepdog's overfilled bladder. This caused another muffled whimper and a squirm from the rubber-clad canine, securely fastened into the passengers seat. "Aww, poor doggy, such difficult choices." To further emphasize this, the boar removed his had from Barnaby and found an small black box with various dials and buttons, and turned one of them up, making the inflated butt plug in the sheepdog's ass start to vibrate more.

Barnaby tried to cry out at the wonderful torture, but all that reached Tusker's ears was a prolonged moan.

Returning his right hand back to the wheel, so that both of them were on it now, the boar hummed merrily as he continued down the highway. "You need to decide in the next 10 seconds which you want more; to release your bladder, or..." he reached over quickly and patted the rubber crotch where he knew the dog's testicles were, "...or your balls. One pat for cum, two for urine."

How could he possibly decide?! But, even with his cock oozing as it had for most the day, and his prostate screaming that it needed a break, Barnaby knew he couldn't avoid peeing for another hour or more. Hell, he couldn't wait another minute. He patted his rubber belly once, and as much as he wanted to stop there, oh lord how he wanted that, he continued and patted himself a second time.

Tusker chuckled, "That's what I thought." Then reached over to the same black box and pushed a yellow button. This transmitted a signal to the urethral catheter that had been inserted and inflated back at the beginning of the road trip, that it should open up the end leading into the rubber suit and allow the bladder to empty.

It was truly a wondrous feeling when the catheter allowed him to finally expel his bladder, because he didn't have to flex his muscles or anything. The normal processes that allowed him bladder control had been fully bypassed, which meant that while he couldn't decide when to pee, it also meant that when the decision was made for him, his bladder would empty full no matter what his wishes. Barnaby squirmed as the warm liquid started streaming out and down into his rubber covered paws, mixing with the pools of urine that he had agonized over at several other points that day.

What was this, the fourth or fifth time he'd chosen to pee over choosing to cum? He had lost count, and while he secretly hoped the next time would allow him to add his seed to the mess inside his rubber prison, he knew it was probably going to be a long time off when he'd be able to do that, because he felt cool water start trickling through the tube in his inflated muzzle gag.

"Time to refill your tank, boy! We don't want you getting dehydrated in there, do we?" Tusker had pulled off to the side of the road and was now pouring a large bottle of water down into a funnel he'd momentarily attached to the mouth tube. Once he'd finished, he pressed a red button on the control box and the catheter tip sealed up once again. "Alright, you sit tight, I need to go out and water the trees. Not all of us can just go wherever we want!" The boar laughed as he opened the door and got out.

Just before the door was shut, Barnaby was pretty sure he heard Tusker mutter under his breath, "Lucky dog."

Driver Seat

He reached over and tussled the semi-floppy rubber ears of the German Shepherd sitting obediently in the passenger seat, then smiled as he puffed another sweet smelling cloud of smoke into the cab of his truck. "You having fun riding with Master, puppy?" Barnaby asked the rubber shepherd. He could see the dumb animal working to figure out the words, but eventually the doggy nodded, his tongue hanging out as he flopped his head up and down.

"Daww! Such a good boy! Who's a good boy?!" The sheepdog asked his passenger, and was happy when the other dog whined in response. Just three hours earlier the German Shepherd would have tried to articulate his response with actual words, and a few hours before that, he might not have even agreed as readily. It was amazing what a few bottles of experimental chemicals could do to an animal.

Barnaby had encountered his new canine companion at a kinky event in San Francisco called 'Dore Alley.' He'd traveled down to spend some time with some friends, and to wander around in his full leather police uniform. It certainly wasn't a secret to anyone, but the sheepdog absolutely LOVED his uniform. The tall leather patrol boots were a big reason why, and it seems like that was what has attracted the attention of the shepherd.

He had settled down on some steps to enjoy a pipe with his pals, when a hefty German Shepherd in a rubber shirt and shorts came over and sat down near them. One of the things Barnaby enjoyed about smoking a pipe was seeing how others reacted to it, and from the corner of his eye, he could tell that the shepherd was trying to hide how much the scent excited him. The poor dog didn't realize his tail was wagging slightly, and that he wasn't fooling anyone with where he was "casually"

resting his paws in his lap. Under those paws, Barnaby was sure that there was a sizable lump from a very excitable dog.

Puffing a good cloud out of his muzzle, the sheepdog looked straight ahead, but spoke in a confident tone. "Enjoying the smell, boy?" He could see the shepherd tense for a moment, then blush, obviously embarrassed at being found out, but was definitely impressed when the dog responded.

"Yes, Sir." The bashful dog started wagging more, then looked over at the pipe smoking dog. "I think it smells wonderful." He blushed further as he tried to hide his growing lump in his lap.

Barnaby smiled, and puffed again, then patted the stair next to him. "How about you come closer, boy?"

Without hardly any hesitation, the German Shepherd had sidled over to the stair right below the sheepdog, and was leaning affectionately against his leather pants and boots.

"Mmm, seems like you enjoy more than my pipe, don't you, pup?" Barnaby rested a gloved hand on top of the shepherd's head and ruffled his fur. "Wanna show me how much you like them?"

Again, without any further prompting, the chubby dog was on his knees, now a few steps down, and licking the leather officer boots; with much gusto, as well!

"My my my, you are a good boy, aren't you?" Barnaby leaned back and puffed some more, a sly smile coming across his shaggy muzzle. "What else does a doggy like?"

The German Shepherd stopped licking and seemed to think for a moment, then blushed as he climbed up a couple of the steps, just enough that he could rest his head on Barnaby's lap, right over the sheepdog's growing excitement.

"Yeah, that's what I thought." The Old English Sheepdog sat up straight and lifted the submissive dog's head to that it was closer to his, though still lower than his own. This also showed the shepherd's rubber covered belly and crotch, and the wonderfully obvious erection on display underneath. "Someone is definitely excited." Barnaby slightly nudged the shiny lump with one of his patrol boots, while blowing smoke into the dog's face, and he was pretty sure the German Shepherd was about to cream his shorts right then and there.

"Oh ho! A hair trigger on this one!" The sheepdog proclaimed to his pals, all of whom were laughing and enjoying the show. "But pets don't get to cum before their Masters, isn't that right, boy?" Not saying anything, the shepherd whimpered a bit, then moved down as to undo the buttons on Barnaby's tan leather uniform pants.

"Oh no, boy, that's not allowed here." Barnaby moved the subby dogs hands of his pants, then gently grabbed him on the back of the neck. "And I'm not your Master, am I?" He puffed smoke as he spoke, and enjoyed the dazed look on the pup's face. "But, I could be."

The shepherd's ears perked up, and he started wagging happily. "You could, Sir?!" He almost shouted out.

Barnaby chuckled, but nodded. "Yes I could boy. If you wanted to be my pet." It was at this point he reached into his uniform pocket and pulled out a shiny flask. "What do you say, pup, wanna be my doggy and come home with me?" He offered up the flask to the shepherd, and puffed a large cloud at the dog.

Bringing himself back to the present, Barnaby jingled the gold bone tag attached to the spiked leather collar fastened around the rubber German Shepherd's neck. The tag read "Pet" for now, but he'd get it changed when he got home and figured out a more suitable name for his new police dog.

He had to hand it to his dingo friend who worked as a chemist/mad scientist, this "devolver cocktail" worked like a charm.

"You probably didn't realize what you were agreeing to when you drank from my flask, did you boy? Or that my home was several states away?" He chuckled as the rubber dog licked his paw, obviously not paying too much attention. At least until the sheepdog gently stroked the bright red

rubber penis poking out of the German Shepherd's shiny sheath, making his pet groan with lust.

“Good to know you've still got an easy trigger, pup!” He puffed a few more times, then continued. “But you know the rules, no cumming before Master!”

The gummi pooch seemed to remember instantly what that meant, because almost instantly he was lapping at the officer's leather crotch.

“Oh dear me, still hungry I see!” Keeping one hand on the steering wheel, Barnaby unbuttoned his fly and fished out his own excited canine shaft. “But how can I say no to a face like that?” He settled back in his seat, puffing lazily. “Sick it, boy!”