

A Dogsplay of Ownership

Part 1

Written by Septia.

“You know, Tree Time, when you asked if I wanted to be your pet dog, I'd expected like, lazying at home, belly rubs, eating dog treats... this, I hadn't considered you'd wanna do, anything, like this.”

The pony eyed the anthro doggy, arching his head so his black cap cocked against his ear, “Since when do pets talk? Or for that manner, to top it all off, you're standing upright. While impressive, you should head back down on all fours and get comfy, save that energy for the performance.”

“But...” he started, and was met with a tug of his leash.

“Get on all fours and bark, pooch.” Tree Time curted with a grin.

Gizmo's ears slumped, the anthro shuffling down on his knees. -Crlrlspt- he felt his training daiper scuff up against his crotch, the padding budging taut as chalk to his fur and holding his balls hostage. Didn't even get to enjoy the good parts... “Bark, bark,” Gizmo recited.

“What was that?”

“Ahhhrf, grraarrf.” Gizmo barked.

“That's my good little poochy poodle dummy.” Tree Time said with a wide grin, hoof bapping the white tuft on Gizmo's head, scrubbing down under his black ears.

“Ready for next?”

Tree time stepped up, “I reckon you got my application, Tree Time, here with my silly old Pup. Is he acceptable for the dog show?”

The registry official peered at the flustered Gizmo. “Eh, Dog's like dogs,” they said and handed out a lanyard with a plate numbered ‘8’.

Gizmo peered down the line of others entering the dog show. As they entered the wide tent he saw a lone human shuffle up to the registry with midnight hair and azure eyes, covertly producing a wad of old-time bills.

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Tree Time huffed and stepped aside, Gizmo shuffling right behind him. This repeated until Tree leaned back against a wall, “Come on, Gizmo, today'd be wasted if you aren't seen in your brand-new collar.”

Gizmo whimpered, peering at the rest of the trainers with their – mostly – actual dogs, leering at him.

“More whiny, if you're gonna mope then gimme those puppydoll-eyes.”

Gizmo yelped and sighed. Scratching at his cheek. Tree's hoof ventured down to scratch behind his ears. A welcome comfort in...

“Alrightright, there'll be four categories, but you just gotta worry about three. first up's speed, that's as straightforward as-.”

Gizmo nodded along as Tree Time explained, though his eyes glanced towards the human. Strapping on a numbered sign over his own shoulders. Gizmo tilted his head.

“Phaa...” the man huffed. Their, eyes closed. Then opened to a shard of azure ice. Muscles flexed into become beef packed droves and flourished in a carpet of midnight fur. -Crlrpt- -Clprsth- cracks and pops of conjoining and deforming skeletal tissue rung out as the man took to all fours, howling as his snout slimmed forwards, and his rear bolstered to a thick pad of blue fuzz.

Gizmo's pupils dilated. A werewolf? Transforming with such primal fluidity, a silken slender coat, and ass that went on for weeks...Also... being on all fours, had its advantages for a viewing angle... his cheeks flushed rose at the trembling sheath, hiding a pulsing battering ram of pink meat.

Gizmo's ears fluttered, eyes growing hazy.

"So that's the main bits, got all that? Bark for yes."

"Mmrreeoow." Gizmo murred.

Tree's expression froze, clapping his hoof to his face, "Y-you, that's not even... pherg... Let's just go."

Gizmo peeked at his number again. 8. He whined in the line up, that hunk was 10 or something, he couldn't justify looking back all the...

-Thhd- -Thdn- he felt the ground quake as the werewolf shuffled in front of him. The Seven hanging from his neck, and a trainer with a poodle walking to the back of the line, carrying the ten numbered plate in one hand and a wad of cash in the other.

-Bbthhmp- Gizmo's heart convulsed. That sky dark coat of fur dangling canon of an ass lingering before him. The prep room already reeked of dog, but behind here... it was... humid. Gizmo closed his eyes and drank in the musk, a distilled odour of beer battered squirrel and roast beef.

"Mph fa..." he huffed with his tongue rolling out.

Taken out of his lust for a moment when the canine at his back bumped into him, and they strode out on stage.

"And coming in at seven we have, ehm, ah. We have Ain, entering as trainer and contestant, loo kat him go. And close behind we have. Oh, really close behind," the announcer remarked.

Gizmo blinked and tugged back from Ain's rear, his muzzle damp with the werewolf's butt grease.

"It's Gizmo, a well-mannered pup who's shown promise in all but house training."

The crowd murmured in chuckles, Gizmo hiding his fluster back in the wolf's hind, sniffing and drawing in long huffs. -Sffnnfht- -Fnsnngtt-

"Least he got that going for 'em, gotta appreciate a good ass."

The rounds began. Speed was easy enough. But as Ain darted between rods in a grand display of agility, Gizmo ran along the side to get back in the werewolves' folds.

In grace Ain pounced onto the stage, whipping his mane of polished, yet rugged, coat for all to admire. Whilst Gizmo shuffled down the stage, still adjusting to walking along on his knees: The room silent in all but the -Cr-ckrskt- crinkle of his diaper.

As for commands...

"Speak."

"Ehm, hell e-everyone?"

Tree Time's face-palm echoed through the hall. "Bark," he cried out.

"O-oh, bark, bark, grrfehm, ah Wrrfa grrfff." The recovery did not stick the landing. After a thorough humiliation the constants lined up on stage, Gizmo stills sweating beside Ain.

The judges have reached a conclusion, and the winner, is... Contestant number seven, give it up for Ain and... Ain?"

The crowd applauded. Ain rose to his feet, sinking back into his human shape and taking a deep bow.

"Why'd this guy think he needed to bribe us to win?" the announcer whispered to the spotlight operator, who simply shrugged.

Gizmo sighed. Glad it was over, sad to wave, perhaps he could ask Tree if-

-Cltch- A furred paw snatched Gizmo's collar. The grasp pulled him back, twisting him to stare at Ain as the man shifted form in his grinning sentence

“Where do you think you are going? I intend to leave only after claiming my prize.” .

Gizmo swallowed, -Cllpth- feeling his erection bumping up against the diaper, stifled and choked by the padding.

Ain looked out, “We've all seen how crazy this mutt's been for me. A plume's been a plunger on my ass for heaven's sake.” The crowd murmured in acknowledgment. “This next part, ain't for the faint of heart, don't you feel this lowly mutt deserved some pity?”

Gizmo's cock thrummed in frustration, his ears drooping as he watched -Cllprhths- Ain's cock erecting from his sheath.

Some in the crowd stood to leave, a surprising amount cheered. And a glance between Ain and the announcer sealed the deal.

“You're mine...” he growled, then peered to the crowd. “Unless, his trainer has anything to say?”

“Mfmfs mfpgh...” Tree huffed out from the back, nursing a growing excitement, “Hell, go nuts, mutt needs some practice.”

Ain scoffed, and stood up tall, dropping Gizmo to the ground. “Then how about a warm up?” he said, and let his cock extend, ever closer to Gizmo's face... the tip twitching and splattering him with droplets of pre. His vision contoured by the expanse of stodgy, fushia flesh.

“Aww come now, don't you know how to fetch?” -Cllpth- -Dthd- Ain said with his paw clapping on the back of Gizmo's head, nudging him to the tip of the mast. -Thhrrggglphks- for the next shove to plunge Gizmo down over the pillar of meat, his maw unhinged so you could see the pink, pulsating patches vinching his muzzle open.

Gizmo's pupils rolled back, the stark, salty musk imprinting on his tongue, mellowed by a subtle smoothness of pre-cum. He could feel the trenches made in his tongue and cheeks from each pulsating vein dressing the werewolf's.

“Come now, mutt, show the kind audience how much you appreciate a good, juicy bone,” Ain said as he clutched Gizmo's head with both hands, and plunged -Sllpthffslptah-

Gizmo'd show his appreciation if he'd gotten a chance, didn't have much choice with the werewolf taking the lead, dominating his skull with flashy -Chhtltwvwlpt- -Thhrrwlpclp- thrusts of his throbbing cock. Each thrust smacking his mouth to squeal like dropping a mutton-chop in the mud -Chrltpwp- -Krllspth- and he struggled to worm his tongue around the mast as it plunged down, clutching onto Ain's thighs and bobbing his head down to the rhythm of the werewolf's heaves. -Chhr- -Ctwch- Though at his crotch... this excitement found its roadblock. The clay blockage milling his desperate erection, which did its best to eek out, despite the plush felt getting flattened by the rock hard chastity...

“Gmmfpg mhgphh,” Gizmo growled and huffed as he serviced the mast, curling his tongue over the ramming rod and jamming his head down deep enough so, -Cbbglt- the bloat of Ain's shaft bloomed at his neck.

“Mpg ah haa,” Ain huffed, caressing down Gizmo's grey back, massaging the hound into his crotch. “Whooasmfm see, mfm, still hope for this shabby mutt, just need the rightff, incentive,” he huffed out and rubbed Gizmo's muzzle down his crotch. -Ghhrbg- -Cglghsha- Gurgling barks croaking through Gizmo's throat as the wolf pinched his thighs over their face, embedded in their matte coat as the pressure from within grew -Cllptht- the shaft engorged, its knot filling at the cusp of Gizmo's neck, plying into pensive muscles and clogging his breath... Froth foamed down Gizmo's cheeks as the wolf kept his mast wedged deep... -Shcllltotpstopspo- and with a pop, resounding like cymbals in Gizmo's head, the mast retracted, splaying his mouth wide in a crooked grin over the ovoid pillow of meat sloughing down his lips. Trails of slime smeared down his throat and along his teeth.

“Mrmpg phehe... Ooh I like that enthusiasm,” the werewolf huffed, -Spfplthsa- Pasting his tip to Gizmo's forehead and brushing it down in paths of fluids glistening into his coat. Screw your past owner, this body's mine now, smell my mark and show your appreciation,” Ain demanded as he cocked his dick against Gizmo's muzzle, a trickle of goo seeping over his nose.

“Rwhharaff amwmaf fmmfm...” Gizmo huffed out in desperate laps.

“Good boy,” Ain said, “and let's see if you got anymore tricks,” he let go of the collar, letting Gizmo tumble to the ground. “Down boy.”

“Fmgmr...,” Gizmo huffed, electricity jostling through his crotch as the diaper ground into his tense shaft. “That's a.. really good boy... What do you think, this mutton deserves some doggy style?” he said and wrapped his digits over the diaper's rim, and tore it back -Crrlltchs-.

Gizmo's lungs filled with a mixture of musk and dick lube, and as the tension of the elastic eased his boner was unleashed, ravishing through the diaper and flinging the uncomfortable husk off the stage, his meat following it in a plump thrust, so thick its tip squeezed white with the rest inflated to an impressive, aching girth. His tail set aflutter as a globe of cock dew lobbed from his shaft, spraying a mirror pool over the linoleum floor.

“Looks like this pup really needed his walkies,” Ain said stepping over him, and squatting over his head. Ass at Gizmo's forehead, balls draping over his eyes, as the wolf scrubbed his dick in the ejaculated lube. “But boy, did he make a mess,” he said, squeezing the imprint of his grease laden balls into Gizmo's face, shifting back to drag his ass and cock all along the length of the hound's frame, till his cock nested up in the cleft of his ass. “and needs to be taught a lesson.”

-Crhssll- The serenade of flesh erupted from Gizmo's cock as the prod punctured his pucker, plodding through the pungent pipes with plump knot in tow, -Cdlpsth- the dick's bulb clapping shut against the brim.

“Gnrngkkaa...ohafhfaooo,” Gizmo half moaned, half howled, yipping in faint heaves as the thrusts grew rampant, pressuring the knot further. “Eryyrmpp Wrrhn yyrhng, yyrng...” he squeals -until, -Krlpghthtppsha- the knot rammed through, spreading his brim taut in ache before, engulfing Ain's cock as the wolf buried his bone deep. -Clpsthstah- The moisture lent by Gizmo's excitement ferried the burly dick forwards to smack down into his rectum. His bowels fitting snug around the throbbing length, yet shrieking at the bulb warping his flesh like taffy.

“Afmrof smofff Amoco,” Gizmo cooed and cried, his elbows failing him to tumble snout first into the mess he'd made, his knees primarily holding steady by the sponsor of Ain's thrusts.

“That's right, bad fms bad dog, making a mess for our fms wonderful audience,” Ain huffed out as he clutched the back of Gizmo's neck, scrubbing his face over the floor whilst ploughing the pup raw. The hairs on Gizmo's back rising and sloping in the scheduled locomotion of the beast's ravaging thrusts. The horny dog waving his hind, tail brushing along Ain's lap, humping his aching, relieved mast against the floor that added a wet -Splspth- to the rigorous pummel of the wolf's pommel.

“Mmpfms pooh, heck yeah... gotta teach a dog new tricks somehow, just mmf break it into him~” Tree Time huffed out, fluttering his wings behind him to sweep off the sweat as he tended to his erection, caressing the thick meat at the sight of his pup getting put in his place doggy style. Waves of a succulent softness swept through his form in each tug, how long was it since he got a good wank in? Tree chuckled to himself, too high on the power trip of bossing Gizmo around to take a break for some me-time. “Mmfns I really needed this,” he huffed out.. Others in the audience following his example. One lizard by his side less inclined. “Is this really what you appropriate?” they scoffed.

Tree leaned in against their side, “You ain't left yet, have ya?”

The lizard found herself blushing, thought without refuting his advances...

“Mpgha awho whoooa phoa...” Gizmo wheezed, breathing in his own coagulating pre as his hind reverberated in Ain's thrusts, his hams reverberated under the punishment of the portly piston ploughing his porky posterior. His mind racing in loops of pleasure as he felt the knot growing, quaking in his hindquarters with tremors that sprouted through his frame as Ain arched back in a howl of pleasure.

-Crlpflththshathpa- It gummed up his bowels, sticking onto every stretch of his wrinkled colon, a wave of white pumped through the engorging hose, drowning the lustfully agitated flesh in a sea of ointment. “Mpfhahaa...” he huffed out with his tongue lolling out like a carpet into the

stage's stain, everyone in the crowd watching his face deform by pleasure as his stomach swelled in the werewolf's load. -slfpsth- -Slphta- enraging and smashing to the floor in erratic squelches.

“Mmfpsah ha. Mpaha... oooo yeah, that's mfms a good mutt, think you've, learned you lesson?” he huffed out and slowly drew his dick back. Gizmo squealing and grappled the floor as the doming knot parted his pucker, prying his flesh wide open, peeling back from the dick meat and ready for harvest from his fertile loins.

“Mm mshe's so beat, look at 'em?” he called out to the audience.

Suddenly, the trophy levitated towards him. A wide, tall cradle of silver, with its upper rim sculpted in the fashion of a doggy bowl.

Ain peered out into the audience, seeing their owner's horn glowing as they rubbed up on some moaning scaly. He smirked, “You just need a good bit to drink. Just what bit of a drink?” he called out so all could hear, grasping the trophy and holding it underneath Gizmo's ass as eeked this shaft out of the bottle that was Gizmo's ass. -Cllfpsh- -Krlrlsfpsthta- -Chpwwwwhlp- the dick snapped back, and the uncorked brim gaped in a wide moan, drooling a curdled avalanche of spunk over the rugged, oscillating flesh, draining the liquid lust straight into the bowl. Gizmo's tail flapping and falling still over and over, dipping down as the bowl filled with a cargo of bowel marinated yoghurt.

“Oooo, but fmms, for such a sensitive mutt, this is way too thick,” Ain huffed out and coaxed his shaft, pinning down along his meat until he aimed it straight into the trophy. -Fllstthstata- A stream of searing amber beamed from his tense dick, the stream piercing through the surface of thick gunk, hot piss cutting through the cum and flooding the bowl in hot amber, forming a chunky whey of piss and curds of cum he presented for the panting pooch.

“Drink up,” he ordered.

Gizmo puckered his lips.

“Uh uh, tongue.”

Gizmo shivered, reaching his tongue into the slurry and scooping up the hot cocktail. Lapping at the brim of the trophy, a hint of brass to the acrid pungency of piss marred ejaculate. The more he lapped, the more -sloths- he smattered over his face, the further Ain tipped the jug so his muzzle soaked in the chugging whey, the disciplined dog drinking his fill in a haze of pleasure strumming his body like the strings of a violin.

“That's a good mutton...,” Ain huffed out, and scotched over him. “And a good little mutton, gets their rewards...” he teased, grinding his drained balls over the dog's face, pushing his soggy face into the fetid crack and rubbing the warm folds of his plush ass onto Gizmo's face, getting the lust-drunk pup acquainted with his quivering pucker.

“Mfmpg smgafhaaa grruuaaff~” Gizmo barked, chiming in with huffs and pants of a feral hyena as he ground his face into the cheeks, lapping his still piss and cum drooling tongue over the supple gorge.

-Scslpsthsh- Gizmo dunked his muzzle down the butt crack, it was a truly serene joy to immerse himself in this kingdom of musk, after all the embarrassment and humiliation. Even being on display right now melted out of his addled mind, satisfaction and comfort easing through his senses... -FpflBgrlgl- His gut growled. -PFPbrbrwppthtptsc- -Slptch- A foul huff of cum laced ablated out of his hind, clogged up by a clotted cargo of creamy fudge welling through his pucker, -slflpths- and dropping down dollops into the tattered remain of the diaper hanging down his sides.

“Phhaha,” Ain chuckled, “you still damned to do your business in front of everyone? Phee, but maybe my ass just excites you that much?” he asked and let his cheeks sandwich him, kneading Ain's cheeks. “Cannot say I blame you, though. If you are so inclined, we'll give you all a filthy dog like yourself deserves,” he said, hoisting himself up, scooching backwards until Gizmo was forced back onto the ground, seated... -Sllfphbtptsh- the muck in his diaper mangle under his cheeks with a squeel of old glue.

“When I said your body is mine, I aim to take proper propriety of my winnings, Mmfs,” he huffed out and weighed his ass down, the werewolf's hind piling over Gizmo's shoulders, Ain fitting the pup's head in the clap of his feral hams. “Mmghs, dominating bitches really builds up an

appetite, and there was not one bitch here today I didn't swipe the floor with," he reached back and kneaded his ass down Gizmo's head, the loaded dunes of pudge grinding over his shoulders and squeezing him to the ground, pancaking the muck still spooling free from his hind. "When I'm inching you into doggy chow, see how much you like it, gmmhghngsys...", he huffed out and pried his cheeks apart, letting the audience get a glimpse of the pup crowded up in the crack, face prodding through the twitching brim, enveloping him in sagging mounds of rugose flesh. "Mgns aaw my ass's been starving to devour a hedonistic hunk of mutton-chop morsel all day. He mused and flexed his cheeks to pile on the muscles around the mutt, squealing in tremors of the crawling crack.

"Heeek yeeeaah," Tree Time cried out, "Show that piece of kibble who the real pack leader is, leading him to pack himself up that pit."

Gizmo felt the quiver along his whole spine. He was halfway up that twitching brim already, who's side was Tree really on?

"Mfnngs. Heck yeaha..." the werewolf huffed, straining himself as his pucker -Clslpfttha- distended and warped up over Gizmo's eyes. "Then help this fmmss, filthy pup go fromsm, second rate," he howled and let his cheeks droop down like fluffy blankets encasing them under the humid tug of their bowels, "into number two~" he smirked as he shifted down with a slimy, grating -Chrrllpfshtspah- -Clflrrlsptah- his brim wedging down the dog's frame, ass draping in a soft slither past the shoulders as the wolf leaned back on his writhing butt-plug, sweeping his tail over their back as the midnight fuzz enveloped the streaks of black, white and grey doggy dildo.

Every tug and flex of the brim funnelled Gizmo further, the massage of the meat clamping harder than any collar could over his neck -Krlsfpht- crinkling as it warped over his chest and constrained his shoulders. There was surprisingly little to separate the transition of those inviting cheeks to the broiling bowels: the humidity grew potent, the musk followed in tow, and he heard only more of the wolf's workings plying and smushing down around him. Each breath soaked in a ghastr of polluted beef of a wooden smoke-house smoldering in acids. Gizmo's head was stirred by the walls massaging him inwards, drinking in the reek emanating from the bowels... until. -Grlrbsa- the bowels rippled, a distant quake and foam rustle of growl and bubble. -Slpftthhrpbbrrllwppftsth- a wave of vitriol cascaded over the mutt, casting filaments of guttural lube and traces of acidic enzymes over his body as the damp miasma bubbled through the wolf's hind, gracing the air in his wake, the moist atmosphere weighed by an air of kangaroo jerky and packed in mildew clustered seaweed.

"Mpfhaha, an apparition of my previous meal, and soon that's all this dog show will have to remember you by. This life of a lowly mm mutt, marinading in the perished winds of yesterday's dinner." Ain huffed out as he wedged his ass from side to side, screwing his pucker down the quivering contestant. -chrhrlsptaht- -Rrslpsththhas- the gale wind prying the pit wider to sprawl down his frame, scooping it up into the contorting embrace of his guts. -Glrpghsah- the wolf's abdomen protruding as the mutt funnelled into the fray, tail wagging with more and more vigour, dunes and protrusions buffing out over Ain's lower guts as Gizmo sunk deeper.

"Mmgs phoo, See, folks, even this, fmsmm, muck pup can't help but savour this hot, award winning ass. Even when it is to be his doom~" he huffed out, rising up with his hands on his hips, butt cheeks clenching over Gizmo's rear, the full muck slathered pail hanging as a pendulum below the rear. The mutt relaxed to void his bowels as he sunk up another's.

-Flslphts- -clpprrrwpths- Gizmo wheezing and shuddering as was he funnelled further up the furrows, facing folds of fudge in the fanny's fumble, dark clots of wolf chocolate slathering the surface of the bowels, -Clslptha- -Flpsth- smushing into his frame, plastering into his face with a smush splat of wet clay, radiating a heat of undiluted pungency through his frame, that raw musk amplified by the pungency of the feral bowels. -Slpfthtbapa- Gizmo's cock spasmed between his legs, divulging a spurt of yogurt through and spreading the spunk over the stage.

"Mfmns apha, ssee, mfms, filthy scamp is just fine., fmmg," he said and swatted at his ass, kneading it down as it crept over Gizmo's thighs, hauling up his wriggling legs and diaper alike. "Someone, ugh to... put this..." -Clslphtah- the pucker flexed in a stretch of Gizmo's legs, "Pup..."

-Slfplpthha- it hauled in his ruined diaper, and lingered on his paws, black and white pads spreading out like a butterfly across the midnight fur spattered with cum-stain stars, “Down.” -Clslphtpatha- but the paws folded into the flesh, and the werewolf let of a soothed moan that ramped up to a howl as he jostled his cheeks, cradling them with one arm as the other supported his gut, still slowly -Clpgtthat- swelling as the mutt was funnelled deeper, a jiggle on his hips and abdomen was, along with this mess, the only traces of the second rate pup.

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-Cjllrrxxt- -Clpsllht- Mulch oiled in and clumped over Gizmo's frame, his body soaked in the ripe atmosphere of the wolf's bowels, shuddering as the heat he was riding was turning inwards, the bowels growing hotter than his lust drunken mind. -Slpflfthta- -Cpstahthha- He felt a ripple and shudder through his arms. Biting his lips, he reached to his cock, balancing nursing and restraining his climax, wanting to promising it for as much as he could. -Slplghta- -Crlrlpspghta- His lip felt weird to bite into. -Slrsptchrs- It made so little resistance. He felt himself lips bending, packed raw and drooping over his chin. -Sllpfthlch- -Clspatahta- Surging enzymes from the walls soaked into his muzzle, drooping down his throat and collecting over his cum-filled gut. The walls were compressing him, mangling him, and the fluids oozing from the walls breaking him down. It seeped through his coat, melded it with his flesh, spurred by the werewolf's kneading and grinding from outside. Though at this point what was there to care about? His body still roaring in the throes of satisfaction, his mind empty of thoughts like the pet he wanted to be, and drunk on the intoxicating cocktail of pungent musk. Even if it was stripping his coat and seeping through his skin, drawing back his skin it tatters and rends, exposing innards to the ongoing churn and -pllggpththa- rumble of the massaging colon, patching molten chunks that sloughed off him with frying muck.

“Mmpfah Arnngff, mmaahafmf~.” he panted louder and lower, whereas his legs still laid cold in the gyrating treatment. Though he'd only notice that sensation in a fleeting moment, bombarded by the pleasure his mind drew from the sheer waves of heat raking through his mind, searing and seeping through every molten tear in his skin...

The hound would savour the pleasure of melding into second rate bowel fudge long after his mind had quit on him, he didn't need it to favour his body, so enthralled by the werewolf's biology. -Slpsthcchth- Pjssllpth- And once his head was sloughed apart in a cascade of molten bones, seared skin and congealed salmon jam, the fluids and corroding miasma had all the more room to tear into his body, rending it to a bloated husk of browning grease and boiled tissue. He peered down, -Fllsgppglprth- -Grllrpstsh- feeling his stomach resisting his urges, the walls too tight to reach his crotch. But the dog... needed to fetch his bone. -Shhpddjllhch- -Crlspjjllch- Something ruptured, a weakened cell structure melting away in the canine's palm, his guts drooling from his exposed abdomen: his paw punctured through the marinated skin and flesh, leaking fluids to go against the pressure and condensing barrier of the undulating bowels. But it didn't matter, he got this bone, and the little of this mind that remained dampened only to process the raw satisfaction of stewing in the werewolf's gorgeous body.

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“Aerh hrm,” Ain said and patted is chest. -Bhruagguurrlsp- His cheeks inflated as he belched up a torrent of guttural steam, the stench of tar infesting the humid air, -Clrpsht -Huuruslp- followed by a smaller burp hoisting up a black collar that Ain caught and spun on his finger. “I've got a piping fresh serving of ham baked mutton brew,” he mused with a clench of his deflated gut, posing his thick ass for a cheering, depraved audience.

-Tjhndk- The werewolf's cheeks clamped onto the brim of the trophy, his mighty buns subsuming half of the circumference of the prize, with the words 'doggy bowl' still plainly visible in the doggy bowl sculpted tip. "Then it's about time to put the mutt in his place," Ain proclaimed. -Clrrlpth- His pucker twitched and parted open to a flood of -Frllprrrbllrrssrrs- smog flushing out over the crowd, the whole being of a sweaty, sultry dog distilled into a meaty methane smog coated yellow in the spotlight. "Phaha, do hope you all will not mind, this place was going to stink off, fmmism wet dog either mfmpwhay. Oooh yeah," he huffed out as his pucker widened -Slfplth-.

-Pfrhrprshths- A puff of smog spread it wider to unveil patches of dark umber, spreading first one, then another, clotting the black pucker in a familiar fashion, though without the previous contrast of the coat. -Fllsprrptch- A replica of Gizmo's paws gradually waltzed their way through the plush brim, wedging aside the supple meat over the dung-sculpt of his paws, -Dlplth- his claws clipped, falling down into the trophy like kibble.

"Mmfphaa..." Ain huffing out as he scooped his cock over the brim and let loose, draining fluids into the silvery, lemony falls of the bowl, reflective the shining ammonia and amplifying boosting the crackling sputter of piss and lemonade accompanied by creaking, crawling fudge. -Slfprbrtos- -Clspththas- With a wheeze of jamming mushrooms through a straw the paws of muck Gizmo grew more defined, trawling out of the pit with that bend around their digits slimmed down to their ankles, the pucker gradually swelling at the pristine thighs, albeit melded tufts like a fudgesickle vacated the bowels.

Ain reached back and pried apart his cheeks to give the audience a thorough display of his pucker trudging along the munched mutt. "Our furry friend seems to have taken to their transition well, though I am wonder if his transformation will match mine in grace." -Fllsptbthha- -Cltts- -Crlttcwps- With a strain and fracture through the core of loam, the paw detached and -Klrrrlltwp- tumbled into the piss pool of the trophy, peeling the vibrations from the upturned bell out over the stage. "Ppaha, guess that answers that question, folks," Ain said to a laughing spectator – the ones remaining now dedicated to see it finished – "We aren't so concerned for the state of smfms, this mutton. He's already contributed. Mpfsha enough." He huffed with a heave disturbing his sentence. His brim broadened over the pup's knee.

Its hue gradually bleeding to a paler hazel, with a scattering of white and gray hair jutting out from the mound, which would simulate fur pretty well were it any sense even, most of it found in clotted bundles stretching out of the fractures in the surface. These cracks tessellated the majority of the legs, too compressed to see through the paws, but as the bale unfurled from the werewolf's ample thighs, the cracks grew deeper, darker, pooling of coagulated bowel dew. The gunk bulbing in as it wound past the exhibit chute, the pressure from the brim clamping the goo to the surface, drooling down from the cracks like talc and webbing between them like a spider silk plaster.

-Flrlprhshc- -Clspfhthhs- -Clrrlprsahta- Once the brim passed the thighs it was hard to avoid the stench: the tent haunted by the reek of an abandoned aquarium and repurposed to a cauldron for a botched bone-broth chilli. The redolent pungency seeping thick through the air and invading the nostrils of the first five rows. -Clpths- -Clpththas- The paws were just barely visible now, sinking below the brim of the dog bowl award, fading as Ain rubbed and worked over his ass to let the conjoined bales trawl out.

"Mfmngnpga mphaa. Oo what mfm, a healthy boy..." Tree Time huffed out, strumming his aching erection, "just amfm, steaming pile of doggy dooty," he huffed between inhaling through a gritted grin.

-Sllgh- -Clrrlsth- The bales creaked forward, cracks and fractures starting to wedge open... -Cllic- -Clffprhthstpala- Until the pucker bloated and dispensed the bales of Gizmo's thighs, conjoined at the lap in a stable, thick mound at his stuffed gut, – crowning the front of the statue's abdomen was an indent housing a smaller bale of muck, some observers still finding it twitching with a phantom lust. The putrid dung moulding past the warping hatch of flesh, the former dog's legs curling in a bale of muddy cement along the interior of the trophy. -Slslpththaa- The packed, tattered, and now stained diaper lobbed out along with the mound, its elastic still vaguely embedded

under the gut of the statue, -dlsptshha- sloughing in a balancing act over the brim to just droop over the swirl of Gizmo's legs.

“Mffm wpaha, oh what amdms a good, filthy boy, but with all thatmfsm excitement, did this hunk of a wolf chow, ma manage to keep himself together?” The audience's curiosity surfaced as they peered closer. What they had thought were the chiselled abs of the mediocre contestant's torso, were not but a garden of fractured fissures in the steaming manure. Furthermore, one could see a drove of an arm reaching towards the statue's crotch, though the further it went, the more the limb melded in with the girth of the bale. The deeper the mutt had gone, the less of them there was to recognise back on the surface. What had begun as a graceful exit for the competitor, was slowly buried in the coils of the trophy. There at first looked like unnatural contortion of limbs, from the chest and stomach upwards, seemed not other than more sausage of mortar folding under its own weight.

“How's fmms our pup holding up? Fms, because over here he feelsfmmg fat, thick and mmfms so satisfying to haul out from my doggy door.” Ain huffed out, slowly swaying his tail, shifting along the brim of the trophy, as the audience peered closer at the wide bale of manure, indistinguishable from any tube of filth flushed down the city's sewers. Curious, if that was really all there was...

-Ctrhrlpsth- The brim creaked, smushing and dipping into the muck, kneading into the gratuitous bale as it shifted up the knob. -Fpllssthc- a slight pop from the brim, and the crowd was met with a lump of muck wedging free at the front of the bale, with a faint indent below, drooling of oily sludge. Were one to squint, perhaps one could call it a muzzle, a deformed glob of dung, on a swirling stature of degrading quality, cleft to slobber down in the trophy bowl.

“Mfm sp fmpah. slptthath-” Ain's brim relinquished the tip, detaching with a clap of chewed dung as the pit gaped open. And all that still remained of the pup... -Pfpbrbbprprwrptsha- was a bale of putrid vapour flushing over the head lump. -Shhfflrthc- A soft cracking escaping to the top -Spillths- smattering into the trophy. “A crap dog, but a worthy prize,” he mused.

“Fmmmfpg h smfpagh,” the air was disturbed as Tree Time fluttered to the front, aiming his quaking member to the trophy... -Slptthhthgpaghsha- “Aaaa,” and letting his exhilaration and pent-up satisfaction flush free in a pillar of curdled, white spunk, spritzing the dinged puppy in coiling loops of horse-dick whipped-cream, trickling over the folds and contours in the statue as the finishing touches of muddling the little semblance the bale still had to the mulched mutt. “Phaaa mshaa, aah finally, did something right,” he huffed out, slumping at the side of the stage as he massaged over his frame to savour the climax in the smog of the oozing mire.