

Manimals...

Young Deputy K-9 Cop

Dogmaster you've seen him. Built like a Pit Bull. Big. Squared off heavy muscle. Vet. Professional trainer. Special Services Kennel for the County Deputies' K-9 Patrol. Man in Authority moving under thick pelt of full body fur. Nights, alone with his Dane and Doberman attack dogs, he clips back his fast-growing body fur, naked and hard, in his private quarters behind his own kennel—where a young County deputy waits: stripped naked from his uniform, caged, choke-chained, slow-stroking himself in the last hour before his obedience training begins.

In his quarters: the hum of the grooming clippers in the Dogmaster's big paw-hand shears his own soft fur down to a mean, disciplined, even bristle. The low growl of his two big dogs dozing at his feet. Hungry for fresh meat. The Dogmaster judges the sounds of barking from the kennel in the deep night. He grooms his fur on the back of his strong hands, around his square wrists.

He carries back the pelt on his powerful forearms that read by day like muscular hairy hams, hanging from the khaki Vet shirt he wears attending to the big dogs brought by men proud of their prize studs. His broad mastiff shoulders: hairy. His animal coat of fur thick on his big barreled chest. In the County: rumors of his Special Service Kennel. Knowing smiles. Then silence. Unbroken. In the County: anything is possible.

The roll of his abs: defined in dark washboard cuts by fur. Growth patterns not masking the pedigree of his power, but defining it. Men from the County proud to bring their dogs to him for stud. His pecs and belly soft-bristled, outlined by the natural lay of his hair.

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

His dogdik: thick, long, mean, bulbous, red, and ready.

His legs: squat, hard, powerful for serious studwork.

His Dane rolls over in his doze, his big balls rolling against the inside of his back haunch. The Dogmaster turns at his tight waist. He looks down at the dog who expectantly opens one eye. He turns back into the mirror. His own butt: round, ripe, muscular; the sweaty crack furred, dark, deep with promises he keeps. The animal spoor about him. The way he enlists a man to help mount his own stud over another man's dog in heat; the two of them together, intent on the perfect mounting. He clips his body hair the same careful length as his close-cropped beard. Its thick growth rises high up his checks, runs down his muscular throat, meets the rising curl of hair from his chest.

Tonight's a special grooming.

His big arms raise up. His armpits run wet with sweat. One paw palms the length of hair on his head, low on his brow, bristling down the animal back of his neck. His other hand running the clippers into an even length across his own head.

Tonight's Special Weekend Duty. Fucking Ultimate Obedience Training. New Young Deputy. Uniform Strip. K-9 Patrol.

The Dogmaster, erect, enormous, clippers in hand. Smoothing his own body. His dogdik drooling. Rich head crowning uncut hairy shaft. His two stud dogs, eyeballing his moves, waiting his command. His attack dogs, Dane and Dobe, hungry, growling low, waiting, killer instincts set on edge by their Master's hulking presence, held at bay by the cold eye of his Command Presence.

The Dobe's pink tongue flicks across his black lips. White teeth bared. Hindquarters quivering. Dick spritzing. The Dane growls in anticipation, starts up, anxious, nosing his way toward the iron door leading to the kennel, excited by the smell of fear a dog recognizes sweating out of a husky man's choke-chained body.

"Stay!" The Dogmaster's voice resonates deep from his big balls, echoes in the hard-tiled room. The two dogs freeze in total obedience. The big dogs are measure of the man. His own animal body: Marine-trained. Former DI. Respectfully nicknamed behind his powerful back at Camp Pendleton and Camp LeJeune: DOG DIK. Disciplined trainer of men and dogs for combat.

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Trainer of young USMC Grunts forced by dare, high stakes, and his command, to fight nearly naked with specially trained attack dogs, in the last days of Nam, in the backwash of the DMZ, when men placed hard bets on any good brawl for blood.

Now: known as the best K-9 trainer in the County. The Dane moves in close to his Master: fur-to-fur, haunch-against-thigh. The Dobe sniffs hungrily at the kennel door.

In the County bars, the deputies laugh and wink and say, *shit*, they wish he'd work tighter with them. Independent man. Animal loner. Sharp white teeth flashing easy grin through mat of beard rising up to deep-squint of piercing eye. The deputies, quiet in their silent fraternity, treat his Special Services K-9 training as something better left unspoken.

In the dark fursweat kennel, the young deputy, naked, caged, heavy leather collar and choke-chain around his neck, smelling dogpiss ripe and fresh in the territorial corners, delivered handcuffed for stud, pulled from a prowler car, stripped from his uniform by other tough deputies, hosed down, readied for clipping and shaving and grooming, ordered to endure Special Services K-9 Training, waiting for the opening of the heavy metal door.

Around him, big dogs, caged separately, pad in expectant anticipation, streaming long wet piss-squirts, sniffing, nose-to-butthole, butthole-to-nose. Quick lick of long tongue through the cyclone mesh fence. Lick of dog-tongue to low-swinging dog-balls and fresh puckerhole. Natural animal instinct.

Hairy young deputy, recruited hunk, long-chained from collar to ring in kennel floor, waits the first night of his obedience training. Naked and warm in the animal heat of the kennel. Stripped of uniform, gun, gear, boots, by senior deputies. New to the County. Fresh from the service. Twists nervously the gold ring on his left hand. Special Weekend Duty never meant pissing in his own cage. His dick hard. Scared shitless. Dogs howling. The hum, the steady hum, of the Dogmaster's clippers on the other side of the kennel door. The whine of the Dobe. The low growls of the Dane. He figures he better be ready. He figures maybe now his Reality-Run may be in for a shakedown he never expected.

He remembers some of the deputies' talk. Overheard them. Until they noticed. Until they slammed their locker doors loudly.

Until they shut up. Now: clarity coming through his eavesdrop. Clarity coming to him. This is the County. In the semi-dark he figures how it might be: groomed, the Dogmaster, opening his kennel cage, come to shear his hairy body, train him, force-sniffing his nose to commanding butthole, licking of bulbous big red dick. Enormous. Powerful Dogman. Heavy paws holding him in position. The dogmaster's long spit into the crack of his ass. Wild barking from other cages. The Dobe and the Dane pacing, watching, eager. The Dogmaster's snarling mount. The head sliding out of the heavy uncut skin. Insistent. *Dogslickwet*. Fucked in. Deep. Heavy fullness. Plowing. Holding. Pumping. Held firm in place by the Dogmaster's big paws. Only the commanding look from the hairy Dogmaster's eye holding the Dobe and Dane at bay. Only the whim of the Dogmaster not throwing open the locks on the separate cages of the pack of huge trained male fighting dogs.

Only minutes now. The hum of the Dogmaster's clippers stopping. The whine on the other side of the door. The sound of the Dogmaster's hand unlocking the deadbolt. The deep-throated barking rising to full howl and salute, cage to cage, in the dark kennel. Only moonlight breaking through the high, barred industrial windows. The sound of the iron door opening. The blinding light from the Dogmaster's bright, hard-tiled quarters. The Dobe and the Dane bounding into the kennel around the heavy legs of the Dogmaster. His big, hairy body planted squarely in dark outline against the light, shimmering in bristling halo, around the full measure, bulk and height and well-hung heft, of the Dogmaster who waits one long moment in the Special Services Kennel door for the night vision that is his alone, to carry him down the long growling corridor to the deputy's cage, where every move, driven by his crossbred, massive Dog Dik, unbelievably, beyond the captive deputy's imagination, brings out the latent beast in the caged, choke-chained, naked, exultant manimal!