

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Prologue

It started with a flash of pink light.

I yelped, the cry echoing throughout the small room that had been my home for the past three years. It wasn't much, but it was better than what most of the orphans got. Still, I could not help clinging on to the hope that my parents would rescue me from this life of solitude. Of course, now that I was turning eighteen and being kicked out of the orphanage, it was very unlikely I would ever see them again—if I had ever seen them at all. Come to think of it, I was thinking of my parents when the mysterious light appeared.

I sealed my eyes in an attempt to dispel the bright light, but it had very little effect. It was almost as if the light was coming from within me, though deep down I knew that was impossible. Still, the thought was worth considering. As was the fact that I may very well never escape it. I was beginning to picture my life as a blind person when the mysterious luminescence faded.

Darkness returned, yet I hesitated before opening my eyes. What if the light was still there? Or worse, what if it was gone and I had lost my sight? But in the end, my curiosity got the better of me.

I wasn't blind. And the light was gone. However, the bed I sat on was no longer bare. Where there had been nothing before now stood two objects. The first appeared to be a folded up note with my name—Ava Long—printed upon it. The second was a pink dildo.

I glanced around the room, but nothing else had changed. The door was still locked, which meant this was not some elaborate prank. Whatever it was, it was magical in nature.

My attention returned to the items before me. Part of me wanted to flee, but my curiosity would not be denied. Ignoring the dildo, I reached for the note. My hands shook, yet I was able to hold the note steady enough to read it.

Happy birthday.

This is a magical dildo. Use it, and you shall be reunited with your parents.

—A friend.

I read the note a good dozen times before accepting the fact that the words upon it were encouraging me to pleasure myself. While it had been quite a while since I had last climaxed, it was the thought of being reunited with my parents that pushed me to follow the note's advice. It was illogical to believe that masturbating would lead to a familial reunion, yet I had very little to lose. I thus reached out and grabbed hold of the dildo.

It was rather large and seemed to be made of some odd material that was unknown to me. The texture was off, and the shaft felt warm to the touch, but it was otherwise a normal dildo. Still, it was with a racing heart that I stretched out across the mattress—I always sleep naked—and pressed the tip of the toy to my slit.

What followed was the most ordinary auto-erotic stimulation of my entire life. I'm not sure what I was expecting, but it definitely was not this. Nonetheless, I kept going, refusing to give up so long as

there was even the slightest chance that the note had been telling the truth.

It wasn't until I neared the point of no return that something unusual started happening. It wasn't exactly magical, yet it was definitely something I had never experienced before. As the orgasm growing within me neared fruition, I found myself fantasizing about a dog. Why? Because I had seen one pound a bitch earlier that day. While I wasn't exactly turned on by the animalistic display of lust, I had been fascinated by the intensity with which the dog had pounded his mate. It was this fascination that led to me making a wish just as I reached the point of no return.

"I wish this dildo were a dog's cock," I muttered under my breath. While quite perverse, the desire was not what worried me. It was the flash of pink light.

It only lasted a second, but it was enough to put an immediate and irreversible end to my masturbation session. My eyes remained closed for a few seconds. When they finally fluttered open, I was faced with a terrifying revelation.

I was no longer in my room.

Planet K-9

I sat up and glanced around. All I could see was sand. It stretches out as far as the eye would see in all directions. Above me floated a blue sky. The sun's hot rays blasted me with heat, making my skin tingle. But no matter how intense the rays or how hot the sand felt against my bare skin—I was still naked—I refused to believe they were real.

"This can't be happening," was the first thing I muttered. But no amount of denial would change the fact that I had been transported to a completely different part of the globe. Or so I thought until I noticed the color of the sun. It was red.

It took me a while to figure out what this meant. When it finally hit me, it felt like a punch to the stomach. Why? Because there was only one logical explanation.

I was no longer on earth! At least, that was the first theory I came up with. There was also the possibility that the flash of pink light had scarred my retina and made it so I now perceived the yellow sun as being red. Unfortunately, that seemed very unlikely. Then again, so did the theory that I was on another planet. Whatever the case, I was no longer in my room.

My heart raced within my chest. My breathing quickened. I wanted to yell, but my voice was gone. As was my strength. I just sat there, stunned.

"It worked," was the first thing I mumbled when my voice finally returned. I glanced down at the dildo in my hand. It seemed so innocuous, yet there was no doubt in my mind it was responsible for my current predicament. Clearly, it was magical, yet it had failed to complete its task and reunite me with my parents.

I sat there for the longest time before I realized there was a very simple solution to my dilemma. If the dildo had brought me here—wherever here was—maybe it could take me back. It was thus with immense verve that I once again began pleasuring myself. But no amount of thrusting and moaning would dispel the fear that gripped me. I was, at least temporarily, trapped.

I gave up on pleasuring myself and went about searching for another solution. The first thing I did

was study my immediate surroundings in the hopes of finding something of use. Unfortunately, the dildo was the only item to have accompanied me on this fantastical journey.

My next step was to inspect the rest of my surroundings. Before me stretched the desert. Same for the left. And the right. It wasn't until I turned around that I finally spotted it.

A city.

It was distant, yet with a little luck and a lot of walking, I should be able to reach it. Since it was my only option, I scrambled to my feet and started walking toward the distant metropolis, the magical dildo clenched in my right hand.

I walked for hours. Every once in a while I paused to pleasure myself, but I was still too afraid to enjoy it. And, unfortunately, the dildo seemed linked to my arousal, which meant that I would have to near climax in order to activate its powerful magic. And that clearly would not happen anytime soon.

As the day stretched on, my fear gradually faded. By the time I was relaxed enough to become aroused, I had grown too tired to even consider attempting to pleasure myself. The sun had nearly burned my skin off, and my throat was so dry it felt like sandpaper. Not to mention the exhaustion of walking for hours on end.

I only made it halfway to the city before the last of my strength left me and I crumbled. I tried to lift myself, but I was too exhausted. I simply lay there, breathing in sand as I struggled to keep the exhaustion at bay. In the end, even that became impossible, and I gave up all hope. I let unconsciousness take me, aware, yet uncaring, that I may never again wake up.

I awoke, only to find I was no longer in the desert. The softness of the mattress and the silkiness of the sheets told me I was in bed. For a brief moment, I thought I was back at the orphanage, but one look at my surroundings dispelled such beliefs.

I sat up, expecting to feel the aftermath of spending the day wandering around the desert. But my skin felt untouched, and the blisters that had formed beneath my feet were gone. Even my parched throat was something of the past. While I would have liked to believe my journey through the sandy wasteland was a dream, I knew it wasn't.

I took a moment to study my surroundings. The décor was similar to most earth houses—I still had no idea which planet I was on—yet there were a few subtle differences. For example, the house seemed to have been built for dogs instead of humans. Speaking of man's best friend, one of them sat at the foot of the bed, staring at me.

The dog appeared young, though his body was for the most part fully developed. He was clearly in that awkward stage between puppy and dog. His fur was a mix of white and gray, and his intelligent eyes remained focused on me. Though I had no way of knowing this, I could sense that he was no ordinary dog.

"Hi," I said.

My attempt at politeness didn't have the desired effect. The dog screamed—screamed, not barked—and jumped off the bed. Instead of moving on all fours as a dog normally would, he stood on his hind legs. He also yelled what sounded like "Dad" as he ran out of the room.

I sat there for a moment, stunned. By the time I recovered, the dog was returning, accompanied by another, larger dog. At first, I thought he was the father, but then I noticed they were of two

different breeds. The puppy was bi-colored husky, while the father—if he was indeed the father—was a beige Labrador.

Both dogs walked on their hind legs, appearing almost human in the process. The fact that they were talking probably helped quite a lot. As if hearing dogs talk wasn't weird enough, their conversation made it clear that they were indeed related, though they belonged to two different breeds.

"See, Dad," was saying the puppy. "I told you she was awake."

"Good job, son," replied the father.

They came to stand at the foot of the bed and stared at me. At first I was afraid, but finally, the insaneness of it got the better of me. I had gone through so much that I no longer cared that none of this made sense. Talking dogs? So what?

"What happened?" I asked. "Where am I?"

There was a moment of silence before the father spoke.

"You're in my home," he explained. "I found you half dead in the desert."

That made sense. Sort of.

"Who are you?" was my next question.

"Name is Karter, and this is my son, Kenni," explained the dog. Kenni waved his paw when his name was mentioned. Though I had only just met him, I could tell he was fidgety. It would not have surprised me had he dropped to all fours and started running after his own tail.

"I'm Ava," I said. "Ava Long."

"Avalon?" asked Kenni.

I shook my head.

"Ava Long," I repeated, enunciating each syllable. Unfortunately, I would soon discover that dogs are unable to pronounce the "g" sound, so from that moment on they referred to me as Avalon. I was tempted to correct them and or suggest they call me by my first name, but I had far more important matters to attend to.

"Thanks for saving me," I told Karter.

"You're welcome," said the man. And from that moment on I was treated as one of their own. Sort of.

While the ointment I soon learned had been applied to most of my body had worked wonders, I was still very weak from my trek through the desert. I thus spent the next few days in bed, regaining my strength.

Kenni spent all of his free time asking me questions and pretty much being a bumbling, energetic idiot. But I enjoyed his company, and I was grateful for the distraction. That is until I met Karter's other son. Unlike Kenni, Kane was a full grown dog—he was a massive, muscular German shepherd. He was far more composed than Kenni and appeared to be a kind, gentle soul. At least that was the impression I got from the few times I saw him. He was the only who brought me my food and made sure I was comfortable, but he was not very big on talking and seemed to be at odds with his father.

I felt quite safe in Karter's home until the day I regained enough strength to stand up. I asked permission to take a walk outside, hoping the fresh air would help me recover more quickly. To my utter surprise, Karter refused. At first, I thought he was kidding, but when I tried the door and discovered it was locked, it became evident that the man was not as friendly as he would have me believe. While on the surface it appeared as though I was a guest, the truth was that I was a prisoner.

Karter didn't know I had tried to leave without his permission, and I planned on it remaining a secret. I considered asking Kenni to let me out, but he was a blabbermouth. Even if I could convince him to let me leave the house, he would undoubtedly tell his father, and my chances of escape would evaporate. And, since there was no sign of my magical dildo—Karter claimed he had seen no such device upon discovering me in the desert, but I could tell he was lying—there was very little point in trying to escape.

The days passed, and I grew increasingly aware of Karter's ruthlessness. On the surface, he appeared kind and considerate, but deep down he was selfish and cruel. I had yet to figure out why he was keeping me prisoner, but I could tell the reason was purely self-serving. No wonder Kane and his father didn't get along. It was this coldness between them which convince me to trust Kane enough to ask him to free me. Unfortunately, he refused—he also refused to answer any of my questions, though I could tell he wanted to help. He made it clear that he didn't agree with his father's actions, yet he was bound by the laws of their society. Just like wolf packs back on earth—I had concluded that I was in some sort of alternate reality or on a distant planet—the canines of this world were bound to obey the commands of the alpha. In this case, Karter was the top dog, and his word was law.

It took a few days, but I finally decided to take matters into my own hands. Since Kenni was too much of a liability and Kane refused to help me, I would escape on my own. Though all doors and windows were locked, they were equipped with a special mechanism that allowed dogs to unlock them with a simple insertion and turn of the claw. All I had to do was find a narrow, pointed object and use it to force one of the locks. The procedure was surprisingly easy, and I reproached myself for not doing it earlier.

My escape would have been successful had it not been for a stroke of bad luck. I had waited until Karter, Kane, and Kenni were gone to make my move, but they returned early from their errand and caught me in the act. What followed was a beating the likes of which I had never even fathomed.

Have you ever been attacked by an enraged dog? If so, then you understand how I felt. If not, simply imagine your worst nightmare and multiply it by ten. That's how bad it was.

At first, all he did was beat me, but his rage seemed to grow with every blow. And with it his cock. Before long, he has a raging hard-on. I only caught glimpses of it, but it appeared quite massive. Yet it wasn't until he wrapped his jaws around my neck and mounted me that I realized what he was getting ready to do.

He was going to rape me.

Up until now, Kane had watched, angry but afraid to act. That all changed when he saw his father about to penetrate me. He released a powerful, animalistic growl that seemed to shake the whole house and attacked his father.

Momentarily forgetting about me, Karter turned his attention to his son.

"You don't want to do this," he warned.

"I do," replied Kane, surprisingly calm. "In fact, I should have done it a long time ago."

Kenni and I cowered in a corner as Karter and Kane started circling each other. Kane was larger than his father, but Karter was far more vicious. There was no doubt in my mind Karter would do whatever it took to get the upper hand. I seriously doubted the same could be said about Kane. Nonetheless, he refused to back down.

Father and son circled each other a while longer before one of them made a move. I expected it to be Karter, but it was his son who made the first move. He lunged at his father. Unfortunately, Karter was quick, and he dodged the attack. He also took advantage of the situation to pin Kane to the ground. Within seconds, his maw was wrapped around Kane's throat. All he had to do was squeeze, and it would all be over.

I couldn't watch. I closed my eyes, expecting to hear the sound of snapping bones. But all I heard was a low growl and a whimper. Then complete silence. Was it over? Was Kane dead? I was afraid to open my eyes, but I knew I couldn't hide behind my eyelids forever.

I opened my eye. The scene I discovered was nothing like I had expected. Karter stood tall, head held high. His son was flattened across the floor before him, whimpering in submission. Though I was glad Kane was still alive, I felt responsible for his humiliation. He may not have suffered any physical injury, there was no doubt in my mind his father would make him pay for what he had done.

"You will pay for that," growled Karter, right on cue.

Kane just whimpered.

"You will watch as I fuck Avalon."

My heart skipped a beat. It seemed as though Karter had decided to punish both Kane and me at the same time.

"No!" pleaded Kane. "Anything but that."

I didn't know why Kane was so against the thought of his father forcing himself upon me, but the thought seemed to terrify him.

To my utter amazement, Karter conceded to his son's request.

"All right," he agreed, suddenly calm and collected. "I won't fuck your precious little human... Kenni will."

I wasn't sure how I felt about this latest development. Part of me was relieved that Karter would not be penetrating me. Unfortunately, I would still be having sex with a dog, and I had no idea how I felt about it. The same could not be said about Kenni.

"Really?" he asked excitedly, jumping up and down. "I get to have sex?"

Karter smiled, pleased by his son's eagerness.

"That's right, my son" he said. "You get to have sex."

There was a moment of silence during which no one spoke. Karter glared at Kane. Kane glanced at me, eyes filled with guilt—he no doubt felt responsible for the sexual outcome of my attempted escape. Kenni jumped up and down excitedly, his cock growing between his hind legs. I just sat

there, struggling to figure out how I felt about this whole thing.

Karter was the first one to break the silence.

“Kenni,” he said, focusing on his youngest son. “Lie down.”

Kenni did as told, revealing his now fully erect cock. It was smaller than Karter’s yet still quite imposing. It was roughly the size of the average human male. But what scared me was not the shaft itself, but rather the knot that stood at its base. Unfortunately, there was very little I could do about it.

“You,” growled Karter, turning his gaze on me. “Suck his cock!”

I hesitated. While I could have refused, I knew it would only lead to more trouble. The safest thing I could do was play along. While the thought of having sex with a dog worried me, the thought of what would happen if I refused was terrifying. It was thus with a sense of helplessness that I approached my soon to be lover.

Kenni was so excited he could barely hold still. I had to reach out and grab hold of his shaft just to keep it still. A shiver ran through me as I felt the intense heat wafting up from it. I had a momentary doubt. What if I couldn’t go through with this? What would happen to me? What would happen to Kane? I even felt kind of bad at the thought of denying Kenni his first sexual experience. But in the end it was the primal urge to survive that pushed me to do what I, mere days ago, would never have considered.

I leaned forward and wrapped my lips around the tip of Kenni’s rock-hard cock. The member twitched. Ignoring the growing sense of repulsion that grew within me, I slid my lips along the length of the shaft. Within seconds, the tip of the spear had reached my uvula. Determined to take things slow, I pulled back, then slowly reinserted the spear into my oral cavity. This time I kept going until it slipped into my throat. My gag reflex begged to be activated, but I refused to listen. I kept pushing until every last inch of the cock had been swallowed up. Only the knot remained unattended.

I focused on my work, refusing to even acknowledge the fact that I was having sex with a dog. But that soon became impossible when Karter ordered a ceasefire. For a brief moment, I thought he was having second thoughts, but it quickly became obvious that wasn’t the case.

“Time to change things up,” he said. “Avalon. On your back. Kenni. Stand over her and fuck her mouth.”

I sighed but did as told. Moments later, my young lover was leaping into position. His hind legs landed on either side of my head, which brought his cock within inches of my lips. Knowing what would be asked of me, I opened my mouth. And not a second too soon because Kenni thrust down just as my lips parted.

A muffled moan toppled from my oral cavity as the horny canine forced his cock deep into my mouth and throat. Deeper and deeper it traveled until, finally, every last inch had been swallowed up, including the knot. I struggled to keep from gagging, but the penetration was too intense. I began to choke. Kenni immediately pulled out, no doubt feeling guilty. I half expected Karter to order him to invade my throat once more, but the overbearing father remained silent.

Kenni hesitated for a brief moment, then began thrusting. This time his cock halted at my uvula. It still traveled in and out of me with ever increasing speed, only my throat now remained off limits. I

was so grateful for this that I decided to repay him in kind.

I started sucking my lover's cock. My lips and tongue worked the shaft as best as they could. This was not my first sexual encounter, but it was my first interspecies one. Still, I was determined to give Kenni the blowjob of a lifetime. After all, I wasn't the only one being forced to have sex—not that Kenni seemed too bothered by the perversity of the situation.

After a while, moans started toppling from my lips. At first, I thought it was part of the act I was putting on, but it quickly became apparent that wasn't the case. As impossible as it seemed, I actually enjoyed the feel of my lover's pointy, red cock darting in and out of my mouth. Part of me was repulsed by the perverse revelation while the rest was simply relieved I was no longer being penetrated against my will. Still, it was difficult to accept the fact that I enjoyed having sex with a dog.

I'm not sure how long my first interspecies blowjob lasted. It could have been a few seconds like it could have been an hour. All I know for sure is that Kenni's cock eventually came alive.

"I-I think I'm gonna come!" he cried out, more surprised than excited.

I considered putting an end to the blowjob, but I knew it would do little good. Kenni had already past the point of no return, and even if I could have avoided my first taste of canine semen, I was rather looking forward to it. Not to mention the fact that Karter would not have taken too kindly to me defying him. It was thus with mixed feelings that I had my very first taste of dog cum.

It was hot. And surprisingly sweet. But, above all else, it was the force with which it was expelled that surprised me most. I nearly choked as it gushed into my mouth and slid across my tongue. Squirt after squirt escaped Kenni's convulsing member, adding to the ocean of cum that had invaded my oral cavity. And still it kept coming until finally I could no longer welcome anymore. There was only one way to avoid choking.

I swallowed.

It wasn't as bad as I thought. I had always been adamantly against swallowing, but once the semen made it past the taste buds, there was very little discomfort involved. The fact that Kenni's semen was sweet alleviated all regret. It was with an almost hungry eagerness that I swallowed the rest of my lover's tasty nectar. I ingested every last drop, going so far as to groan when the semen ran out. But then the cock retreated and Kenni pulled away, and I was reminded of the seriousness of the situation.

I couldn't afford to reveal that I had enjoyed my first interspecies blowjob. Why? Because Karter would not hesitate to increase the perversity of the punishment if he knew just how thrilled I was by the outcome of my first canine-human sexual encounter. And that was the last thing I wanted. I think...

Silence reigned supreme for a few seconds before Karter's voice filled the air.

"Time to take things to the next level," he said.

I wasn't entirely sure what that meant, but I was about to find out. Sure enough, it took mere seconds before I was ordered to lure Kenni's now retracted cock back out with my lips and tongue. Luckily, my sexual partner was young and virile and getting him aroused again was a matter of mere seconds.

“Lie down!” barked Karter as soon as his son was fully erect. “Fuck her,” he added as once I was in position.

Kenni didn’t waste a second. He came to stand between my legs and, lowering himself so his cock was level with my pussy, thrust forward.

“Fuck!” I yelled as his cock shot deep into me. It wasn’t until that very moment that I realized how truly aroused I was. While I had enjoyed the blowjob, I had not realized how incredibly turned on I was. My pussy was so slick with pre-cum that every last inch of my lover’s shaft slid into me with ease. Even the knot took very little persuasion to lure into me.

“Fuck me!” I almost yelled but managed to cover my perverse moan with a yell I prayed made it seem like I was both repulsed and pain-stricken as a result of the penetration. Karter seemed to believe my lie because he laughed wickedly. Kenni faltered for a second, but one wink from me was all it took to let him know that I was only pretending. Taking full advantage of this, he released the wild beast within him and pounded me like I had never been pounded before.

Kenni may have been small, but he made up for it in sheer willpower. He willed his body to move at the speed of light, and that’s exactly what it did. Within seconds of the initial penetration, he was thrusting with such intense speed that I lost all track of his cock. Was it in? Was it out? I couldn’t tell. Nor did I care. All that now mattered was the overpowering sense of beatitude that enveloped me. The hardest part was having to conceal my high level of arousal. Or so I thought.

“You like that, don’t you?” demanded Karter.

I hesitated. Should I tell the truth or pretend like I was miserable? Luckily, I didn’t have to choose. A moan toppled from my lips before I could smother it and the rest just tumbled out.

“Yes,” I moaned. “I love it. I want more. MORE!!!”

“You heard her, son,” said Karter. “Fuck this little bitch.”

“Yes... Dad,” panted Kenni, keeping up the intensity of his powerful thrusts.

Now that I no longer had to hide my arousal, I let my moans fly loose. Louder and lower they grew they drowned out all other noises. But still they intensified. And still my lover thrust forward. And still my arousal grew. And still my orgasm expanded within me, until, finally, I reached the point of no return.

“I’m gonna come!” I warned between two moans.

“Me too!” echoed my lover.

A moment later, we climaxed.

It was my first simultaneous climax. Not to mention the most intense orgasm of my entire life. As much as I would like to deny it, Kenni was the best lover I ever had. The fact that he was a dog only made it more impressive—given the circumstances of our coitus, that was quite an accomplishment. After all, how many people would have sex in front of both their father and their brother and still manage to make their sexual partner climax?

Cum poured out of me. I couldn’t tell who it belonged to, nor did I care. All that mattered was that both my lover and I were having the time of our lives. I can’t speak for Kenni, but I for one can

guarantee it was an experience I would not soon forget. In fact, I would forever remember it as the day I lost my bestial virginity.

I'm not sure how long my orgasm lasted. A minute? An hour? An entire day? Time was irrelevant. All that mattered was... well, my orgasm was so intense that I couldn't even tell you what mattered to me most at that moment. I know only that a great sense of relief and sadness washed over me once the final squirt oozed out of me and my lover's cock retreated. The relief was because my first bestial encounter was officially over. The sadness came from the realization that I may never again enjoy the feel of a dog's cock within me.

"That's enough," finally said Karter. I peered up, but he wasn't glancing at me. He was staring at his eldest son. Kane just lay there, head bowed and tail flat. I suddenly realized that, although I had been one of the intended targets of Karter's wrath, the bestial punishment had mainly been designed to punish Kane for defying his father. I'm not entirely sure how forcing his youngest son to have sex with me was supposed to punish Kane, but the poor canine seemed devastated.

"You," said Karter, pointing to me. "Follow me."

I didn't dare defy him. I scrambled to my feet and followed him back to my room. Shortly after our arrival, he revealed a pair of shackles, which he proceeded to attach to my ankles. He then secured them to a chain which was firmly attached to the wall. I had not seen it before because it had been hidden behind a dresser. Clearly, Karter had never planned on letting me leave.

"I hope you enjoyed your punishment," he told me as he left the room, "because it was the first of many."

I wasn't sure how to react. Part of me was excited at the thought of a repeat performance. Another was ashamed by the how much I had enjoyed my first bestial encounter. Yet another was struggling to come up with a way to escape my prison. Unfortunately, the odds of escape were very slim without an accomplice. Fortunately, that was precisely who entered the room mere seconds after Karter had left.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, looking at Kane. I wanted to be angry with him as he was at least in part responsible for my punishment. But he had only acted in an attempt to protect me. Could I truly be mad at him for that? No. Plus, I had quite enjoyed having sex with Kenni, not that I would ever tell Kane this.

"I'm here to help you," he said. "I should have done it long ago, but I was afraid of my father."

"What changed?" I asked.

"I realized how much of a monster he is," was his simple answer.

There was a moment of silence before I spoke again.

"Can you help me escape?" I wondered.

"Perhaps," he answered honestly, "but for now all I can do is answer a few questions."

I didn't know where to start. So many questions battled each other for my attention, yet I could only pick one at a time. In the end, I opted for the most frightening of all.

"Where am I?" I asked.

Kane looked confused.

“K-9 City,” he said, as though it were obvious.

“That’s not what I meant. What is the name of this world?”

Kane hesitated for a second before answering.

“Planet K-9,” he finally said, confirming my worst fears. I was no longer on planet earth.

The End