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My orgasm subsided after what felt like a long time, leaving me feeling weak, especially under the strain of keeping myself on all fours with the heavy stray lying on top of me. I looked beneath me, seeing a wet stain on the bed where I shot my load. The dog still felt securely stuck inside my ass, and I took a shaky breath to try and recompose myself after my perspective-altering orgasm.

“Marna? Lurdok? How long is he going to be stuck inside me?” I asked into the void of the room.

“Hello, human!” Lurdok’s voice echoed in the room. “We are able to answer that question for you. However, we also require some information from you as well, for research purposes.”

“Sure, I’ll answer your questions. Just tell me how long he’ll be swelled up like this, please!”

“Excellent,” Lurdok stated, “Canine males are known to have their impregnation bulbs, or ‘knots’ as you humans call it, fully engorged in their mates for up to 30 minutes at a time.”

“This is to ensure that the canine’s sperm sufficiently fills the mating cavern of the female, in this case being played by a human male,” Marna added.

I sighed out loud. Thirty minutes? While the fullness inside me was starting to feel kind of pleasant, thirty minutes in this position was a long time. What if I got a cramp?

“Now, as for our questions, human.” Marna began. “Earlier, you consumed approximately 240 milliliters of your mate’s waste liquid, despite readings indicating that it was generally not pleasurable to human taste sensors. Why was that? Did you consume it as a submissive gesture? Or perhaps it was, as humans describe it, an ‘acquired taste’?”

I was taken aback at her bluntness. “No! He... he had me in a headlock with my mouth on his penis! I didn’t want to drink it, I just didn’t want to drown on his urine! I had to breathe somehow!” The dog licked the side of my face as I came up with excuses, as if he was wistfully recalling a nice memory.

“Noted.” said Marna. “Next question! In your previous statements, you claimed to not want to mate with your companion, yet you presented yourself willingly for the coital session you are currently in. Why did you misstate your intentions when originally inquired?”

I had to take a moment to process the actual question. “Are you asking if I knew he was going to fuck my ass when I let him lick it?” The silence was my answer. “I had no idea that he was going to hump me! I only intended to let him lick me, nothing further than that!”

“AND YET” Lurdok interjected, “It is a well-known phenomena that human males oftentimes use saliva in order to ready their mate for sex, including applying saliva via direct oral contact.” His accusatory tone was followed by dozens of different scenes of human men licking women’s vaginas showing up on the walls. “With this behavior being so common among your own species, any human would have the capacity to understand what the canine was intending to do!”

That was a good point. I honestly wasn’t thinking about what the stray intended to do next with his licking, but in hindsight it seemed obvious, especially now that my thoughts couldn’t even go without being interrupted by another spurt of semen in my guts. “I guess I wasn’t thinking...” a small pang of guilt rang in my voice, as if I was getting chastised for stealing from the cookie jar.

“Perhaps we should have tested for intelligence levels before choosing this subject,” Marna

whispered to Lurdok. "Next question! Why did you seem to protest the mating with the canine, only to later experience great pleasure from the mating in question?"

"What kind of question is that?" I detested the inquiry. "I didn't want it! The fact that I ended up being forced to cum doesn't change that!"

"Your assertions seem dubious, human. All standards indicate that you understand oral contact before penetration is normal, and yet you claim you are ignorant of this. Readings indicate that you experienced great pleasure from mating, yet you claim it was unintentional. Emotional analysis also indicate that you view the canine as a lesser creature to yourself, and experience varying degrees of shame when undergoing extensive sexual/oral contact with it." Lurdok went through these events matter-of-factly. "Conclusion: You enjoy and welcome sexual contact, including mating, with your canine mate, but your human pride is preventing you from fully acting on those urges, even without external human presence during mating."

Marna let out a noise that I presumed to be agreement. "Lurdok's theory is consistent with both human standards of behavior and prior subject reactions." The wall lit up with photos of the blonde girl again, with initial photos showing her pushing her mastiff mate away from her. The photos seemed to show a progression of them getting closer, displaying them cuddling, various photos of her planting kisses on him, and eventually photos of full on sex in a variety of positions. Her face was lit up with ecstasy in the latter photographs. "And prior study indicates that humans attain great pleasure from mating with canines, despite initial protests."

"Subjects have even self-reported greater feelings of intimacy, passion, and adoration with their canine mates than with any previous human partner," Lurdok added.

"There have even been requests for human "weddings" to be administered!" Marna chipped in.

"Along with requests for allowing mating to result in offspring." Lurdok said with what sounded like amusement. "Do not expect that to come to fruition in the near future, human. Outdated moralistic laws prevent us from experimenting with cross-species hybrids." He sounded disgruntled.

"Listen, Lurdok, Marna-" I interrupted this line of conversation before the rambling could continue, "I don't want to get married to this dog! And I definitely don't want to have puppies with him. And I really didn't want to have him ejaculating inside me!" I said as he ejaculated inside me. "I just want to go home! If I wanted to fuck a dog, I would have done it on my own by now!"

"Humans often do not understand what they want." Lurdok retorted. I felt as though he was threatening to show pictures of bestiality again.

"However!" Marna interrupted, "We do understand that you have desires, hopes, and dreams relative to your species' level of intelligence." I wasn't sure whether to be insulted or not. "And since you qualify as a Class C sentient creature with a Class B system of monetary exchange, we are required by the intergalactic ethical counsel to provide compensation relative to the duration and thoroughness of your experimentation."

"Humans enjoy monetary compensation, and so this will make you endure and enjoy your experimentation more, human"

"Wait, so I get paid money for this? How much?" I asked.

"After extensive research on the matter, we have determined a ratio of 50 Earth United States dollars per earth milliliter of general biological material exchanged within an orifice." Marna

explained. "With exchange of semen being valued at \$5000 per ml."

"For reference, human, your canine mate produces one thousand, six hundred, and fifty Earth milliliters of urine and his average ejaculate is 30 milliliters. You produce, on average, 3 milliliters of ejaculate per orgasm." Lurdok informed.

I did some quick math in my head. The dog shot another spurt of apparently valuable semen into my rectum. "Wait, so I get \$150,000 every time I take a load from this dog? And \$80k for drinking a day's worth of his piss?"

"You could also give 'a load' to him as well!" Marna said with enthusiasm.

"And do not forget the constant production of saliva from both parties," reminded Lurdok. "Canines can produce up to several liters of saliva a day if active and well-hydrated."

I paused for a moment. So now, I was getting paid large sums to participate in these experiments, pretty much directly proportional to how much drool, cum, and urine I took from the dog. I guess I could technically give some to him as well, but something about that felt wrong.

"Finally, sexual-oral contact also provides monetary value at \$250 per minute. The requirements for such contacts have already been outlined to you. Variation between orifices and organs is encouraged and may result in a bonus," Lurdok said with a grunt. It seemed that repeating this information annoyed him. I wondered how many people he's had to say these same lines to before me.

"That is all for now. Enjoy the remainder of your mating, human!"

Without the booming voices over the intercom, the room suddenly felt very quiet. It was just me and the Rottweiler again, with him resting on my back, still panting in my ear while he came inside me. During the (what I guessed to be) ten minute conversation with Marna and Lurdok, he had pretty much stayed exactly as he was now. His penis felt like it was getting a little softer, at least. Though I was surprised at how steady the flow of sperm was from his penis. Was his total amount of cum really ten times bigger than mine? It seemed fairly likely, considering it felt like a gallon had been produced already.

My anger and pain towards the dog had completely fallen to the wayside after my orgasm, and the warm feelings of interconnectedness remained even after the clinical discussion with my alien captors. Was this normal? Was my brain playing tricks on me, perhaps just trying to cope logically with the dog's forced entry and my subsequent orgasm? Or was this something else? My captors seemed to expect me to fall in love with the dog. It looked like previous experimentees had done the same. Was this the start of that?

With all fours on the bed, I pondered these questions for the next twenty minutes as the stray softened and eventually began positioning himself in a way that made it clear he was looking to remove himself from me. My muscles ached from having to stay in this position so long, but even so, when he began to pull out I couldn't help but feel a little... sad, maybe? It was hard to explain. Regardless of my feelings, the stray hopped off my back, flipping himself around so that we were briefly ass-to-ass, before raising his leg and removing his semi-flaccid cock with a loud-ish pop. The cool air against my gaped asshole felt bizarre for the moment after he left, but quickly closed itself up again. I felt his semen inside me threatening to exit, and I clenched my asshole to keep it inside.

Finally not having to lie on my hands and knees, I collapsed face-down onto the bed and the fluids that now lay on it. My entire body was sore from the abuse it had just taken, and even though I had

woken up less than an hour ago, I already felt like I needed a nap. With my ass still exposed, I felt a familiar tongue poking around back there. I was too exhausted to do anything but let the dog lick back there again. "No way you're already trying to go for round two," I mumbled. But to my surprise, he didn't lick for long, just a few swipes before leaving. I was confused, and I looked over to where he was now lying next to me, and saw that he was licking his penis clean. He was cleaning himself, which means that he must have just been cleaning me as well. Suddenly, a feeling of warmth rolled over me. Something about him taking a brief moment to clean me after sex made me feel warm and fuzzy, like this dog actually kind of cared about me. If he didn't, he would have just cleaned himself only, right?

I half crawled, half rolled over to the dog as he licked himself. "You're an asshole, you know that?" I said to him. He looked over at me to acknowledge that I was talking, but clearly didn't understand nor care very much as to what I was saying. "But you're like, a lovable asshole, you know? Like you try to act like an asshole, and you mostly are, but you have a sweet side to you. Like when you kept giving me kisses on the side of my face while you were stuck in me, or how you got my butt really lubed up before you fucked me, or how the first thing you did when we met was come over to give me a big hello." I smiled thinking about it. It was just yesterday, but it felt like a long time ago now. "And thank you for cleaning me up just now. And I'm not sure if you even meant to do it or not, but... thank you for making me cum." I kissed him on the cheek while he was occupied with cleaning himself. He licked my face back twice in return before continuing his cleaning. I kept staring at him. "You know what I think? I think if we're gonna make this work, you need a name. And I thought of just the right one for you, asshole." I said affectionately. "How about... Romeo. How does that sound, Romeo?"

The dog looked over at me for a moment, seeming a little confused. I wasn't sure if it would stick. I had an idea to test it out. "Okay, how about this," I brought my face close to the Rottweiler's. "Give me a big, sloppy, wet kiss if you're fine with Romeo," I offered as I opened up my mouth and stuck my tongue out. Of course, his tongue met mine. He tasted a little saltier than usual, probably due to him cleaning off his penis with his tongue just now. I didn't mind.

While I mostly rigged the name approval in my favor, it was nice to have a name for my cellmate/mating mate. I broke away from our kiss for a moment and licked my lips. "Romeo..." I said it out loud just to see how it felt. I looked into his brown eyes while I said it. It definitely fit him, and I began planting more kisses across his face playfully. He opened his mouth and had his tongue hanging out in that open-mouth smile that dogs sometimes do, and I felt happy that he looked happy.

Romeo hopped up off the bed to drink some water, and I flipped myself over so that my back was on the bed and I was spread-eagle, my pale, bare stomach exposed to the high steel ceiling. I heard Romeo's shlop shlop shlop as he drank by the fountain. I placed my hand over my stomach, feeling full despite not having eaten a meal recently. Romeo's cum was sitting deep in my bowels, presumably getting absorbed by my intestines slowly but surely.

I laid there for a while, my body tired but not nearly ready to go to sleep, since I'd just woken up. I looked over at Romeo, and noticed he was raising his leg to urinate in the waste hole. I jumped up to intercept him, remembering the money I could earn if I drank it instead of letting it go to waste. "Romeo, wait!" I shouted out as I leaped off the bed towards him. He looked over at me, puzzled, before continuing to piss. Time was running out, valuable dog pee was just going down the drain! I got down on the floor and quickly slid underneath the Rottweiler, moving my mouth in to his stream and opening wide. The salty, sour taste of Romeo's piss washed over my tongue and I began to drink my way to riches. He was well hydrated this time, and there was quite a bit of urine that was now filling my already-full stomach, but I continued to drink until only a dribble from his sheathed cock remained. As I suckled the last few drops from his furry sheath, I rubbed his sides lovingly. "Good

boy Romeo, good boy," I praised. I sat up to face him, "From now on, just pee in my mouth, okay Romeo?" I asked the Rottweiler. He just looked at me with a happy, dumb face and gave me a kiss on my cheek. "I'll take that as a yes!" I laughed and hugged him.

The rest of the day passed by slowly. Food was delivered, and Romeo and I ate together again. After that, without anything else to do, I found myself making out with Romeo for a while, making sure to swallow as much of his saliva as I could. With no clocks, I couldn't tell what time it was or how much time had passed, but I believe that we french kissed for about an hour or so. I was so bored that I would have kissed the dog just to have something to do at that point, even if I wasn't getting paid. But I was getting paid, and so I broke our kiss to engage in some sexual-oral contact, as my captors would put it. I laid kisses down Romeo's body on my way down to his crotch, where I moved past his penis to bring my mouth towards his heavy, lightly furred testicles. I ran my tongue along each heavy, veiny orb methodically, giving each one delicate appreciation. I made a game out of it for myself as I tried to count each wrinkle on his scrotum using what I felt on my tongue. I was at it for a while, but eventually I settled on 72 on the left testicle and 68 for his right.

We had just been lying around all day at that point, so I got up and tried to play with Romeo a bit. Without any toys, it was difficult, so mainly it involved us chasing one another around the large metal room. Eventually our mutual chase led back to the gaudy bed, where we both collapsed onto it with one another and cuddled, rubbing our bodies against one another enthusiastically. His short, warm fur sliding along my body felt incredibly good, like I was huddled against a warm, pleasant, albeit smelly, blanket. With us both naked, my pink flaccid cock and pale balls were sliding and rubbing against Romeo's sheath and testicles as we both wriggled against one another. Cuddling with him this way made me feel small, but in a good way, like I was safe and protected. I smiled and snuggled up against him even harder.

I spoke to Romeo for a while while I caressed him. I talked about how I felt, and how the empty oppressiveness of the room kind of unsettled me whenever I left the bed. I theorized what Marna and Lurdok looked like behind whatever panel they were at, and teased about what perverts they must be for these sex experiments to make them so excited. I even questioned whether they were even actual alien scientists and not just on some mission to film bizarre porn for their alien brethren. Finally, I started talking about my ex, and how bad she broke my heart when she ended things, and how much I missed her for such a long time. And then I looked at Romeo in his big brown eyes, and I felt like I was starting to get over her. I held the dog tightly, happy to have such a good listener with me.

As we rubbed against one another though, I felt something familiar poking out of the dog's sheath. I rubbed against it just a little bit more, grinding my small, pale cock against the slimy and warm appendage that was now poking me. I pulled away for a second to look, and sure enough, Romeo's cock was beginning to get hard again. I got excited and immediately started licking it before realizing that if I left my head down there too long, Romeo might get ahold of it and fuck my face. While I wouldn't mind it, I wanted something different right now.

I gave Romeo a kiss on the cheek before hopping to the edge of the bed and lying on my back, my butt hanging off the side of the heart-shaped bed slightly. I leaned down, grabbing each of my legs and pulling them up and back towards my head so that my legs were in the air and my bare ass, cock, and balls were completely exposed and ready for the taking. "Here, Romeo! Here, boy!" I encouraged him to come over. Romeo walked around the bed for a moment, examining my position, seeming slightly confused. "I want us to be face to face this time," I explained with a shy/lewd grin. After a moment he hopped off the bed and made his way towards my exposed, pink hole. He sniffed at it tentatively, as if making sure that in this new position it was still the same hole that he had fucked before. Taking a few licks to taste, he seemed to realize that it was, and began licking more

fervently like he did before. "Gooooood boy..." I said with a grin.

In the background, I could hear the murmurings of two familiar voices. Marna's voice was able to be heard saying "Hmm? Another mating session has been initiated?"

"Indeed, this time appearing to be initiated by the human, and in a different configuration," noted Lurdok.

Romeo's licking didn't last as long as before, and within a minute he had hopped up into a mounting position, grabbing me in the crooks of my legs for leverage. I guess he figured that I didn't need as much warming up as the first time he fucked me, which was probably true. Using his grip on my legs, he began to rapidly thrust, poking my exposed starfish a few times with his warm, slimy tip but not quite able to get it in. He also jabbed me in the balls again, an experience that seemed to be part of him initiating things. "Come on Romeo, you can do it!" I cheered him on as he humped me.

"This configuration is more difficult for the canine male," Lurdok observed.

"Yes, though we have seen it attempted before by other human subjects. It seems to be intended to emulate the human 'missionary' configuration, the most popular configuration for mating between humans."

Within a few more tries, my cheering proved fruitful, and I felt his slimy tip penetrate my butt. I moaned out loud upon its insertion, and with his cock having found its target, Romeo's jackhammering was now directed precisely into my tight asshole. It still hurt, but not as much as the first time before, especially considering he hadn't rimmed me for nearly as long as he did the first time. I felt his sheath press up against the outside of my hole as his cock expanded deeper into me with each thrust.

With Romeo's body pressed against the back of my legs, I didn't need to hold them up with my arms anymore, and my arms instead wrapped around the rottweiler's muscled, furry shoulders, holding him tight while he fucked me. "Good -mmph- good boy, Romeo! Good boy~" I praised out loud while he bred me. This new position was so much more romantic, and while Romeo was completely focused on pumping in and out of me, I just stared into his big brown eyes.

Each thrust shoved Romeo's cock deeper inside me, inch after inch filling my rectum rapidly. His claws left small scratch marks as they dug into me, using my fleshy glutes as leverage for his merciless fucking. Each thrust he went deeper felt almost overwhelming at this angle, as he was ramming my prostate almost directly each time he slammed in. My small prick was rock hard and leaking precum, bobbing back and forth violently as the dog rocked my body. Romeo's pumping didn't let up, and before long he was slamming his full 8 inches of dog cock into my guts, stretching my asshole painfully around the thick rod that was sodomizing me.

While I kept my eyes on his face, he was looking open-mouthed, his head surveying the room around us as he fucked me. It must have been some animalistic instinct, like he was checking out the room for dangers while he bred his mate. It was strange how different Romeo acted compared to how humans did it, though. However, I guess I must have seemed pretty strange to him, too.

Thinking about the differences in Romeo's behavior quickly fell by the wayside, as I found myself clinging tightly to the dog with my arms as I held on for dear life. His long, thick cock was hitting deep inside me again, rearranging my guts as he fucked me. My whole body was rocked by his frantic fucking, my penis and balls bobbing around erratically with each thrust of his inside me. Soon, I felt his knot knocking against my asshole like before, and I consciously tried to relax to allow him inside me. Even when I tried, though, it wasn't loose enough for him to fit in. He slammed his

cock in me, hard, the knot pounding at the entrance to my body. I felt his thrusts get harder, his body demanding that his cock be accommodated by me.

With a powerful slam, Romeo broke through my body's natural defenses, forcing his thick knot past my clenched anus and into my colon. I gritted my teeth while he stretched me wide for a moment before being swallowed up by me. The moment his full knot entered me, Romeo was very deep inside, so much that it felt like his cock was jamming up directly against my prostate. The pressure became too much, and staring into the Rottweiler's dozey eyes I began to ejaculate all over myself hands-free. My mouth opened, and I moaned out, "Romeooo-mmm" as his tongue entered my mouth and we kissed. He was cumming inside me, spurting watery semen into my guts as my orgasming body spasmed around his cock. My arms and legs, which were already tightly wrapped around the hound, squeezed him intimately. I wanted to be as close as possible with him in this moment. I closed my eyes tight, not thinking about anything other than feeling him and kissing him and how he made me feel and holding on to each moment.

Minutes passed as our embrace wore on. Fervent tongue swirling slowed down into a relaxed tempo as we kissed lovingly, his saliva pouring into my mouth as I swallowed intermittently. My firm grip on the Rottweiler loosened and turned into gentle petting, my hands running along his lovely shoulders. The raging lust at the height of my orgasm turned into a calmer carnal embrace, though Romeo was still unloading his sperm into my asshole.

We laid like that for a while longer, tied together by his knot while he ejaculated into me. Romeo was still grinding a bit in me, rocking his fully inserted cock while my asshole was clamped around the base. With me wrapped around this strong Rottweiler, I felt safe again like I did earlier, though I wasn't sure how Romeo felt about me. I knew he liked the way I made his dick feel, but other than that, was he running through his doggy brain? He definitely didn't view me as his master, and he was definitely not my pet. Did he view me the way he'd view a female mate in heat? Or did he view me as a beta male that he was exerting dominance over? These questions floated through my mind as Romeo began to soften inside me, indicating he'd be pulling out shortly. All I knew for certain was that I was feeling as in love with Romeo as I did with any partner before, maybe even more so. I brought my face next to his ear and whispered, "I love you, Romeo," and gave him a peck on the cheek, which seemed oddly shy considering he was knotted in me. But confessing feelings always made me shy, and I pulled my face back so I was face to face with my mate.

"Do you, um, feel the same way?" I asked pensively. It was so stupid, but I was actually kind of nervous as to what his response would be. After staring each other in the eyes for what felt like a long time, he stuck his tongue out and dragged it across my face, from my lip to my forehead. I had the biggest, cheesiest grin on my face. It was probably just Romeo being the kiss-happy pooch that he was since I met him, but I took this kiss to mean he loved me too. I kissed him on the mouth, opening my own so that we French kissed hard.

We made out until he softened enough to pull out of me, which he did with a light pop sound as he removed his deflated knot from my warm hole. I felt a little empty without it now, but as I shifted around I was reassured by the warm sloshing of Romeo's cum that was sitting heavily in my guts. Even if we weren't making love, I could feel the product of his love inside me. I moved to face Romeo, and saw him licking himself clean once again. As a sign of our feeling for one another, I figured the least I could do was assist him.

"Here, let me help..." I said as I stuck my tongue out and placed it on his soft cock. Only about five inches were out at the moment, but I wanted every inch clean for him. I mean, isn't doing favors something that couples do for each other? Romeo and I licked his cock clean together, our tongues occasionally touching, but not getting distracted with a kiss. His cock tasted a little more bitter than

usual, probably from my asshole, but there was thankfully no poop or anything like that on it. Just pink, shrinking dog cock, which I happily planted kisses on between licks as Romeo eventually retreated fully into his sheath.

Even though I had helped lick him clean, I felt like I could still show some more gratitude. I thought for a second about how I'd want to be appreciated after I'd given dick as good as Romeo had, and a great idea popped into my mind. Keeping my face near the Rottweiler's crotch, I began to lick his testicles appreciatively. His big, round orbs were covered in a thick layer of wrinkly skin, with fur around the edges to mark where ballsack became belly. I stuck out my tongue once again and ran it along each testicle like I did earlier. But this time, it was out of gratitude and love, not just for money. I tried to see if I could remember the amount of wrinkles, 72 for the left and 68 for the right, and sure enough that's how many I felt using the length of my pink, delicate tongue.

While I licked, I moved my eyes towards Romeo's head to see how he was enjoying this treatment. When I looked at him, though, I realized that he had fallen asleep. At first, I was a little offended. I mean, here I was, giving him this amazing treatment of licking his cock and balls clean after I let him fuck me, and he can't even be bothered to stay awake for it? Was I doing something wrong?

But then I realized that him being asleep was a good thing, actually. It was a sign of love and trust, that he trusted me enough to have me lick his balls properly without him needing to be awake to adjust or correct me. Plus, it must have been so pleasing and relaxing for him that he fell asleep, which is pretty much the biggest compliment he could give me, really. I smiled to myself at the thought that I was making this big oaf happy, and kept licking his balls to help give him some pleasant dreams before I fell asleep myself.