

"No! For the final time, I told you, I do not dabble in trinkets or gifts!" The elderly woman barked at her interviewer, infuriated. The director raised his arms up in defeat and called for a 15 minute break. They'd been at this all day. Everyone was beginning to feel the effects of fatigue from this extended and troublesome interview.

Travis sighed. He worked as a cameraman for a local tv station, currently in the process of filming an extended piece on local businesses in a dying district. Their director had a personal stake in this. His goal was to highlight the value of these small businesses, lest the entire block was sold to the city, and be turned into one of the many fast-food franchises or money loaning establishments that littered every other street corner.

Most of the proprietors were kind, easy to work with, thankful that a news station was so readily willing to showcase their struggles and daily lives. The final subject of the piece, however, was something else. An elderly lady, she ran a shop of what she called "mystic artifacts", powerful items with healing properties, luck enhancing, and in general, merchandise riddled with other buzzwords of the like. All a great marketing scheme, he was certain.

Hell, if Travis didn't know any better, he'd say she was a witch. But, of course, such things did not inhabit the real world. Though if any did, none fit the stereotype better than this woman!

"And you!" She yelled, looking over at Travis, breaking him from his reverie. "Make sure you are performing your duties adequately. I do not have all day to waste on such trivialities such as excessive reshoots!"

That did it. "What a bitch", Travis muttered under his breath. Usually, he had trained himself to be professional, to keep his composure around even the most difficult of talent. But this old bat had pushed his buttons too much. He wasn't sure if it was the summer heat, long hours, or the constant two days of this woman

complaining. But the words had just casually slipped out, surely auditable to even her frail ears.

"I beg your pardon!?" The old woman cried, charging at him with a fury in her eyes.

"I called you a selfish bitch!" Travis yelled back, not thinking. The instant the words were out of his mouth, he regretted it. It was loud enough for everyone in the studio to hear, and even in such a regularly stressful environment, such an outburst could get him terminated on the spot.

To his surprise, however, the woman resumed her calm. She didn't flinch, simply relaxed her muscles, closed her eyes, and began muttering something indecipherable under her breath. Travis couldn't make it out very well, but from what he could discern, it wasn't English.

"Hey, look, I'm sorry," Travis started, feeling ashamed of himself. She was crazy, to be sure, but he had gone too far. He felt momentary concern; he didn't want to cause too much stress with her obvious advanced age. There was a chance she could lose her livelihood, enough to make even the most lucid individual do unwarranted things. She had every right to feel the way she did, as hard as it made things on everyone else.

The old woman suddenly opened her eyes, and for a brief moment, Travis could have sworn he saw them glow bright red, but quickly chalked it up to a trick of the light.

"You mock my business and my way of life. Let your words hold true, not for me, but for you," she muttered and turned to walk away, a confidence in her stride that was previously absent.

Travis stared absently ahead, unsure what to make of the situation. In his stupor, he hardly noticed that his director, accompanied by several onlookers, had come to investigate the source of the disturbance.

"What the hell were you thinking?" Travis's director yelled, taking him aside out of earshot of the rest of their staff. "I should fire you on the spot! You're lucky if she doesn't file a harassment suit!"

Travis responded to the onslaught with a series of carefully crafted "yes sirs," and "I understand, it won't happen again." In truth, he was thankful to keep his job. It was painfully hard to find steady employment in his field, and he'd been lucky to obtain this position. He counted his blessings to only have been let off with a stern warning.

The rest of the day passed slowly, painfully dragging on as Travis was forced to finish up his shift. He felt unusually warm all over, his body twitching with consistent aches and pains. Travis thought it had been the stress and the fear of termination, but as the hours wore on, it was obvious his body was in agony. Was he coming down with a bug?

He itched fiercely, as though his clothes were in desperate need of a wash. Something in their studio stank, as though sweat and body odors permeated his nostrils much more aggressively than usual. His nose was runny, and he had to stop his work several times to rub or blow it, surprised at how cold and moist it felt. He planned to call in sick the next day.

Travis wandered home, unable to get the old woman's words out of his head. So what if he'd called her a bitch!? It was not the kindest business, and she really hadn't done anything to warrant more polite behavior. She should have been more thankful they had bothered to do a piece on her establishment in the first place! And where did his director get off by nearly firing him on the spot? The woman was hardly a high-profile subject.

Irritated thoughts racing through his head, Travis hardly noticed a young man carrying groceries as he slammed into him forcefully, knocking one of the bags to the ground. Frustrated, the man grabbed at his purchases before glaring up at Travis, a quick, "Hey, watch it!" passing through his lips. Travis simply growled, baring his canines in fury. How dare this man to encroach on his personal space!

The man gasped, shocked by the sight of the sharpened canines and the brief gold flecks in Travis's eyes. He quickly grabbed his things and dashed off, leaving Travis dazed and confused. Why had he been so short-tempered? Travis was more at fault than that man for his daydreaming. He clearly needed a good night's sleep. He planned to pass out the moment he reached his apartment, hoping the rest would help his tired and aching body.

The pains plaguing him at work had only intensified on the journey home. He skipped his usual shower and supper, longing only for the comfort of his bed in his well air-conditioned apartment. He was asleep before his head hit the pillow, the aches and pains in his body a distant memory as he drifted off.

Yet Travis slept poorly that night, haunted by vivid dreams. He kept flashing back to the events of the day, seeing the old woman's face blazing with anger. The more Travis stared at her weathered visage, the more fearful he became. Had he done something to displease her?

He felt deeply ashamed of himself, that he could have betrayed his master's trust in such a way. He fell to the ground writhing, as though begging to receive attention from a master that had forsaken him. He panted heavily, his body flushed with heat, begging for his torment to end. It was as though the guilt he felt had manifested in physical form. He felt off somehow with a dreadful sense of dysphoria, as though his entire being was WRONG. He couldn't serve his master like this! Huh, master? Was that right?

A sour smell suddenly hit his nostrils. The woman had another pet, another beast to serve her. Was this his replacement? No, this male's scent was also

somehow recognizable and brought with it deeper stirrings of lust, reawakening the agony in his loins. He raised his ass up in the air, begging to submit, to earn his place in the pack and please his master and alpha. He felt the male's tongue against his backside, bringing with it the blessed promise of home and belonging.

The male's member entered him, opening him up fully in a way that was both familiar and alien all at once. He wasn't sure WHERE the magnificent beast had penetrated. All he knew was how good, how RIGHT it was to have his insides explored. To feel the male's weight on his back, satisfying his lusts. He yipped in joyous rapture, his entire being caved around the magnificent rod, submitting himself fully...

He awoke with a cold sweat, arousal burning in his loins. Why had he been so turned on by such a bizarre sequence of events? It was demeaning beyond all reason. He'd never had inklings of being bestial before! Travis sat up in bed, trying to wake up from his deep sleep, to allow the fog of his dream to lift so that he might come back to his senses. Yet even after several minutes passed, he could not shake the feeling of lusty haze that covered his thoughts.

If anything, the cravings he'd felt only grew intensified. Travis tried to ignore it, but the agony in his crotch was deeper than anything he'd never recalled. The air in the bedroom stank of sweat, but there was something else there, pungent and offensive to his human senses yet strangely alluring. It was like a heavy musk, thick and sweet, and it clearly seemed to be coming from him.

He looked down at himself, expecting to find the shape of his member tenting his boxer shorts. To his shock, he saw the familiar bulge was absent, but more alarming was that his boxes were soaked through with something more than just sweat. Had he finished himself during the dream? How was that possible when he was still so damn horny!

Tentatively, he reached down under the fabric to rub at his sex. The touch was electric; Travis moaned the instant his hand came into contact with the flesh of

his groin. Yet quickly, he yelled out as something sharp had grazed his sensitive flesh. Were his nails really that pointed? He was sure they'd been trim earlier that day!

More carefully this time, he reached further into his soaked underwear, desperate for that excitement to return. Instead of the familiar sensation of his erect member, his hands fell upon something moist and deep. He pulled his underwear down suddenly, desperate to see what fate had befallen his manhood.

He was not prepared for the sight awaiting him. The familiar tip of his cock head was almost gone, sunken into a larger slit or cleft that reminded him of a vulva. His cock appeared to be nestled in a tiny fold of skin just above it and was steadily shrinking before his eyes. His crotch ached fiercely, and he was overcome with an intense desire to be penetrated, to be filled. The smells wafting up from his groin were intoxicating. It was all Travis could do from sticking his hand deep into the moist cavern and give in to the temptation of his shifting flesh.

He forced himself to his feet, hands shaking steadily at his sides. As eager as he was to sink his growing nails into his moist flesh, Travis needed to know what fate had befallen the rest of his form. He slowly made his way over the bathroom mirror, despite the concern for what he might find.

Gone was the familiar visage he'd seen so many times before. His features were sharper, more angular and strangely pronounced. It was as though his face had begun to press out slowly, extending his jawline. His nose had grown thicker and had darkened beyond the skin tone of the rest of his face. In fact, it appeared almost black and moist. His face, too, seemed darker somehow.

A quick brush against his checks denoted something soft, fine, almost like dozens of tiny hairs had erupted in a fine layer across parts of his face. He gasped as he saw his teeth; his canines had extended and were decidedly more pointed, as were the rest of his incisors and even his molars. His eyes, too, had not escaped change. The irises had widened, the familiar green darkening into a muddy brown.

His back itched fiercely as what he knew to be thick black fur continued erupting all over his body. He scratched at himself in vain, trying to relieve the irritation but once again injured himself with those new thick nails. He carefully inspected his hands, seeing nails that had clearly thickened and darkened beyond what he was familiar with. His fingers seemed somehow shorter as well, stubby and bulbous and losing their normal range of flexibility. In particular, his thumbs had receded further up his wrist than he'd preferred to see.

It suddenly dawned on him that he had developed canine features, as though he was turning into some sort of dog. A bitch, if his strange genitalia were any indication. How was this possible? His thoughts raced back to the shop owner he'd insulted yesterday. Had she cursed him somehow? Travis would have thought such notions impossible, but he could not deny the changing features that even now were slowly creeping over his body. At this rate, it wouldn't be long before the changes were complete.

His only hope was to track down the woman from the occult shop, the one who had to be responsible for this. He tried to pull on his shirt and pants, but his arms felt stiff and sore, and he had difficulty making them cooperate. He was finally able to force a shirt up over his restricted arms, hating how loose and baggy it fell on his much thinner body. His pants were also a struggle, and he barely managed to fasten his belt with the furthestmost notch. Still, the jeans were loose and threatened to fall off his thinner waist with every step.

He barely managed to step into his shoes, his feet swollen and shrunken as they were. He walked carefully, aware of an arch of his foot and of his claws rubbing against the sole of his shoe, making movement slow and painful. His pointed toenails made socks out of the question. A pair of sunglasses to cover his canine eyes completed the charade as he left the apartment, struggling to work the doorknob but finally able to let himself out into the early morning light.

He staggered out into the street, sunlight stinging his eyes even though the prescription shades. He hunched down, partially to relieve the tension in his back but also to avoid too much suspicion. Thankfully there weren't too many people on foot today, though he was sure he attracted a few stares and scowls from passing motorists. It didn't matter. If he didn't reach his destination soon, he wouldn't be human enough to carry such concerns. He moved as fast as he could, careful not to let his shoes slide off his and expose his changing hind paws.

Travis had difficulty maintaining his course as he used his phone's GPS to guide him to the old woman's shop. The entire city was ripe with odors, far more pungent to his changed senses. It was as though he'd been blind all his life and was suddenly granted sight. He could smell people, cars, animal odors, a million scents that threatened sensory overload. Each scent triggered a yearning in his brain that hadn't been present previously, a desire to seek out and sate some newly developed canine instinct in his brain.

He tried his best to keep his head down, to focus on his phone's screen. It became painful as his eyesight dimmed, not at all adapted to stare at brightly lit screens. And it was increasingly difficult to maintain his grip on the device. The palms of his hands felt hard and calloused as if he'd been working long hours exposed to cold. His fingers were steadily retreating into his palms, and his arms were also shorter. His thumbs, in particular, were much further up than he'd remembered, and he was barely able to keep the tip of the retreating digit on the phone and maintain his precarious hold. Without it, he had no hope of reaching the witch's shop and regaining his humanity.

His clothes hung around him like loose rags as he heard his form continue to crack and groan. He struggled desperately to maintain his stride, lest his clothes fall off him uselessly, and expose his nakedness. It was becoming more and more difficult to remain standing on two legs.

On top of everything else, Travis felt a strange protrusion from his backside pressing tightly against the back of his pants. With a little effort, he found he could

wag the strange attachment back and forth. He had a fucking tail! It was short and stubby and combined with the short black fur conjured images of Dobermans. Was that the breed of dog he would soon be?

Suddenly he tripped on a raised patch of sidewalk, and his poor grip sent his mobile device flying. He tried to catch it but was unable to react fast enough with his restricted fingers and arms. With a horrifying crash, the phone hit the ground, shards of glass around the former screen the result of a heavy impact on the cement sidewalk. He desperately struggled over to it, tried to pick it up in hopes it still functioned. Yet even after several attempts could not get his stubby fingers around the thin casing. He howled in frustration, a distinct canine sound escaping his expanding muzzle. The sound terrified him, made his goal of getting help and becoming human again more urgent.

Travis tried his best to get his bearings, to recall how much further he had to go from memory. However, with steadily decreasing eyesight, he found the task of orientating himself nearly impossible. He tried desperately to recall where he'd been, how much further he had to go. With his changed senses, it was nearly impossible to focus on the task at hand. He tried his best to muddle forward, hoping to God he was going in the right direction.

Soon a particular scent caught his attention, stronger than all the others. His crotch ached and leaked, his body filled with lust as visions of male Dobermans humping him clouded his judgment. He struggled to maintain focus on his goal, but the scent overpowered his being. He tried to continue on his path, but a part of him knew he was drifting ever slightly in the direction of the intoxicating aroma.

He knew people were staring at him from the odors of confusion and disgust brought on by the sight of a fur-covered hunched over man, wearing clothes several sizes too big. With a sigh, he resigned himself. His paws could no longer hold up the slipping band of his jeans, and he allowed them to fall to the ground, exposing his nakedness for all the world. He slipped out of his shirt and dropped to all fours, finding the position alarmingly comfortable. Travis began running,

knowing he was much more canine than human, that he could easily pass for a stray dog if he ran fast enough.

He ran and ran, painfully aware of the advancing changes as they overtook what little vestiges of humanity he had remaining. Thin black fur marched relentlessly over his skin, while his human hair fell from his head in clumps. His legs popped and snapped, settling him firmly into his quadrupedal stance. His face ached, his jaw still mostly human but steadily pressing outward, bringing him closer and closer to his impending canine fate. His panting tongue and sharp teeth were much more befitting the dog he was to be. His ears sat pointed and furry, reorientated to the top of his shifting skull as he did his best to block out the myriad of intense sound that threatened to overwhelm his dwindling humanity.

At last, somehow, he'd made it to his destination. There was no denying that he was in the right place. The rundown neighborhood and the worn-down sign at the outside of the occult shop gave it away. He reached the door, trying to stand on his hind paws to open it, with little effect. To his surprise, the door opened, as though someone within had been expecting him. Travis raced inside, desperate for a cure before he changed completely.

"Ahh, I see you found your new home," the old woman sneered, gazing down at the now mostly Doberman that had just yesterday been the cameraman filming her. Travis couldn't make out her face very well, but her voice had been etched into his memory. The scent of her seemed somewhat familiar and brought with it recollections of the dream, of his master...

He shook his heavy head a few times, trying his best to maintain focus on the task at hand. "Pleasse, herllp meeerr..." Travis growled, the words coming out thick and guttural, ending with a distinctive canine whine. He tried to speak again, but the words faded into a series of canine growls. He closed his muzzle, embarrassed at his stolen ability to verbalize.

"I'm sorry I had to do that, but you needed to be taught a lesson. It's one that I seldom share with mortals, or at least in a way they will be able to share with the rest of the world. Still, perhaps you are sorry. I will give you a choice. Leave here before your transformation is complete, and you will slowly return to your human form. In about the time it took you to arrive here, I would say. Granted, you'll be without clothing, but such is a small price to pay."

"Should you choose to stay, however, you will take the place of one of my loyal guardians. Protecting my establishment from thieves and interlopers as it were. You'll have the chance to meet your assistant in that endeavor momentarily. Here, boy!" She yelled, and Travis could plainly hear the distinct padding of canine footsteps from the back of the building.

Is it really so easy? Travis wondered. He turned quickly, desperate to leave the store, to begin feeling his body change back. To hell with his nudity! He could deal with that when the time came. Better that than the rest of his life as a dog, a pet!

Noticing the door had been closed behind him, he reared up on all fours, trying in vain to work the handle with his now fully formed paws. Try as he might, the useless appendages provided no resistance for which to work the knob. Travis fell over once again, determined to think up a new strategy.

An overpowering scent wafted in from the room, and Travis turned back in horror to see a very large and very male Doberman standing beside his...no their...master, sniffing cautiously at the new female that had entered his territory. He started to growl and bark at the intruder, but the scent of canine heat made him pause. Swiftly he moved in, sniffing the glands on Travis's backside and pressing his wet nose into Travis's changed sex.

Travis growled, unaccustomed to the feeling of being touched in his nethers. He wanted to run, to attempt to open the door once again, but the thick male musk froze him in place. Travis drank in the savory scent, his own crotch oozing fluids,

desperate to be penetrated, to be filled. He tried frantically to hold on to an image of humanity, of his goal, but the offer before him was too enticing. Would it really be so bad to give in, to serve his master and potential new mate?

His thoughts raced back to the dream, to the eternal bliss he felt being tied to a male, to know his master was pleased with him. The sensations were far beyond his comprehension as a human. The simple joy of living, of existing to please others, was more than his human psyche could comprehend. Slowly, he relaxed his body, raising his stubby tail, allowing the male a better vantage to scent his dripping sex.

He looked up at the eyes of the old woman, whom he now felt to be his owner. Seeing only acceptance and approval, he lowered himself, fanning his pheromones towards the equally horny male. With a swift motion, Travis felt the weight of the Doberman on his back and the enticing feel of the male's member on his slick opening. Travis pushed back against the intrusion, desperate to be penetrated, to be fucked.

At last, the male hit his mark, and Travis felt himself being opened fully as the male pushed in and began eagerly humping away. The sensations of pleasure emanating from his sex were indiscernible in human terms. He felt whole, complete, fulfilled in a way he'd never dreamed possible. He had his master, his mate, and was moments away from being filled with life-giving seed. What more could he need?

The male's weight on his back brought him a sense of familiarity, of pack, and he readily pushed himself into the fucking. He matched the dog thrust for thrust as he felt the weighty balls slapping against his backside and the secondary pressure of something else, something bigger seeking entry.

Slowly his human thoughts began to fade, replaced by instinct and drives that befit his new shape. His form had since given up the last traces of its humanity, fur covering skin, muzzle pushed out to its final length, pointed ears sitting proudly

atop his head. He felt himself float away as the cascading sensations from his pussy washed over him, triggering the onset of his first female orgasm. He whined and barked, his contractions triggering an intense stiffening within his mate's member as he too yowled and barked and spilled his seed deep inside his new bitch. Travis collapsed, fully the Doberman bitch, tied with her new mate she allowed herself to drift off into animalistic bliss...

The old woman looked down at her beasts, tied together and resting in blissful peace. The male, too, was once human, though he had accepted his fate readily upon learning of her prowess. He had served as her loyal guardian ever since and had no desire to return to humanity. The new bitch seemed content as well, traces of his humanity removed at the exposure of the bliss his canine form could bring. Perhaps she would change him back in time, once he'd delivered several litters of profitable puppies. It was likely he'd learned his lesson, and she could easily wipe all traces of her magic from his mind. However, he seemed happy and content at his new fate. Perhaps he had been fate to be a bitch all along, and her spell was a gift to bring forth his true form.