

The sound of barking from outside wakes you up with an irritated groan. You realize your neighbor has brought over her German Shepherd for you to walk far too early for your liking. Wincing internally, you force yourself out of bed, throwing on your clothes haphazardly. You hate getting up early, but it is a small price to pay for keeping your parents off your back for a while, at least.

At age 20, you've been living at home ever since you flunked out of your first semester of college. Naturally, your parents aren't too thrilled with you. There is constant pressure for you to either get a job or re-enroll in college again. But you still have no idea what you want to do. Certainly not live at home or get a minimum wage job flipping burgers for the rest of your life. But, for now, staying here is the best option for you to figure out your next step.

When your parents asked you to walk the neighbor's dog every morning, you realized that you couldn't say no. You didn't mind the dog, not really. He was a German Shepherd, a bit too high-energy for you despite his age. And there was something mournful in his expression that made you uneasy. Still, it was easy enough work and it kept the parents pleased to be helping out your neighbor.

You take his leash and collar from your neighbor as she bids you goodbye and heads back toward her car. She was a businesswoman and never had the time to take her beloved pet for his morning walk. She'd had him as long as you could remember, yet he never seemed any worse for wear from his age. For a purebred German Shepherd, that was rather impressive. You were sure he was past the age that most German Shepherds lived, but that didn't make you question things too much in the end.

You head out for your walk, noticing the dog tugging rather insistently on his leash. He normally isn't so eager for his morning walks. You figure he must have caught the particular scent of something that you couldn't see. You pay his eagerness no mind as you reach down for your phone and your headphones, having forgotten to do so before you started the walk. To your horror, you feel a sudden, sharp tugging on the leash just as it rips from your hands. Raising your head, you are just in time to see the dog taking off down the street at full speed. You try to grab him but it is too late. You race to follow him but you are rather out of shape and don't make it very far before the dog disappears into the woods.

With that, you do your best to look all over the neighborhood for him, despite not being terribly invested. Still, you feel a little guilty. You even wander around the woods, calling his name though get no response. Eventually, you find the remains of his collar and leash, evidently having been chewed off. It seemed unlikely the dog would know how to do that himself, and you

worry he might have been attacked by an animal. But there are no signs of blood anywhere or any other evidence of that outcome.

Defeated, you get back to your house a few hours later, having given up. It seemed that the dog was now long gone with no inkling of returning. Angrily, you think of all the scoldings that you will receive upon returning. It wasn't your fault, not really. Your neighbor should have trained her animal better!

As you reach your house you notice with some alarm that your neighbor's car is back in the driveway earlier than you expected. Best to face the music now. You walk up and knock on the door, feeling a little nervous as you do. You don't really want her to be mad at you, all your bravado aside. She was always a little kind to you, after all, and you didn't want anything to happen to the dog.

She opens the door with a confused expression that soon turns to anger as she inspects the empty collar and leash. Yet her facial features soften after a few moments and she invites you inside, assuring you that such a thing can happen and that she isn't angry. She then closes the door behind you and motions you to come into the living room to tell her what happened.

You regale the tale, emphasizing how hard you looked to find him. "I wish I could do something to help you find your dog," you say with honesty as you take a seat in the easy chair. You really do feel guilty about the whole thing, fault or no.

"Not to worry, I think you'll be able to help me find my dog," your neighbor says as she ducks out of the room. Wanting to question her on it, you instead decided to wait until she gets back. You start going over the areas you searched in your mind, the last place you'd seen him, the area where you found the collar and leash. You really do want to help in her search. Maybe she will drive around to find him, and you can accompany her on the search, you reason.

Just then you feel something odd in the air, a crackle of electricity that seems out of place indoors. Confused, you turn around to see your neighbor brandishing an old book as she points at you, muttering a few words in a language that you don't understand. At that, you swear you can feel something surge through you, like a bit of that energy. Suddenly, you then feel strange, a bit dizzy. Maybe you are just tired, your panicked mind reasons?

The tip of your nose begins to tingle and you reach up reflexively to touch it. To your surprise, the smooth skin feels coarse and rough. The texture of your nose suddenly starts to feel cool and damp. As you cross your eyes you can see a brown spot covering the tip that soon

spreads across its surface. Pulling out your phone and turning on the selfie function, you stare in shock at your changing nose. To your horror, it seems to be looking more like the nose of an animal!

Panic starts to flood your thoughts. Your face feels numb as your entire jaw starts to stretch out, forcing your nose to merge with your lip. You watch in your phone's camera, stunned as your lips start to turn black and your teeth steadily become sharper. An ache in your gumline indicates that more are tearing their way through in the back of your stretching muzzle. What is going on?

You look up in shock at your neighbor, expecting the same level of panic at your alarming alterations. Yet to your dismay, your neighbor is just watching you with a smile on her face. "I'll have to think of a new name for you. Calling you Rick won't do. People will be confused if I suddenly have a new dog with your name. But then again, no one will be able to find you regardless!" She says, laughing a little.

You want to respond but a strange tingling in your hands catches your words in your throat. Gazing down in trepidation, you watch as your palms begin to darken and grow rough while the backs of your hands start to itch. The woman's words still ring in your ears. How can she be changing you like this? Why is she doing this to you?

"Let me go! Please! I won't tell anyone you're a...you can do this! Please!" You yell, clearly frightened by your predicament.

Your neighbor reaches out to rub the hair on your head. "I can and I did. I need a new dog, and you did say you would help," she says, in a sickeningly sweet voice that leaves you nauseated. Your eyes go wide as tears well up in them. You start to realize with a certain dread that she is a witch and she has no intention of letting you go!

An unknown pain in your back causes you to reach down and rub the area above your rear. It feels like your spine is trapped in there, pushing against your pants. The ache rapidly starts to intensify as the thing sticking out of your spine grows longer and thicker. You start to whimper from the agony in a voice that is not your own. The pitiful sounds coming from your mouth sound more and more like the cries of a distressed dog!

Panic starts to set in as the reality of your situation becomes clear. Somehow, beyond means you understand, you are changing into the woman's new dog. Your cry out in horror, your voice distorted further as your muzzle continues to lengthen.

“Help...rrff...!” You you rrran’t do this to me!” You yell in vain as the woman, now obviously a witch, reaches over to pull down your pants. You cry out as your new massive German Shepherd's tail starts tearing through the weakening fabric of your undies and bursts forth from the hole it has made.

“What a good dog you’ll me,” the witch says as she starts to rub the top of your head. “Don’t worry, master loves you. Master’s going to take care of you from now on.”

You shudder as her touch sends twinges of magic running through the top of your head. You can feel your hair starting to get shorter, thinning out as something starts poking up underneath. Frightened, you reach up with your hand in time to feel the beginnings of a canine fur coat, the same one that you’d touched every time you took her previous dog for a walk. You really were becoming her new dog!

A terrifying thought crosses your mind just then. Was that dog once human like you? Was that why he ran? Did the witch have a captive as a dog for all of these years? Then, did that mean that you were meant to replace him? How could did woman be so sadistic as to do this to a human being?

Tears are running down your face as you do your best not to whimper. You can’t stand the sounds of canine cries in between your human ones. Yet, your resistance does little to hinder the changes. You can feel the skin around your eyes begin to itch as brown and black hairs cover the surface. You wince as your eyes begin to blur and the colors of the room start to appear washed out. A moan does escape your lips, a canine tone lamenting all that you have lost and what you stand to lose if the changes are allowed to continue.

Next, your ears itch as the tips become pointed and covered in a fine coat of canine hair. You reach up to touch them, feeling them growing longer and crawling up the sides of your head. At your insistence, they start to twitch, making you whine at their lack of humanity. Your nose is black in front of your face now, and to your horror, the scents of the room begin wafting in. You can smell the remnants of baked foods, meats, and other things you can only guess at. Some are much stronger than others, and you realize you can tell how recent they are. A myriad of other scents begin to wash over you, and you almost gag from the sheer quality of dust, dandruff, leather, cleaning supplies, even some mildew. You shake your head, trying to forcibly remove the scents. You aren’t a dog! You can’t let yourself get distracted by smells like one!

A groan escapes your growing muzzle as it starts to poke into your field of view. Yet, you are helpless to affect the changes as you feel your jaw crunch forward and your teeth growing longer inside your new muzzle. Your nose itches as tiny thick hairs sprout out around the tip.

Your tongue feels flatter as it expands to take up the new space in your growing mouth. More fur spreads over your muzzle as the thing gets longer and longer in front of your face. You stare in horror at the foreign object in front of you, a canine muzzle that no human should have!

“Please...I don't wanna be a dog...” You whine pitifully, embarrassed by the sounds coming from your growing muzzle. This can't be real, you think. You can't have a muzzle. Can't have fur and fangs and a tail. There's no way people can turn into dogs. Yet the alien sensations only grow worse and worse, like a nightmare you can't wake up from.

The witch simply laughs at your plight. “Silly boy! Dogs don't speak English! Let's get that voice of yours changed to match your new role,” she says as she lowers her hand to your still-growing muzzle. She reaches in and grabs your tongue, pulling it out to its full canine length. It doesn't hurt, but the feeling is nonetheless disturbing as your cries of terror change completely into canine whines and barks. You try in vain to yell further but the only sounds that come out of your muzzle are canine!

“There, that's better, boy! Now other humans won't be able to understand you. Of course, your mommy can understand your canine speech perfectly!” She says as she rubs the top of your head. Your forehead begins to slope and your ears finish moving on their own atop your head. Your hearing is enhanced as well, every bird, every car, and insect outside coming to your attention. The sensory overload is almost too much!

You whine and beg to the witch. Plead for her to turn you back. You've learned your lesson. You admit you should have been more careful. That losing her dog was all your fault. She just smiles and accepts your apology. Admits that her last dog didn't truly love his master. But, she knows you are a good dog, and that you will be better for your new master. Wait, master? No! You don't want to be her pet!

With the last of your humanity, you struggle with your phone, trying to call for help. But the witch just takes your hands in hers and begins to rub them. In horror, you can feel the canine hairs sprouting up all over the surface as the pads on your palms and fingertips get thicker with black rough skin. You can feel your fingernails start to thicken as their translucent pink darkens into a muddled black. Your fingers begin to shorten into your palms as your wrists stretch like putty, pulling your reduced thumbs along with them. To your dismay, your phone falls to the floor with a crunch as the screen breaks. You can't use your hands to grip anymore as the fingers keep sinking into your hands until nothing is left but the front paws of a dog!

“Good dogs have paws. They need them for walking on four legs. You’re a good dog, aren’t you boy? Get down on all fours for me,” the woman says as you feel compelled to lower yourself onto the floor.

You try to fight it but her words are so powerful. Soon, you are down with your new paws on the floor before you realize it. Something is happening to your thighs as they start to flatten and thin, the bones underneath changing with an audible crack. You try to struggle but the changes to your bones readjust your posture. With a sickening crunch, your spine snaps into place, and your four-legged posture becomes permanent!

“That’s my good dog! What a good boy you are!” The witch says as she walks behind you and starts rubbing your back.

You can only groan as your arms start to thin, losing all their fat as your shoulders crunch forward and your chest barrels outwards. You can feel your shoulders flatten and sink into the flanks of your chest. Your stomach starts to thin out as several sensitive spots start to form down its length. You growl as you realize you are growing several more pairs of sensitive nipples over your chest. Yet you can’t even touch them with your new paws!

Meanwhile, the witch is rubbing down your back, cooing, and whispering to you that you are a good dog. You try to struggle but you are forced to stay still as she whispers in your canine ears to call her master now. Despite yourself, your tail starts to wag as she reaches back to touch it, pulling on it as she did your tongue. Your already massive tail is stretched out, covered with the same brown and black fur that adorns your body already.

Next, she reaches down to touch your hips as they contract and start to lose their fat. You whine as her hand touches the backs of your heels and they extend, leaving you standing on tiptoes. You can feel the soles of your feet growing the same pads as your hands. Your toes contract, nails become thick and black. As you adjust your feet from the uncomfortable sensations, the hard click of your canine claws on the floor alerts your ears. Your paw pads thicken and your toes finish contracting, a thick layer of skin growing between them. All you are left with are canine hind paws!

In horror, you realize that the tension in your chest is starting to make your cock grow erect. The sensations of being petted, of changing, and hearing words of praise are making you hard! You want to blush in embarrassment, but you can only whine in your efforts to hide your erection from the witch. Yet the sight of your embarrassing erection is unmistakable!

To your shame, the witch simply reaches down to stroke your underwear, teasing your very erect and still human cock. She pulls them off your canine body, exposing your shame. Yet instead of berating you, she simply whispers softly. “Aww, my poor boy is needy! Let me take care of that for you!”

You bark and whine in fear but you are powerless to stop her from running her hands over your shaft as the shape begins to change. You look down to see your cock turning red as the cleft fades away and the entire tip grows pointed. It shrinks a little, thinning as veins bulge out against the red flesh. You can feel a bit of skin pulled from the head, pooling around the base and slowly crawling up your shaft, the warm flesh attaching it to your stomach. Yet your canine cock is far too hard to be confined in the new sheath as the base starts to bulge out into a canine knot.

You shudder as the witch places a finger in your anus, working it into your pucker and entering the most private of places. The feelings radiate through your body as her magic takes the last remnants of your humanity. She starts to thrust her finger in and out, stimulating your prostate as the pleasure in your balls starts to build. You can feel them move back across your taint, becoming covered with soft brown hairs and filling with canine seed.

You can't hold back. As much as it disgusts you to do something so depraved in front of this woman, the touch of her hands on your prostate and cock is too much. You howl as your cock shakes uncontrollably and shoots a small canine load all over the floor. The orgasmic sensation wracks your body, making you shiver with pleasure, momentarily forgetting the horror of your situation. Yet soon the reality creeps into your bliss-filled mind. The new feelings from your body allow your fate to sink in as the witch finally removes her hands.

Finally, the change is over. You look down at your cracked phone screen, seeing the visage of a dog staring back at you. A long snout, pointed ears, and thick fur. You try to move your arms but stumble forward, finding your range of motion greatly restricted. You try to stand but your hips make it difficult and you quickly fall back onto your front paws. You try to move your fingers but you only have paws now, no more thumbs for gripping or holding. You try to speak but the only sounds that come out of your muzzle are canine barks and whines.

You want to cry but your tear ducts don't allow you to. You can only whimper and whine your sadness as your new master reaches down to comfort you. You are a dog now. You are *her* dog.

“Who's a good boy? Who's my good dog? Yes, it's you! Come get a treat boy! Come sit for master!”

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It has been two days since your humiliating transformation into a two-year-old German Shepherd. Life as a dog is as disgraceful as you could have ever imagined. You are forced to eat canned dog food for each meal, much to your disgust. You must relieve yourself in front of her, to her words of praise. You must lick yourself for cleanliness, much to your eternal disdain. Your 'master', as she forces you to call her, tells you that she will eventually feed you table scraps if you behave 'like a good boy.'

Each day, you do your best to act like a dog, in the hopes that she might turn you back. But much to your despair, you realize that her former dog must have been human as well, and likely had no more choice in his fate than you had. You slowly began to realize you might remain a German Shepherd for the rest of your life. You spend what time you have alone lamenting your fate, almost wishing she would take your mind as well so you could live in blissful animalistic ignorance.

Even worse, you soon find the witch can take control of your body at her whim, forcing you to move as she wills. If you refuse to eat, she forces you, even if you feel like throwing up. If you try to find a more comfortable place to sleep on her couch or bed, she forces you onto the floor, where you have a harder time sleeping. She never lets you outside without a leash. Even though your former home is so close you have no chance to get there, to tell your family where you are. You figure that she would simply use her abilities to stop you, and then punish you for trying something so foolish.

Perhaps the most embarrassing part of being a dog is your daily walks. You hate being outside, hate having to deal with all the smells and sounds that assault your nose. You can barely stand all the things that beg your attention, the signs of other animals, especially other dogs, squirrels, and other things your body longs to chase. The outside world is overwhelming to your changed senses! The worst part is having to relieve yourself out here. You hate having to do your business while the witch watches you, unable to control your need to attend to your bodily functions. Each time you do brings you a deeper sense of shame.

She still mourns the loss of her former canine companion, thinking the two of you would have gotten along well. She had entrusted him to your care after many years of watching his obedience, thinking he would never try to run. But with you, she says she has learned her lesson and plans to 'keep you close to master' so she can take proper care of you. You lament those words, knowing there is little chance of escape or being returned to your former human life with the woman's watchful eye on you.

One day your master is taking you out for a walk when a familiar scent enters your nose. It's not one you've encountered yet. Your mind would have recognized it surely. You look up with your poor eyesight to see your human parents putting up posters you can only assume are missing person signs for you. The witch speaks to them, apologizing for the loss of their son, saying he was out taking her former dog for a walk before the two of them disappeared. They thank her for the sympathy and assure her it wasn't her fault.

She introduces you as her new dog, a two yr old she was planning to get as a companion for her previous dog. You can't believe this opportunity. Your parents have to recognize you!

You bark and whine, telling them that you've been changed into a dog, that you are right here and you need their help. But your parents ignore your pleas. They forgive the dog's insistent barking, knowing he is still young and will get the proper training as he grows. You lament your fate as the witch pulls you away, forcing you to walk in the other direction, no matter how much you want to pull and tug at your leash. How much you need to try and reclaim the one sliver of hope you have at regaining your lost humanity. Yet, your efforts fall on deaf ears.

She whispers one thing in your ears as she guides you away. One last thing that sends shivers of despair through your German Shepard body. "I'm your family now, your master. I'm going to take good care of you from now on."