

Aptly enough, the bar itself was named ‘Hair of the Dog’. For the patrons that were still present at 2 am, no one would be without a hangover in the morning. Everyone was properly shit-faced, and most were still nursing the last of their evening drinks before heading home.

Heading home was the foolish notion they still clung to, even at this late hour. The snow had been coming down hard for hours now, and most patrons had the common sense to leave while it was still possible. Yet, the bar still housed fourteen men and women, all reluctant for the party to stop.

By this time, on a stormy night, the proprietor would have closed shop and sent everyone home hours ago. But this was a special occasion. Lockdowns had been recently lifted from the global pandemic that had kept everyone inside for over a year. All of the patrons had been vaccinated, and there was little risk of viral spread. So, after many months of being kept from their closest friends, everyone was inclined to stay at the pub for as long as possible

Even driving snow was not enough to keep these dedicated few from celebrating their newfound freedom. Not the lack of shovels to dig out buried cars, or the absence of plows on the road to keep the streets clean. Not even the shutdown of taxi services was noticed by the patrons, who were drinking and eating and cheering on the latest contracted sports games, which were now safe to play in front of a live audience.

Naturally, when realizing it might not be till morning when they could be dug out, the fourteen remaining patrons were extremely irate. Most were drunk out of their wits, and many were already feeling the pains of dehydration that came with a night of overindulgence. All were wanting to go home and crawl into bed and sleep off the night. Yet, stuck as they were, the only places they could pass out were the benches and tables at which they were sat.

Thankfully, the bartender and owner had a knack for solving such issues. Pulling out a series of bottles from under the counter, he announced in a loud voice that he had a ‘hair of the dog remedy for the hangovers they were all sure to receive. They could stay in the open establishment until the roads were plowed and the taxis resumed service. Best of all, he offered these new drinks at no additional charge. The party could go on!

He went from table to table, pouring each a different mix of a potent smelling cocktail. Many of the customers grimaced at the odor but were assured that the taste would grow on them, and it would ease them painlessly into their sobriety. Each took their drink in kind, thankfully for the free booze and the hangover reprieve that it would grant them!

Derek was out with his brother, Justin, meeting with their significant others for the first time in two months. Hailee and Sarah both lived in different cities and had only met once on a double date with the brothers. Yet, they were close enough friends now that they rented a hotel together to stay while they met with their prospective lovers.

Both Derek and Hailee were handed a unique concoction, as were Justin and Sarah. Each offered to let their compatriots taste the other beverage, but were quickly shushed by the bartender, who heard them over the cacophony of cheers and laughter. He assured them that mixing the drinks would be ill-advised, and the four of them shrugged, giving cheers as they enjoyed their ‘hair of the dog.’

Kelly was out partying with four other girls, college friends who still lived in the same city. They had regular girl’s night outs in the preceding years. The group was here celebrating the first night when they could finally get together after all the lockdown restrictions were lifted. Tonight, they were just thankful they could meet up, especially without wearing masks. The future finally looked bright! Best of all, the free drinks would only keep an amazing night going!

Across from them sat a group of four guys, doing the same now that the establishment was open for business. They gave the table of women an occasional glance but mostly kept to themselves. It was more a chance to get caught up, get a little tipsy, and maybe do a bar crawl. But, with the drifting snow raging outside, they had ended up staying here longer than they’d intended. Now stuck here, bellies full of nachos and wings, and blood swirling with alcohol, each was well past the buzzed stage.

At the offering of a free drink, however, the table erupted with cheers. They were especially excited if what the bartender promised was true. They were all feeling the ill effects of their drinking, and a nightcap to stave off their inevitable hangovers was just what they needed!

Each man took their separate beverage and raised it in cheers before taking massive swigs. Yet, the looks of disgust were quickly evident on each of their faces as the flavor of the beverage made itself known.

“Fuck! Tastes like dog piss!” Terry yelled, making the other guys chuckle.

“Maybe that’s why they call it ‘hair of the dog, asshole!” Jack offered, downing the rest of his. It was rather foul, but he didn’t care. It warmed him up, making him thankful he was inside, rather than facing the raging snow.

Cory and Tom did the same, not wanting to complain but having a difficult time keeping the potent cocktail down. It wouldn't be a fun way to stave off their alcoholism if they had to vomit it all up!

Soon, however, the foul flavor faded, and each felt their stomachs settle. It was time for another round, and maybe another round of nachos as an accompaniment! They went back to their sports and gaming talk, waiting for the bartender to finish and make his way back to them.

Jonah sat alone, wondering what the hell he was still doing here. He had every opportunity to go home over the past few hours. No one was keeping him here. Then again, no one was waiting for him at home, either. Not since... well. That was the reason he was here alone, wasn't it?

Jonah was nursing his umpteenth shot, long past remembering how many it was that he'd partaken in. He usually nursed his booze at home, but something made him desire to flaunt his misery for once. If he was in this much pain, then everyone in his circle deserved to partake in his negativity. So what if he wasn't the only person to lose a family member to the pandemic. So what if he wasn't the only person going through a messy, expensive divorce. So what if he wasn't the only fucking person working from home and tired of not being able to leave for months on end!

He looked up with a bit of shock as the bartender offered him another drink. Jonah was too drunk to care what it was or how much it cost. He was able to discern the phrase 'hair of the dog' something that he'd needed on several occasions as of late. Thanking the man with a drunken slur, he took the drink in a single gulp, trying to keep it down without vomiting as it poorly mixed with the potent cocktail of liquor already in his body.

The moment that that potent cocktail touched Derek's lips, he nearly spat it out. Wincing a little, he shook his head, trying to get the foul taste of the beverage out of his mouth. It tasted like medicine!

"Fuck, that's rank!" Hailee yelled out beside him, audibly trying not to gag. There was a thick, musty flavor accompanying the drink that carried a scent of wet dog!

Sarah was rubbing her lover's back, while Justin tried his best not to wretch. He belched, the meaty flavor of his beverage hitting his tongue again and causing his disgust to grow. Sarah had a better constitution when it came to new tastes. Still, having expected the drink to at least be sweet, she wasn't prepared for what tasted like a rank protein shake!

Derek burped a little, glad that he managed to keep it down successfully. Still, he did begin to feel better, the shitty feeling from overindulgence fading. His body felt strangely energetic, and the booze-induced aches faded into a pleasant warmth. The speed at which the drink settled in his gullet was astonishing. Even the flavor of it remaining on his tongue was becoming enjoyable. Not sure whether to associate it with a placebo or the real thing, it was impossible to deny its effects!

Derek called for another one, but the bartender simply told him one was plenty. Derek looked away, a little dejected. Thankfully, the one thing that seemed to last was the incredible feeling from the drunken state he was in. Soon, nothing seemed to matter other goings-on than the fact he was here with his brother and their ladies, enjoying the night out. Even a slight itch and the annoying heat from his clothed body couldn't stem his buzz. If he could keep the good feelings going, then it didn't matter whether or not they made it home until morning!

Smile on his face, he looked over to his girlfriend, wanting to kiss her, maybe make out a little. That would make everyone jealous, especially if his brother and his lady joined in. Hell, maybe he could fuck her right here, make sure all the other men knew she was his...

Shaking his head from the bizarre thoughts, he turned to say something to Hailee, but the words came out garbled. His vision was blurred, partly from something at the lower half of his peripheral, though he chalked it up to the booze. Still, he could tell that Hailee was just finishing her drink, and was now licking the bottom of the cup. Derek did a double-take. Was her tongue longer, lapping at the cup like a... dog?

Looking into her eyes, he was a little shocked to see that her normal blue irises were muddied brown, the color creeping out over her skin in a wave as well. Her facial features seemed somehow more angular. Her ears were clearly larger, drooping down while her nose had pointed and darkened towards black. It gave him the impression of a canine! Was she changing, somehow?

However, rather than being frightened by the sight, Derek found himself growing more aroused. Hailee had never looked so hot! Even the short cropping of black and brown fur covering her head while her blond curls receded, was not enough to deter his lusts. His cock was tenting in his pants, its tip leaking against his undies in his insistence. He had to have her now, fuck the consequences!

Hailee, for her part, was feeling very overheated. The drink had helped quell her dehydration, but now she needed relief from the warmth it caused. It was more than just the humidity in the room; Hailee found herself cooking in her clothes like she was being covered in another layer underneath. An insistent itching was not even quelled by her rapid scratching.

Worse was the heat that had risen from her loins. She desperately wanted her handsome man to take her to bed. No, not to bed. She would have him take her now!

It seemed impossible that her normally modest personality needed to be fucked so desperately, regardless of where they were. But the ache in her groin was becoming insistent. She didn't care about his panting tongue or his black nose. She didn't care that there seemed to be a stub in his pants that hit the back of his chair in excitement. She needed him now!

Justin, meanwhile, was staring at Sarah, watching her black nose flare as she sniffed the air. She appeared to be lapping at something that had spilled on the table. She had a fixated look in her formerly brown eyes, now blue. But Justin's focus wasn't on the bizarre behavior she was exhibiting. Rather, he wanted to know what smelled so good!

Throwing social convention to the wind, Justin lowered himself and started sniffing at the table, nose to nose with his girlfriend. The scents wafting into his nostrils were divine, indicative of a plethora of succulent flavors. Sniffing audibly, Justin noticed that his girlfriend had reached out with her tongue to lap up what smelled like wing sauce. Justin began doing the same, savoring the taste.

Even out of his periphery, Justin noticed something was different about his girlfriend's visage. Sarah's ears were misshapen, pointed towards the top of her head. Her hands attempted to grip the table, but Justin could see that their nails were longer, dark, and pointed even in the light of the establishment. And the color of her skin was all wrong, like a grayish-white coat was covering it. But, with the scent and flavor of the sauce deeply entranced in his focus, Justin found it hard to focus on anything else.

Across the bar, all five girls took the drink as a shot, trying not to vomit from the disgusting taste as it hit their lips. The expression of disdain was on each of their features even as the drink settled in their stomachs.

Kelly got up, moving towards the bathroom and trying not to vomit as she did so. Yet, to her shock, the door was locked. Deciding to ask the bartender for a key, she turned to leave before realizing that she didn't need to vomit anymore, thankfully. In fact, the gurgling in her stomach from the alcohol seemed to have subsided completely. That 'hair of the dog' really did the trick!

As she pulled her hand from the handle, the sight of her nails caught her eye. They were sharper, the polish peeling away for a muddied brown that gave her pause. Now that her stomach had settled, she took the time to really stare at the changes. Her nails were extending, the tips sharpening as they did so. And her fingers seemed stiff, cracking as though shrinking.

"What the hell..." she muttered, seeing her thumbs shake uncontrollably. Brown hairs started peppering the surfaces as her palms grew rough with callouses. She tried to see through the haze of drunkenness, beginning to sober as she realized what was happening. Her hands were changing, somehow. They almost looked like paws!

Meanwhile, Terry was scratching at his groin under the table, worried that his buddies might notice. It felt like ants were crawling over his skin, and he couldn't resist the urge to scratch. It was all he could do not to strip down to his underwear and scratch right then and there!

Worse was the ache in his cock that wouldn't subside no matter how much he tried. Though it didn't seem to be as tight in his pants as it normally got, it was still painfully erect. Terry was more powerfully aroused than at any point in his life. He needed to get laid, and get laid now!

A whiff of potent pheromones caught his attention just then, making him turn with wide eyes. The table of women were all chatting and laughing, but there was something off about their features. Each had massive ears, some pointed, and some floppy. A few had appendages that seemed to stick under their dresses and pants, and some of their boots and high-heels slid off of ankles that were longer and covered with thick hairs.

Yet, Terry had never seen a sight so attractive in all his years. Especially one woman, whose breasts had sunk into her chest, but whose exposed skin was covered in brown and black hairs. He had to have her now!

"Hey dude, you alright?" Jack asked, hardly aware of the long, wagging tail poking from his own pants.

“Rrrruck rrrroofff!” Terry growled, pissed off that his friend would bother him. He was focused only on one thing, and he didn’t need another male distracting him! He got up and started heading towards the table, homing in on the woman whose canine features he found so enticing.

Jack tried to call out to him, but at that moment, a crack in his jaw signaled that his face was altering shape. “RrrHAt! Rrreerrrryy? RRROOORRROOOWWWW!” he barked, the changes to his throat making human speech no longer possible.

Without another word, Terry was off, hunched over and running towards the table and his conquest. The lust in his golden eyes was undeniable. His friends had no idea what he was about to do to the women in their drunken state, but they were certain he’d regret it in the morning!

Tom went to stand; if he had to beat his friend and drag him away from the women, then so be it. It wouldn’t be the first time. And all of them were drunk. Rowdiness wasn’t out of the question. But harassing women was. Terry wasn’t usually the type, but he’d been known to get a little too flirty with the alcoholic buzz hit him. Surely, he would be taking advantage of them in their drunken state!

Yet, as he tried to stand, Tom was stunned to feel his body nearly fall over from the awkward stance he was forced to take. It was as though his feet were smaller, the heels longer as his feet fell out of his shoes. It took every bit of strength to be able to grip the table and not fall on his ass!

Looking down at his feet, Tom nearly yelped from the shock. The four stubs, the non-existent large toes, and the light layer of fur that covered them do not match his expected image. His toes were shrinking before his eyes, losing their ability to move as a thick layer of webbing formed between them. The extra layer of padding that elevated him gave Tom the distinct impression that he now had a pair of canine paws!

Cory wasn’t paying attention to the goings on, more worried about the state of his hands. He watched as the digits shrank, his nails thickening as the cuticles rose from their tips. The digits soon lost their ability to move as he ran them helplessly over the old wooden framework. Five thick pads had swelled from his palms, and Cory was having a harder time feeling the surface under their texture. It felt akin to a nightmare he could not wake from, especially in tandem with the booze he’d drunk. It looked like he sported a pair of canine paws where his hands once were!

Jonah's head was swimming now, and not just from the booze. Somehow, he felt the pain of dehydration dissipate, just as the drink promised. But it was more than that. The alcohol-induced fatigue seemed to have abated as well. Jonah felt oddly energized like that drink was infused with caffeine. Whatever it was, Jonah was starting to feel amazing.

Still, he was drunk, and his body had needs to tend to. He stood up, needing to piss from all the booze he'd consumed. Yet, instead of going to the bathroom, he sniffed around, looking for what he perceived to be the right spot. Noting a pole on the side of his table, he lifted his legs, not realizing he still had his pants on as he relieved himself. The pungent stench of urine hit his nose, and he immediately felt embarrassed. Why hadn't he gone to the bathroom?

Feeling embarrassed, Jonah went to sit back down when he realized his pants were difficult to keep on, as though his waistline had reduced by several inches. He tried to pull them up, but his fingers seemed stiff, as though not working right. He had no choice but to let them fall to the floor, leaving him in piss-stained undies. The smell, though not repulsive, didn't belong on him, and Jonah found himself tempted to lose those as well. But, how could he go naked in front of all of these people?

Hailee looked up eagerly into the warping features of her boyfriend, wagging her backside in excitement. She could tell his nose was moist, and his hair was falling out, replaced by a black and brown layer of fuzz that was peppering his face and overtaking his beard. His skull seemed sloped and his mouth was pressed out from his face.

Yet, in his current state, Hailee couldn't imagine him looking more attractive. She reached out to kiss him, but her tongue was much longer, and it pushed out of her face. She started licking his mouth, compelled to slobber over his sharpening teeth. Her own face was pressing outward, but it didn't seem to bother her mate, so she continued to work him over.

Derek, meanwhile, found it hard to focus on anything other than the needy bitch in front of him. Wait, bitch? Was that right? Yes, his cloudy mind reasoned. She was his bitch, his to claim. It was getting hard to think about why that would be a bad thing. Besides, she had licked his mouth in a sign of submission. She belonged to him!

Hailee broke off the kiss, the wetness in her loins getting the better of her. She got off her chair, getting down on her hands and knees, and raising her hips. She wasn't why she was doing it, only that the position seemed right. Something above her backside wagged with impatience,

though she wasn't aware of what it was. All she could perceive was that her formerly shaved groin itched intensely and that her damp fluids leaked from her panties onto her dress. It was a sign that she needed to be fucked, and needed it now.

Derek's cock was rock hard, though seemed to be shrinking somewhat. Its changing contours didn't matter, though. He knew that he was a virile male, regardless of the size of his member. It had slid out of a newly formed sheath, and his heavy balls almost weighted down his groin.

His clothes were loose on his body, and the fabric seemed itchy against his skin. He needed to get the damn things off! The last remnants of his human awareness allowed him to lift his arms to get out of the confining shirt. They didn't seem to move the way they should have, his chest having barreled and his elbows restricted. But his smaller stature made it possible to shuck his shirt from his form.

His pants started falling off the moment he got out of the chair. Their too-large size, in tandem with his awkward stance, almost made him fall onto his face!

Yet, from that angle, his nose had the perfect vantage to sniff his mate's leaking cunt lips. Reaching out a wide tongue, he started lapping at her backside with enthusiasm. The flavor over the fabric was divine, giving him exactly what his diminishing intellect craved. It seemed as though the source of the odor was moving up her backside, growing closer to her anus. Though a temporary inconvenience, it allowed Derek an easy time with lapping at her cunt lips!

Justin and Sarah were still licking the table, desperate to find any degree of morsel they could. Several times Justin's tongue met Sarah's, though he didn't feel compelled to kiss her. She started to kiss him back, however, lapping on the insides of his mouth. Her long, moist tongue helped ease the ache in his teeth. Better than that, her touch eased some new sense in his mind. She belonged to him, in some deeper way than their current partnership allowed.

Soon, anything remaining of the sauce was gone, and only the taste of their combined saliva met their tongues. Both looked up at that moment, gazing into each other's bright blue eyes. Justin was a bit shocked at the altered visage of his girlfriend. Her mouth had expended to hold her much-larger tongue. And he could clearly see patches of fur spreading from under her shirt. Sarah seemed to paw at it unconsciously, though her stubby fingers made the task difficult.

Justin was suddenly aware his own nose was in front of his face. A warmth enveloped his crotch, and scratching it through his undies, Justin found the texture of fur he was not

expecting. His penis started poking through the clothing and was warm, hard, and moist with a pungent odor that perforated his senses. His black, twitching nostrils could detect the scent of musk and arousal even over the other fragrances of the bar. He knew it was wrong, that the smells of sex should not belong here. Yet they seemed to relax him, stirring his own arousal somewhat.

Justin had a hard time focusing through conflicting thoughts. He knew he was drunk, and he was getting horny as hell for his girlfriend. On the other hand, they were still at the bar, and it was wrong to think about taking his love in such a place. Wasn't it?

Just then, his dull eyesight caught his brother down on all fours, licking at his girlfriend's own stained panties. Derek's features were even more altered than Justin's. His hips were crunching audibly, making his pants hang off his rump awkwardly. His anus was exposed through his underwear, sitting just below a stubby tail. His head was completely altered, nothing of the familiar features remaining. Derek, for all intents and purposes, looked like a Rottweiler!

Terry was closing in on the table, enticed by a scent that made his senses scream. It was coming from one of the girls sitting there. Though the alluring canine aroma seemed to emanate from all of the women, this one, in particular, drew him forward. Under the girl's wagging tail was a puffy, rank vagina needing to be fucked.

Heather took a few bites of her fries, the taste somewhat amplified by the new black nose adorning her face. Though her crotch was wet and aching, she'd resisted the urge to scratch. Danielle was already on the floor, fingering herself with clawed hands. Worse, Monica was bent over with new flexibility, lapping at her wet cunt lips with a longer tongue. Danica and Kelly were gone, presumably to find mates of their own.

Initially, Heather had thought she had enough self-respect to resist any further urges. But that was before the damp, wet nose started teasing her backside through the back of her chair. She wanted to shiver, to pull back. But it was impossible to deny how wet her vagina was. She was horny and in heat. And even the washed-out colors of the room could tell that the male lapping at her wet dress was the perfect fit. The myriad scents wafting into her enhanced senses told her that he was the perfect mate to satisfy all of her needs.

Heather did her best to hold onto the semblance of sanity that told her she was a woman and did not take men in the middle of bars. But she was drunk, horny, and filled with an energy that surpassed all human understanding. She wanted to run, leap with the new muscles forming under her increasingly furry form.

More than that, her loins cried out with the need to be tended to. Her sex was leaking musky, canine fluids, the ache of needing to be filled all-consuming. It was becoming easier to understand why her furry companions were playing with themselves. They didn't even have a mate to tend to their needs!

Heather lowered to the floor, allowing the dog-man a better angle to sniff at her. Yet the clothes she was wearing were getting in the way of his long tongue and eager nose playing over her nethers. Without a thought for modesty, Heather pulled them down, careful of her new claws as she did so.

As soon as the pale human skin was exposed to the air, an explosion of German shepherd fur sprang forth from her flesh like weeds, coating her and coaxing the muscles underneath to alter. A loud snap resonated as her pelvis realigned and her barreling chest put her on all fours, likely for the rest of her days. But Heather didn't mind, not with her mate's tongue playing over the folds of her sex!

A fluffy, shepherd's tail sprang forth from her spine, whacking the male in the face as it wagged her impatience. The male took only a few more moments to lap at her privates, encouraging them to realign before leaping on her back. The tough skin and fur prevented his claws from digging in as his humps forced his stiff prick into her eager folds. She thrust back, wanting desperately to take his knot inside of her. Any semblance of fear or regret was gone with the insistence to mate!

Meanwhile, Jonah struggled with the wetness of his pee on his legs, wondering how to alleviate the problem. He had since gotten up at this point; something on his backside irritated him, making it hard to sit still. His underwear felt loose, as though his portly frame had shed several dozen pounds.

He couldn't dare strip to clean himself! Yet, a quick look around confirmed that he was not the only one to be naked. One table consisted of women tearing off their clothes to lap at their puffy vaginas. Another had men stripping off their clothes to approach the tantalizing pheromones wafting from the table of bitches. A pair of what looked to be dating couples were both pantless, the men down on all fours and servicing their mates. Wait, mates? Was that right? Why wouldn't it be?

Without realizing it, Jonah's underwear was off, and he was already starting to poke with his tongue at the stained fur that had grown on his leg. Without realizing it, his lengthening

spine allowed him enough flexibility to reach down and lap at the stain on his black-furred coat. A long tongue and black nose at the end of his growing muzzle went unnoticed as he continued to clean himself in canine fashion.

Kelly came back to her table to a disturbing sight. All of her friends were in various states of change. Each of them sported ears that were pointed and curved. Fur poked through rips and tears of their blouses and shirts and panties. Stubs of claws on fingers and toes scratched frantically as more fur covered their bodies. Worse, the rank smells of piss and sex hung in their air, making her own damp nose twitch uncomfortably.

All the changes she witnessed made her painfully aware of the alterations to her hands. They looked identical to canine paws now, complete with pads and claws that made it impossible to move the fingers. Her wrists were thin enough that her bracelet had been lost on the floor. Fur covered her arms, thickening as it started to poke out of her clothing. The hairs on her torso were nearly as long as the ones atop her head

It was obvious to her what was becoming of her friends, as well as everyone else in the establishment. They were all turning into dogs! And worst of all, no one was any the wiser. It seemed as though they had all gone from their regular activities in a drunken state to developing canine actions and attributes. Why was she the only one who panicked at the horrific events?

A glance over at the barman revealed an evil smirk that made her blood run cold. There was no mistaking that expression for anything other than malicious intent. Not only was he not surprised, but he seemed to be expecting the changes, and had likely orchestrated them. How was this possible? Maybe that bizarre-tasting drink?

Kelly felt the anger rising in her mind as she took a deliberate step in his direction. She wanted to go to him; surely, if his ‘hair of the dog’ was changing them, then he had something to stop the process! How dare he do this to them against their will!

Yet the man’s expression remained menacing as she tried to walk towards him on unsteady legs. He simply smiled at her before she could yell out to him. “Bad dog!” he said, sounding serious and insistent.

Kelly wanted to curse him. She wants to rush him. But she could do nothing but stand there, feeling a wave of shame wash over her. Had she done something bad? An extension of her spine started to lower itself between her legs, hoping to show submissive behavior. She didn’t want her master to be angry with her. Wait, master?

Taking a step back, Kelly became distracted. The more the scents wafted into her nose, the harder it became to remember why it was that she was mad. There were many of her fellows all over, and their scents were each more enticing than the last. She wanted nothing more than to get down on all fours, to sniff at the members of her potential pack, maybe find a male to...

Wetness ran down her furry leg, and the acrid scent of urine hit her nose. She had evidently peed a little in her excitement. Still, even after urinating, the dampness in her crotch had not abated. The still-human parts of her mind, the ones not ravished with canine instincts, knew that she was in heat. And the thick miasma of horny, male dogs threatened to cloud her senses. She wanted to get down on all fours, present to a stud that would fill her eager womb and quell her heat...

Hailee, meanwhile, felt frustrated, craving something in her moist vaginal cavern. But her tight panties were still stuck on her backside, damp from her own fluids and her mate's tongue. She whined her need, a canine sound coming from her black lips as her mouth started to push outward. Her floppy ears flicked with the sounds of canine rut. Worse, her black nose could scent the thick, musky scents of cum and heat that made her own loins ache. Why couldn't that be her in the throes of being filled with pups?

She wanted desperately to rub her nipples, seeking all the sexual stimulation she could. Her perky breasts, an asset she had been so proud of, were deflating, sinking into the flesh of her tightening chest. Yet, to her delight, six more pairs were forming underneath them, each red and inflamed and ready to feed her pups when she was inseminated. Besides, the pads forming on her palms were better suited for holding her up as she desperately thrust her hips into her mate's face.

Derek's mind was entirely canine as he growled, the bitch denying him entry. How dare the insolent female prevent him from getting off! He growled again, biting into the fabric and pulling with his stronger jaws. It was harder for him to get purchase with his back end lower than his front. But his chest was barreling, his arms sliding into his chest and making it easier for him to pull.

With a resounding riiiiipppp! the new Rottweiler was able to tear off the one obstacle to his conquest. Pulling back, awkwardly with his still-human legs, he reared up, the human shape of his hips the one boon to meeting his conquest.

Justin felt a moment of concern for the sight of his brother. Derek was all canine in his actions as he got up and started spearing at his former girlfriend, now a Rottweiler bitch herself. Justin himself was changing, stooped to sniff at his former girlfriend, who was nearly a husky. They were all becoming dogs, and no one seemed to be bothered by it.

One of the last human thoughts running through Justin's sloping, compressing skull was that he wanted to fuck along with his brother. He figured they would both be getting laid during this trip. He didn't expect it to be this soon, and not at a bar changing into dogs. But, a fuck was still a fuck.

Justin looked to Derek, hoping to catch that same look of lust in his brother's eyes as he fell over Sarah's back, humping frantically. He was sure he saw a gleam of acknowledgment in his brother's canine features before both men started to pump their red rockets into their eager bitches.

Derek was all dog in his mentality as his legs shifted dimensions, allowing him to fuck faster. His paws pulled out of his shoes, making it awkward to keep up his fuck. But even though he could hardly recognize the husky beside him, the new Rottweiler was encouraged by the other male's thrusts. Both canines whined as their knots pushed into their mates, tying them together and ensuing their seed would inseminate the females.

Sarah the husky felt the heat from her body getting more intense as her fur grew its second, thick coat of guard hairs. The fur was grayish-white, almost hollow in the low light of the bar. Her pointy ears twitched their anticipation as she felt her womb open up to take her mate's knot. Her four sets of nipples ached as she imagined nursing pups from them. Her thoughts drifted, satisfied in the knowledge that warm cum was flooding her insides.

Soon, the male Rottweiler yowled as his red rocket knotted inside his mate and blew its load. The pleasure radiated through his body, making him want to pull back and revel in it. Yet, no sooner than he tried to get out of his bitch, he found to his shock that he was stuck! He growled his frustration, trying to force the insolent female to release his cock. Yet, the sensation of something petting his ears kept him there, even as the same hands rubbed the husky beside him. He started to relax; he was in the presence of a master that praised him for his good works!

Jonah looked up dimly from his cleaning to the sight of one of the girls who had been on the other side of the bar. Jonah hadn't shown much interest; they were all at least 15 years

younger than his 43, and he wasn't the type to hit on women he didn't know. But, her presence aroused something in him that told him otherwise.

He suddenly became aware of the warmth around his cock as it slid from his new sheath. Jonah went to touch it before realizing his fingers were far too stubby for such action. Frantically, he whined, needing desperately to pleasure himself.

Yet his worries were soon to be alleviated as the bitch bent over, showing off her puffy red vagina. Her black-furred backside wagged in his face as Jonah got down on all fours, wanting a sniff. His tongue reached out, teasing the fringes of her sex before she forced her flattening hips towards it. The flavor was exquisite, making Jonah crave more. He lapped like a thirsty man in an oasis, savoring her sex before raising on her back to mate her properly.

Jonah could feel his thoughts becoming more clear as his knot entered the bitch with a slick squelch. He knew he was a dog, a Labrador. But the words in his mind were meaningless. What mattered more was the increasingly pungent scents of canine rut in the air. The bitch he was in was in heat, and it was his duty as a male to breed her as many times as she requested. Nothing else mattered as his knot stuck and his balls churned with their doggy load as he pumped more frantically. A high-pitched whine escaped his lips as he exploded inside his mate, removing any last vestiges of his humanity with his cum as he bred the bitch properly. Only the sensation of happiness removing his previous depression remained as he found a new, fulfilling purpose.

Kelly was the last one to bear any semblance of her humanity. All around her were the sights of dogs in rut, fucking and whining and barking as the combined musty stench of their fluids wafted into nostrils that were still expanding. The notion that she was human and should try to resist was steadily waning all the while. The idea of being a bitch on the floor and being bred by a virile male was steadily becoming more and more appealing.

There was little she could do but stand there and will her body not to transform any further. Yet, her resolve did not affect the serum coursing through her veins. Thick, soft fur erupted from every pore, making her skin barely visible. Three new sets of nipples burst from her chest, aching as they moved towards her stretched stomach. Her hips were wide, legs compressing as her stance became stooped. It was nearly impossible to stand as her calves shrank and her heels stretched. Her ankles were hardly large enough to keep her high heels on, making her bipedal stance all the more precarious.

Kelly used every mantra in her head to try and block out the siren song of canine whines and odors assaulting her senses. It even worked, for a brief time, keeping her focus on human things. Even the sensation of her human hairs falling to the floor and the wagging of her tail wasn't enough to break through.

Yet, soon, one scent seemed to grow stranger than the others, making her drool as she panted her eagerness. The smell of a leaking canine phallus coming from nearby scented tantalizingly to her nose. Looking down for its source, a fully formed collie stood there, panting and wagging his tail as his maleness stood at full attention underneath him.

Even though her changes were not finished, it was obvious to Kelly that the collie was the same breed as she was becoming. The brown and white fur was the same consistency and texture as his own. Had she been human, she might have wanted to pet him. But, with her hands in their current configuration, she could only push at him, trying to keep him at bay from mating her.

To a combination of her disgust and arousal, the male's nose was sniffing at her puffy, moist vagina with a canine insistence. Reaching out a thick tongue, he started licking her privates, making Kelly whine a canine tone as her face pushed forward with the beginnings of a muzzle. Her flattened tongue reflexively licked her black gums and pointed teeth as she panted her heat. Her thoughts were awash in conflict, wondering why it was she resisted so adamantly.

"Why don't you get down on all fours, like a good dog? He's waiting for you," the bartender suggested in a reassuring tone. Kelly panted more, the notion of being a 'good dog' sitting well with her psyche.

Kelly was finding it harder and harder to stand as the fully-formed collie at her feet tried to knock her down. His erection bobbed insistently underneath him, and Kelly couldn't help but wonder what it would smell like so close. Better yet, what would it taste like?

A sudden crack in her pelvis did force Kelly to fall on her front paws, though the collie was there to prevent her from landing too hard. Her new, black nose dangerously close to his cock, she started licking at it like a dog, savoring the musky flavor. Lost in its intricacies, she was hardly aware of the stretching of her spine, the barreling of her chest, or the flattening of her skull as her changes were completed.

Before she knew what was happening, Kelly felt the male on her back, easily finding the mark of her swollen vagina. Slowly, Kelly felt all of her fears waning as the dog inside her started to thrust. Why had she been so concerned? It felt right to have the male stimulating every inch of her canine folds!

The sensation of his canine prick stimulated her insides, forcing her body into ovulation as he pumped rapidly. Kelly could smell how virile he was, how healthy. His piss on the table leg beside them only confirmed what her mind told her. He would make the perfect sire for the puppies that her body demanded she birth!

The rest of the world faded out as she yelped from forcing the beast's knot inside her, filling her womb with a splash of warm cum. Any notion of wrong she had held was gone, filled with the knowledge that she had served her highest purpose, satisfying the needs of her swollen sex. Even the sounds of the other canines in rut could not distract her from the contentment she felt with the eager male's knot inside her, keeping his cum inside while his sperm did its work in fertilizing her ovaries.

It had been a stroke of luck for the proprietor that so many new potential canines were trapped inside after closing. Though he once and a while got one or two unlucky guests to stay behind and join his kennel, never had he gotten fourteen in one night! There was the unfortunate circumstance of having to clean up the urine and sex odors from his bar, which would take up the better part of the next day. He'd have to remain closed for the duration, though with the snowstorm, he was unlikely to get any clients anyways.

The loss of a day's profits was a drop in the bucket compared to the gains he was to get! All the pairs were mated by now and were likely pregnant with puppies. All were purebred and their puppies would be worth thousands of dollars when born. And, even if the bitches were not yet inseminated, their males would be more than happy to knot them as many times as it took to quell their heat!