

“Experimental trial number 3927. Subject is a 29-year-old female, average height and weight. Subject has been influenced by nanite subsystems to begin a change into a randomly generated canine species within 24 hours of exposure. Subject will go into heat during the transition and infect anyone she comes into contact with over that period. Subject will only be infectious for the duration of her change. Infected subjects will be drawn to her changing canine form to minimize risk of discovery. Infected subjects themselves will not be contagious to minimize nanite and unforeseen side effects.”

“Goal is to determine how far an infectious nanite strain can reach within a limited time frame. If successful, several humans, in the range of one-two dozen will be converted into canines. Results will be used to assess the possibility of changing larger groups of humans into animal forms with a single nanite command. Changed canines will be given homes with our newly purchased pet save operation.”

“Nanites have been programmed to transmit a perspective of each transformed individual for our records. Among other useful data, it will allow us to assess all persons in range who have been infected, should something go awry,” Nate finished, his cock getting hard in his pants at his own words. Though the recording was for research purposes, it didn't mean he couldn't let his own dog out to enjoy the sights of new canines being born!

“Duration of change will respond directly to the individual's thoughts and desires. Individuals who give into the canine drives and desires will change faster than those who try to resist. This is to see how mentalities and personalities differ when exposed to the prospect of change,” he finished, finding the notion exciting. That was one of Wayne's favorite studies!

Nate put down his recording device, excited by the prospect of his newest experiment. Wayne was away working on expanding their farm operation, trying to test the mental capabilities of recently changed subjects. Nate had designed this trial himself, with Wayne's blessing. He had chosen the subject species for this initial trial of infectious nanites himself. Despite his obvious predisposition for canines, it did make sense. A few loose dogs in the city would be far less likely noticed than say, a herd of horses. And dogs got a lot of sympathy. They made the perfect study species!

It had been over six months since Nate and Wayne had both been merged with a batch of specialized nanites that granted them the ability to transfer said nanites into others and alter their bodies in any way the two of them desired. Naturally, after their third partner was turned into an ape, both men saw it fit to begin experiments to change the rest of the world into animals. People were destroying the planet, after all! And wouldn't everyone be happier, living simpler lives as

rutting mindless beasts? Nate seemed to think so. He was excited to see the lucky subjects of this trial take their first steps into canine life!

Kelsey rubbed her face, trying to alleviate the itching that hadn't gone away since her appointment. She'd just had her blood drawn for a series of routine tests. But she couldn't for the life of her remember what the visit had entailed! Yet, she didn't pay it too much mind. Her arm still had the bandage where she'd been pricked as proof she had done. Work had been hell lately and she had been unusually fatigued and forgetful. It made sense for her to be lightheaded, she reasoned.

A massive headache assaulted her just then, brought on by what felt like the ambient noise being turned up to eleven. And it was more than just the usual sounds of cars, machines, and people talking. The noises of birds flapping their wings, of mice chewing seeds in the ground, of dogs running and barking were all at the forefront of her ears. It was as if the sounds of nature made her ears perk up more than anything man-made ever could!

And then there were the smells. Everything from flowers to trees to body odors was amplified beyond her ability to comprehend. Had everyone in the damn city forgotten to take a shower this morning? Yet the scenes of BO weren't that gross, not if she was being honest with herself. They carried with them another layer that she was just beginning to shift through.

The more detail she drank in, the more random facts became obvious about the people around her. The mailman she walked by had gotten laid last night, the scents of his married neighbor on his clothes. Another neighbor she greeted smelled sickly and Kelsey recalled the woman was waging a war with cancer. The realization of the level of detail she was smelling was more than a little bizarre!

Yet, she was having trouble focusing on her new senses with all the damn itching! She made a mental note to change up her detergent, figuring that was the cause. Her skin was clearly too sensitive to it! She kept scratching her chest, particularly under her breasts, getting more than one odd look from people in passing cars. She paid it little mind, however. She was itchy, and had every right to scratch! Humans were so delicate!

This afternoon. Kelsey was on her way to meet with her fiancée as he got off work. It was an impromptu visit, a desire to see him making her head out for the walk despite her condition. Maybe they would go out and get some steaks or burgers for supper. Her mouth started to water at the thought. A nice, rare steak, satisfying her hunger as the blood dripped off the meat...

Kelsey slowly became aware that she was panting, likely as a result of her excitement for the food. Feeling her tongue hanging out of her mouth inexplicably, she sheepishly tried to pull it back in. Yet it seemed too massive to fit in her mouth. It was almost unruly, dripping saliva all over the ground. However, she soon realized while she was warm all over from the walk, she wasn't sweating at all. Her panting tongue seemed to bring a blessed coolness that made the walk more bearable. After a few moments, she hardly minded that it was hanging uncomfortably out of her mouth.

To her surprise, he smelled Terry before she saw him walking toward her. Funny, she could vividly recall his scent from their sessions of making love and sleeping together, but never had she smelled it from this far away! Yet, the stench of a virile male, her male no less, only served to make her aware of a need in her groin. She hadn't noticed before now, but her sex was leaking rank fluids all over the inside of her itchy clothes. She couldn't recall the last time she needed it so badly!

“Hey, honey!” She called out, running into his arms. Terry was taken aback by her sudden hug but soon pulled her in close. He closed his eyes, breathing in a heady scent under her perfume. It wasn't sweat, yet it had a similar quality that he found rather enjoyable.

Despite himself, Terry was getting hard in his slacks. He simply figured he was in need of some fun when they got home! Yet, something about this felt off. The more Kelsey hugged him, the harder he found it to let go. It was almost as if he wanted to take her right here, right now. Kelsey seemed to especially crave the contact as well, perhaps sharing the idea. As if to confirm his suspension, Kelsey ran a hand down to rub his cock through his slacks. What the hell had gotten into her?

“Hey babe, stop it, before we...” He started before her mouth was on his, taking him into a deep kiss that spoke volumes of her need. Despite the bizarre situation, he found himself giving in to the kiss, running his hand along her head and hair, encouraging her closer. He was a little surprised at the texture, not the same silky hair she so painstakingly maintained every morning. But it didn't stop his need to take her as badly as she seemed to require!

Not at all shy of her desire, Kelsey reached her hand into his pants and teased the flesh of his erection. Terry moaned from the intimate contact, no longer worrying that they were in a public place. All of a sudden a sharp pain caused Terry to break the kiss and back away, leaving his lover standing there confused. “Hey, Kelsey, what the fuck!?! Trim your nails!” He yelled before his eyes settled on her changed form.

The sight before him was far removed from his girlfriend of two years. She had lost at least a couple of inches of height and had blond hair poking up from under her loose shirt. Her tongue was thick and long and hanging out of her mouth. Her jaw wasn't normal either, protruding out of her face like some kind of proto muzzle. Her ears were sticking up from her luscious hair, which had changed in texture to match the thick, spreading hair all over her body. Her nose had darkened to black, sticking out on her protruding face like some kind of canine nose. But the most disturbing sight was her eyes. Staring out at him were two brown orbs, the irises dilated as they gazed at him in eagerness. They weren't human anymore!

Kelsey meanwhile sniffed the air for more of that delectable masculine scent. She could smell the fear from her lover's body, which she found revolting, but underneath that wafted up the lusty odor she needed so badly. She stepped forward awkwardly on thinner legs and shoes that were too big for her. Yet, the yearning in her sex was all-consuming. She knew her mate could quench her thirst. She needed his pups!

"I RRReed RRRooou baby!" She muttered through her longer snout, the words coming out distorted. But it didn't matter. She knew her mate could understand her need. He had to be able to smell her, right? The rank scent of her lust was evident even to her nose. She was practically soaking in it!

Kelsey could feel her face start to press out further, giving her sufficient space for that panting tongue. Her teeth ached as they started to push out of blackened, rubbery gums. Her breath came out hot and rank as she panted, but the scent didn't bother her. Her vision seemed limited now, the colors washed out and the sight of her mate distorted by her change in perspective. Yet, the scents in the air told her all she needed to know. Her mate was healthy, virile, and her potent nostrils could detect the minute scents of canine on her lover then made her groin leak even more!

To her surprise, something above her ass started moving back and forth in anticipation. The extension of her spine began to poke painfully at the backs of her panties. She wagged it furiously, feeling it itch as lovely blond fur adorned the tip. It was becoming longer now as her hips started to crack. Her changing hind legs made her balance precarious but the new butt appendage helped keep her stable. Finally, her new tail poked out above her panties as her pants fell down around her legs. Gingerly, she stepped out of them, leaving her shoes and socks behind. How she now loathed the feeling of the fabric against her growing fur! Her stiff fingers struggled to pull off her shirt as well, exposing her still-bare chest. She knew how much he loved playing with her breasts and wanted him to get a full view to spur on his arousal!

A tingling in her chest brought her attention to the pert nipples poking out across her fur-covered skin. Underneath her breasts were the beginnings of smaller, more sensitive mounds. She absent-mindedly started rubbing them with one stiff hand, loving how good they felt. It was just as good as touching her original breasts! Even though the fleshy mass of her boobs was dissolving into her chest, each nipple maintained its sensitivity. She couldn't wait to feel pups suckling at her teats!

Terry backed away, stunned at the hybrid beast that had become of his girlfriend. The spreading fur, the pointed ears, and the extending snout. She looked like a dog! What the fuck was happening?! There was no way anyone, least of all his love could turn into a dog. He must have been high, been slipped something in his afternoon coffee. But then why did everything else seem normal? Nothing about this made any sense!

Terry stared in horror as Kelsey's face stretched out before his eyes, her lips rounding a little as they turned black and rubbery. Her tongue was still sticking out of her muzzle, but it looked much more in place on the canine snout that she was developing. He could see her teeth lengthening in her jaw and was worried that she might bite or attack him. Yet every indication was that she was happy to see him. More than happy, in fact, judging from her body language.

“Kels...wha-what's happening?!” He sputtered, scarcely able to fathom what might be causing a change like this. He didn't even know if she could answer him in the state she was in!

“GRRRR...RRREEEDDD...BRRREEEEDDD...FRRRUCCKK MEEEE!” His former lover growled, the canine inflections in her voice overpowering. He was surprised at how alien yet familiar her changed voice was. It frightened him on some kind of primal level.

Terry backed up towards a dumpster, unable to get away from the dog that was becoming of his lover. She was fully naked now, though her bare flesh was steadily becoming covered with the blond fur Terry realized belonged to a Golden Retriever. She began licking at his shirt just above his groin, making Terry raise his hands to try and push her off.

A sudden odor in the air made him relax a little despite the presence of the abomination that had become of his partner. It was a heady scent, one that sort of reminded him of their lovemaking. Yet, it had never been so pungent in all his life. It hung around him, almost palpable in the late afternoon air. Despite himself, Terry realized that he was still tenting in his pants. Normally the smell of his lover made him hard but in such a situation he found it baffling! He was repulsed, afraid! No way in hell would he be turned on by the freakish form his mate had taken on. Wait, mate? He shook his head for a few moments, trying to erase the intrusive thought. But the motion only served to allow more of that potent musk to waft into his nose.

A black shape in front of his face caught his attention then. He reached up to feel a cool moist protrusion where his nose once was. It felt like a...but no, that was impossible. A canine nose?! Was he changing like Kelsey?! Trying to yell, he instead whined, a distinct canine sound coming out of his mouth. Again, he tried to yell for help, but after a few moments of guttural yelps, he could only manage a series of shrill canine barks. He had lost his ability of speech!

Kelsey meanwhile was taking advantage of her mate's panic. She moved her tongue up towards his open still human mouth, covering his lips in doggy kisses. At the instant her tongue touched those pink lips they started to blacken, thickening into a rubbery texture that matched her own. The saliva seeped into Terry's mouth and caused him to whine as his jaw started to crack forward and his teeth began to extend into canine points. Her tongue impulsively trailed over his own flattening canine one, mingling more of their saliva and accelerating his changes.

Kelsey's altered ears detected a growl from her mate that was music to her ears. In kissing Terry's lips she was showing her submission to her mate. Whether or not he was aware of it, his growls signaled his dominance over her. She would be his bitch and willingly take his pups inside of her!

Terry struggled to push off his former girlfriend but the taste of her lips on his made him pause. His head started to hurt as though it was contracting. It was getting more difficult to think. He knew he needed to escape her overpowering presence and stop the changes, but why? She was his, after all, free to do with as he pleased. He was the alpha and she was in need.

He could feel his cock swelling in his pants, leaking fluid and making him uncomfortable. He fought the urge to strip them off and relieve the itching that had overcome his lower half. Yet he couldn't do that. Could he? He wasn't a dog, he couldn't let himself change!

The sensation of something messaging his cock brought his attention to his bitch once more. Kelsey was lapping at his sex through his slacks, trying desperately to bring his red rocket to attention. Terry knew he had to stop her, but the warm tongue felt so nice even with the barrier between it and his dick. He just stood there, wondering why he was even bothering to stay on two legs. Shouldn't he be down on all fours so his mate could pleasure him better?

Kelsey was all the while focused on bringing her mate's cock to attention. Part of her recalled her love of the action as a human, and the two halves of her mind kept her centered on the task at hand. Her tongue worked over the fabric of his underwear while her hands came up to pull down the zipper. Her stiff fingers managed to grip the metal and tug it down, drinking in the

musky savory scents wafting off Terry's erection. She could hardly contain her excitement of having that inside of her!

Kelsey's fingers began to shrink away as she tried in vain to grope the flesh of the changing knob underneath. Her fingernails finally finished thickening into dark canine claws. What remained of her thumbs migrated up her wrists and sank into her flesh, leaving only the still-developing canine claws on each tip. Her palms grew rough and calloused, leaving canine paw pads that quickly sprouted blond hairs in between them. Before long her fingers had reduced to small nubs, though as she had already freed her partner's canine rod she no longer desired their human functionality.

Terry whined as his cock flopped out of his underwear only to become enveloped by the bitch's eager tongue. He could tell the tip was now pointed as the entire shaft expanded into her waiting muzzle. He moaned, feeling a warmth enveloping his cock, his once-absent foreskin stretching up over the tip and attaching itself to his now thinner belly. Something thick and bulbous ballooned out from the base, making him shudder as his entire dick was overcome with his mate's nimble tongue.

It was getting so hard to think now. Terry knew he needed to resist, that he didn't want to be played over by a...dog? But his nose told him otherwise. If this wasn't right, then why did it feel so good? Nothing else seemed to matter under the temptation of the plethora of smells leaking from his mate!

As Kelsey lapped at the reddening cock tip she could feel her own forehead beginning to slope. The remains of her dirty human hair fell out to be replaced by the lovely blond fur of her canine coat. Her floppy ears craned to take in every crunch of her lover's changing skeletal structure. Her human thoughts were nearly gone, but Kelsey had long since succumbed to her canine instincts. All that mattered was her need to fuck and take her mate's cock!

The changes were happening faster now, yet Kelsey lacked the cognizance to care. Her spine started to snap and she lowered herself instinctively onto all fours and craned her more flexible neck to keep licking her lover's cock. Her hips sank into her flanks, making the quadrupedal position much more comfortable. Her feet were shrinking, the heels stretching up to give her a digitigrade stance. Her toes shrank away and all she was left with were minute digits adorned with canine pads.

Now nearly a dog in body, the former human raised her tail, wafting the perfume from her damp leaking sex into her lover's waiting nostrils. The Golden Retriever growled a little as her anus moved up under her tail and her quivering sex followed suit. It was now in the perfect

position to take her lover's canine cock! She shoved her sex as close to her mate's nose as her body would allow. She would have his pups!

Terry sniffed the air, the heady scent wiping all reason from his canine brain. There was a bitch in need, and his red rocket was at full attention, needing to knot her and have her take his seed. He groaned as his back started to crack, lowering him closer to that delectable odor until his black nose touched the folds of her quivering canine cunt. Immediately the female squatted over his nose, peeing a little in her excitement. Yet the male did not mind. Her urine was laced with hormones to indicate her lust and her fertility.

With that, his hips sank into his haunches as his spine extended, a very canine tail poking out of his pants and undies, demanding release. He whined a little at the confinement, but soon his slim hips allowed the troublesome garments to fall off his canine frame. His anus rotated back towards the underside of his growing tail, allowing more room for his blond fuzzy balls. A sharp painful crack in his shoulders made the quadrupedal stance more comfortable as the male began his work in earnest, sniffing and lapping at the backside of the bitch in heat.

At last the sensations in his cock demanded precedence and he raised his hind legs, humping the back of the bitch to try and find her moist opening, his altered physiology ready for the task. The female elicited a slight whine as she was penetrated and she reflectively clamped down to take it in as far as possible. Their mating could now begin in earnest!

As he grasped the female's sides with still-human hands the male could feel his fingernails starting to thicken and extend, digging past her fur towards her flesh. The individual digits formed coarse pads and began to shrink into his palms, which were contracting and forming calloused pads at the bottom. Yet, mentally he was too far gone to worry about such changes. His only thoughts were of how easy it was to grip the new female with his increasingly canine front paws. The new Retriever's hind paws followed suit, his ankles stretching to allow him better balance to push his taut canine phallus deep into his bitch. His growing claws dug into the ground and combined with his calloused hind paws made it easy to hold his place.

With that, the male's knot pressed insistently at the female's needy hole as he desperately increased his breeding efforts. Even with his rapid thrusts, the male could not force himself in fully. The alpha growled as his knot was denied entry into his bitch. How dare she dismiss him! He growled in annoyance as his knot slapped insistently against her tight opening. If he could just gain entrance then he could spill his load!

With a wet pop and an audible sucking sound, the bulbous knot forced its way into the cavernous cunt before him. The tight vaginal lips gripped his cock like a vice, and with a bark of

relief, he came, his canine cock shooting spurt after spurt of warm canine cream into her innards. The female underneath him whined, feeling her canine cunt swelling with warm seed, the beginning of her pups. Her nipples tingled with the thought of nursing young in a few short months!

The two stayed there for a while, panting from their release. The male's knot kept them tightly together while he rested on her back, both spent from the mating and the transformation. Somewhere deep in their psyches, there was some recollection of their former humanity. But such thoughts were soon forgotten as the male's knot pulled out with a splash of seed. The female, eager to play, took off running while the male gave chase. She was still in heat, and he wasn't about to let her get far!

Matt looked away from the woman walking on the side of the street, trying to block out Dustin's annoying laugh from his ears. He was an asshole for rolling down the window to catcall her. So what if she was panting like a dog? It wasn't her fault she looked that way. Dude was his best friend, but Dustin could certainly be an asshole sometimes.

As Matt drove he tried to ignore an insistent itching from his groin. He hadn't been laid in quite a while and was certain it wasn't the clap. And he'd shaved this morning, certain he was bare down there. There was no way it was hair. Yet he couldn't resist the urge to scratch his balls and ended up sneaking a peek at his buddy, hoping Dustin didn't notice. To his surprise, Dustin was scratching his ears, which seemed to be red and raw and covered in a layer of black fuzz.

Matt then felt the familiar stirring of his cock in his pants, out of place in the current circumstance. There was no way he could be turned on by such a sight. He wasn't gay, and certainly not for that idiot. He must have had a thing for the panting girl, more so than he thought. Matt turned his attention back to the road, trying his best not to focus on the woman, Dustin, or the alluring musk in the car that was making him leak all over his jeans.

Dustin meanwhile was staring straight ahead, as though lost in thought. He couldn't get the strange visage of the dog-woman out of his mind. He had chucked a little the first time he'd seen her, of course, wondering if it was make-up or prosthetics or some kind of genetic defect. Not one he'd ever seen or heard of before, of course. But the more he reflected on her appearance, the more...aroused he became. Was that right? It was true he hadn't been laid in a while, but that was no reason for those thoughts. He could do better, couldn't he?

Yet, the more he reflected on the image, the hornier he became. His cock was poking up inside his pants, and it was impossible to resist the urge to scratch it. Almost oblivious to Matt's presence in the car, he started rubbing it through his pants with gusto, loving the feeling of it leaking in his jeans. It allowed a distraction from the itching in his ears or all over his chest as he played with himself, wishing the bitch was here and giving him a good time...

A pungent odor in the car seemed to spur on the need in his loins, making the image more vivid in his memory. Dustin couldn't place it; it was something familiar, yet nothing he'd really paid attention to before now. Yet, the stench was potent in the enclosed space, as though Dustin was being hotboxed. He took a few cautious sniffs, the smell burning into his damp nose as he realized it was coming from the driver's seat. Since when did Matt smell so damn...good? Was it maybe a new cologne?

The sound of Matt's car pulling into the driveway finally broke Dustin from his trance as he recalled their destination. The plan had been to buy some snacks at a campus convenience store before they headed to the arena for the game. It was a lot cheaper than ten-dollar bags of popcorn and shitty twenty-dollar beer, after all! At the thought of some beef jerky, Dustin's mouth started to water. He wasn't aware of it, but his tongue was hanging out of his mouth, audibly panting.

"Rwwant rrary rhing?" Dustin asked, his voice coming out rough and guttural. Dustin hoped he wasn't getting sick. He reached up to rub his throat, feeling a patch of soft hair that hadn't been there before. But he paid it no mind as he got out of the car and started walking towards the store to satisfy his hunger.

Matt hadn't replied to the request, seemingly lost in some deep thought. Though upon hearing the car door open, Matt watched his buddy's ass intently as Dustin made his way into the building. In particular, a wagging bulge in his buddy's pants made Matt drool. It triggered a corresponding wag in his own undies, a little stub that caused Matt a burst of pain from where he'd been sitting on it. He reached down to rub the area, only now noticing that his arms seemed stiff and the movement was more restrictive than it should have been. It felt like the beginnings of a bad cold or flu. Struggling for a bit, he took off his seatbelt, adjusting himself in the seat to account for the bony growth above his ass.

Meanwhile, Dustin entered the store to a confused stare from the attendant. What was the guy's problem? Dustin was just a little sick, was all. It wasn't like he was carrying the plague! His nose may have been sniffing, leaking snot as it seemed to stick out of his face. But Dustin could still smell the guy's confusion and disgust at his presence.

Yet his concern was soon forgotten by the scents of food, of *meat* wafting from the shelves. Dustin was salivating as he wandered around, deli meats and processed meat sticks tantalizing to his senses. He could feel something wagging in his pants, as though expressing his excitement. It was tight, and he subconsciously reached down, struggling to pull his underwear down over the growth and free it from the confines of the denim prison. The task was a little more difficult than he would have expected. Although his pants were looser, his fingers seemed stiff, and getting them under the growth was rather troublesome. Yet soon with an exasperated whine, he managed to get his tail loose and the bare strip of flesh started thrashing up and down in relief. Wait, his tail?

In his confusion and with the distress of his pants about to fall off, Dustin thought it best only to grab a couple of jerky stripes and leave. As good as everything smelt, he didn't need too much right now, it would make him sick. Dustin went to pay at the counter but the same stiffness assaulted his fingers once more and it was a herculean effort to free his wallet from his pants and place it upon the counter.

The guy was clearly annoyed now, but stronger still was the stench of confusion and fear wafting off him in waves. Dustin found that stink revolting. He struggled with the tap function on his card and growled at his failure in a deep reverberating tone, increasing the fear within the human. Wait, human? It was getting hard to think, Dustin realized, with the potent odor in the room. He needed some air. Dustin was hardly aware of the beep that signaled the card had worked. Yet his fumbling fingers could barely get it back into the wallet and in the attempt, several other cards fell onto the counter. Dustin tore out of there, not caring about the human things left behind. His fingers were shaking so badly he wasn't sure that he could pick them up anyway.

Leaving the building, Dustin found himself struggling while walking, his pants falling down around his ankles. He could hardly hold them up, and with his thinning stature, moving was becoming cumbersome. Wait, why did he need them in the first place? Wouldn't it be easier to walk without them? At that, Dustin let them fall to the ground with no remorse. He gingerly stepped over them, kicking away the useless human trappings. With that, he walked to the car in his bare feet, wondering why they hurt so much.

Matt meanwhile sat in the hot car, panting to alleviate the heat. He'd since given up scratching the irritating itch enveloping him, knowing it would provide little relief. And he was currently distracted by the scent in the car, the source of which most likely came from his buddy. Matt's member was at full attention and he was rubbing it off and on through his pants. He'd had one orgasm already, the scents of musk in the car a powerful attractant to his senses. Yet it wasn't nearly enough to satisfy the needs in his cock. He'd yelped in pain as his fingers scratched his

genitals and looked down to see his nails were dark and pointed like he hadn't trimmed them in months. So he was limited to gently rubbing a cock that seemed smaller, though sufficient for his thinning frame that was getting a little too small in his clothes.

At last, Matt saw the familiar form of his friend walking towards the car. His stub started thrashing on the seat uncontrollably and he felt the stirring in his loins grow more insistent, as though Dustin's return would alleviate the lust. Wait, why was a guy, his best friend, making him so horny! He wasn't gay, was he? Yet the scents in the car told his body a different story. Though the musk was waning, it still read to Matt's mind as one of family. No, it was more than that. Maybe...mate? Pack? Those terms, though confusing to Matt, seemed to resonate more appropriately to his diminishing intellect.

Dustin walked up to the car door and reached out for the handle but was stunned by the sight of his fingers. The already stiff digits were much shorter, shrinking into subs that lacked the flexibility his human digits once enjoyed. Even his thumbs had migrated towards his wrists, and Dustin whined as his paw hands struggled in vain to work the door. His growing canine claws scratched the paint even as his palms and fingers swelled with padding, making his dwindling digits even more useless in achieving the task.

Thankfully, Matt's fingers were for the moment intact and he was more than a little excited to get his friend and that potent male smell into his car again. Door open, Dustin hunched over and crawled in, the scents in the car tantalizing to his twitching nose. He could see the bulbous expanse of his nostrils in front of his face now, darkening to black while encroaching on rough skin. Yet, Dustin didn't mind. Its enhanced ability to scent made the stench wafting to him more enticing, spurring his own erection.

But as he looked into his best friend's face the panic flowed back into his mind. Staring back at him was a face that Matt had never worn before. Like Dustin's own, Matt's nose was thick and black and dripping snot as Matt drank in the male musk of his buddy's return. But Matt's brow was caved in, covered with hundreds of black and brown hairs. His eyes seemed brown, different than his usual green. And his eyes were pointed and sticking up further on his buddy's head than Matt remembered.

"Rrrrat's rrrrong rrrith your face?" Dustin growled as he nearly sat on his black tail, momentarily forgetting its presence on his backside. He went to lift it up but forgot about the paws that now adorned his fingers and was forced to adjust his sore hips in an attempt to move it.

"Rhhat's wrong with rroouurr rroice?" Matt growled in surprise, lifting his hand to touch blackening lips. His jaw ached as it seemed to protrude further than before. His seeking

fingers ran over the contours of his face, feeling features that did not belong there. His beard was thick and furry, hair running from his cheeks all the way toward a thinning human hairline. He wanted to see himself in the mirror but was stunned at the lack of focus his eyes seemed to have acquired as his vision blurred.

“Rrrrine rrrroooo...” Dustin moaned, his human voice nearly gone as well.

He felt uncomfortable in the seat as his hips seemed to ache, and he had to shift more than once. The toes on each foot had diminished, shrinking into the soles of his foot as they rapidly lost that mobility. Swelling skin underneath thickened into canine pads while his heel stretched beyond the length of his foot, giving him a digitigrade stand if he were to rise. Thickening nails dug into the carpet even as his toes were reduced into mere stubs with a bit of webbing between to keep them relatively motionless. His big toes swept up his heel as though passengers on his stretching heels, reducing into motionless stubs of dewclaws with only the growing canine nails to signal their presence.

Matt meanwhile knew he should be panicked with how much his face had shifted, and was continuing to do so if the cracks in his jaws were any indication. He ran his shrinking fingers over the contours of his jawline, the gumming lips, and thickening muzzle now visible to even his dimmer eyesight. His sparse beard was thickening to a full furry coat, and Matt slowly realized that the image he stared at reminded him of a dog. Perhaps a Doberman, if the proud muzzle, pointed eyes, and stubby tail were any indication.

Matt knew he should be terrified of the notion of changing, of becoming a non-human animal. But it was getting harder to focus on the worries that plagued his mind. The scents in the car became more intense the further his nose crawled from his face and Matt was entranced by them. A few careful sniffs were all it took to properly commit the other canine perfume in the car to memory and with it the notions of who he was concerning this other dog. He was a beta, he was subservient to the needs of his alpha. And right now, he could tell his alpha was in need. The scent of canine musk and precum was almost palpable in the air and caused a reflexive stirring in his loins now that Matt was fully aware of what had spurred on his arousal.

Dustin too was well aware of the delectable scents in the vehicle, making him whine in that canine tone that had bothered him so much earlier. Without even thinking about it, Dustin leaned down to sniff his own crotch, his stretching lips salivating at the scent of his leaking cock within his underpants. He needed to get himself off but currently lacked the digits to do so. Still, if the tastes matched the odor, then he had just the tool for the job.

Feeling his ribs compressing as his spine extended slightly, Dustin leaned down, licking blackening lips as his tail thrashed on the seat in excitement. He still had the barrier of his underwear to contend with, but the entire surface was coated in his juices and made him all the more excited to lick it. His flattened hips, in tandem with his shrinking belly and lengthening snout, made the eventual goal of licking himself all the more obtainable. He knew in the recesses of his mind that he was changing into a dog, but that didn't scare him, not with his anticipation of sucking the lovely cock hidden just below the surface of the red, straining garments!

Dustin whined once more as he strained his neck and torso, stretching himself as close to his goal as was possible. Yet even with his tongue extended the flexibility of his mutating body was still slightly lacking for the task at hand. He rocked back and forth a few times but to no avail. He reached down with his front paws, but now that his shoulders were sinking into his chest the arms no longer worked the way they used to. How was he supposed to get off like this?! Dustin barked a few times, expressing his frustrations.

Meanwhile, Matt couldn't take his eyes off the sensual sights of his best friend trying to lick his canine meat. The sight made his own member throb in his underwear, and even in his changing stupor, Matt remembered how to take off his pants and underwear until he was mostly naked in the driver's seat. But that was all the humanity he retained. The delectable scents of doggy cock wafted into his nose and instinctively he knew what he needed to do.

With trembling, blackening lips, Matt reached down across the seat and extended his own mostly canine tongue, lapping at the edges of the stained underwear and making his alpha whine in confusion. Dustin was primed to growl but the canine scent before him grew in intensity and the changing part of his mind knew that this was an act of submission. He started licking the Doberman's head, causing Matt's skull to contract and removing the last vestiges of human hair.

Matt took the fabric in his sharper teeth and pulled, causing his mate to whine from the sudden strain of the elastic. Yet the Doberman knew it was necessary, both to taste the delicious canine penis as well and properly show his servitude to his alpha. With an audible snap the garments tore off Dustin's smaller frame and his red rocket became exposed to the stale air of the car. As soon as the Doberman's breath touched it, Dustin's cock shivered and changed, the black fur running up from his leg and covering his sheath in a layer of fuzz. Dustin could feel it running up the length of his foreskin, which itself was migrating toward his belly. Meanwhile, the head of the shaft had melted away as the tip grew pointed and the red lipstick-shaped canine penis sat hanging in the stale air, waiting for the Doberman's next move.

The Doberman wasted no time, lapping at the tip of the pointed penis, causing his mate to moan in pleasure. The taste of cock was far more sublime than Matt had expected and he started

lapping at the canine cock with gusto, savoring the free-flowing precum that his mate was so eagerly oozing for his pleasure. Slowly, he started pulling his alpha's penis into his stretching maw, careful of his sharpening teeth as he did so. The soon-to-be Labrador's member was easily taken into the Doberman's maw, and his canine tongue played over the shaft even as his muzzle drew it as deep as it would go.

A small part of the human Matt's mind was concerned that he was losing himself and his humanity to the beast that craved a male's seed in his maw. Yet, he couldn't focus on the fear of the homosexual thoughts plaguing his mind. He needed to please his alpha, to drink down the virile seed, and then take it in his anus, to prove his loyalty to his alpha and pack.

“RRrratt! Rrron't...rrrrrop!” Dustin moaned as he felt his entire body shiver and shake with change. The coarse black fur encroached down his legs and up to his compressing chest, only exceeded by the tingling of extra rows of nipples over his flesh. Yet the sensual sensation was insufficient to distract from the swelling in his balls that signaled the oncoming canine orgasm. Dustin allowed himself to fall into the bliss of canine release as his balls rocked and his red rocket pressed itself for the much-needed release.

With a growl sounding all the more like a true canine, Dustin soaked the Doberman's muzzle with a few quick blasts of cum. The Doberman lapped it up greedily, savoring the tasty treat from his master. His canine lips gripped the swelling knot in his lover's cock, making sure that none of the savory seed was wasted. Eventually, Dustin felt his knot deflate as it slipped out of his lover's canine maw. Evidently, the Doberman didn't want to let go until his master's seed had been properly drained. Yet, Dustin wasn't finished. The fading humanity made him question how his canine body had the stamina to come to full erection so fast. But he wasn't complaining!

The Doberman in the car with him was nearly fully changed as his new paws slid out of useless shoes and the brown and black fur spread from every pore. Yet the sexual desires overrode the final swelling of change. The Doberman whined as the ache in his clenching asshole grew more and more insistent. He needed to get fucked, needed to have his balls emptied as much as he needed to be filled with his mate's scent, so every dog would know whom he sided with.

Yet, there was hardly sufficient room here. With struggling fingers, Matt managed to work the car door open. With a click, he fell to the ground, allowing the last of humanity to fade from his body for the more preferable canine existence. His muscles and bones cracked as his spine realigned and he wagged his body in canine excitement. His fingers cracked and popped, the points and bones diminishing as they shrank into lengthening wrists. His thumbs reduced to a dewclaw and his fingers became adorned with pads and claws, no longer suited for grasping and

holding. But the Doberman didn't care. He wanted to run, after feeling his mate's own claws on his back as the Labrador rutted him!

Dustin quickly followed suit, hopping out of the car as his spine realigned and his chest barrelled out, the ribs and bones expanding as he slipped out of the remnants of his shirt. The new Labrador shook his body as the last parts of his skin became enveloped in coarse black fur. His head was the only still-human part of him, but that was slowly shifting as well. Every passing second brought more muzzle into his dim field of vision, yet allowed more intricate scents and sounds to be detected by canine features.

Even out of the hotboxed car Dustin could sniff the fragrance of his lover's dripping canine cock, and the throbbing of his own swaying furry balls sent his own canine dick to full erection. He knew what he wanted, and the more canine parts of his brain knew that he was the alpha, that this beta was to submit to him and take his seed. As in response, the Doberman got down on all fours, as though in an invitation to play. Yet, soon he turned around, raising his hips into the air and raised his stubby tail up and to the side, exposing a virgin canine pucker clenching for his alpha.

Dustin wasted no time using his lengthening canine tongue to slobber all over the other dog's backside, coating his balls, his shaft, and his anus. The odors wafting from canine scent glands were nearly intoxicating and even with the pain in his balls, Dustin couldn't get enough. He knew more about his mate's body from the way he smelled than the human Dustin had ever known. In many ways, the act was far more intimate than any human lover he'd taken. Dustin relished the thought of fully giving into his canine body as he pulled back and lept up on the other dog's back, humping away to find the moistened object of his desire.

It took his Labrador body a few times; he was inexperienced in the new form, and the male's asshole was further up than his physiology was evolved for. Yet, Dustin's perseverance, along with his efforts to pre-prep his mate and the Doberman's persistent counter thrusts, finally allowed the pointed canine cock tip to hit his mark and his thrusting hips to enter the male's most private of paces.

Dustin whined as his cock hit home, enveloped in a warm tight tunnel the likes of which he'd never experienced before. He let out a canine whine as his lips and mouth stretched out to their final length. The moment he felt his cock enveloped inside his mate, the changes rippling over his physiology rushed to conclusion, locking in his form as a black Labrador Retriever. Though it was getting harder to think as he started his frantic thrusts, the Lab no longer minded. It felt too good, too wonderful to fuck his male mate. It was more than just lust; he felt a connection with the other dog. The Doberman was pack, was mate, and he would stay with his

alpha forever. It would only take a few more thrusts to spill his warm cum into the Doberman and make their bond permanent!

The Doberman underneath growled a little, unused to such an intrusion in his backside by craving it all the same. His taut pucker ached from the force of frantic fucking, but the Doberman was a good dog, and he would force himself to grow accustomed to being bred on the bottom. As in response to his desires, he could feel the Labrador's cock tip press into his deeper cavities, teasing his prostate gland which in turn caused his own member to leak. The needs in his balls from the change and his earlier servitude had brought him close to the edge, and it would only take a few more thrusts to bring the Doberman to release with no external stimulation!

The Labrador, meanwhile, felt the last of his humanity fading as something thick and hard pressed aggressively against the Doberman's traitorous pucker. Every thrust sent a wave of ecstasy beyond fathom through the Labrador's testicles, yet he needed more. He needed his mate to take him all the way, knowing that once his knot was enveloped he would be unable to hold back his doggie load anymore. Every slap sent a little more humanity leaking from his mind, as though the seed swelling in his balls was draining it all in this one final act of canine ecstasy. It would only take a few more slaps...pushing just a little harder...he was almost there...

With a wet pop, the Doberman felt his asshole erupt and the other male's knot slam its way in. The intense force against his prostate was too great; the Doberman howled as the waves of pressure sent him over the edge and his cock throbbed intensely and blew his modest load all over his belly fur. His rectal walls spasmed uncontrollably, gripping the Labrador's cock and knot all at once, preventing the larger dog from holding back anymore. With a feral howl of release, the Labrador blew his load all over his male's insides, enough that cum leaked from the other dog's rectum despite the heavy knot that still blocked the hole.

The Doberman whined as his alpha came deep inside his bowels, filling him with a wonderful warmth even as he lowered into the puddle of his own sticky canine seed. The two male mates lay tied together outside the car basking in the wonderful afterglow of successful mating. Eventually, the Lab tried to get up and whined as he found his knot stuck. The painful exit attempt had the Doberman turn back and growl at his mate. Though he was the submissive of the two, it was still his job to ensure that his alpha remained tied to his backside, so that the male's cum could stay inside and mark the Doberman as belonging to the Labrador's pack!

Both dogs' ears perked up just then, hearing the sound of a trio of humans walking across the parking lot near where they lay. The lab began to grow excited, his tail thumping as they approached the car. The smells were wonderful, reminding him of the musky male stink in the

car before he...what? What had happened? He recalled something about a human, something that brought his attention to the Doberman under his belly as well.

His knot finally loose, the Lab got up and ran over to greet the oncoming humans as would any eager dog. But the Lab knew differently. If he willed it, he could turn them all into packmates, their tight canine puckers prepared to service him whenever he wanted! The Doberman too rushed forward, eager to assist his alpha and maybe take some betas into their pack for himself!

Pierre just stared ahead at the open door, not really sure what he had just witnessed. That guy...was he turning into a dog? That was impossible, right? Or at least, it should have been. He might have chalked it to him being in a furry costume or the like, but he'd clearly seen the guy's Labrador tail stretching longer before his eyes. What could do that? And the way he was acting...it was more and more inhuman the longer their encounter lasted.

Sharking his head from the intrusive images, Pierre forced himself to focus as another trio of customers came in, two men and a woman. He suddenly felt himself growing excited, much more rapidly, and something he couldn't manage to explain. The woman smelled really good, her perfume and slight sweat from the heat enticing. But the men scented just as delectable, if not more so. Their sweaty masculine odor had wonderful undertones that spoke of virility. Pierre could tell they'd just had sex but...he found himself hoping the male wasn't done yet. That maybe the man would...what?

Pierre tried to focus his attention on something else, anything else. Like the closing list he had to do, or the midterms he had coming up in a few weeks. Something, anything else to distract him from the stifling musk that was pervading the small store. Yet, it was becoming more and more difficult to avoid approaching the couple, to expose himself to more of those lovely scents. Deep down he knew something was wrong, that his thoughts weren't...human. Yet, he couldn't deny how powerful they drew him forward, and after a few moments, he began forgetting why he had even been worried.

"Can I help you?" He said, overly excited as he came up in front of them, getting in their personal bubble. Yet he was just so happy to see them! He was so entranced by being closer to them, breathing in their scent, that he was able to ignore the ache in his crotch and the damp moist sensation that seemed to intensify the more his cock started retreating into a steadily widening hole.

For their part, the trio looked at the man with some semblance of confusion. Never before had someone on a campus store been so...helpful? Excited, might have been an understatement. Surely, they weren't paying for him to love his job so much. Another glance went between the trio before Edward spoke up. "Oh, no worries! We're just grabbing some snacks," he said, turning away from the rather bizarre cashier and hoping they could grab their supplies and get out quickly.

"OK! OK! I'll wait!" Pierre said, mind swirling with excitement as he rushed behind the counter once more to wait. It was everything he could do not to leap up and as them once more, but they had told him to wait, right? Pierre was inclined to listen to them, wanting to be a good...what?

Waiting with an increased sense of impatience, Pierre found himself rubbing at this crotch as a wet stain seemed to meet his fingers. The familiar tent of his shaft was absent at this point, though the lust that he felt was more than anything he could recall. It was an odd reaction to the presence of three shoppers, but in his potent moment of heat, Pierre couldn't manage to find any fault in that. It was as though he was caught in the present, in a way that he never fathomed before. All that mattered was the ache in his loins, and he desperately wanted to sate it. Lingering thoughts about why doing so was ill-advised quickly left, and Pierre closed his eyes, getting into the moment and taking the briefest edge off the aches in his loins. There was no reason to hold back, his altering mind reasoned.

Edward, hearing the sound of a distinctive canine whine, looked up in reflex, not wanting to give the man attention but unable to resist the urge. The sight of which was...a little off, though not something that Edward could place right away. It seemed as though bizarre shadows were playing over the man's features, far more rapidly than the setting sun could have managed. It was as though the hairs of his beard were thickening, sprouting in real-time from the skin. Stranger still, a patch of black skin seemed to be spreading from the tip of it, as though it was blackening before his eyes. And was the skin a little different, perhaps thicker? It was almost impossible to say! Still, Edward didn't want to say anything, in case it was a little rude to do so.

Yet, he couldn't quite take his eyes away from the sight of the man's ears, seeming to lift from his head and move to the top, as though his skull was altering. Stranger still, the tips almost seemed pointed, as though growing in real-time. And speaking of growing, had the clerk always had such defined sideburns? It seemed as though he was altering before Edward's eyes, and it was impossible for him to deny otherwise, especially as he continued to stare.

Pierre, for his part, did not seem bothered by either the changes or the fact that the man was staring at him. In fact, it was the opposite; the clerk seemed excited for the attention, visibly

shaking from anticipation. His arousal was unseen by the onlookers, all three now as they became aware of Edwards's stare. Though, Pierre was remiss to care, thinking nothing wrong in his arousal as he pawed himself under the counter, no one able to see him in his moment of lust.

The only thing that came to mind out of place, other than the heat and itching against his body, was the lack of sensation from his backside, as though something was supposed to be present but was simply absent. Shaking his backside did not seem to help matters much. It was as though something was missing, something he could not fully understand. It wasn't until a growth started to poke its way through his backside that Pierre began to realize what he was missing, and he was getting what he needed. Though the growth started out immobile, sticking out above his underwear, given that his hips were thinner and his pants were starting to slide lower, it soon began to move with its ability to do so. Pierre had little ability to move it on his own, though his mood caused it to wag back and forth, as though to show the world how happy he was. And, right now, Pierre felt elated!

There was another conflict in his mind, given the ache in his crotch and the lack of erection he felt was typical. Did he always have a penis? That certainly did not seem to be the case at the moment, however he felt about it. The sex he possessed, aching and leaking as it was, clearly was female, and as such, he was now a she. That failed to bother Pierre in the slightest, however. She was a good girl and would be a good dog. If only she had a mate...

"Hey, are you OK?" Came the words, and Pierre grinned a canine grin, feeling her front teeth lengthening and her face start to crack out into the beginnings of a muzzle. Though she should have been bothered by such developments, it was rather a sensation of completion that was taking over, the notion that she was *wrong* though steadily being fixed as the moments ticked past. Every itch, every tingle left her body feeling *right* in a way that her fading mind could not rationalize but rather left her elated all the same.

"Rrrm a rrrrood rrrir!" Pierre exclaimed, the sounds coming out of her mouth more guttural than she recalled. Did she always sound like that? The voice was unfamiliar to her ears, though somehow sat right with her psyche. Though they were different, they were well on the way to becoming what she understood she could sound like. And, besides, all that mattered was that the humans understood her, right?

Edward, as it turned out, did not understand. The words he was able to discern well enough, even with their canine inflection. Rather, it was the fact they were being spoken by a man, one that seemed seriously ill. Though no illness could make the man lose so much weight, and grow short hairs, fangs, and a muzzle that seemed for all the world to look like a dog's. Such was impossible! Yet, there was no denying what was occurring before his very eyes...

Stunned, the three friends stared at the man behind the counter as she continued to shift, sinking lower as though her body was altering to make standing more difficult. With that, Pierre was forced to move her hands, taking them away from the ache on her crotch and repositioning them towards balance against the wooden counter. Such was puzzling to the changing dog person. Was she supposed to be on two legs? It didn't feel right, even as her hips started to crunch into the sides of her flanks and her pelvis started to snap towards a new shape. She was not supposed to be standing for too long unless her masters told her to.

More to the point, where were her masters? Her pack? Pierre didn't recognize any of the humans present, their scents foreign to her altering nose. Though they were safe, as best as she could tell. She could always get to know them, after all! She was friendly, wagging her tail and opening an expanding muzzle to pant from the heat assaulting her. There was nothing threatening in her posture, everything about her making sure that her potential pack mates knew it.

Yet, the scents from the three humans were not ones of comfort, but rather fear. "Get away!" One of them yelled, turning towards the door without putting his back to Pierre. The tone, rather than the words themselves, was what confused the poor dog most. Though there was little to be done for it, given their dispositions, amplified only by the scents they gave off.

"Rrruutt rrrrm a rrrrood rrrirl!" Pierre tried to say, though the words were even more difficult to discern to her changed ears. Still not sure she should be making such noises at all, Pierre thought it best to show her intentions through actions rather than the words she no longer had.

With some surprising level of strength, Pierre jumped up on top of the counter, hind legs evidently able to manage. Though the process left his pants behind, Pierre was remiss to care, newly grown hair prickling against the clothing powerfully irritating. With them gone, Pierre was free to feel her tail thrashing against his backside, anus having moved just under it and filling her nose with the aromas of his scent glands. There was something exciting about being free from them, something natural, though she still had underwear to contend with in the moment.

Edward, for his part, had moved his way toward the door, Danielle and Fin in tow. Nothing they had seen before could match the horror of a man's body crunching, altering, and shifting towards something looking increasingly canine. A yellow Lab, perhaps, though it was impossible to be sure given the hybrid state of the beast. A state that was shifting more and more with each passing moment until nothing was left of the former man in what seemed to soon be a dog

Danielle and Fin were the first out the door, nearly in synch, while Edward kept his back to them, unwilling to take his eyes off the dog man that had jumped off the counter and was hunched over, trying to make his way to them. He didn't want to turn his back lest the beast came at him, but his choice was to be his bane. Like a train wreck, he couldn't look away from the dog fast enough as it hobbled towards him, blackened nostrils sniffing the air as though enthralled by his scent. By the time he had the wherewithal to turn around and exit the store, the beast was on him, sniffing his ass and making Edward wince from the contact. It was like being nosed by a friendly dog, but he had seen the man change before his eyes, and wanted nothing to do with what the beast was becoming!

With a sense of urgency, Edward pushed the dog away, not wanting to be bitten by the changing beast's muzzle or infected by anything that might have changed the man in the first place. It was impossible to know, but at least the dog-man wasn't inclined to nip at him. The dog grunted in annoyance but did not growl or otherwise show any sign of aggression. Still, the terror of seeing such a thing left Edwards struggling to leave, opening the door and pushing it shut, taking off to run down the hall after his friends.

Whining his disappointment, Pierre tried to stand, though struggled with the changes to her backside. Though able to get up on her legs, the position of her hips made such struggles impossible to manage against. Though she figured it a moot point, given that she simply needed to open the door. The thought of which prompted her to excitedly wag her tail, feeling it grow longer as she did go and slapping it against one of the shelves. After all, she wanted to chase those fearful masters, hoping that she would be accepted into their pack, made to be given relief from the heat still assailing her loins...

With that, a fleeting memory allowed her the knowledge to open the door, recalling it had a handle that pushing would grant her the escape she wanted. Yet, looking down, she was a little shocked to see that her hands were altering, fingers shrinking and starting to turn stiff and stubby. Finding it harder to think about the wider situation, Pierre stared down as the fingers cracked and popped, stiffening and shrinking into nothing more than stubs that she could scarcely wiggle even as she futilely tried. Though it was hard to muster any panic at their loss, not with their alterations being fascinating to observe. Nails were darkening, blackening as their blunt stubs forced their way out of the former fingers. On the other side of them, the skin started to swell as though burned, lacking any pain from the efforts. Rather, she was developing the start of blackening paw pads, ones not only coating the bottoms of the fingers but the stretching, thinning contours of her former palms as well.

As the changes to her body carried on, with them, human thoughts and rationalization were starting to fade. Not gone altogether, of course, memory engrams stored in the minute

machines as the mad men's machinations dedicated. Though Pierre had no way to understand what was really happening to her, only that she was changing, and the form she was growing into matched her altering mentality nicely and that she simply desire more and more of her body to change.

Though one thing was still to her determinant, the lack of source to sate her heat that was still burning within her loins. It was starting to get intense, taking over her senses and making her forget her goal of getting out of the room a distant memory. Though the scents of the humans lingered in her nose, they were not the odors she was looking for, ones of her own kind with canine pricks. Without one present, there was little to be done for it, save for a single solution that came to her mind.

Though she was smaller now, it was still difficult for her to get off her shirt without hands. It took some doing, but she managed to do so, shoulders snapping and compressing and making it easy for her to rest her paws on them and back out of them. All that remained was her underwear, though it was soon to be a non-issue as thinning hips allowed it to slide down her smaller legs. Bare skin was still present in some places, though it was steadily being covered in layers of yellow hair. All over her body was shrinking, internal organs gurgling, and the spine adjusting towards a new position. Yet, it was only perceived as a mild discomfort to experience the changes, bringing her towards the final form that she longed to take on as she wagged her tail in eagerness.

There was something else in her fading mind, one that excited her as she realized her body was altering. With her lengthening spine, it was becoming more and more realistic for her to tend to her needs herself. The scent in her nose made her pant, tongue lolling out of her mouth as it started to flatten. The musk of canine heat wasn't too bad, all things considered, and the flavor would likely not bother her too much. She desperately wished she had a mate with a thick canine penis to sate her lust. But in the interim, her tongue would certainly do the trick!

Pulling off her underwear was an easy affair with her hips changed, not designed to wear such things any longer. It was no issue to expose her sex, thick musk hitting her nose and making her whine with need. No words escaped her lips, and though she was speaking, in a sense, it was more the action and need she was attempting to express, rather than words as she once understood them. Still, there was little to worry about now with her desire at its apex. All that mattered was getting a semblance of pleasure to quell the heat assailing her loins!

With that, the changing dog man started rising her lex, sex moist and exposed just below her hairless anus. Having no qualms about lapping at it, rather finding the scent inviting, Pierre went to town, lapping herself with gusto and savoring the sweat nectar of her heat. The sensation

of a thick tongue on her nethers had the desired effect, making her pant and whine her lusts into her muff. It was more than she could have imagined, the sensitivity of her sex far more than it was possible. If only she had a mate to pleasure her, as well!

The action had the effect of solidifying the rest of the changes playing over her form. Pierre longed to be complete, not finding the current state of her changes to be desirous. Though her body was shrinking, Pierre found that she was stronger, more muscled than before, and every bit as flexible with youth. It was her head that had the furthest to go, cracking with bone and sinew as it pushed forward. Skull sloping and cranium compressing did little to reduce her intellect, such as it was. The nanites would see to that. Though her memories would remain housed in the nanite programs, it was a moot point, the program designed to give one the best semblance of animalistic simplicity. And Pierre welcomed it eagerly, wanting to change and give in to the pleasure that she was feeling from licking herself in a way few humans were flexible enough to manage.

With encroaching caninity came a plethora of new sensations, ones that allowed Pierre a better understanding of the world around her. Ears heard the sounds of her brethren calling outside, some in panic but most in playfulness or lust. Eyes were dimmed somewhat, though she had a hard time recalling with colors former primate equivalents could detect. It was really her nose that she used to determine the ways of the world, however, and it drank in information like a siphon. Though at the moment, the only thing that mattered was her own need, and Pierre buried her nose in it, licking herself towards a glorious orgasm!

The encroaching lust hit her unexpectedly, cognizant thought largely lacking in her canine brain. She only wanted pleasure, and her tongue was doing an exquisite job of providing it. Though she was not expecting such an onslaught of orgasmic ecstasy to play over her frame, making it impossible to resist letting out a whine as she *came*, barely aware that it was her first time as a female or a canine to reach such heights. Such was an explosion of new sensation, one that Pierre was eagerly able to spur on further as her changes cemented and her sex screamed for more.

Still, lost in lust and longing as she was, Pierre was able to lift her ears in an effort to detect dogs like her around, barking and running and fucking like the packmates they were. Raising her fluid-soaked muzzle, Pierre looked to the door, unable to see her brethren past it but barking her alarm at being left alone. After all, surely, they would accept her as pack and help her to freedom. She was a good girl, right? And a good girl like her deserved to have a mate...

Edward couldn't help but feel a persistent prickling all over his body as he walked away from the student union building, trying to shake the feelings of fear from his mind. There was a nagging pressure in his mind, wondering if what happened to the man at the counter would happen to him. After all, he had started to turn into a dog, over the course of a few minutes with no obvious source to the process. Though he figured it was a long shot for anything to happen to him, there was still a chance that it could have been spread to his body. Every itch, every prickle was perceived as the start of the same changes in him and an eventual canine fate. Though he had no way to know for sure, the intrusive thoughts persisted in his mind.

There was something else about the prospect, one that Edward kept to himself but couldn't help but reflect on now that he had seen it happen in real-time. The concept of transformation was not foreign to him, rather something he had often reflected on in his years of perusing various media. As much, the sight of a man becoming a dog before his eyes was not only something he had imagined before but something he could get behind. It was not the idea of transformation, per se, that interested him. Rather the insight of experiencing an animal's mind, a completely, non-human being's perspective on the world. And, it was something that he had read about, fixated on, and, hell, even touched himself over. Not that he would ever admit that to his friends or anyone else, mind. But with that sight so firmly entrenched in his mind, it was impossible for him not to think about the change and the idea that people could become dogs. And, as much as it embarrassed him, to be a little aroused by the prospect.

Still, despite the possibility of such before him, there was reason for him to actively seek it out, the real-life repossessions of such a change to innumerable. He did not, could not want to permanently become a dog under any circumstances. Being one for a short time, certainly. But not for an unknown duration that could very well be forever. And, more to the point, he didn't know how much of the man's brain was left after the change, not something he wanted to lose in its entirety if he were to change for real.

Outside now, Edward was just starting to clue into the conversations his friends Danielle and Fin were having regarding the experience. "You saw what I saw, right? I wasn't tripping?" Fin said, panting from the exertion of running so hard and the immediate threat having subsided for now.

"If what you saw was a cashier turning into a yellow Lab, then, no, can't say you were," Danielle said, somewhat matter-of-factly. She seemed more detached from the horrific situation than anything, though that was par for the course with her personality.

"You saw it too, right man?" Fin said, taking his hand and putting it on Edward's shoulder. He wasn't inclined to be touched at the moment, but Edward decided not to pull back

just yet, figuring it was a little too much for him to pull back, not wanting to draw attention to his inner monologue.

“You OK, man?” Fin said, and Edward realized with some embarrassment realized that he hadn’t replied to the question. It was a moot point, however, given the extreme circumstances of what they had just seen.

“NO!” Edward said, a little more sharply than he’d intended. The situation certainly could call for it, given the absurdity of what they had just witnessed.

“Sorry. My bad,” Fin said, a little dejected by the outburst, though ultimately understanding it, given the absurdity of everything they had witnessed.

“Hey, there are more dogs over there,” Danielle said, voice lowered. Edward figured that with canine hearing, keeping a voice lower would amount to very little, but he saw the logic in the attempt.

“Why don’t they have leashes or owners?” Fin asked, as though the answer wasn’t obvious. Maybe it wasn’t, but Edward was starting to get fearful about the circumstances. Really, there was no way to know or even assume that what happened to the man inside could be happening to anyone else. And having been former people was low on the list of things that would explain the presence of the dogs out on campus. But nothing about the day made any sense, especially culminating in the sight of a man becoming a dog. That being the case, anything was possible...

The sight of a few sets of clothes on the ground seemed to confirm what Edward was most worried about. He didn’t want to jump to conclusions, but this was starting to turn more and more toward the plot of one of his transformation stories rather than anything in real life. Clothes scattered on the ground, dogs running around without leashes, and the sight of a man turning into a dog before his eyes. All of it led Edward to only one conclusion, and it was not one that he relished...

It was the sounds of whines and whimpers coming from behind some trees that attracted their attention. Edward felt he knew what they would find but was terrified from the implication. Still, like a train wreck, he couldn’t bring himself to look away. Behind the bushes, at least trying to maintain a little discretion, were two dogs going at it hot and heavy. Given the genitals under one of them, it was evident they were both males, though that was hardly the point. Especially since there were remnants of discarded clothes, not evidently torn but clearly worn by their

former occupants. Like they were once human but had been grown out of, as best as he could tell. Possibly the same as the cashier...

“Shouldn’t people have their pets fixed? Gross,” commented Danielle in that matter-of-fact way she often used. Edward couldn’t believe that the implication had passed him over, the obviousness of the source of the clothes and the dogs himself impossible to deny given what they had just seen. And yet...

Feeling dizzy, Edward sat down quickly on a nearby bench, trying to make sense of things. He knew deep down there was no denying that the two dogs were formerly human. And, that meant whatever changed them was likely contagious for it to be affecting so many people. The sounds of distant dogs barking were clear in his ears, after all. Were they all once human? How had they been changed? Did that matter? Were they to be next, changed by something in the air, some contact with the dogs directly, or some unknown supernatural force he could scarcely comprehend? And, given his interest in transformation, was that necessarily a bad thing?

Edward couldn’t look away from the rutting dogs, seemingly getting close to completion as their thrusts sped up. He wasn’t much into sex, hence his interest in transformation. Still, he figured he would give in to instincts and would be happy to give into them to mate like an animal, something he always wished to experience. And, it seemed that this pair, gay or not before the changes, were eager to get down and dirty in canine fashion. Would he wish to experience the same thing? Hadn’t he always?

To his dismay, Edward found that he liked the sight, at least as much as he could ever imagine doing so. His cock was getting harder in his pants, pressing against the inside of his jeans, and almost aching as it did so. Part of him wanted to put his hands over it, to hide his erection from his friends. But it was getting harder and harder to think of any reasons to do so, enraptured by the sight of the two dogs mating. What he wouldn’t do to let his human thoughts go, to be down on all fours and taking doggy cock, rutting into an anus or cunt like he wished to. Even though he shouldn’t want it to happen to him, in the moment there was no denying the urge to rip off his pants and join the dogs, to change into one of them and experience a life based on instincts.

Edward did feel his hands moving towards his cock, though it was not in his interest to hide his shame from his friends. Rather it was the need that his cock had to be stimulated, not wanting to do so in front of his friends but having little other recourse. Even if he didn’t change himself, the urge to pleasure himself to the sight of the two dogs, now hitting their orgasms with

howls of release. It was the most erotic thing he could imagine, and even with the fear of a real-life change, he could not deny the urges to join them!

“Edward, your hands!” Fin’s voice rang out, enough to bring Edward’s mind out of his reverie.

For a moment he thought that he had been touching himself without realizing it. Yet, all it took was a quick glance downward to notice that his nails were getting longer, whitish hairs starting to pepper the backs of his hands and making him whine from the implication. His hands were changing, nails thickened fast enough that it could not be denied it was happening in real-time. Not sure how he had been infected, there was no denying that his hands were starting to go the way of the cashier’s, on their way to becoming a dog’s!

With the reality of what was happening, it was impossible not to be overwhelmed by the reality that he was to get his wish, to change into a dog. Though there was no way to tell what the end game would be, he would soon find out. And, nervousness and excitement taking him over in equal measure, there was only one truth to the reality of the change that Edward could really know for certain. That the notion he was to become a dog turned him on more than anything he could imagine!

“Fuck, he’s changing! It’s infectious!” Fin called out, backing away fast. Edward wanted to get out, to protest his changes. There was nothing to be done about it, not wanting to infect his friends against their will. He wasn’t sure how the process worked but figured it was best for him to keep his distance.

Fin, already several feet away, kept backing away slowly, not wanting to take his eyes off his friend but not wanting to stay too close. Danielle, however, seemed conflicted. She didn’t say anything, just stared towards the dogs mating with a faraway look in his eyes. It was as though she was sniffing the air, looking for something that she couldn’t immediately find. Still, Edward was able to notice that her nose was starting to alter color, changing towards black much like the other man in the shop had. Even the contact with the other changing dog man was not shared by the others, making it hard to say, given the unknown source of the transition.

Fin was still walking backward, looking around not to draw the attention of any errant dogs. It was as though he had no idea of what to do, scared that both of his friends seemed to be in the throes of change. Not wanting to change himself, he was clearly wondering whether he should get off campus, or if that would even mean anything given the status of the spread of change. For now, he was silent, not knowing what to say given the circumstances.

“We have to get the hell out of here!” He eventually stated, though there was nothing to be done for it. Edward was torn between running, wondering if there was a radius of change and if leaving the area would actually matter. Yet, he simply couldn’t run from the urge to get down on all fours and give into the reality that was to be his descent into doghood. It was a fight to see if there was anything worth trying to save, or if he should give in and experience everything it meant to change, especially if he was to lose himself in the process.

Yet, for the moment, Edward decided to resist it, focusing on the changes to his hands instead. Down on all fours, his changing anatomy would likely draw in canine scents and sway his inclinations. So there was something to be said for staying there, watching as his fingers started to change and stiffen, while the hair started to spread over his hands and up his arms. The hair moving up his arms was shorter, turning brown as he watched them moving up under his shirt sleeves.

It was soon to be a moot point, given a tingling that was starting to play over his nose. Edward had to assume it was the start of his nose changing, the sides separating into slits as it expanded on his features. In no time at all, Edward could see the black shade out of the corner of his eye, larger than its human equivalent on his features and growing still. He was almost afraid to breathe through his nose, given the fear that he would be bombarded with scents the likes of which he could hardly comprehend. And, that was the case, the scents on the air almost strong enough to give him a headache, and his still-human mind was barely able to scratch the surface of what he was smelling

With the tingling running over his body, he was starting to understand how fast the changes were coming, and how soon he might become a dog. The cashier had changed so fast, and it was likely that he would change just as fast, given the speed at which the itching of fur growth was spreading over his form. Yet, it was hard to feel anything but elation over the changes that were coming, and the life he would live. Edward was rock hard in his pants, and there was no denying how much he wanted to experience everything to be a dog from a human perspective. Though he knew he should be afraid, it was impossible for him to keep up that level of fear with the excitement to have his dream fulfilled before his very eyes.

Fin continued to stare, unaware of the nub that was forming from his spine, pressing against the back of his pants. Though it was largely ignored with the terror felt over the current circumstances, he continued to back away, unable to look away from his changing friends and afraid about what would become of him. It wasn’t until the growth touched his inner thigh, as though being tucked between his legs, that Fin let out a yelp. He was turning into a dog, too. He had a fucking *tail* sticking out of his backside!

With that, Fin pulled down his pants, not wanting to trip over them as he changed. He no longer cared that he was getting naked in front of his friends. After all, both were further changed than he was, and he desperately wanted to see how much of him had changed. In addition to the tail, something terrifying in its own right, it seemed that his legs were starting to cover with fur, the additional hairs thick and long on his features, white on his inner thighs, and growing brown on the outsides. Keeping his underwear on, for now, Fin kicked off his pants and shoes, seeing the start of claws on his toes and the fur running all the way down to the base of them.

Danielle, too, was changing, though seemed more at peace with the process than either of her male friends. As though accepting it, she managed to get her pants off, panties as well that were stained a little from the fluids she was leaking. It seemed like she was in heat, as much as any of the changing dogs seemed sexually inclined. Though, there was no comment from her still human mouth, even as she started to pant with a longer tongue and revealed more predatory teeth. Still, a whiff of female nectar was all Edward needed to know of her desire, that the change was placing her in a receptive state as much as the other dog's mating seemed to be. It was nice to know it was a side effect of the change and not his own transformative fantasies. That way, everyone would want to rut anyway human thoughts into canine bliss!

Danielle's nose was changing further, drawn down to merge with her upper lip and blackening gums as she panted her obvious lust. It was getting harder to see the humanity in her features, especially as her eyes dulled. She looked around, as though it was natural for her to act like a dog, that she was not afraid of the change. Her tail flagged up and few times, and it looked to Edward like her sex had moved across her perineum towards her anus, both situated just under her tail. Danielle was not afraid to show off the goods as though she found being a dog was the most normal thing in the world. Perhaps, to her, it was, given her laid-back attitude toward life. Perhaps she was taking being turned into a dog in stride?

Edward, for his part, was nervous and fascinated about the process in equal measure. It was getting more and more likely that whatever was happening would be permanent, the repercussions too immeasurable. Though there was nothing to be done for it and wasn't that the point of being an animal? Not caring about the future, living for the now? To run, to fuck...

"Fuck, not my nose!" Came the panicked voice of their friend, as Fin reached up to touch what was becoming of it. It, too, was thick and black, nostrils flaring as he tried to breathe through his mouth. He obviously didn't wish to give into his instincts, opting instead to try and escape while the other two were more accepting. Though he stayed still, not sure really what to do, given the changes to his nose and the overwhelming amount of information in scents he was receiving.

At this point, Edward figured they were all far enough changed that it no longer mattered about carrying on with social conventions. He would be horny as hell even without the scents of canine musk in his nose. But with that ample source of stimulation, there really wasn't any reason for him to hold back, wanting nothing more than the lust to take him into his canine body. At the moment, Edward only wanted to know what breed he was to become!

Yet, there was one obvious hindrance to his masturbatory escapades, the lack of human hands he needed to get his pants off. By this point, his fingers had shrunk entirely, leaving nothing save the stubs of paws that were held in place by a fat layer of webbing. His claws, too, were fully formed, making him ill-advised to rub his cock through his pants. By this time, his paw pads had formed their canine spades on the bottoms of former fingers and palms, and his thumbs were retracting, no longer needed for his anatomy. At the very least, he would have to get up to be rid of the clothes, the main barrier between him and his goal. Maybe he would soon be flexible enough to use his tongue to pleasure himself. Or, better yet, a mate to breed with...

Getting up, Edward instantly found his stance awkward, both top heavy and legs having diminished towards quadrupedal equivalents. Edward felt wobbly, balancing as best he could as he felt his pants loosen from around him and start to slide down, which was the eventual goal. Still, his shirt hung around him, a size too large and bigger still as he shrank towards canine proportions.

It was soon to be much harder to stand with the persistent tingling in his feet, stretched, thinning heels indicative of the next changes to assail him. Kicking them off, unable to remove them with paws, Edward was privy to the sight of his feet stretching, forced on the balls of them as their toes started to snap and retract into the skin. With the rapid changes to his feet, Edward knew that balancing was precarious, and decided it was best to get down on all fours, lest he fall over and hurt himself mid-change. Before his hips were to alter, it was not ideal, it was time to get down on all fours, possibly forever. Yet, the notion did not bother him as much as he thought it should, and Edward got down excitedly, resting his paws on the ground and feeling his thinning weight pressing down on them.

Though the notion of being on all fours like an animal should have been terrifying even to someone who wanted it, Edward couldn't hold back the absolute elation over the change and his inevitable fate. The energy in his body was higher than at any time he could recall, and Edward felt an odd sense of expression, not something he was able to do, as though absent. Wriggling his ass seemed to do something for him, but it was not enough. It was as though he was missing...a tail? Was that it?

A tingling at the back of his spine soon made clear that was what he wanted, as something pushes out of the skin, bone and muscle, and tendons that started to twitch the moment that Edward realized he had one that could move. It was stubby, not like the fluffy one that Fin possessed, still stuck between his legs, or the long, thinner one that Danielle possessed. Still, he cherished it, an obvious sign he was to be a dog, the one animal he imagined changing into above all others. Furthermore, it gave him some indication as to what might be his eventual breed, elating him even further.

Excited as he was to down his own tan-furred stub, Edward's fixation was on Danielle's wagging one as she moved toward Fin, panting and sniffing with her massive nose. Nearly putting her nose in his damp underwear, Fin let out a moan, wobbling a little as his own feet started altering towards a more paw-like configuration. He managed to push her back for the moment, though it was clear that his hands were changing, too. As much as he might have lamented it, it was obvious that he, too, was turning into a dog, his lanky frame filling out into a larger breed.

Danielle losing interest, Fin was able to rip off his shirt, exposing the thick patches of soft-looking fur spreading up his chest and belly. Extra nipples seemed to pop up around the fur, making Fin powerfully tempted to scratch, though he resisted the urge, claws growing on his hands and fingers starting to shrink. With the floppy ears, thick fur, and thickened jowls around his mouth, the breed Saint Bernard came to mind, though it was still too early in the change to tell for sure.

Still, Edward's focus remained primarily on the female, Danielle kicking off her shoes to expose paw-like feet that were rapidly taking on their final configuration. With her shirt off, and patterns of fur spreading over skin, the white with black spots gave away her soon-to-be breed. A Dalmatian, fitting enough with her demeanor. Her changes were coming along quickly, hips sloshing audibly as Edward flicked ears that he wasn't expecting to be mobile. Crunches resonated through her form, chest barreling, pelvis shifting, ribs cracking. Though such should have been monstrously painful, Danielle seemed only to be mildly discomforted, skin twitching as short white fur and spots erupted all over her. Soon, her stature was suited for that of a dog, as though her eagerness to change made the process occur faster. Over halfway done now, only hands and face denoted any former humanity, something that she was obviously willing to shed.

However, her fixation seemed to still be on Fin, the only one of the trio still resisting. Without warning, she moved toward Fin's crotch, licking at his underwear and making him moan. His cock was powerfully erect, with no way for his new nose not able to detect the pungent scents of canine heat and musk. It seemed to be shrinking somewhat, though no less erect, par for the course with canine anatomy.

“No, stop, bad girl...” Finn managed to moan, though his fingers were shrinking at this point, and there was nothing to be done to push her away this time. And, given his body language, it seemed just as obvious that he wasn't able to resist entirely her advances, either.

Pants already down, it took little effort for Danielle to hook a lengthened tooth under the bank and pull down his boxers. His erection bobbed there, just now changing in time to the exposure to the air. First, his foreskin peeled down to the base, painlessly separating the skin as what remained underneath started to darken to red. The head pointed, its image reminded Edward of lipstick, familiar as he was with canine anatomy from his transformation explorations. Still, it was surreal to see it happening before his eyes, having on his friend's groin as the foreskin swelled further with the addition of a canine knot at the base. He was hard as hell, it seemed, aided by what Edward knew to be a baculum bone within.

Excited about the development of his own canine rod, Edward was not to wait long for its growth. Pants off now from thinning hips, Edward was able to hook his claws in them in an effort to remove them from his body. There was some reverence in the act, being rid of the clothing for light brown canine fur for his breed. Naked now, and not feeling a modicum of shame in the act, Edward's already erect cock was allowed to undergo the same alterations, red and shrinking as the cleft melded into the shaft and left an overall appearance of lipstick. He could feel it leaking, bobbing out of a shaft that was reoriented towards his chest with the positioning of his sheath against his groin and belly. Best was the sensual swelling of his own knot, pushing his sheath underneath in a nearly orgasmic way of its own. Edward needed to get off, and he needed it *now*.

Thankfully, he was not to wait long with the presence of a willing female before him. Danielle, having apparently been content with just teasing the other male, now found interest in the canine cock that Edward possessed. She was on him in an instant, licking his wide lips and hanging jowls. Though it was a brief tease towards what was to come, Danielle stopped soon enough that she was ready to play in earnest. Edward could not have expected, however, that her next action would be to reach out with still-human hands and run them over his canine cock, making him shiver from the contact!

Like a final attachment to her humanity, before they were lost, Danielle stroked up and down the length of his canine rod, squeezing it gently and allowing Edward to experience all of its new contours and ridges. Edward let out a decidedly canine-like whimper, feeling his shaft engorge impossibly large, even though it was significantly smaller than its primate equivalent. Though Edward worried not about its size, figuring that he would grow accustomed to it in time, and needing to get off with it as much as he needed anything in recent memory!

Her proximity wafted pungent perfume his way, and Edward felt his nose alight with the canine fragrance. His knot was nearly pulsating by this point, the need to feel in enclosed upon a canine cunt almost all-consuming. For now, he was content to feel whatever it was that Danielle intended, a once-in-a-lifetime experience to do anything intimate while in the midst of what was likely a one-way transformation!

The touch of her hands, while pleasant, was not to last, as the smooth skin gave way for coarse pad pads, and fingers lost their ability to make their way access his shaft as soft pops and cracks resonated through them. Danielle had the sense to take her soon-to-be paws off of his cock, allowing them to settle on the ground as they changed into appendages suited for standing and running agility across the ground, not the tactile flexibility that primates enjoyed. Though, in the moment, Edward was happy to feel his own on the ground, wanting to know all it meant to be a dog, not wanting any human attributes to remain.

With the loss of her hands, Danielle had another intention, one that excited the ever-growing canine psyche developing from Edward's former humanity. She turned, a canine eye giving a human-like wink as she walked in front of him and exposed her Dalmation sex for Edward's inspection. At the moment, he wanted nothing more than to take that canine offering for all it was worth, to lap and lick and sample the flavors of her need before adding his own fluids to her own.

Worried that the flavors might be offensive to his human senses, Edward felt his fears evaporate as his tongue started to flatten out of his mouth, panting from the heat assailing him. His grin widened as well, jaws expanding as he started to lick and slurp her sex with all the finesse of a beast. With the size and width of his muzzle, it was clear to Edward's diminishing human intellect that he was becoming a Pitbull, one of his favorite dog breeds. It made him all the more eager to sample her sweet nectar, bursting with a flavor that excited him to the core. It tasted every bit as exciting as his nose told him it would, and with shifting flanks, Danielle's canine sex was perfect level with Edward's new muzzle. He didn't even have to move as his own stance firmed up, shoulders rotating forward and powerful paws planted firmly on the ground.

Danielle, for her part, simply panted and whined her need, not concerned with the changes that were forcing her own face out. She didn't try to talk anymore, though Edward was certain that neither of them could by this point. It was rather that the pair wanted to sink into their canine beings, barks and yips used for simple communication. Scent and body language told canines so much more about the world and each other, after all.

With that, the changes started their final descent across their forms, short hairs poking over every inch of skin laid barren. Save the points of nipples, tingling with sensitivity that made Edward lament he could not explore the feeling of their development. Though it was of little consequence with how horny he was, how much his cock needed the attention. The desire to breed was at the forefront of a compressing cranium, needing to rut and fuck the bitch that was so willingly offered. The human him could never have imagined doing something so bold, but the dog taking over wanting nothing more!

A brief part of his diminishing intellect was worried about being able to mount probably, though even with all he had lost, Edward knew that was silly. Instinct was enough that he was able to mount, a little difficult with his smaller, thicker stature having a struggle with her taller, learner form. Danielle, clearly annoyed, had to lower herself a little, insistent to take him and likely wishing to have a canine beau of larger physique. Though, at the moment, he was the only one around that was able to please her, and, soon, the tip of his pointed penis grew near toward the pre lubbed sex that so achingly wished to engulf it.

A part of him focused on his friend, now clearly over halfway towards the being of a Saint Bernard. Though Finn was not a fan of it, shaking off his pants as he started to run away, struggling with the thick fur that had grown over him. The odor of fear was presently wafting from his friend's form, though there was nothing to be done for it as the forces changing him gifted Finn a canine body as it had with the rest of them. Part of Edward wished that his friend would join them, eager to take a canine cock up his ass as much as he was to fuck himself. But there was nothing to be done for it as the changing Saint Bernard fled from view.

Yet, all his concern for his friend evaporated the moment his hips shoved forward and his cock was engulfed by the slick folds of the willing female. It was almost too much to bear to be wrapped up in such a pleasant way, to feel his cock sinking as far inside to the knot as it could without penetration. Without further thought, Edward started to hump, eager for the sensation as his cock slid in and out of his mate like a jackhammer. It was all he could do not to cum right there, but canine that he was, Edward was unable to hold back. Not that he cared, mind...

With such insistent thrusting, it took no time for his knot to slam against her vagina, pushing it open further than he thought the elastic tissues could manage. Though eventually, they opened like a blooming flower, and he shoved in, knot firming tying them together and forcing his thrusts to shallow significantly. It did not matter to his devolving brain, however, feeling the pleasure grow impossibly fast. He was going to release, it was too much... YES!

With a howl of ecstasy, Edward felt his cock spasm as his slapping balls prepared to unload their seed. It was an uncontrolled, primal act, one that washed away most of the lingering

human thoughts and concerns that the former human harbored. It was all swept from his mind like the seed from his balls as he spilled his load and filled his bitch, cock awash in the excess. Never before had he cum so *hard*, everything the fading humanity wanted and more! Even the clenching of her cunt lips on his cock as she howled and came was barely felt, lost in lust and the ecstasy of the act as he was.

Coming down from such an intense orgasm left little of his humanity, though Edward could have hardly brought himself to care, even if he retained the facilities to do so. Rather, he reveled in the bestial identity he now possessed, eager to have rid himself of the humanity with only enough sense he had been human to properly enjoy it. Life had so much promise now that he had changed. The sounds, the scents. The *sex*. Even the more frightening changes held little weight, eyesight dimming and colors fading, the awareness of the world lit up far better than mere eyesight could. He wanted to run, to explore everything that life had to offer-

And yet, to his chagrin, Edward found that he was *stuck*, flared knot unable to leave the folds of his sexual conquest. Everything he did to pull out had no effect, save for annoying the Dalmation he was tied to, encouraging her to growl her displeasure. With a submissive whine, Edward allowed his cock to sit there, almost painful in his own right due to his raised stature from their discrepancies in height. Still, he managed to get into a comfortable position, awaiting the moment when they would separate and he could begin his life in earnest. There was so much to explore, to experience from a new perspective, Edward could hardly wait!

Though, one thing bothered the minuscule part of his mind that remained human, something he had a hard time rationalizing. He worried about his friend, now Saint Bernard, whose scent of fear still played in Edward's mind. He wanted his friend to be happy, perhaps to mate them both as they started their own pack. But, without acceptance of his form, that could not happen, making him lament his friend's loss. He would look for the newly formed dog, to show him how good life could be. That was when his knot was finally freed from his bitch...

Finn was some distance away by this point, though it was a struggle to run with his changing body. Two-legged travel was out of the question on his paws, though his spine hadn't quite altered to the point where he could run like a dog would. Still, that was for the best, given the potential repercussions of such an existence. He didn't want to be a dog, didn't want to be comfortable on all fours as much as he didn't want his friends to change!

With no goal in mind, Fin thought it best to make his way off campus, hoping the hub of the change and his only chance to get away from the final stages of transformation. Nose already

altered, the scents of his fellow changed canines wafted towards him, lingering human aromas making him well aware that they had been changed as he had. No pure human scents lingered in the outdoor areas, which made him shiver from the implication. It was as though the entire campus, or at least this neck of the woods, had gone to the dogs, so to speak. And with that in mind, Finn was left to think the worst. What was happening to the human population? How far would it spread? Fuck, with his body halfway changed into a canine, he hardly had time to focus on the implications with the very real possibility he would spend the rest of his life as a Saint Bernard.

Worst of all, the scents of canine rang in his nose, keeping his erection taut underneath him as he ran. It was harder than at any point in his life, and it took all the willpower he possessed simply not to touch it. He was rather focused on getting out and away from the canine stimuli to the point where he might change back. There was no way of knowing if that was to be the case, without any knowledge of what was even causing them in the first place. But it was the only hope he had, and Finn was determined to return to his humanity, not wanting to turn into a dog if he could help it!

Yet, the more he ran, the harder it became to think about why he was doing so. The scents in the air, the lack of canine odors, and the ache from his cock made it nearly impossible for him to focus on anything else. And with the changes to his legs, it was getting harder and harder to remain standing. So, falling over with intention, Finn felt the pads on his hands starting to thicken, making it harder to feel the ground beneath him. Still, with the alterations to his physiology, Finn was granted the ability to run away even faster, something he did eagerly to try to escape his canine fate.

With his nose closer to the ground, the scents of other canines, no longer the former humans but other dogs out in the world. They did not hold the same sexual interest as the scents he was used to from former humans, but that was a moot point with the wealth of information that came with it. Scents of urine and feces came with health, breed, and vitality, along with every other thing they had come across. He didn't want to meet others of his species, but the information of their presence was enough to spark his interest and make him forget about why he had been so worried about changing into a dog in the first place.

With that, the rest of the changes were left to creep over his form without his awareness. His head pushed out, jowls hanging heavily as thick fur coated the rest of his body. Floopy ears hung heavy on his head, and his cock, still erect, hung from underneath him, swaying balls through the fur and almost aching with the need to rut. Hands and feet had become functional paws to the point where he could no longer move the digits, claws clicking on the sideway as he slowed down to a walk, body heavier than many of the others of his species. Skull compressing

on his brain as it was, it was getting harder not to focus on canine endeavors, but something in his instincts left him to try and find help even if only a shred of a chance persisted.

“Hey, hey boy! Stop!” Came a voice, and Finn looked up to see what he perceived as a parked cop car, the man trying to get his attention. A cop! Finn was safe! Getting closer, his tail started to wag, and he came up to the man in the car, hoping that a trace of his body persisted and that he might see Finn for what he really was and be able to find help. Best of all, the man was still human. Whatever force had been changing people into dogs, it seemed it had moved this far from the university campus.

“Hey, boy, where’s your owner?” The man inquired, and with those words, Finn felt his heart sink. He hadn’t realized the changes were over, that tingling sensation absent and his body finally feeling complete. He went to bark at the man but figured there was little point. After all, he couldn’t be understood, and the cop might think it prudent to call a dog catcher. And that certainly wouldn’t do at all!

With that, he took off, the cop calling after him though not chasing, thankfully. But it did little to solve the fact he was a dog and had no way to change back. And, worse than that, he was finding it harder and harder to think, the ache in his loins and its leaking contours making him want to find the other dogs, to mate them and add to his pack...

Without being aware of it, Finn found himself moving toward the university once again. The scents of his canine brethren rang in his nose, and his cock rose to its apex, aching to fuck. There would be bitches there eager to please him, and the more he thought about it, the more Finn wanted to mate, to relieve the ache in his loins. And nothing else mattered to him in the moment.

As he made it back to campus, the scents in his nose told him the story. There were still a few human odors left, though most of even those carried the odors of canines on them. Some would escape and there was an urge for him to hunt them down and change them with his presence. But there was no point in doing so with so many horny bitches looking for studs like him. Enough for his libido to be satisfied...

Part of his mind just then, the part that was ashamed of what he was and what he wanted to do, was able to take control just then. Finn took off, loving the scents of canines but doing everything in his power to avoid them. There was some awareness that any humans he encountered would be under the same spell as he, and would be doomed to turn into dogs. But right now, he was fixated on avoiding the humping, drooling dogs, giving into their instincts and mating over and over. With that, he was guided into the stadium, the scents of humans and the

absence of dogs a powerful attractant. Trotting as he was, Finn was not aware of the impulses that lead him there, to change more humans and add to their pack against his better inclinations...

Itching in his shirt, Joe struggled to drive back to the station without pulling off his shirt and scratching himself. It was impossible to do so while he was driving, and he simple thought it to be something about the fabric softener he'd used. Would have asked the wife, if they were still together, or hell, even on speaking terms. Not something he wanted to think about, though something that always came to mind every evening after his shitty shifts.

The itching was not only confined to his shirt, as something in the back of his pants irritated him terribly. It was as though something was sticking out of his spine, tickling with hair and getting caught about it. It was getting powerfully hot in here, as though he had a fur coat inside his shirt and in his pants, and without the ability to sweat all of a sudden, Joe started to pant, coming out of his mouth and dripping drool onto his lap. Getting close to the station, he had no choice but to pull over, pulling out what looked to be a massive tail from the back of his pants. Though rather than being concerned with his present, Joe couldn't bring himself to worry, instead happy it was out of his pants.

Part of him knew he still needed to get back to the station, that his work was there and he belonged there. Though images of coworkers changed from companions to masters, and he felt the urge to work for them, to get their praise and attention. Though part of him was aware such thoughts were foreign, another was able to sink into like they were his own memories. After all, with a failed marriage, shitty work conditions, abuse from his bosses all his life, why wouldn'ty he want to be down on all fours, to be petted and praised and called a good boy. When such was a more appealing life...

Somehow, he managed to make it to the station without crashing his car, but it was an arduous affair, Joe happy to get out. The heat was bothering him even more by this point, and Joe reached up to pull them off, finding a forest of fur as he did so. The warm air was much more comfortable against his fur coat, and similarly, he took off his pants and underwear, letting his cock and balls into the air as well, no longer caring his was naked.

The exposure of his genitals had another effect, one that brought him to full arousal. He was hard, needing to rut and mate, physical contact something he hadn't had in months, having to transfer districts due to an inappropriate affair. But he was sure that if there were other dogs-wait, dogs? Yes, that was right. If there were other dogs in the station, hopefully they would

want to mate as well. He didn't care if the dogs were male or female, he needed to hump and rut, assholes and cunts the perfect place for his needy erection.

It was harder to walk into the station with his back in its current state, but he managed it, wagging his tail as he did so. It was exciting to see what he might find in there, to be greeted as the good boy he was. All he wanted in the moment was to be loved and cared for, and appreciated for all he could do, while given the chance to get off as well. And he was sure that at least someone in the station would treat him with that love and respect he so desperately craved...

"Hey, Joe," Oliver said, back turned. He had seen his friend's vehicle pulling in, but none of the beast that Joe had become, focused on the task at hand. Yet, with no reply, he turned around, shocked to see the altered canine visage Joe now possessed. He looked like...was that fur covering him...and his face, his tail...it was bizarre!

Frightened, Oliver tried to back away from the hybrid creature that had become of his coworker, thinking him to be some sort of werewolf or other monster. Yet, the fur, the tail, and the panting tongue from his mouth seemed more fit for a dog, specifically a German Shepard, than anything from the horror movies. Still, he was terrified for what was happening to the man, his cracked and pops of bones making him more into a beast as he watched. Falling over onto his back, there was little he could do in the face of the approaching dog man, completely at his whims and mercy.

Joe, now largely a German Shepard in body, was interested in his prone friend in a way that made Oliver powerfully nervous. Without missing a beat, he leaped on the prone man, holding him down with the weight of his body. Yet, rather than bite down or cause any noticeable pain, Joe was more inclined to sniff at the man's crotch, licking at the base on his groin through his pants as though trying to get to the limp penis within.

Oliver wanted to push the beast away, but part of him was afraid that a simple touch to his fur would trigger whatever contagion would influence him as well. And he was partially right, though not in the way he was expecting. Instead of changing right away. Oliver could feel his cock coming to an unexpected and rather unwanted erection, tenting his pants as though trying to reach toward the canine tongue that was so eagerly lapping at it. It was bizarre that such an action could be turning him on at all, much less to the degree it seemed to be doing. But there was no denying the pleasure coming over him as his rod rose to meet his friend's tongue, even to the point of leaking as Joe continued to lap with gusto.

It was soon to become much worse, Oliver seeing first-hand whatever effects were plaguing Joe. Pants and underwear having fallen off his form, Joe was left functionally naked, his cock dangling in the air as though begging for attention. While human-shaped for the moment, it seemed to be altering rather rapidly, shortening and thinning and turning red to befit the canine form he was steadily taking on. With the peeling of his foreskin hitching his member toward his belly, and the growth of a canine knot, there was no denying that his penis was more fit for a beast than anything the man should have possessed.

With surprising strength, Joe was able to keep Oliver in place, holding him down with hands that were still human despite the rest of the changes overtaking him. Carrying an odd strength, there was no chance for Oliver to escape, forced to feel the dog lapping at his cock through his pants as Oliver came to an erection. He wasn't gay, wasn't into his friend, and more to the point, was disgusted by the sight of his friend coming to erection, a dog's penis on display that made him want to retch. There was nothing he could do but fixate on the rod, moaning from the pleasure as his own rod started to ache, as though on fire.

As though seeing the lust forming on his friend's face, Joe moved up and started to lap at his face, slobbering over his friend as he whined a canine cadence. Getting up onto Oliver's lap, Joe started reflexively humping into his friend's groin, frothing their cocks together as Oliver's continued to leak through the fabric. The heat was getting to him, and despite himself, Oliver felt himself cream a load in his pants, moaning and whining as he did so. His lust was hardly done, however, cock seeming to shrink but keeping his erection to the forefront of his being. He wanted to get off again, cock soaking in his seminal fluids and irritating the sheath that was moving lower on his groin, hitching up his cock toward his belly as a knot at the base swelled enough to keep his sheath at bay.

That was not the only change to overtake his face, the mostly changed dog's tongue licking his nose and turning it black and moist. Breathing in deeply, the stench of doggy breath could only mask the odors around them so much. It was the salty of cum, however, that really did it for the changing man, making him throb his changed cock against Joe's own as he spilled his canine load onto the already damp pants. His only disappointment was that he couldn't get to his cock to couch it, as erect as he was. The contact was nice enough, and pleasurable waves washed over him as his balls developed a coat of canine fur and swelled full of seed once more.

Joe's own changes were coming faster, cracks and pops echoing in his ears as his face pushed out, making more room for the tongue that was continuing to lap at his coworker. He was able to smell so much more acutely as his rostrum expanded, and the alluring odors wafting off his friend's cock were really doing it for him. So, while still possessing human hands, Joe moved down and pulled off Oliver's cum stained pants and even underwear, exposing a fully canine

cock to the both of them. Rather than be frightened by it, however, Oliver was turned on even more, trying to beg for release but only able to whine a canine cadence.

Joe moved down toward Oliver's canine member, lapping at the precum around the tip before taking it into his growing muzzle. The pleasure was so immense that Oliver was barely able to notice the itching of fur coming from under his shirt and over his beard. Joe was changing, becoming a German Shepard, and wanted to do the same to his friend, knowing how pleasurable it was for him to change and eager to spread the gift. The sexual actions were enough to spur the changes forward, and even Oliver was starting to get into it, not resisting but rather petting Joe's rather increasingly canine head the more he was sucked off

It took Oliver little time to reach his end, whining as his cock shot its bolt into Joe's muzzle, the German Shepherd man licking it down like a tasty treat. It felt amazing, no oral sex better than what the canine tongue was doing to him. It was more than just the contact, however, even beyond the fact it was a close friend doing it to him to boot. There was a scent in the air that really seemed to do it for his altering mind, a canine in heat and lust more potent an attractant than anything the changing man had ever known.

A fully canine whine escaped his lips as a strip of flesh pushed out his backside, lifting over the band and wagging the moment it was able to do so. Itching spread over the surface as it was coated in the black and tan fur that befit the breed he was becoming. Yet, it was the sensual sensation of something moving over his anus, pushing upward and rubbing against the back of his underwear, that really did it for the changing man. The flesh was so sensitive to the point he wanted something against it. Nay, inside of it, though the notion was alien to the formerly straight man. Still, he eventually got up, pushing the mostly dog off him with flimsy fingers as he got on his hands and knees, flagging his tail and exposing his pucker to his fellow canine.

His intention was clear, and it took Joe little time to get into position, using the lovely canine tongue to lap at Oliver's rump, making the changing man whine with the need to be fucked. The tongue bugging was certainly a good start, but Oliver soon found himself wanting more to the point he was whining and pushing his anus in Joe's face, scent glands turning the dog man on to the point he could hardly resist. With a bark of excitement, Joe hopped on the back of the other changing dog man, humping wildly as he tried to sink his cock home within Oliver's virgin canine asshole. Pushing back against the intrusion, eventually, the moist, firm cock tip hit home, and both dogs whined, getting into their rut with the tenacity of beasts.

With a larger dog on his back and his penis in Oliver's bowels, there was no desire for him to be human any longer, feeling the tingling of change pulling both his fingers and toes within him in tandem. Their stiffening joints allowed him better purchase as the fucking seemed

to push out his chest, realigning his spine and thinning his belly as the points of nipples popped up around it. Yet, Oliver was happy to have his humanity fucked from him, not able to think of it as such for much longer but eager to let himself get into it all the same. It felt amazing, having canine cock inside of him, being humped with inhuman speed to the point where the seeking bulb at the end was surely to penetrate all the way and bring him much-needed release without even having to touch himself.

Tail wagging, it was slapping Joe in the muzzle by this point, though he hardly cared, feeling his own body changing, his fingers cracking and blunt nails poking out of them as he gripped the sides of his new mate's flanks. He didn't care for his lost humanity, covered with fur and trying to be rid of the rest of the clothes on his body, all that mattered was the sexual stimulation he was getting and the need to implant his knot within his lover's bowels. And it did just that soon, pushing it with an audible pop as his balls tensed and prepared to unload their burden. A whine escaped his lips as his cock let loose and he filled the other canine's rectum with warm semen. And Oliver, though the name meant little to him by this point, thoughts fading like the cum from his balls as he sprayed his own load onto the floor.

The sound of a door opening and an audible gasp was not enough to deter their rut, though tied together as they were, there was no parting the two males. Their ears did move to hear the sound of the door being slammed shut, but it was little concern with the sexual contentment they felt for each other. The scent of what they perceived as canine wafted from the other room, the two of their pricks rose in tandem, thinking about all their coworkers becoming dogs, their presence even to spread their influence and making a well-bred pack in the process...

Jackie had no choice but the slam then door, the sight of the two dogs mating more than she could bear to watch. It was not the sight of the dogs themselves but the fleeting fragments of their humanity that marked them as her former coworkers, human men she had seen as such not moments before. There was no way to explain their transformation, but every chance it was in the air or from direct contact, not something she wished to occur. It was lucky she had that much foresight, though without any point of reference, it was all she could think to do.

Moving toward the phone, Jackie paused for a moment, not really sure what number to call for help. Her supervisor, perhaps, but the two men were dogs by this point, and who would believe her? There might exist camera footage of their change, though it would take some time to obtain, and then only if someone believed her story in the first place. That was unlikely, given then absurdity of the whole situation. Then, who was she to contact? A doctor? Someone from the CDC? A dog catcher? The whole situation was beyond bizarre!

Though she could hardly bring herself to look at the repulsive sights, Jackie couldn't help but glance through the glass into the other room, the two male dogs still in the throes of rut. She didn't want to watch the disgusting display, knowing they had been her male coworkers, and straight men to boot. They even smelled disgusting, the stench of dog semen and rut more repugnant than she had ever noticed before. No matter how much she tried, she couldn't get the scent out of her nose, even over the stale air of the office.

A little too strong, Jackie was starting to realize. The odors were almost too intense to the point she felt a little dizzy, perhaps in particular the ones of canine semen that she could still smell. In fact, it was a little alluring to the point she wanted more, as much as she couldn't believe it. It was almost enough for her to open the door and catch another whiff, but she was certain such was a doom sentence. Yet, it seemed not to matter with the heat rising in her sex, becoming moist and wet and needy to the point she could hardly resist touching herself. Her cunt was leaking, aching for penetration as though she was going into some kind of heat. And given the fur starting to grow around it, that just might have been the case...

Sitting down and passing her girlfriend a beer, Val finally felt relaxed for the first time in some weeks. Exams had been hell, and there hadn't been any time to relax and really unwind, much less spend time with her lover. She was sure Michelle felt the same way, smile on her features enough that she wanted to reach over and kiss her. But, of course, such was still frowned upon in public for same-sex couples, and they settled for that knowing look and thinking about what they would do with each other after the game, a night of fun they were well looking forward to.

Though it was Val that generally enjoyed sporting events, Michelle was simply along for the time to spend with her. The two of them often shared their hobbies together, taking turns on their off time trying new things. Michelle wasn't sure if she would ever get into sports, but it was a moot point with how much she loved Val. And it was nice getting out and having some snack food as they enjoyed cuddling and thinking about the fun they might get up to once the game was over.

The sound of a sharp bark brought Michelle's attention to the stands, where a lone dog was running toward them, a Saint Bernard, happily wagging its tail. She was a little confused as to its presence on campus, though delighted, always having grown up with a dog and wishing to have one as soon as life permitted. In the end, she assumed it was simply a service animal that had run off without its vest, and she motioned to it to come to her, a little startled by the size of his erection but figuring he was just excited by something else, a typical male canine reaction.

“Where did you come from, boy?” She asked, and she and her girlfriend were reaching to pet the dog, loving the texture of his soft fur. It was a little funny he was so erect, to the point of leaking, and Michelle couldn’t fathom why his owners didn’t have him fixed, though some people were squeamish about such things, especially with male dogs. Still, it was more silly than anything and the dog was friendly enough, so they didn’t think too much about it.

“I think he likes you,” Michelle teased, and Val simply smiled, loving the presence of the animal and how much he seemed to enjoy their company. It was nice having a dog want to come up to them over all the gathered people, being an animal person as she was.

“I like you more,” Val said, reaching in to kiss her girlfriend. It was not something they often did in public, but in that moment it felt right, the attraction to each other growing stronger each passing moment. Even as they kissed each other, the heat seemed to play through their bodies to the point that they needed to pull apart to pant a little, wanting to pull at their clothes to alleviate it. But it was soon forgotten with the lust burning through them, something that had been lacking as of late, due to one of the girls being on depression meds and not in the mood as much as her partner preferred. It was hardly a point of contention now, both of them growing wet and ready and prepared to make love right then and there, their surroundings a moot point given how much they seemed to need each other.

Despite the concern they felt about doing such in public, neither one of them could quite pull away, desiring more than anything to take the other. It was enough they wanted to head back to the dorms and make love, though even as they made out with each other, it was becoming impossible for either of them to find fault in what they were doing. Hell, a cursory glance around the area would have granted them the knowledge they were not the only ones engaged in carnal acts, though it was a moot point, given the focus they had for each other.

Feeling emboldened now, Val reached down to rub Michelle’s breasts, the size of them almost popping out of her shirt. Michelle moaned, the sensitivity seemingly dialed up to an eleven, as though her arousal was enough to make her cum from playing with them alone. It seemed to trigger nearly orgasmic sensations through her body, making her wish to be played with right then and there, not caring about their surroundings. And the pleasure only rose in waves the longer her breasts were rubbed...

Accidentally, Val missed her lover’s center, reaching down below her perky boobs and relishing how much it seemed to make her moan. The touch against her belly was not what she was expecting, however, a sensitive lump of flesh that felt almost the same as her areola. It seemed to make her girlfriend squirm to the point that Val could only continue to play her finger

over it, stretching her fingers to rub both of them in tandem. An exploratory finger seemed to find one of the other side as well, four separate breasts, and hardly to be the only ones to form if the tingling across her belly...

A little disturbed by the brazenness of the women beside him, Jeff decided to get up and move, trying to be discrete as he did so. However, as he stood up, heat started to play over him, settling in his loins and making him slightly erect, much to his chagrin. It didn't seem to be the sight of the women making out that was doing it for him, not that he wouldn't be into such in the privacy of his own home. But the heat was getting to the point he had no other option but to pull out his dick and start masturbating, panting as he did so. The fact he was in public didn't seem to bother him, nor did the fact that his tongue was starting to hang out of his mouth, as though it was suddenly too large for it.

The guy beside him, a man named Sebastian, though not aware of the man at first, seemed to detect a thick, musky smell that burned into his nose and made him feel a tingling in his loins. It started to bring him to an erection he was not expecting, nor was it something he wanted, given he was in a public place. But it only took a cursory glance to see that he was not the only one in such a compromising situation, and the ache was soon building beyond the point he could manage resisting. He was even thinking of going down on the man jerking off beside him, despite having never done such with a man before in his life. Yet, no matter how much he tried, he couldn't get the image of doing such out of his mind to the point he figured there was no other alternative.

All the while, the two lovers continued to make out, playing with their multiple pairs of breasts and panting heavily through expanded muzzles. Each drank in the lusty perfume from the other with their blackening noses, and even the ache of their spines stretching and pushing against their clothing was not enough to take them away from their liplock. For anyone watching the pair of them, the swashes of silvery white fur and curved tails a sign they were turning into Huskies. But anyone who was in proximity to notice such was already in the midst of change, focused on their own lusts and looking for someone to quell it with, or even going down on themselves as soon as the ability was granted to them.

While they still possessed hands, the pair of lovers moved to wriggle out of pants, pulling off each other's panties and breathing in the heady stink of their heat. Their sexes were changing in tandem, settling below their rears, just under their wagging tails. With the aches in their hips and thinning of their waists, the two were prompted to get down on all fours, each trying to get a better sniff of their sex, reaching out with lapping tongues to lick at them. With stretching spines and more flexible torsos, the two were able to manage going down on each other in tandem, the

first orgasms sending shivers through not only their bodies but their minds, making it pleasing to know they would be dogs soon.

Beside them, Sebastian was struggling with his own strange impulses, trying desperately to get the mental image of canine cock out of his thoughts. It was not helped by his increased olfactory abilities, breathing in the increasingly canine stink from the man's doggy dong beside him. His seatmate, too, was struggling with his own impulses, not wanting to touch himself but soon being unable with the compression of his hands and the formation of pads and claws on them. Still, the arousal only grew worse as the increasingly canine scents of those around him burned into Jeff's nose, making him leak and whine in desperation.

Yet, Jeff was not expecting the sensation of another man to be on his dick, licking and sucking like it was the tastiest treat he had ever sampled. He wanted to push him off, though it simply felt too good, and his hands and shoulders were no longer in a configuration to allow such motion. Besides, the sensations were only to grow stronger as the man's face continued to stretch out, his gummy lips wrapping around an increasingly canine rocket, bringing the changing Rottweiler to orgasm, causing him to whine his release.

Pulling off, the changing Newfoundland allowed the Rottweiler to fall over on his paws, shaking off his clothes as his canine cock pulled into the sheath on his groin. It was hardly to stay there for long, however, with the scents of humans and their increasingly canine aromas. Tails started wagging at the notion of watching their changes as well, moving through the crowds and pushing people aside, ones that were barely aware of the canine impulses playing over their minds of the feelings of lust that were soon to overwhelm their psyches. Eventually, the needs in their own cocks took precedence, and they were soon down on each other's cocks, licking and sucking and savoring the salty flavor as their balls were emptied and their canine forms were solidified.

Each of the people touched by the dogs was starting to feel itchy themselves, as though the hair on their chests and stomachs were starting to lance out into the start of fur coats. Of greater notice was the arousal that seemed to burn into their loins, blackening noses taking in the scents of canine musk and making it harder for them to think about anything else. Tongues started to hang from widening mouths, warping around sharpening teeth as they attempted to alleviate the heat playing over them. The world around them started to alter in shade and clarity, though with the scents burning into stretching snouts, the world was lighting up in a way that eyesight simply could not match.

Each of the afflicted couldn't help but pull their pants off while their hands were capable of such, freeing bulges and damp crotches to the noses of their seatmates. Getting down on all

fours, sniffing butts, peeing of the stands, and, most of all, moving to mate with their friends and partners was all fair game as they moved to enjoy their new forms. Even as they changed in body, some of the former human's minds persisted, at least enough to know who they were and who the changing dogs had been, be it their friends or loved ones. Still, they were able to enjoy canine instincts, meeting other dogs on canine terms with scent at the forefront of identification. All were whining, barking, elated to have the energy of dogs even as more came into the stands from outside, as though eager to find more humans to infect with the nanite cocktail in their veins.

Even the players were not immune, canine instincts taking over as, at first, the flying ball made them wish to get done on all fours and chase it, stubs of tails wagging eagerly as they kicked and chased it more. Getting down on all fours was awkward at first, though they were able to managed it, getting out of their clothes as paw pads formed to allow them to run easily barefoot. It was a game of sorts, one enjoyed by the increasingly Golden Retrievers that were becoming of the former human players. Though, the game of chasing the ball was soon forgotten, with the need to fuck coming to the forefront of their beings, and canine cocks slid their way into tight assholes as the canine orgy continued...

Eventually, no humans were left on campus, no human voices, no footfalls, no laughter or talking or furious texting. Everyone in the college had been turned into a dog, ones with libidos beyond anything even the young men and women could ever hope to experience. The result left them all mating, humping, and rutting, minds lost in canine lust and most, if not all, seeing nothing wrong with their actions. Even the few people who had gotten away, only to change themselves, were returning, the scents of canine musk pervading their thoughts and calling them back to their new packmates.

No humans were left, and by the time all were changed, it seemed the urge to seek out humans to change was largely absent, enjoying the time with the other dogs that were already there. Certainly, they would chase after their human contemporaries at some point, once they had settled into their new forms and purpose. After all, it was pleasing to give into the urge to make those smelly humans into canines like them, with powerful anal glands to sniff and to integrate them into their new series of packs. Though, for now, the horny, mating dogs indulged in their new forms, loving the gift the had been given before preparing to spread it to the whole town...

Walking into the stadium to the sounds of barking, growling, and humping, Nate gazed over their creation with a sense of awe and trepidation. Having turned the nanites off for the time being, there was no chance of the virus spreading to anyone else, preventing the entire town from literally going to the dogs. Though it had certainly spread farther than he had anticipated, and far too hard to clean up. Not that they even intended to turn anyone back from their animalistic forms, thinking them superior to humans in every way. Eventually, they'd be changed anyway, given it was their ultimate goal to transform much of the world's population into animals. But this...*this* was a mess!

Nate had to deal with the fact that it was impossible to undo what he had done by this point, even in considering how many missing people there would be. He could change some of them back, sure, but if enough of their nanite programs persisted in their changed states, then the whole damn thing would start all over again, perhaps infecting even more people. At least the newly changed dogs would live long lives, longer than their former human selves and fully healthy to boot. Such was the gift of the nanites, one they were eager to share with the world.

Thankfully, the spread of the nanites had been stemmed at both the police station and the stadium with college students, each center contained with dogs eager to fuck and hump and rut away their new inhibitions. At least the police dogs could perhaps be trained and sent to other cities, still in their same profession but repurposed to be the best assistants than any others from their new species. The hundreds of students having been changed was another matter and not something that would be easily solved. Nate was sure that his master would be mused at him, regardless of the fact that he had halted the spread of the nanites and prevented the entire city from being changed into dogs. Not that it would be a bad thing in the long run, though they were far from realizing that future yet!

Still, it would be a difficult endeavor to find proper homes for the dogs, in particular the mated pairs. Even trying to have the canines fixed would not be accepted by nanite programs, though offspring would not be possible given the directives that had been outlined. It was of little concern to Nate, however, knowing how much he loved his work and how much pride he would eventually take in rehoming the newly changed dogs. Perhaps giving them a home in their newly minted shelter would be in order, though it was currently far too small. Would Wayne allow him to keep all the dogs at their home? His own tail started to wag with the notion his master might actually allow such to take place in the interim. He would certainly have to be wise with his words to convince his master of that...