

“Shit, they’re all booked!” Rachel said, sounding defeated.

“Everything?” Eric whined, exacerbated.

Jon, for his part, sat in silence, feeling powerfully disappointed. He’d been waiting for this concert for over three years, having tickets that were postponed no less than four times due to the pandemic. Soft-spoken as he was, Jon didn’t want to make the others worry about him, though his disappointment hung in the air like an unspoken whisper.

All set to attend the concert in a week, the date finally being confirmed, the trip still had yet to be planned. Plane tickets were a luxury they could not afford insurance for, and, since there was every chance that the concert would be postponed again, the trio knew they couldn’t afford to book twice. So, they’d decided to take the risk and book as soon as the show was confirmed. Yet, to their detriment, there was nothing available at the last minute. Even the most exorbitant prices, out of reach regardless, could not book all three of them together on a flight in time. Thus, their hopes of seeing the show were dashed before their very eyes.

“Wait, this booking has seats!” Rachel yelled, startling the two guys. Jon let his heart leap at the tone of Rachel’s voice.

Yet, the next words got his hopes down once more. “No, wait, there’s only 2 seats. It’s affordable but...what do we do?” Rachel asked, looking to her friends for guidance.

“Man, I don’t wanna miss out. Person who doesn’t go can still get a refund, right?” Eric supplied, though it was obvious that he wasn’t a fan of the idea as soon as it left his mouth.

“I don’t really want to go if we all can’t go,” Jon said, the disappointment not lost on his face. The other two nodded in agreement, likely feeling that it simply wouldn’t be the same if they all couldn’t go.

“There has to be something else?” Eric asked, a little annoyed. Rachel, ignoring that, looked over at the screen a few more times, but nothing presented itself.

“Hell, I’d go in the cargo hold if I could. Shame none of us could fit in a suitcase,” Eric offered, as though expecting a giggle. Yet, with that, Rachel’s face lit up, excited as though an idea had crossed her mind.

“What? We don’t have a suitcase that big, do we? Besides, there are weight limits of those sorts of things,” Eric responded, confused.

“No, we don’t. Well, not for a human, anyway. But...” Rachel said with a sly look on her features.

Getting up she walked over to the dresser drawer, pulling out a vial that contained a blueish liquid. It took a moment for the two of them to realize what it was.

“Are those...I didn’t know you were into transformation stuff. And aren’t they super expensive? You could have gotten us all plane tickets with that money!” Eric commented, brashly.

“Hey, like you’re one to judge what people do with their spare time! Besides, I got these really cheap! I know a guy who-that’s not the point! Think about it, smartass. If one of us is an animal, then we only need two seats! The third can come along with us in a kennel! Or, well, maybe...?” Rachel trailed out, contemplating something.

“What animal?” Jon asked, thinking to ask the practical question.

“Oh, sorry! A dog! A Bernese Mountain Dog, to be exact!” Rachel said, then lowered her tone, a little embarrassed. It was likely she didn’t want to admit exactly what she planned to do with her stint as a dog, though it was a moot point if they used it for this plan she was gradually concocting.

“Well, aren’t they pretty big dogs? We’d have to buy a crate to fit you in. And dog stuff is stupid expensive besides,” Eric said, as though abashed by the idea. It wasn’t the most practical of ideas, Jon found himself wondering. But, with the concert on the line, he was excited to entertain the notion, even if it didn’t end up leading anywhere.

“Well, what if we play them off as a service dog? I actually have some gear for it-hey, don’t look at me like that!” Rachel yelled, the expression on Eric’s face giving away his stance.

“I mean, if you want to...” Jon said, still mulling it over. It would be one solution to their problem, but not one without risks. Turning oneself into an animal wasn’t unheard of, though hardly mainstream. Still, they would have to hope that too many variables went well to make sure it worked. But, without any other option...

“Well, that’s the thing. I mean, I wanted to be the dog, but... it's harder to sit in the seat with a dog, and I’m a lot smaller, so did one of you want to do it?” Rachel offered, seemingly not wanting to be the one to take the potion in the end.

The conversation went around in circles for a bit, trying to come up with alternate possibilities and some of the possible setbacks they might incur with such an endeavor. In the end, they decided it was better than nothing, even double-checking the terms of service on flights for service animals to confirm they could indeed register one. With that, it came down to choosing who would take the role as the dog. With Rachel's hesitance, they decided it would be fair in the end to draw straws for who would be stuck as the dog for the flight's duration.

Jon, it seemed, would be the unlucky winner. "Damn dude, tough break!" Eric said as Jon looked down at the short straw. He wanted desperately to be able to go to the concert, but...as a *dog*?! What had he been thinking to agree to this?! Truthfully, he hadn't really thought this through. Part of him was sure that Rachel would get the short end of the stick and end up being the one to transform in the end. But, for it to be *him*...

"Y-Yeah..." Jon remarked, not really sure what to say. They had all agreed to risk it, right?

Before Jon had the chance to protest further, Rachel was already back at the computer, punching in the details for the tickets. "There! We good?" Rachel said, seeing the concerned expression on her friend's face.

"Yeah, of course, he is, right?" Eric said, slapping his buddy on the back.

"Besides, I just got the tickets in our names, so it has to be you now!" Rachel replied, hoping to see a shift in Jon's tone. "It will be alright, I promise! It's perfectly safe, and the potion only works for a set amount of time! I got it for twenty-four hours, and you'll change back then without any prompting! Might be a little inconvenient, but we'll be at the hotel before you have the chance to get caught or embarrassed! Trust me!" Rachel said though it seemed to Jon that she was trying to maybe act a little *too* reassuring.

Not wanting to stir up further trouble or inconvenience his friends, Jon decided to agree to take on the role. He had been willing to go through extreme lengths to be able to see the concert, after all. Still, he was terrified about the notion of being an animal, a non-human being. Such things were almost beyond his ability to fathom, all things considered. It made him powerfully nervous to change in body into something that was not the one he had been born into. How had Rachel been into something like that? She made it seem so normal, like a fun weekend that anyone should try once.

Jon spent the week mulling it over, wondering what it would be like to actually be a dog. He and Rachel did have a talk about what the appeal of taking on a new body was for her. It seemed as though the freedom to run, to play, to live in the now was a powerful incentive. After

long hours of reflection, Jon even found himself excited about the role, thinking it be a fun day of being treated like an animal and having no worries other than being guided along wherever Rachel steered him. Besides, it was the only chance they all had to get to the concert, and he didn't want to miss it for the world! In the end, he decided being a dog for a day was a small price to pay!

Eventually, the day came, and the trio gathered at Rachel's house for the transformation. Jon would be changed that day, spend the night as a dog, and go with his friends for the plane ride the next day. Then, he would be changed back at the hotel, provided the potion worked for the intended amount of time. Rachel assured him he would be human in time for the concert, that even a delay in the flight wouldn't make him revert in an unwanted way. Of course, they had all of his clothes on hand for such an eventuality and could get him into a bathroom in time to avoid an uncomfortable situation. Still...

"So, what exactly happens when I drink this? Is it instantaneous or...?" Jon finally thought finally to ask, having been too nervous and excited about the whole endeavor. Still, Jon was eager to see the changes firsthand, and Rachel provided him with a full-length mirror, no doubt one that she had prepared for her own change beforehand.

"Oh, about fifteen or twenty minutes, I'm not really sure. It's so the user can really enjoy the changes, if that's what they're...into," Rachel said, that little hesitation making Jon rethink the whole ordeal. Still, it was too late to back out now and still make the concert, so he decided to bite the bullet and down the potion in one go. He coughed a bit, the taste somewhat offensive and bitter.

"So, what happens now? Do I...Ohh...ohhh..." Jon started to say, though an itching was playing over his chest, making him hot and uncomfortable. He wanted to pull up his shirt to see but was suddenly a little self-conscious.

Rachel solved the problem for him. "Umm, you might want to strip down. Don't worry, I won't judge," she said, nudging Eric a little, who nodded himself.

A little shy, Jon nonetheless took off his shirt, pants, and socks, leaving himself only in his underwear. He was just in time to see a smattering of white hairs playing over his chest and belly, spreading over him in swashes before they began to thicken. Though starting out short, the hairs soon reached a couple of inches in places, spouting out like the world's fastest-growing weeds. Soon, it was hard to see the pink skin as fur crept across his belly and chest, spreading over his back, and even started to poke out around his arms and legs.

Yet, the notion that he was to soon be covered by dog fur was more exciting than frightening. Jon found himself rubbing the skin, as though encouraging it to grow. The fur was soft, rather nice to the touch, especially over his belly. Jon liked dogs and it was almost like giving one a belly rub, though except this time it was himself. The sensations were rather pleasant, sending waves of excitement through his body. No wonder why dogs loved belly rubs so much!

The itching of fur growth started over Jon's head, as though his own hair was changing in consistency as well as texture. Looking into the mirror, he could tell that his own brown shade was altering towards black in most places, though a darker brown in others. He started rubbing the hair, a contented expression on his face as he felt the waves of joy run through him. Be it that his skin was more sensitive from the changing hair or that the dog he was becoming simply loved being touched, Jon was elated!

A tingling in his ears brought Jon's hands lower, to the stretched flesh and cartilage of his ears as the outer ends started to expand rapidly. Their thickened ends soon grew so wide that they flopped down over each other, twice the size of his human equivalents. Though they stayed in the same location relative to his features, they were massive, almost weighty on his head as their surface itched with the growth of black hairs. Yet, their presence on his features was dwarfed by the level of sensitivity that they seemed to possess. Wider canals, lined with longer hairs, were startlingly sensitive, picking out sounds in the room like his own nervous breathing in tandem with that of his friends. But he was even able to detect the minute vibrations from the world outside Rachel's apartment, cars, people, and, best of all, *squirrels!*

"Oh man, can I *hear!*" Jon said, the excitement of a child in his voice. It was almost overwhelming to try and twitch his ears this way and that to try and determine what it was he was hearing and where it was coming from.

Yet, he was quickly distracted by the sensation of fingertips tingling, the nails at the end starting to thicken from the cuticle and into the base underneath. Though painless, it seemed as though the nail was thickening into the fingers themselves, the ends forming blunt claws that soon stretched out almost an inch from the fingers. The bottoms of the tips swelled with thick skin, losing sensitivity but gaining what he figured was protection against anything he walked over.

Fingers now adorned with blunt claws, Jon was scarcely ready to feel his fingers tingling, pulling into his palms at the same pace as his wrists were stretching up on his arms. It felt weird, not painful but bizarrely uncomfortable as the structures thinned to canine proportions. His thumbs were being dragged along with them, cracking and popping and freezing in place as they

seemed to be drawn into the skin. Though they possessed some sort of blunt claws themselves, they retained very little flexibility as they diminished to almost nothing.

His fingers seemed to follow suit, stiffening as they shrank into thickened nubs. Trying to twitch them, Jon was stunned to find out that they could no longer move, the skin between them thickened into a webbing-like structure that kept them firmly in place. With the formation of canine paw pads over his former palms, fingertips, and one more where his former wrists sat, Jon's human hands were just like the Bernese paws he would carry for the next twenty-four hours!

Though he had pulled his new paws away from scratching his fur, the itching started to return to his skin with a vengeance. Reflexively reaching up to rub at them, the sensation of blunt nails against the skin was more satisfying than Jon had been expecting, and Jon lost himself to the motion, teasing his skin and panting from the relief it was giving him.

“Ha! Really getting into being a good boy, eh?” Eric laughed, even Rachel giving a chuckled at that.

Hardly realizing what he was doing, Jon pulled his arms down, ignoring the itching. Surely, he would eventually be compelled to act like a dog, right? But not until he had fully changed, damnit! “Hey, you try growing fur and not scratching it!” Jon said, the embarrassment not lost on his tone.

It was then that pressure started to play over his chest like the bones within were pushing out with his sternum and ribcage. It felt like his chest was barreling slightly, removing the definition of his pecs and upper arms. The motions tugged his shoulders forward, compressing them into his anatomy as they rotated into a parallel position. Jon tried to flex them out to the sides but found they were hard to move above the elbow. A flap of skin seemed to loose from his chest, sinking into his elbow and making the shape of his arm permanent. Desperately, Jon tried to move them but was stunned at the lack of mobility his arms seemed to possess.

“Ha! Bad dog! No arms for you!” Eric said, though this time, Rachel chided him for teasing a little too hard.

Yet, things were about to become much more embarrassing for the changing dog man. As his nipples started to lower themselves on his anatomy, pressure started to build up from his groin, his cock coming to full erection. Jon could feel it pressing tightly against his underwear, the tip almost leaking from the contact. Desperately, Jon tried to put his paws in front of his underwear to try to hide his boner, though it was soon obvious that his arms did not move low

enough to cover his shame. Worse than that, his efforts only served to draw his friend's attention to what part of his body was changing next.

“Aww, does it feel good, boy?” Eric said, not bothering to hide the teasing quality in his voice.

Jon said nothing, the normally shy, reserved man dealing with the fact that he was about to blow a load in his pants without even touching himself. The throbbing ache in his loins was building by the minute, and Jon was barely able to suppress a whine as his cock started to throb and he shot his bolt in his underwear, filling it with a thick wad of jism.

“Oh...I can't...help it...” Jon whined, expulsion made all the worse by the fact that his groin hair was changing into fur, and his sticky cream was coating his canine covering, making him moan and pant from the release.

“Dude!” Eric yelled out, not too comfortable seeing his buddy nut himself in front of them. Rachel, it seemed, was the one to laugh this time. There was a note of mischief in there as well, as though the outcome wasn't one that she was too surprised with.

A blush crossed his features as Jon realized what the purpose of transformation was for many people. It was a kink of sorts, one that came with it a high degree of arousal. The potions were tailored with that in mind, triggering pleasure centers during the process and making the user hyper-sexual. He wasn't into this sort of thing, but it was impossible to deny how much it had made him cum. Jon only wished the fur had spread over his beard by this point, hiding the burning red from his friends. It was powerfully embarrassing to ejaculate like that, only to feel shame and exposure in front of other people, especially ones that knew him so well.

Yet, even though he had just cum, the sensations wracking his body did not seem to abate. It felt like something was still pounding his prostate, making him more aroused than he had ever recalled. Had he been alone, he might have been able to enjoy the sensations. But, given his exposure to his friends, it was impossible to allow himself to fully submerge himself and Jon was left flushed in embarrassment from what his body was doing to him.

“Ohhh...fuuuccckk...” Jon moaned as another wave of semen spilled from his cock, the pungent scent wafting into his still-human nose. Now past the point of pleasure, it seemed as though his entire testicular contents were being emptied into his underwear, leaking through the fabric and leaving an obvious, embarrassing stain. Jon desperately wanted them off, but his unruly paws could not reach down to do it. Not wanting to ask his friends to help, he could only leave them as they continued to stick to his fur, hopefully waiting for his hips to shrink before they fell off of their own accord.

Finally, the pounding against his prostate seemed to subside, and the semen leaking from his cock came to a trickle. Yet, the sensitivity of his penis, if anything, only seemed to grow. Jon was powerfully tempted to start rubbing at his nipples, though could not without risk of injury to himself. He was therefore left to pant, standing there as shivers ran through his spine and his penis was tugged toward his groin.

Like a blooming flower, the opening of his urethra spread wider, soon encompassing the head of his shaft and beyond, peeling down the diminishing flesh. Jon felt some irritation as the skin was pulled from his still-sticky groin, though the erotic stimulation of the process kept him too stunned to move. The skin around the edges of his sex where a slit was forming was far more sensitive than anything his cock head could manage, making Jon whine again, a decidedly canine tone in his inflections.

Lost in the erotic sensations, Jon was scarcely aware that his now-empty testicles were starting to deflate, pulling inward towards the opening and sending a shiver through his body. Jon finally looked, the thinning of his hips and waist allowing his underwear to slide down. What met his gaze sent a shockwave of terror through Jon's senses. His penis was gone, the shaft pulled into his groin as the head started to meld with the skin. His urethra had spread wide, forming a cleft that seemed to be pulling his ballsack towards it, which itself was deflating and diminishing into a moist, glistening opening. In fact, it almost looked like a...

“Oh, SHIT! I forgot! When you choose the potion options, you have to pick gender, too! It doesn't automatically keep the user's gender! And, I mean, I was going to stay female, so...” Rachel let that hang in the air, although it was obvious to the two of them what exactly that meant.

“Oh-OH! You mean Jon's gonna be a bitch!?” Eric barked out a laugh, stating the obvious.

“Hey, that's...ohhh man...not...funny...” Jon moaned, feeling another shiver running through his sex as the remainder of his testicles were being pulled inside of him. The notion of being a dog had already caused him a decent amount of apprehension. But to be a dog *and* female?! It was almost too much!

Yet, as far as he knew, there was no backing out now that the potion was in his system. The change was inevitable, female or no. As to make itself known, a series of tingles started to play down his chest, running down from his human nipples in a parallel line. There seemed to be eight of them in all, each as sensitive as the ones that the human him possessed. They almost

cried out to him, begging to be stimulated, to be touched. John whinnied again, trying to reach down to touch them but unable with his unruly paws.

Without realizing it, the sensation of touch on one of the lower ones drew his glance down to see that Rachel was helping him with the obvious need. “Hey!” Jon called out, but by then her fingers were trailing over the protrusions under the fur and sending pleasurable shivers through his body. Jon wanted to protest again, but by this point, his body was betraying him, and he instead shivered and moaned at the intense stimulation. It started to center in his loins now, as though the nipples were plugged into an electrical circuit breaker and all the power had been turned on at once.

“Aww, that’s a good girl! Go ahead, enjoy it! It’s supposed to feel good!” Rachel said as she reached up with her other hand to tease two nipples on the other side at once. Her fingers were deft, and Jon blushed again, embarrassed that he was liking it but not sure how else to react. His body was far more sexual than his humanity could have prepared him for, it seemed, and it was impossible to resist the temptations to allow Rachel to tease him further or even protest against it.

Lost in the sensations of having his nipples played with, Jon was hardly aware when his spine started to stretch into the skin of his back, poking into a growth that was steadily getting longer. Eventually, the muscle and tendons present in the protrusion gave it the ability to start wagging of its own accord. It was that motion that prompted Jon to whine again, realizing that he was in possession of an appendage that no human should ever own.

Noticing his new growth, Rachel was prompted to reach down, teasing over the tail as Jon once more shivered. Reaching up with able fingers, she started to play over the back of the growth, as though knowing exactly where its pleasure centers were. A spot on the base, in particular, triggered his nerve centers to the point that Jon was whining, begging for more. It was almost too much!

Only an ache in his feet could draw him away from the pleasure, toes pulling into his feet and fusing with the webbing in between, as were his hands. His large toes were done away entirely, sinking into the skin and bone as though he’d never had them. Jon found himself struggling, balancing from foot to foot as the numbing sensation of nails growing from tips and thick pads swelling from the bases made it hard to stay erect.

Soon, the sensation of stretching heels and thinning feet made it impossible for him to stand. A sudden crack in his hips made him almost bowl over, Rachel thankfully there to hold him up enough that he was able to lower to all fours. His former hands were able to support him now, arms at the proper length, though his legs needed some time to shift. A series of

uncomfortable pops and cracks resounded as his spine realigned, his pelvis moving out of joint and reforming for a quadrupedal stance. Soon, his hips sank into flanks and thinned with thighs and calves to the point where his posture was almost comfortable. Jon was sure he could move and maybe even run around if he was so inclined!

“How’s the weather down there?” Eric asked, an obviously teasing tone in his voice that made Jon moan. It felt so good to change, and he was appreciative of his friends for helping his lust with their skilled hands. But did they really need to keep up the constant teasing?

Jon had been about to whine his protests but just then, the tingling of change started over his face as his jaw pressed out, each bone inching forward in tandem as the skin around them was stretched like putty. The added space in his jaw and gums was soon taken up by growing canines and molars, and a thin, flat tongue was panting now that it seemed his body could no longer sweat.

“Aw, can’t talk like a human anymore? Can you speak, girl? Speak! Good girl!” Rachel said, eliciting a laugh from Eric.

“GGGRRRAAAATT RRRRRRUUUPPP!” Jon tried to call out, but it seemed that the guttural quality of his voice was too much for his altered anatomy. With the jeering laughs from his friends, Jon figured it was warranted to keep quiet, lest they shamed him further for being a dog.

Next, his focus was soon on his nose as the protrusion turned to black, slits sliding up the sides as his nostrils flared from the increase of his nasal cavities from his still-stretching muzzle. Reflexively breathing in, Jon was stunned by the array of scents that wafted into his awareness. It was insane, breathing in his canine stink, his former humanity, and that of his friends. Plus a million other scent molecules that spoke of where they had been, what they had eaten, and everything they had interacted with!

At this point, there was little left of his humanity, black, brown, and white fur overtaking what little skin remained. A scruff of a beard soon erupted with a series of smaller hairs and whiskers, spreading up his cheeks like sideburns before blooming into a purebred Berense’s coat. His skull began to collapse in on itself, the ovular primate shape sloping out into a canine configuration, compressing on his brain. For a moment, Jon was worried that he would lose himself to the dog he was in body, though was assured by Rachel that would not be the case. Still, there was a certain level of stirrings in his mind, ones that he soon identified as canine instincts. As his head took its canine visage, Jon was happy that there was enough of himself present that he could function, even if canine instincts were a little overwhelming.

The last thing to change were his eyes, though he couldn't see the shades of scleras and pupils altering. Yet, he could tell that the colors of the world were fading, almost fully black and white and shades of grey. Some levels of yellows and browns were present in certain areas, but the color vision that he'd cherished all those years as a human was, though temporarily, removed from him.

With that, the change was done, and Rachel went off to get him ready as a service dog. It seemed she had the vest, papers, and all on hand for his stint as a service animal. He wanted to ask how she had acquired everything legally on such short notice, but, of course, he wasn't able. Not being a real dog, he allowed it to be donned without struggling, though the vest was far more uncomfortable against his fur than he was prepared for. Still, he could see why some dogs hated having the thing over them and had to resist the urge to try and wriggle free.

"Oh! You'll need a new name! Jon isn't any good for a female dog!" Rachel said, and Jon was a little nervous about that. He had no say in the matter, only able to bark and whine his approval or dislike.

He found himself whining when Rachel said, "Oh, let's call you...Hazel!" Yet, Jon's protests didn't seem to be noticed or cared about when Rachel spent the rest of the day referring to him under that name.

Finding that the vest indeed fit, Rachel was kind enough to take it off, for now. Jon wanted to stay around his friends, not inclined to think too much about his canine existence. They decided to put on a movie that evening, and ordered pizza, giving Jon a couple of slices and figuring it wouldn't be too much for his biology if he was only going to be a dog for a day, anyway. But, it was hard to focus on the movie, for a number of reasons. Certainly, his lack of color vision and his nose smelling everything in the apartment contributed to his lack of concentration.

But there was something else, something direr that Jon was steadily beginning to become aware of. It began as an odd ache in his backside, one that Jon's psyche simply attributed to the loss of his cock and some sort of phantom sensation of lust from the change. But, it became so intense that he almost needed to turn around with canine flexibility to sniff it closer. To his dismay, it seemed as though a pungent scent was leaking from his sex, burning into his nostrils and leaving him close to licking at himself. He couldn't do that, especially not in front of his friends. He'd never imagined going down on himself, but the need right now was nearly maddening!

There was something about the sensation that was familiar, as much as it was an alien ache in his loins. Though akin to the lust of arousal, there was nothing like an erection to denote

the sensation. Had he a penis, it would certainly be straining at the bit for orgasm, but this was almost the opposite, like he needed to be filled. Like he needed to be fucked...

Something crossed his mind just then, a term that he recalled from some distant point in his education. Canines like him, or, her, went into heat as part of their reproductive cycles. Though the odds of being in such a cycle upon transforming were a long shot, there was no denying there was no other explanation for the ache in his loins. A suspicion in his mind brought forth the notion that it was perhaps designed that way, but there was no way to protest that now without his speech.

The sensation of heat made sleep almost impossible, and, even in those periods when he was passed out, the desires seemed to creep into his mind, invading his dreams. The notion of having something inside of him, penetrating him and quelling that fire was all-consuming, especially the mental image of being tied and taken and bonded in a way that defied his waking understanding. Though he had never been the most sexual of people, in his period of heat, Jon needed to be fucked, not caring if it was by a male and needing that penetration on what seemed to be a spiritual level.

The morning's routine as a dog was not something he wished to experience a second time. Before the rest of the house woke, Jon tried to enter the bathroom to relieve himself in the toilet. But, given his stature and the abilities of his canine form, such was not possible. Hell, he couldn't even get the lid up off the toilet, much less do his business in it. Not wanting to wake up his friends, Jon was prompted to hold it, embarrassed that he had to go both ways before his stint as a dog was up.

Rachel, in her preparation for changing, had apparently thought of this and didn't make a fuss over letting him go outside to do his business. Though, she did make an offhanded comment about not 'picking up after him', which would have made Jon blush if he possessed the ability. Still, he had to go, and squatting to relieve himself in the middle of the yard in sight of anyone that came by, while natural for a dog, was possibly the most potentially humiliating thing in his life. At least he didn't have to lick himself clean, rubbing his pucker over the grass until he felt clean enough. And, there was the ever-present urge to lick his other hole, and maybe quell the lust that had only increased its intensity since the dreams from last night...

Getting on the plane itself wasn't too much of a bother, though there was certainly the aspect of being the 'other' brought to the forefront of his thoughts. For one, he was referred to as a 'good girl' more than once, which would have made him growl had he half a mind to not care about the repercussions. If he acted the wrong way, barked or bit or growled, or did anything but what he was instructed to do, there might be reprimands that could include up to injury or death. Not that his friends would let anything happen to him, mind. But he had to be as diligent as

possible to obey every situation, reminded constantly that his autonomy had been essentially robbed from him for the duration of the change.

One thing he was thankful for was his position as a service animal, one that was not to be interacted with under any circumstances by anyone but his friends. As much as little kids wanted to pet him or asked permission to, it was taboo for them to do so, given that he was expected to follow directions to the letter. Jon certainly understood the difficulties that service dogs experienced. The world was full of canine distractions, things to chase, to smell, to attack, to run from. Only years of training or, perhaps his human intelligence allowed him the knowledge of how he needed to act to keep up the service facade.

Though hating the sensation of rising into the air on the plane, especially from his changed center of gravity, the flight went relatively non-eventful. He was allowed on with a series of checks, not overall questioned. He did appreciate the few pets and ear scratches that Rachel provided him, relaxing his anxiety of being a proverbial fish out of water and in a new body besides.

“Doggy!” A light voice said, and Jon hardly had time to raise his head before he felt the sensation of a small hand on his tail and a painful tugging sensation. Part of him was not used to having such an appendage, and the other was annoyed at having what was essentially his spine being pulled. Reflexively, he went to growl, but, those thoughts of repercussions came through rather quickly, and he was able to stop himself from doing so at the last minute.

“Don’t touch her! She’s working!” Rachel chided the child, who complained to her mother about wanting to pet the ‘doggy’. To his benefit, Rachel did reach down and pet Jon on the head, comforting him away from the phantom pain of feeling a new limb being tugged in a way he was not expecting. Though, her next comment about being “Such a good girl, Hazel!” certainly ruined the mood!

The trip to the hotel, thankfully, was also uneventful. Jon was allowed a chance to pee and did so just in case, at least not as ashamed as anything else he might have to do. Rachel had no problem with him getting into the room, and Jon was once more thankful for the chance to be allowed to revert in the room once they had settled. Being a dog was certainly an interesting experience, but not something that he had ever really meditated on before. He was certainly eager to change back and watch their concert, maybe drink a little tonight in celebration with his friends!

Yet, as the day wore on, the familiar tingles of change from the day before did not descend on Jon’s form. Not really sure when he was supposed to change back, Jon tried not to pay it too much mind. But the setting sun from outside made him more than a little apprehensive.

Wasn't it time for him to change back, at least soon? It was only supposed to be for 24 hours, right?

His whines seemed to trigger Rachel to smack her head. "Hey, what's wrong?" Eric asked, confused, though Jon could not answer. Still, it eventually seemed to dawn on him as well. "Hey, isn't he supposed to be changing back soon? We didn't buy any dog food!" That last comment made Jon growl somewhat.

"Oh, shit! I just remembered. There were different lengths of time for the change to happen. A day was one of them. I thought that was the one I bought, but there are ones that last for a week, too, and I think I had been planning to get that one and take the week off...I was pretty drunk and high at the time..."

Jon couldn't suppress a bark at that, obviously panicked. A day was one thing, but a week!? He wouldn't be able to make the concert, and that was the least of his worries if he had to miss more work without any excuse!

"Is there any way we can change him back before that?" Eric asked, Jon getting up and wagging his tail in a sign of hopefulness.

"No, there's no way to reverse it until it's expelled from his system. I can contact a dealer here in the city but I think it's dangerous on the body to try to reverse it before it does on its own..." Rachel said, sounding defeated. Jon, too, whined sadly. He didn't want to be mad at Rachel. She had tried, after all. But to be so close to his goal only to have it ripped away from him in such a fashion...it was more than he could bear.

Worse, however, was the heat plaguing him, and the fact that he had no way to deal with it, save for doing something shameful. One day in heat was almost maddening, the need to be fucked more consuming than he had ever thought it could be. Surely, he couldn't let a dog fuck him. And he certainly wasn't going to ask to be manually stimulated. Licking himself was also out of the question, though it was everything he could do not to readjust himself several times so as to not feel the ache quite so insistently.

"What's wrong with him? Looks like something's bothering him," Eric asked, and Jon stopped, not wanting his friends to know something so personal. Though, with them watching him for every little sign something was off, there was little Jon could do but whine his discomfort, scooting back towards the wall of the room so they couldn't see his red, raw canine cunt.

“That’s...something else I didn’t want to embarrass Jon with. But the change...it’s supposed to make you super horny. I had...a, well, toy to use for the occasion, but yeah, I knew it would put me into heat when I took and, and that was kinda the point...a lot of couples take these to change together, OK!?” Rachel said loudly, a little more defensive than Jon might have expected. Jon had known Rachel was kinky, but maybe not *this* kinky!

“So, he’s like...in heat? Damn, dude, that sucks!” Eric said, and Jon growled, the statement rather obvious. Maybe if they had some way to deal with it, then it would be fine. But there was no point in rubbing it in!

“Well, we can’t leave Jon here while we go to the concert. They aren’t going to let dogs get into the venue, service animal or not!” Eric said, and Jon sat down, depression running over him more than at any point in recent memory.

“Yeah, that’s true...I mean, I know he would say for us to go but, if he can’t see and hear it as good as we can, then we aren’t going to go,” Rachel said by way of solidarity. Jon wished to speak then, to tell them to just go without him. He wouldn’t have been able to make it, anyway. But at least he wouldn’t deny his friends the chance to go, right?

“No, I agree. We shouldn’t go unless we saw it the same way as a dog,” Eric said, seeming to say the words in a nonchalant way.

Yet, it was soon obvious that Rachel took it another way. “Well, it would be fair if we *were* dogs, right? One dog alone would be suspicious, but three of the same breed is a rare sight, and no one would bother us if they assumed our owners were nearby,” Rachel said, postulating out loud. “I could make sure to get the day-long serums this time so that we would change back in time for the flights back. And, of course, if Jon wants it, there is a guilt-free way to get rid of that heat. I bet it’s really bad if you don’t have an outlet...” Rachel said, sounding a little disappointed for him.

“What, seriously?” Eric said, seeming not to believe what she was saying.

“Common, he did it for us, didn’t he? You said it yourself, it wouldn’t be fair. It’s not like the serums are expensive, at least not with my connections,” Rachel offered. “I’ll pay. And, aren’t you a little curious about what it would be like? I mean, you might not have before, but you can’t say that you’re not after seeing Jon go through it!”

Eventually, Rachel’s arguments set in, though perhaps more quickly than Jon gave her credit for as Eric, too, agreed. Maybe he had a secret inclination to try being an animal, too? Jon wasn’t going to judge, having spent the last 24 hours as a dog himself.

Still. Jon wasn't sure about the whole thing himself. He didn't know what he wanted deep down. His body certainly wanted the attention of a male, especially as he tried to sleep that night. And, not being a real dog, he was sure that was the only way he could justify getting that satisfaction. There was no denying that would help his situation in more ways than one. And, they would all still be able to experience the concert, right...?

Somehow, the resourceful Rachel managed to find a location in the park where they could stash their clothes for the day. It was the only way they could think of to return to them and get out of the hotel without being seen naked. It was somewhat of a risk, but asking Jon to sniff the area, his bark of approval was all she needed to know the area was likely safe. It was a little weird seeing the two of them naked, but they had already seen him in such a compromising position, so it was little of a concern. Though, part of Jon couldn't help but wish that he had been human to mock them in the same way he had been mocked!

It was strange watching the change from the other end, though his eyesight wasn't the best and he had a hard time focusing. It certainly wasn't helped by the sheer number of scents in the park that begged for Jon's canine attentions. But, it was the increasingly intense scents as their fur grew in, their tails wafting interesting aromas from their backsides into his nose that drew his attention. To his embarrassment, the scents coming from Eric's cock were most paramount, and, as his nose changed, it was obvious that Eric was responding to the pungent canine scent of Jon's heat.

It was at that moment that Jon was overtaken by a strange compulsion, one that he would have never entertained as a human but couldn't help but indulge in as a dog. Eagerly wagging his tail, Jon came up to Eric's altering cock, lapping the tip as it started to taper and redden into a canine phallus. The kind that Jon once wished he had, but now would have to settle with it being inside of him to quell the damn heat driving him mad!

"Ohhh...Hazel...Jon...fuck...don't...stop..." Eric managed to moan before his groan of pleasure changed in cadence into a canine whine. Eric seemed just as embarrassed about the act as Jon did, though, Jon's recent stint as a canine hardly made it possible for him to care. He'd had worse things in his muzzle in recent days, after all!

"Grrrrr Rrrooddd Grrrrrril!" Eric managed to struggle out through a muzzle that was getting longer and making it impossible for human speech. Still, the lust in his furry balls seemed to need to be quelled as much as Jon's own had. Even his forming sheath could not contain the cock that Eric now possessed.

“Oh, ARRRoOOOWWW!” Eric howled out, fully dog in voice as he came, spilling a modest load of canine cream into Jon’s mouth. Yet, Jon was hardly bothered by the taste, loving the flavor of the cock and not even minding the texture. Jon hadn’t realized it, but his state of heat left him more sexually charged than he had ever been in his life, more so than he would have imagined. But, in the moment, it certainly felt right!

Lost in lust for what he’d done, and more focused on the changes covering Eric’s human form, Jon was remiss for not noticing the whiff in the air that signaled a similar male scent from his other friend. Looking over, Jon was in time to see that the visible slit of Rachel’s vagina, not yet covered with Bernese fur, turned red and push up from the clit as the slit itself seemed to close shut. It took no time for the present nub to press out, complete with pointed tip, canine sheath, furry balls and all. Much like he had done, Rachel decided to change sex, becoming a male with a cock as tasty looking as the one that he had just sucked!

It took no time for the pair to change, falling onto all fours as their fur coats grew in and their tails wagged eagerly. They could not speak, of course; even the series of barks they let out did not seem to translate into understandable speech. Still, part of Jon’s mind seemed to respond to their body language, in particular, to their eagerness to be around him. Similar to a wolverine instinct of being ‘pack’ he felt a companionship with these two canines, as much as he had known they were friends as humans.

But, it was the musky scents coming from their stiff pricks that interested Jon most at the moment. Even though Eric had cum not moments before, it seemed he was ready and able to go again. Far from sliding back into his newly grown sheath, it hung there, leaking and eager. Though Jon didn’t have an inkling to have sex with his friends as humans, the canine lust he felt for the Bernese males was all too obvious.

Yet, it was Rachel, with her cock even larger and just as eager, that took the initiative. Far from being shy as a human, the canine version was even more so overt about her intentions. Without human inhibitions, evidently, Rachel was content to come to Jon’s backside, sniffing and prompting him to lift his tail reflexively. Without missing a beat, Rachel started lapping at his backside, teasing his cunt lips and even a little bit of his anus with the practice and skill of a true-blooded dog teasing a bitch. Though, in the moment, Jon hardly had the wherewithal to stop the advances, the stimulation almost too much for him to bear.

Whines escaped his lips as Jon pushed his hips back against the intrusion, wanting to take that skilled tongue as far into his eager sex as possible. The stimulation to the outsides of his swollen, puckered canine cunt lips was nearly enough to send him into orgasm on the spot. It was everything he could do not to bark out in the moment to beg to be fucked. Though Rachel’s

tongue was heavenly, he wanted to be penetrated in the way that his vaginal walls had been craving ever since he had realized that it was part of being a bitch in heat.

Though it seemed to take forever for her to get the hint, Rachel finally stopped licking his vaginal lips. It was likely the need of her own canine phallus in reaction to a bitch in heat that spurred her to action. But, with a bark of request, she turned back, Jon's juices on her jowls. It took her no time to get up on his back, careful of her claws as she tried to grip his sides. Though she was a large breed, so was Jon, and the weight of her was hardly a deterrent to his pleasure. He could hold her there and was eager to, especially when he felt the warmth and slickness of a canine phallus seeking for his sex.

Lost in the eagerness that the fucking was to bring him, Jon was remiss for not noticing that his other friend wanted in on the action. Before he could act, Eric was there, licking Jon's mouth as a sign of submission. Then, he turned around, raising his leg to the side so that his dangling prick was level with Jon's muzzle. About the same size as they were, it was no effort for Jon to reach out with his tongue, gripping the offered penis like an ice-cream cone and pulling it into his mouth before starting to lap and suck. Jon was in the middle of a canine threesome, and he couldn't imagine being any more excited than ever before!

The feeling of a cock tip teasing his entrance made him want to whine, though his muzzle was currently in the process of lapping at the tasty offering that Eric was providing him. Still, it slid in easily, making the man-turned bitch growl in pleasure as his virgin lips were opened for the first time and properly penetrated. The sensitivity of his sex was more than he could bear, and it was a struggle for him to wiggle his hips in a way that could take it even deeper. Though, despite having no experience as a male, as far as Jon was aware, Rachel was easily able to pound into his cunt, teasing into his vagina and cervix and beginning a series of rapid, shallow thrusts beyond any human ability.

All the while, his tongue was wrapped around the prize in his mouth, taking his friend's member and drinking in his fluids. The contours of his cock were wonderful, and Jon was eager to explore as his tongue pulled Eric's cock in and out like he was face fucking his female friend. Jon would have invited him to mount him from the front, though such a position might have been difficult. Still, this tactic would grant him a mouthful of canine cum once more, something that Jon was eager to experience again, the taste of it still on his lips.

Lost in the dual sensations, it was almost impossible for Jon to fully comprehend what was happening to him. He wanted to cry out his lust, but, of course, could only barely whine, not wanting to lose his grip on the cock in his muzzle. He loved the rapid thrusts against his backside, feeling how deep it could go and how much pleasure his mate could give him. Best yet were the tremors of pleasure radiating up through his body that seemed to intensify the more he

was fucked. Though the sensations were very foreign, very alien, there was no denying that he was about to reach his first orgasm as a bitch. Jon couldn't be more elated!

All the while, something else was pressing against his cunt lips, larger than the cock that had taken him so easily. It was steadily stretching him open, as though seeking entry. Its mere presence at his backside pushed his sex open further, making him long for the whole appendage. Though he had no knowledge of canine physiology, there was some precedence for his instincts to crave such a thing, knowing that it was needed for the eventual orgasm, being tied to his mate in the way that he'd desired deep down the entire time.

A thick sensation at the base of Eric's cock seemed to prove that it was some sort of knot seeking his bitchhood. It was nearly twice the thickness of the cock itself if Jon's tongue was any indication. It should have been impossible to take something like that inside of him, though his cunt lips were rather elastic, and it was getting steadily easier to clench them around Rachel's doghood the more she fucked him vigorously. Almost...just a little more...and...

The moment that Rachel's knot shoved its way inside of him was the moment that his femininity was sent into overdrive. The steadily building orgasm washed over him like a tidal wave, crashing into his sex and wracking his entire body in release. Jon could barely suppress a howl as he was brought to orgasm, the sensation more all-consuming than anything his male self had ever known. If he had known it was this good to be fucked while in heat, Jon would have opted to take the serum without any hesitance!

It seemed that the act of knotting was just enough to send Rachel into orgasm as well. The throbbing member in his vagina prompted him to reflexively clench his walls around it until with a final burst, Rachel unloaded her Bernese semen into her bitch's backside. Jon could feel the warm, sticky fluid washing against his insides, the final bit of knowledge he needed to satisfy the sensations of heat plaguing him over his entire tenure as a dog. As though the act was a catalyst, Eric's cock started to spasm around Jon's tongue, and he pulled it in his maw once more to take a load of canine cream down his gullet, completing their threesome as the three rocked in orgasmic release.

As the trio laid there in some semblance of doggie bliss, knot stuck in Jon's cunt, Jon had to admit, the position was not nearly as demeaning as he thought it might have been. On the contrary. It was the best, most fulfilling sex the twenty-five-year-old had ever experienced. It was almost worth the notion that he would have to wait a week before he was able to change back. And, he planned to enjoy that week to the fullest, especially as his second orgasm lay on the heels of the last one, pressing him to cum and cum again...

Epilogue

The sounds of loud rock music rang into the air, even from the street across where three large dogs sat in the darkness. Yet, to their enhanced ears, it was easy for them to hear every word, every string, every note, far better than even the humans in front of the stage. Though their eyesight wasn't nearly as acute as the humans in the venue, that was a small price to pay for how easily their other senses accommodated. Besides, even if they couldn't see the band, there was something special about being in attendance of the concert as dogs. It was truly a unique experience, one they would cherish for the rest of their lives!

Thankful the venue was outside, the trio, at first, tried to make their way close enough to the stage that they could see the band members. Still, they were far too large, and, eventually, they were pushed away, which with the risk of being tramped besides made the ordeal not worth it. So, eventually, they figured it was best to spend most of the show towards the back of the field, still easily able to hear from there. Hell, they could even make out the scents of sweat and body odor of the individual band members, as it was tied with the obvious odors of instruments and equipment. It was better than an autograph, though they were disappointed that the band wasn't doing an outdoor meet and greet. Surely, they would pet some stray dogs, better than a handshake they would otherwise get only from spending hundreds of dollars!

There were a few other benefits to their canine experience, of course. Without having to punch their tickets, they were able to get them fully refunded, saving them tons of money even when factoring in the last-minute transformation potions. That, and people were generally amicable to dogs, especially such well-groomed and presented ones. Hell, they even managed to snag some free food here and there from generous humans, the flavors of street foods far better than their human senses could ever hope to taste!

Thankfully, the pair of males would turn back tomorrow, in time for them to get dressed and return to the flight and their hometown. Jon was still stuck, of course, and would be for the rest of the week. It would be difficult to explain to his job, but something that Rachel would surely figure out beforehand. He could easily be taken on the plane once more as a service animal, not as jarring a prospect now that he had done so once. He was almost looking forward to it, being looked after by Rachel for the duration of his stint as a dog, and living a week without any human obligations.

And, there was one more thing that Jon looked forward to, one more time tonight after the concert (and, perhaps, in the morning too!). He would be taken in his already abused cunt, allowed to feel full and knotted and fucked like the bitch he was. His muzzle, too, would take the other's male's member, Rachel and Eric's positions switched to allow them both the experience. It seemed as though they loved canine sex as much as he did if the scents wanting from their slightly pulled back sheaths were any indication!

As Jon reflected on the experiences of the past few days, some odd realizations came to mind. For one, there was something freeing about being a dog, something that he was excited to experience again and again, with Rachel's guidance on where to procure the appropriate fluids. Two, he enjoyed being female, something that would have never occurred to him before this experience. Though there was something to be said for the sensations from his penis, and his friends' enjoyment of their own members, he was sure it could not compare to his canine vagina. He planned to keep it even the next time he transformed, to be taken and bred and used and filled in a way denied to his male himself. Jon realized he was a bitch at heart, and longed for a future where, on occasion, he could resume being one in body, as well!