

Canines Of Their Own Creation

A lazy heat was gently wafted around the third-floor room through an open window obscured by thick, opaque curtains; the only clue that the sun rose high in the sky and burned brightly above the palms, sand and pool outside. Unsettling, guttural words danced about - bouncing off the walls with the weight they carried and pronounced in demonically deep tones as they were spat from the woman's mouth. Arthur led in a corner, muzzle snug between his two front paws and eyes looking up at the silhouette of the woman's back, painted by the faint glow of a simmering cauldron over which she toiled. 'How unoriginal', he thought to himself and rolled his chromatic eyes imperceptibly - he hadn't always been a dog. He let out a hushed 'woof' in substitute for a sigh.

Elle turned to glance at the black and white collie, halting her unnerving chant. "Aww Art, don't be like that. You should count yourself lucky! You only have part of your human mind remaining because I was in a rush, after all. I won't make that mistake with my Pete, don't worry. I'll carefully balance the mental and physical and take my time until... you have a friend, again. Okay?"

"Woof!" Arthur had decided not to create a fuss a fair while ago when his human mind had slowly returned to him.

"Good boy". Elle smiled and turned back to her cauldron - flipping the page of a fancifully embroidered heavy-set purple book which balanced on the rim, before continuing to chant.

Arthur's ear twitched and he pointed his head toward the door. A couple of seconds later, it creaked open. Elle's chanting abruptly stopped and with a wave of her hand, the thick curtains parted, the cauldron faded out of existence and the purple book fell with a thump to the ground. She spun around to greet the stocky, smart-dressed man who sported a slight sunburn and a tiny patch of brown fur on his lower neck. "Pete! Back so soon! I thought I sent you to fetch some after-sun?" She smiled to veil her annoyance.

"And I did! But it was seriously warm out there... phew." Pete's tongue fell from his mouth as he began mock-panting. Elle forced her smile wider and walked over, patting Pete on the head daintily, as if to acknowledge his choice of mime. He closed his mouth with some difficulty and closed the gap between them, embracing Elle - his hips pressed against hers. Kissing her lightly on her lower lip, he ran his hands firmly over her behind and placed his chin on her shoulder. "Hey... Elle - what's that big fancy looking book? Did you take that in hand luggage?!"

Elle's head knocked her husband's as she prised herself from his grip and rushed toward the thick tome. "Nothing!! I mean... it's just a silly old book of myths and such – the classics! Y'know? Olympus and... um, Zeus and all of that stuff. Boring, right?" This reaction caught Arthur's attention; he now pondered the significance of the book and why she'd been so flustered as to do such a poor job of selling it as innocuous.

"Whoa-k Elle, it's your 'special interest' – I get it." Pete calmly replied, scratching the patch of fur on his neck absent-mindedly at first. "Ugh. To be honest, I'm mostly interested in this weird patch on my neck – it's been there for about a week but I don't get where it came from. You think it's one of those weird hairy moles or something?" Arthur placed his muzzle back onto his paws, lamenting the fact that he knew exactly what it was – but remained powerless to do anything about it.

Elle had finished tucking the book away in the bedside drawer and turned to Pete, calmer now. "You want to go for a walk?" Pete felt a giddy energy surge through him at the thought of her suggestion, though he didn't quite know why considering she hadn't even mentioned where they might go. He nodded his head quickly and moved toward the door. Arthur woofed as if to sigh once more as his human best friend practically pawed at the door. "You too, Arthur – let's go to the beach huh? Come on, boy!" Elle bent down slightly and patted her knees. Arthur, going through the briefest motion of resistance, complied as usual – padding over and barking happily as a leash was fastened to his collar and Elle relinquished the other end to Pete.

Walking across the golden grains, Pete's eyes traced Arthur's tail wagging from side to side as he sniffed around ahead of them. He spared a moment of thought for his missing friend after whom the dog was named, and then resolved to enjoy the beach. Elle seemed preoccupied, often glancing at the strange brown patch of fur, making Pete feel a little self-conscious. He would have to get it checked out when they returned home after the honeymoon. Pete's trail of thought was suddenly diverted as he noticed a yellow tennis ball arc over the outstretched leash and off over a mild dune. As if the taught strings of a sling-shot, his legs sprang him forward without warning and he was chasing it. His mind was full of only one thing – that ball! Arthur tilted his head to the side, tongue hanging from his mouth and ear slightly bent, as he watched the human scurble forward and disappear over the cusp of the sandy mound. Elle grinned, one hand on her hip, as she smugly watched the growing results of her incantations unfold. Pete appeared, with the ball in his mouth and scurrying toward the man who'd thrown it. A look of undiluted bewilderment pervaded the ball-thrower's face as Pete careened into a sitting position in front of him, hands curled over like paws and dropped the ball at his feet. Elle hurried over and buried her smirk as she grabbed Pete's arm.

“Pete! What are you...?! Oh gosh I’m so sorry, he’s had too much sun and thinks this is funny or something. Sorry!” Pete snapped from his trance as he was dragged away and looked back at the guy picking up his drool-covered tennis ball in disgust.

“Elle – what the hell did I just... what *was* that?!”

“Like I said, I think you’ve had too much sun Pete – let’s get you to the pool yeah?” Elle spoke with her head turned from him to disguise her delight. “Arthur, heel!”

Arthur dozed on his side, back legs kicking every now and then, in a patch of shade near the poolside. Elle was prone, bikini on and relaxing deeply on a padded deck chair, listening to a bolt-upright Pete ruminate over his dog-like indiscretion while sat next to her. “Pete, would you please just... take a cue from Arthur and relax!”

“But Elle, I’m serious – I’m scared! That wasn’t me! Well – it was, but sort of... different. A different me that I couldn’t hold back. And what the hell did I do?! How are you not at all concerned about this?”

“Come on Petey, I’ve already said – it’s probably heat stroke or something. Go take a dip in the pool and cool off. Maybe you could do some doggy paddle? Ha ha!”

“...” Pete sat in his shorts and stared in amazement at his wife’s nonchalance, not even noticing as his behind fidgeted back and forth. He sensed a strange kind of energy rise within him and tried not to alter his worried expression as he began to feel undeniably restless at the prospect of a swim. “Fine!” He bounded from his chair with a little spring in his step and jumped into the water as his worries melted into the back of his mind. The sudden splash jolted Arthur awake. His ears instinctively pointed toward the sound and he rose to all four paws, glimpsing that Elle was led flat, face-down. His keen ears could pick out her deep breaths over the rustle of the gentle wind and Pete’s furious paddling – she must be asleep. Wincing at the thought of her unnatural power over him, Arthur crept toward the third-floor room as quietly as his clattering clawed paws would allow.

Upon reaching the mercifully-left-ajar door, Arthur the dog poked his narrow muzzle between the gap and motioned it open, letting his slender frame follow. He pounced over to the bedside drawer and fastened his sharp teeth around the handle, pulling it open to reveal the purple book, fastened shut by a leather strap. “Grr-ruffghh” He stifled an angry bark into a low-pitch growl and proceeded to hold the book down with his left paw, while lapping with his tongue and snapping his teeth at the

strap until it came loose. Positioning his wet nose under the hard-front cover, the uncannily clever dog tilted his head upward and re-applied his paw to hold the book open. He began to read its contents. He began to read its contents! He hadn't even considered until now that he was still able to read and comprehend written English. That certainly was something to be thankful for – especially now. He pawed through, a little clumsily and ensuring he made minimal use of his mouth – Elle would notice her book being damp with dog drool. The pages were full of scratchily-drawn diagrams and strange cursive nonsense-words, together with a few ribbons of English here and there. The diagrams mostly consisted of human body parts, in flux between their classical form and that of various dog breeds. There were even sections showing other animals contorting into dog-like shapes. Was this entire book some kind of canine transformation tome? More importantly, Arthur wondered if it might hold the secret to changing him back and expedited his search. “Woof!” His tail began to wag erratically behind him as his gaze locked onto a small passage near the end of the book. ‘Once set in fruition are the wishes of the caster, the only hope of the four-pawed is to mount their master’. Arthur’s head tilted in confusion. It wasn’t exactly clear and didn’t make any guarantees, but it sounded like he would need to... mount Elle. Or maybe Pete. He shook himself and resolved to cross that bridge when it came to it – but Elle seemed to have his obedience, so surely, he must need to mount her. But how?

Arthur’s ears pricked up.

“Huh? Argh! Pete!” Elle shouted in shrill tone as Pete had emerged from the water and began to shake himself dry, thoroughly dousing her. Arthur knew what this meant – she would notice his absence and rush up to the room. He began to fumble with a mixture of his paws and muzzle to shut the book – as he did, noticing a particularly provocative diagram that he couldn’t help but stop to admire. An intricate illustration of a female dog presenting her rear next to a cauldron accompanied a simple three-syllable spell which was said to ‘make any female ready and wanting’. This sounded perfect to Arthur and he memorised the spell ‘Es – Toh – Ruhs’, deciding he would worry about the fact he could only bark and woof later. He clumsily pawed the leather strap back into place, popped shut, and grasped the whole book in his maw – craning it back into the drawer and nudging it closed with his snout. Hearing Elle’s voice as she chastised Pete for running ahead of her and then waiting on each flight of stairs, Arthur ran and curled up in the corner of the room.

“Arthur?” The dog raised his head from his pretend slumber. “There you are – when did you scurry off, huh? Heel!” Arthur reluctantly complied as his furry body automatically lifted him from the floor and over to Elle’s feet. He looked up at Pete, who was licking the back of his hand in much the same way as someone might vacantly play with their hair.

“Oh, hey boy! Good boy! Where did you run -arf- to?” Pete knelt down and ruffled Arthur’s fur enthusiastically, giving the dog a good view of his neck. The brown patch of fur on his neck had spread, perhaps doubling in size. Elle wasn’t joking, she was really taking her time with him – letting the dog consciousness slowly creep into his mind and take hold. Arthur displayed a doggish grin and licked Pete, excited that he had the beginnings of a plan to save them both. Elle had opened the drawer while Arthur was indulging Pete’s affection and stared at the purple book without removing it. She thought she noticed some small indentations on the cover – tooth marks?

She glared at Arthur as he licked Pete and span around, landing in a heap of fur on his haunches. “He surely couldn’t have... even so, what’s the harm?” She ruminated under her breath, smirked and closed the drawer.

“Pete! Here boy!” Elle beckoned her husband like a dog, clearly confident that he was so deeply under her spell that it wouldn’t be questioned. Pete broke away from fussing over Arthur immediately, scampering toward Elle – eyes wide, hands curled below his chin and tongue lolling from his mouth. Clearly, she was not mistaken. “Petey, I feel a little tired from all the sun – why don’t you take Arthur for a walk so I can have a nap, yes?”

“Of course, Elle – I feel like I’ve got a -ruff- load of energy pent up anyway.” That was the second time Pete had barked without flinching; it was exactly like when Arthur had started changing - he hadn’t noticed to begin with either. Though, at this rate, Arthur wondered if Pete was too far gone to notice regardless.

“Good. Go on then, boys.” Elle watched as Pete leant toward her for a kiss. The fact that his tongue still hung from his mouth likely meant that the dog in his mind was intending to give her an affectionate licking. She halted his advance with a firm pat on the head, rustling his hair a little.

“Good boy – yes you are...”

Pete’s eyes fluttered shut with pleasure as she petted his head. He felt a surge of tingling restlessness rise through his legs, nearly buckling his knees and passing through his groin causing his ball sack to tighten. The sensation travelled upward, bringing tension to each section of his body as it climbed. He stood rigid and trembling slightly as it reached his throat and he felt an indescribable

swelling of pressure around his vocal chords. “WROOF!” All at once, the tension subsided and Pete adopted a relaxed posture again – though with a slight perennial wiggle of his backside. He turned and looked at Arthur, puzzled. “Whoa! I think Arthur has some energy pent up too by the sound of it.”

The look of surprise faded from Elle as she closed her mouth into a smile once more. Arthur looked on, shocked that Pete hadn’t managed to trace the source of that uproarious bark to himself. Pete snapped Arthur’s leash to his collar, needing a few attempts to line up the metal catch as his coordination was dogged by the back and forth fidgeting of his behind.

The duo of dogs meandered through the cobbled sun-baked streets, passing by white plaster walls and sporadically dotted tropical trees which displaced the cobble as they pushed through it. Of course, only one of them was truly a dog – though one might be forgiven for struggling to decide which. Pete periodically sprang ahead to recon his surroundings, then panting, wagging and waiting for the subdued collie to catch up every few metres. Arthur might have been embarrassed if he wasn’t so deep in thought about how to mount Elle when she could presumably just tell him to ‘sit’ – and crucially, how to utter the spell when all he could form with his canine muzzle were barks and growls.

“Hey Arthur...” Pete, his backside now conspicuously still, suddenly spoke with a sombre tone to match his expression. “Grrgh- It feels weird to call you that, considering -woof- it was only a week ago that my best man just didn’t show up to my wedding -ruff- and I... I really hope he’s okay.” A faint whine emanated from his human throat – though it didn’t sound very authentically dog-like.

“Aroo wruff aff” Arthur responded, trying to sound as conciliatory as possible.

“You think so?” Pete’s behind began to wag side to side again as a smile crept across his face. Arthur tilted his head with confusion.

“Waff arf groof?!”

“Well -woof- a little, I suppose. I get the gist of what you’re saying. You really think he’s alright? Arf!”

Arthur tried to process this turn of events. It sort of made sense – if Pete’s brain was becoming more dog-like, then it stands to reason he could probably start to understand Arthur’s barks, at least his tone and body language. Perhaps he could communicate the spell to Pete somehow and have him use his human vocal chords to say it! Arthur didn’t even notice his bushy black and white tail begin to bash around in the air – he was happy. Truly happy and not just being forced to respond to some

command or praise by Elle's spells. Arthur lowered his front end onto the flats of his paws and legs, his muzzle playfully pressed to the ground and tail still flicking the air atop his raised rump, as if he was ready to pounce. Of course, even if he was feeling true excitement for the first time since his transformation, he was still in a dog's body and expressed it accordingly. He sprung forward at Pete, who knew immediately what the game consisted of and both began to dodge, fake out and chase the other down the street. As they weaved around dismayed pedestrians, trees and lamp posts, Arthur was beginning to lose himself in the moment – he wondered if Elle's plan for them would actually be so bad. Pete wasn't exactly very agile on two legs anyway, they could probably have more fun together if he, too, was four-legged. He slowed to an ambling pace as Pete overtook him, twisting and still focused on the game of chase. Arthur looked up at Pete and reasoned, 'it isn't fair, she's already erasing his mind and if he could still comprehend it – he wouldn't want this'.

"Come on -ARF- Arthur!" The collie shook himself and sped up, suddenly stopping dead as he drew closer to Pete. The man's behind was still jittering back and forth as he bounded along, but protruding slightly at the back of his shorts, Arthur could make out a small nub – twitching side to side in perfect rhythm. Not good. He could imagine it clearly – Elle back at the room, hunched over her cauldron and chanting the beginnings of the spell that would bring about Pete's physical changes. That must be why she wanted them to go out! And if Pete's vocal chords changed to the point he couldn't form words either... they'd both be screwed!

"Grrgh-wuff! Ruff!! Grrgh" Arthur watched as Pete slowed down and the nub in his shorts became still.

"B-but Arthur, the -woof- game... Do we have to go back?"

"Wrouff!"

Pete whimpered and fell in line, moving to follow Arthur with his head hung forward like a scolded dog. Arthur led the way back to the room, using his wet black sensitive nose to sniff out their trail for guidance. He felt a little bad – not being sure what the exact translation of his canine sounds had amounted to. He hoped he wasn't too harsh on Pete – but equally, he was relieved that his job was made that much easier by apparently having slipped into the 'alpha' role quite handily. As they neared the last few winding alleys back to the hotel, Arthur turned and caught a glimpse of Pete – his ears now subtly pointed and the patch of fur on his neck having spread further, running from the base of his jaw down and disappearing under his shirt. He hurried toward the pillar of light at the

end of the narrow alley, watching as the cross-section of the hotel entrance that was visible widened.

“Arf! Grrrrghhrrrrgh wuff”, Arthur abruptly barked and spun his head, growling out a command for Pete to halt, before punctuating it with a gentle woof to soften his tone. He had smelt it first, but stood alert and listened too as his pointy ears angled forward. He heard that wretched tone from within the hotel lobby. Elle’s voice! Both watched quietly from within the darkened alley as she exited the hotel and walked to the right and out of view. Arthur was forced to deliver a low rumbling growl as he sensed Pete’s agitation behind him and worried that he might try to run to his ‘master’. This could be their only chance. Once all smell or sound of Elle had dissipated, Arthur motioned forward and released a small yip, causing Pete to follow.

After Pete had followed Arthur’s instructions and used his human hands to open the door to the room, he drifted over to the bed and curled up as best he could like a dog. Arthur surveyed the room and growled in disbelief that Pete had simply ignored the bubbling cauldron and ornate purple book, pages flitting in the wind from the open window. Elle was getting too arrogant – and this was perfect. Arthur’s growl intensified as he ordered Pete to flick through the book while he scanned the pages for the raunchy diagram. Pete seemed nonplussed by the various illustrations of mid-transformed dog men and women; the significance of it all was simply lost on him as he continued to flick through the pages.

“Ruff!”

“This one? Arf! Ok, so now what?” Pete held the page open and went quiet as he stared at the graphic image of a female dog presenting itself.

“Wroof ruff woof!” Arthur asked Pete to read the spell next to the picture. No response. Perhaps he’d not communicated it clearly enough – he could understand if there was no dog-word for ‘read’. He tried again, “Wroof ruff... waff!” Nothing. He took his paws off the rim of the cauldron and fell back to all-fours, turning to his silent friend and stopping – stunned. He’d have covered his eyes if he still had hands – but paws didn’t cut it. He gave up and stared at Pete’s obscenely tight shorts as they tented out at both the back and front. Pete was rock hard and mesmerised by the female dog diagram in front of him. Arthur felt a little awkward, as the throbbing penis stood perfectly at eye level for him. He didn’t blame him though, if Pete had the mind of a dog then this was basically porn to him. But there was no time for this – Arthur could see tufts of fur growing on the pointed tips of

Pete's ears and the brown fur had spread further from his neck, now covering one of his cheeks. The dog nipped at the human's ankle, gently at first to no avail and then firmly with its sharp teeth.

"Owf! Grr – what was... that for... Arthur?" Pete struggled to speak in between his quick panting. "I was... just... well... I don't actually know... what I..."

"RUFF", Arthur ignored the wet patch forming at the apex of the tent in his friend's shorts, demanding that he focus. He raised up onto his hind legs once more and placed his paw by the three-syllable spell.

"Yeah? Okay – but what do those -grruff- symbols mean?"

Oh shit. Arthur shook himself and let his muzzle hang open in disbelief. The only reason he could still read was because he'd kept his human mind. Of course Pete wouldn't be able to read anymore – to him this was just a fucking erotic picture book! Shit. Okay, okay. They were too close and Arthur hadn't come this far just to fuck it up now. 'Es – Toh – Ruhs'. How the hell can you translate random sounds from dog into human? He would have to bark it out as... maybe words in the English language? So, the letter 'S'. "Wuff". Toe? "Ruff!" And... shit. They'd known a guy called Russell in school – maybe he could get it across by shortening that to 'Russ'? "Woof! Arf!" Arthur winced. His barks didn't sound like an abbreviation.

"S. Toe. And -woof- Russ from school? You've lost your mind Arthur!" Arthur's maw widened and his eyebrows would have raised if he had them. Pete was conversing with a dog and now accusing *him* of losing his mind.

"Grrgh woof... wuff – *whine* wroof!!"

"To Elle? Arf. Ok Arthur but I don't -wuff- know why she needs to hear all that." Pete was still hard and nervously sneaking a glimpse of the purple book's delightful contents as he spoke; Arthur just hoped that he was paying enough attention and – ...what is that sound? Arthur shot a glance at the window, the sun was going down. His ears twanged. Footsteps in the hallway. He felt static electric along his back as his hackles raised in anticipation. Ears pointing. A hand on the door handle outside.

"Waff! Wuff ruff arf!"

"Okay, okay. 'S'. Toe. Russ. As soon as she walks in – got it! Wruff!" Pete had torn his gaze from the lewd images and now stood, slightly hunched with anticipation and panting, his quarter-length tail slamming around at the back of his shorts. A hint of trepidation crept through Arthur as he worried that Pete was treating this too much like a game, but what else could be done? He readied himself.

Twisting the handle of the door and pushing the heavy door forward, Elle's eyes darted up from the ground in surprise as she heard a deep rasping growl. She began to compose herself as she examined the situation before her. The cauldron and book clearly visible – not ideal. Arthur, growling – not a problem. “Arthur! Bad dog – down!” The growling abated as Arthur's legs grew weak and he was forced into lying prone on his belly, muzzle to the ground. He maintained a slight snarl as he struggled against the command but found himself otherwise rendered helpless. Elle continued her examination. Pete, looking excited, confused and... horny – interesting. She put her hand to her mouth and stifled a giggle, staring at the damp patch of precum leaking through the front of her husband's shorts at the tip of his tent.

“Aww, has my Petey missed me on his walk? Has he, huh?” She approached him, noting the physical changes beginning to take effect – his pointed, wispy-furred ears – the brown fur now running from his left ear, across his cheek and down his neck beneath his shirt. Pete's cock began to throb harder and become even more rigid – his tongue hanging out of his mouth, eyes glazed over and hands moving to curl beneath his chin in submission.

Arthur couldn't believe it. Just like that – she'd dismantled his whole plan. He was pinned to the ground by his own obedience and Pete was no help – just a mindless dog who happened to have the vocal chords he desperately needed. No! He wouldn't give up. He struggled and diverted his energy from snarling into a last-ditch effort to remind Pete of the 'game'.

“GRWOOF!”

Both Elle and Pete broke concentration for a moment and Elle shot a condescending glare at the misbehaving animal.

“Oh -ruff- yeah! Elle – I need to tell you!” Pete's tail wagged frantically through the fabric of his shorts, straining to push against it as his hard cock did the same on the opposite side. Elle became distracted, noticing his budding tail spring to life.

“What?”

“I have to -wuff- say...” Arthur held his breath. “Es – Toh – Ruh...”

“Ack-STOP!! PETE! Where did you...?” Pete recoiled and his tail burrowed its way between his butt cheeks, hiding from Elle's sudden anger. “Where the *hell* did you... oh... No.” Arthur closed his eyes, but even so he knew Elle was piercing him with her dagger-like gaze. He heard purposeful footsteps. Elle rushed past Pete, who stood trembling and confused, and toward the purple book. She flicked a

few dozen pages through and muttered a few words over the cauldron. Arthur heard these words and heard a bubbling sound from the cauldron and then... he felt like he was falling and everything became black.

Arthur slowly awoke. Everything sounded muffled. Was he human again?! His senses had definitely dulled – he was struggling to smell where everyone was. He tried to move his... hands? Hopefully hands. Nothing. Not even inflexible, stiff paws though. What was going on? His vision seemed cloudy – but was slowly fading into focus. He mentally jumped – a feeling! A hand... stroking. Along his back? Okay. He could feel it, but he couldn't make his body turn to look. His vision continued to fade in, revealing... a lighter shade of black. What the fuck?! Where was he? Why couldn't he see? The hand still stroked along his spine. He could almost feel... that he still had fur. Oh god. Oh shit. What had Elle done to him now – what fucking weird creature that doesn't even have eyes has she...

"Arthur?" He heard Elle's voice and, given his growing panic, tried to shout out to her. He couldn't hear himself though. "Arthur?" Immediately as she spoke, an overwhelming bright light penetrated the darkness and subsided to reveal Elle's face staring directly at him. Oh, thank god! Thank fuck! Thank Elle! Whatever! Arthur could see. "I know you're still in there." He felt and heard himself panting a little, but still couldn't move. Every sense, his limbs, his whole body seemed strangely disconnected from him. Like he was just a passenger in his own skin. "You forced my hand Arthur." Forced her to do what? Arthur's concern grew as his synapses fired like a minigun to locate an answer to what was going on.

"Will he -woof- be -arf- okay?" Arthur's visual field shifted, leaving him a little motion sick, as it centred on Pete. His friend was now sat on the bed, shifting around as he tried to find a comfortable position for his full-length bushy brown tail, which poked out and hung between his legs. Elle must have cut a hole in his shorts or something – but weirdly, apart from a longer tail, his changes hadn't progressed at all. More importantly, what was going on with Arthur's body – clearly it wasn't paralysed, but it wasn't responding to his attempts to move. He knew this was some trick of Elle's and waited for her to appear in his vision again.

"He'll be fine!" Arthur's head involuntarily turned to look at the source of the sound once more. "He's happy – aren't you boy?" Arthur tried to shake his head 'no', but he felt his tail wag instead as his body raised up from the floor. He licked Elle with his tongue and inside, crumpled with horror as he watched his body act entirely without his consent, but felt every aspect of it. "See Pete? He's a good boy!"

“Waff!” Arthur writhed around like an excited dog, licking, wagging, sniffing and turning.

“He -woof- is excited! He just said so! Arf!”

‘No, I am fucking not’, Arthur thought. He’d completely lost control. His body had been transformed into a dog and now he was just a puppet for a dog’s brain too. But *he* still existed. This was the worst possible outcome. This was torture. How could he live like this?

“Pete? Fetch!” Elle threw a tennis ball into the bathroom and watched as the dog-man flew after it, tail erect in the air. She waited for him to scabble around under the sink to find the ball and then locked the bathroom door from the other side. Arthur watched this unfold as his body sat on its haunches patiently. “There. Not that I think poor Petey can even comprehend what I’m about to say anymore anyway – he’s all instinct at this point – but I wanted this moment alone with you regardless.” Arthur’s attention flitted toward the bathroom door as he heard a pathetic whimpering and feeble clawing at the wooden frame. “Look at me. Good. Art... I didn’t have any choice. I can’t fully erase your human mind now. I fucked up – I admit. I rushed your physical changes and so now you’re stuck with human thoughts. But what you were going to do... was unacceptable. So, I’ve restrained you within your subconscious and transplanted a dog’s mind into the forefront of your conscious. It’s called a puppet spell. You’re basically watching a TV show of yourself acting like a dog, but you can still feel everything...”

Elle breathed in quickly and deeply, then let out a large exhalation. “I’ve been too soft on you boys – to think you were about to use *that* spell on me... you obviously have no respect. But that’s fine. I’m done holding back. Tomorrow, all three of us are going to have some real fun together. Look forward to it.”

Arthur watched as Elle released Pete from the bathroom and he crawled on his hands and knees across to Arthur’s body. He watched as his body manoeuvred around to Pete’s behind and stuck his nose up against his butt, just underneath the hyperactive brown tail. He could smell everything, but do nothing to stop himself. He watched his body balance itself on his right hip, back legs splayed out in the air, while he craned his muzzle down toward his balls, lapping at them in a thorough cleaning motion. It felt quite nice and he was almost surprised he hadn’t thought to try it yet himself. But it was nothing compared to the feeling that followed as his canine tongue began to ‘clean’ his red pointy dog cock, now protruding from his sheath slightly to facilitate the action. Arthur’s mind writhed with pleasure at each lick, though his body seemed uninterested outside of being hygienic.

The dissonance was staggering. He felt like a sex slave, tied up, restrained and denied an orgasm by... himself? This would take some getting used to. He mentally fizzled with pleasure – a final large lick of his coarse tongue over the sensitive shaft. The sun had set at some point and Arthur's body stopped cleaning itself, looking up to reveal that Elle had gotten into bed, with Pete curled up at her feet. The collie body then followed suit and curled up to sleep. As his eyelids closed involuntarily, everything went dark once more for Arthur. He was still reeling and pining for more stimulation, it felt like 'blue balls', but confined to his mind. His dog body ignored him and slept.

Arthur's body woke with a start, flooding his view with light after the hours of darkness he'd endured. This 'puppet spell' was horrific... he couldn't seem to sleep, despite his body having drifted off – he imagined it was something like having 'locked-in' syndrome and mentally shuddered. His vision centred on Elle, walking toward the adjacent wall with two coloured bowls raised high above a pestering Pete, nipping around her ankles excitedly as he looked up at her. She placed the bowls down and their contents were revealed. Arthur's dog body followed its nose over to the slurry and began wolfing down throatfuls of dog meat. His nostrils filled with the rancid smell and his taste buds awash with it – he felt like he might puke. His body disagreed and foraged relentlessly through the jelly chunks, sniffing out every morsel. Pete had already begun tucking in too – though his human mouth wasn't nearly as efficient for this manner of eating.

"Delicious, huh Art? Pete thinks so. Well... maybe 'think' is a bit strong. Anyway – his mental changes are complete. He's a simple dog now. Which means it's time for the physical changes to really kick into action. But it'd be a little boring if I was all on my own to witness them – and considering you've taken a back seat in there... maybe we should bring Pete back?" Arthur could hear her speaking through his canine ears, though his body was still too busy licking the corners of the bowl to bother to look. What was she talking about? Bring back Pete? "I'm going to use the puppet spell, but with a twist. I'll temporarily restore old human Pete's mind at the forefront of his consciousness. Obviously, I won't be wasting my hard work thus far – so dog-Pete will be safe and sound in the back seat, same as you. Sound good? I told you we'd have some fun." This would be perfect. Elle didn't have a clue what she was doing – Pete would say the three-syllable spell and complete the plan as soon as he sees what's happened!

Elle waved her hand and the cauldron seeped back into existence, bubbling away – she muttered a few syllables and Pete's chomping slowed down. Arthur's body had finished every drop of meat and

turned to Pete's bowl, wolfing down his leftovers too. At least this meant Arthur could see Pete's confused face out of the corner of his eye, as his humanity returned to him. Pete, still on his hands and knees, raised a finger to his gums and ran it along them, nearly going cross-eyed as he tried to look at his own mouth.

"*What* is that foul taste?! Pfugh! Ack-urgh..." Pete wretched as he climbed onto his two legs and stood up straight. "Ufgh. I feel sick. Where have I been? I remember... feeling embarrassed about that whole tennis ball thing and then... AAHGH!! There's something in my shorts!!" The man twisted around, ironically enough – chasing his own tail.

"Pete."

"Hmm?!" He stared worriedly at Elle. "What – wha – what is going on... tell me!"

"Calm down."

Pete had caught his tail behind him and pulled it in front of him, holding it in both palms and inspecting it dazedly. He tugged on it and winced in pain. And once more before he accepted it was attached. The furry foreign appendage tried to squirm away between his legs. He held it tight and massaged the fur, looking up at Elle. "Why do I have... a FUCKING tail, Elle?! And why do I not remember anything after making an ass of myself with that ball?!" Arthur's heart sank – this Pete didn't remember their walk, nor the plan – the spell. He needed dog-Pete back.

"Ha ha! Not an ass. A dog. You made a dog out of yourself, Pete. And if you think that tail is something – you better brace yourself. You and Art here tried something pretty stupid yesterday."

"I don't even remember any- wait, Art? As in... That *dog* is Art?!"

"Wow Petey, keep up. You're not that much smarter than when you were a dumb little doggy, are you? Look at yourself – you have a tail and pointy ears. Of course this dog is Art. We *named* him Arthur!!"

Pete looked dumbfounded. He stared at the black and white collie which had finished the second portion of dogmeat and begun licking itself. Slowly, his hands crept up and tentatively roamed around his ears. They twitched slightly in response to his touch. He grasped them tight and ran his fingers around their edges, feeling out the silky-fur tapered point. His arms fell limp by his sides, as his jaw dangled in disbelief. He had no words to describe this feeling. Anger rose within him, boiling his insides and frothing through his being. His pupils dilated and he began a firm stride toward Elle, raising his arms to grab her.

"Stay!"

Pete stopped in his tracks. He was frozen and darted his eyes around in lieu of being able to turn his head. His hands were inches from Elle and he was mid-stride, unable to move any further. He strained against his paralysis, a struggling noise gurgling in his throat as he did. No luck.

“You need to control yourself Pete. Or I will have to. Now walk over to that wall and put your back against it.” Pete tried to resist now – paradoxically attempting everything he could to stay still and not comply. His desires were overridden. His body carried out the woman’s instruction, then standing still and obedient against the wall. “I am in complete control, Pete. Don’t get any ideas – you boys have disrespected my power quite enough. I think you both need a demonstration.”

Elle turned to Arthur and maintained her glare as she sauntered over to the purple book. “Art – come on boy. Heel!” The dog came running as Arthur watched from within. “Now, seeing as you are so interested in this book of mine, let me show you something. That spell you tried to use on me, is used for breeding dogs – it places a female into ‘heat’, immediately making her receptive to mating. But did you know it is part of a pair? No? Well, the other spell is far less frequently used, as the female being in heat is usually enough to get the male dog worked up anyway. But still – look.” She flicked the pages and held the book up to Arthur’s eyes. He peered through his dog vision and saw a diagram of a male dog, side-on and sporting a disproportionately huge erect phallus. “So – fancy it?”

The dog looked vacantly at Elle. “I don’t care if you don’t. Now, Hi – Eth – Tuh!” Arthur felt a quick jolt of tingling power rip through his body. A small pained woof escaped the dog as it began pacing around the room, restless. Arthur could feel it from inside; the dog was frenzied – it didn’t understand what was happening and was sniffing around hectically for the source of this feeling. Arthur could also feel his cock emerging from its furry sheath, filling with blood at an artificially rapid rate. The dog was still pacing back and forth, searching every corner of the room with its nose – even sniffing Pete’s crotch, when Arthur heard the popping sound of his swollen knot escaping the sheath at an unnatural speed. He was painfully erect. The dog was beginning to go manic – grabbing the bed sheets in its muzzle, growling and tearing at them.

“Bad dog. Sit!”

Arthur’s body lowered to its haunches, paws neatly in front and head straight. His engorged red dog cock hung heavily, propped at an 80-degree angle by his sheath, between his curled canine knees. He could feel it pulsating in time with his quickening heartbeat. His body twisted its head down, giving him a view of his raging manhood. He’d seen his canine cock before, but it seemed much

larger – bulging outward against its own girth and throbbing wildly. His tongue extended to lick at the pulsing member. “Ah! No! Up straight! Now, stay.” Arthur’s head straightened once more and he could feel his body tense up. He knew his body wouldn’t be moving for a while and could feel the frustration of the dog, lashing out destructively in its own head. In *his* head. Arthur knew its pain – this was excruciating. He could no longer move to look down at his puppy machine, but experienced every intense twinge of desire and lust that filled it as it weighed down the furry skin of his groin and sheath with its huge mass. He was on the verge of cumming and probably would have, without any stimulation at all, if not for the fact that the spell was obviously laced with something that prevented him from doing so – most likely to ensure successful breeding.

“Wow! Art! So big – so impressive! And that knot!” Elle spoke in a hyperbolic tone as she crouched and began stroking his silky-furred sheath, adding to his sexual pain. “You must *really* be feeling it right now. After all – when’s the last time you saw Amy? Over a week ago?” Arthur tried to growl at the cruel comment, but as expected, nothing came out. The dog in control of his body just faintly whined every few seconds as it was tortured by its aching throbbing lust.

“Feeling left out Petey? Go on, you can speak, you know.” Pete watched the dog which he now knew to be his friend Arthur, as it whimpered and whined, sat sporting a gigantic canine erection that twitched about in the air.

“N-no, Elle. I just... don’t understand...”

“Oh for fuck sake Pete, there isn’t much to understand here. *That* is Arthur, paying the price of his disobedience. And *you* are next! I promised you both a demonstration.”

“Elle... please. I’m your husband!”

“Ha ha ha! Oh – sorry husband. Am I not treating you with the respect you deserve? You really are a bit slow – this is what I do Pete. We’d barely known each other six months before moving in and getting married and all that. There have been many before you – all very good boys. I’m a collector I suppose. I am sorry if that all sounds a bit harsh... but you’re just another puppy.”

“...” Pete stood speechless. He glanced at the horny dog and mouthed the word ‘sorry’, leaping toward the door and grabbing the door knob.

“Paws”, Elle whispered, with a smirk of inevitability as the cauldron bubbled. Pete tried to turn the knob and found he couldn’t get any traction. He looked down, furrowing his brow to see what the problem was. His fingers were stretched out straight, side-by-side against his will, his thumb tucked

in. He tried to grasp the door knob again, but his digits would not bend; they wouldn't even separate. He raised his other hand, palm-up, to his face – the same problem, along with small black dots appearing and spreading outward across his palm.

“No! NO! Fucking no! Elle, NO! Stop!” Pete screamed and dropped to his knees as he watched his thumbs shrink and recede up his wrists to become vestigial dewclaws. His fingers shortened too, as his nails thinned and hardened into darkened black claws, settling themselves between the small nubs that remained at the tip of his hands. The black dots became swollen and hardened into a leathery texture, covering the whole of his palm – which had now diminished to the size of a dog's front paws. His wrists thinned and a ring of tawny brown fur erupted around them, pushing through the skin. It rushed along the back of Pete's new paws, covering them in a fine fuzz and filling in the gaps between each leathery pad-section where his palms used to be.

“You might struggle with things like doors now, huh? Guess you'll be staying?” Elle taunted Pete as he placed his face in his paws, recoiling as the texture of the pads and sharp claws was no way near as comforting as human skin. “Good – but don't be shy, we're not done yet. Stand!” Pete wanted nothing more than to be left alone to mope, but now he was being forced to his feet. He placed his paws at his side and stood up, looking away from Elle as he awaited her next command. “I don't want you to miss out on all the fun that Art is having over there. So, take off your clothes.” Pete's eyebrows raised with worry as his paws began fumbling at his shirt buttons, determined to comply. He noticed Elle giggling with delight at the scene, looking down at himself to watch his failed attempts at fine motor function. His paws soon changed tactic and wrestled their way back through his shirt sleeves, hoisting the shirt up and over his head as it awkwardly caught on his chin. The paws turned their attention to his shorts and began clawing at the fastened belt. Elle guffawed, but became concerned when the paws began erratically scratching at Pete's hips to push the shorts down.

“Okay, stop! You're going to scratch yourself and draw blood at this rate. Clearly, you are unable to accomplish even a simple thing like getting undressed, with those little puppy paws of yours.” Pete's feet had automatically managed to pry his shoes and socks from his feet while his paws flailed around, leaving him standing in just his shorts and boxers. He was still entirely human in appearance, but for his pointed ears, tail trembling between his legs and his new paws. Brown fur, with some black patches, covered his paws and extended half way up his forearms. It grew on the tips of his ears and covered the left side of his face, reaching down his neck and cascading over his collarbone,

before stopping at the edge of his shoulder. It was particularly dense and bushy across his long tail and he could feel it bristling across the base of his back and around his butt cheeks too.

Elle approached and pressed herself against Pete, pressing her slender finger against his nose and running it down across his lips, over his chin and the length of his body. She dragged it through the hair of his treasure trail, against the grain and stopped at his belt buckle. “Hi – Eth – Tuh”, she whispered breathily in his face. Pete’s eyes widened as he felt an insane pressure begin to build in his groin, making his shorts grow uncomfortable beyond words. In a small act of mercy, Elle unbuckled his belt and undid the top button of his fly. Pete scrambled with his clumsy paws to push and rid himself of his shorts, so the pressure could be relieved. He managed to push the fabric past his obscenely large bulge and scraped his boxers down too, not without discomfort. As soon as they were past the tip of his straining dick, the fleshy rod sprang up so forcefully that it slapped his stomach before settling at a proud near-upright angle. He assessed his human dick for a moment, as it jumped up and down, still swelling further, the veins looking like they should burst at any moment. Allowing his jaw to drop loose, he clasped his meat against his stomach with a paw and began to massage up and down – ignoring the rough texture of his paw pads. His breathing quickened as his paws molested his manhood in every way they could manage. He felt the pressure build and build, he felt the tingling sensation that came at the ‘point of no return’, but then nothing further. He wondered if his paws weren’t doing the trick – but he felt so horny, he would probably even cum from humping a fucking window sill right now. He continued, his teeth gritted with frustration, but could not push himself over the edge. His dick just grew harder and harder. His tail swished about behind him as he hunched over, even balancing his penis between his forearms and working them up and down the shaft. He looked ridiculous, but he couldn’t bring himself to care – he *needed* to cum.

“Having fun?” Pete looked up, still wanking himself off as he did. “You can’t cum unless you are fucking a female, you know. Breeding spell, remember?” Pete looked back at his penis and continued masturbating, he was even rubbing his dick on the door knob now. With a sigh, Elle spoke, “Bad dog, now stand over by your friend, back to the wall...” Pete’s whole body vibrated as he fought the command, but slowly, his paws retracted from his lust-filled, rock-solid member and he walked to Arthur’s side. “...aaand STAY!” A tear pooled in Pete’s left eye as the pain of his swollen penis going untouched began to set in. “So – shall we try something new? Add a little spice? You boys are having such a nice time with those solid cocks of yours, how about we leave you like that? Maybe

until Pete's little pleasure pole has become nicely red and pointy?" The tear rolled down Pete's cheek, catching in his brown fur. "Don't worry though – we'll go in slow motion for this part. I'll take a small nap." Elle climbed onto the bed, yawned and muttered "Penis". The cauldron bubbled as Elle shut her eyes.

The hour that followed seemed to stretch into a whole day in their minds. Pete and Arthur stood and sat respectively, unable to touch themselves, with no sign of either of their lustful symptoms subsiding. Arthur perhaps had it slightly easier, as he was sharing the pain with the dog that still held primary control of his body. He would not have viewed it this way, however, as the pangs of pleasure flooded his rigid dog cock like clockwork, every couple of seconds. It had become so sensitive as it swelled and pulsed, he could feel every dribble of precum as it seeped from his tip and slowly trickled down his shaft, like raindrops on a window. He wondered if he would become dehydrated with the sheer amount of precum that flowed from him and pondered anything that might distract from the pressure in his groin and the churning tightness in his furry sack.

Meanwhile, Pete had been left rooted to the spot, but able to move his head and speak – though he had no desire to wake Elle. At first, he tried to look away from his mushroom-headed dick, knowing that watching it twitch and jump would do nothing to lessen the agony of how hard it had become. However, as he began to notice streaks of darkened red slowly tainting his pink flesh, he found it difficult to look away. More so, he felt compelled to check every minute or so as his erect penis contorted and deformed, bit by bit. He felt some itching around his perineum and looked down to see his scrotum slowly covered in a dusting of light brown fur. Over time, he felt his shaft being held tighter and tighter to his stomach, as a fur-coated thick sheath formed around his cock base. It was uncomfortable at first, but as things shifted and moved, it seemed natural. What did *not* seem natural, however, was the huge bulbous growth emerging in his dick, just above where his sheath had formed. He continued to watch, now transfixed, as his canine cock continued to spasm, almost fully red and tapering to a flat point at the tip. It had taken just over an hour, but Pete now had a red rocket-shaped dog penis, convulsing with desire, just like Arthur's.

An alarm rang out from the bedside table, causing Elle to stir and drawing the attention of both dog-boys. She yawned and moved to sit at the end of the bed, "I feel so rested! That was just what I needed. And how about you boys, huh? Still just a bunch of lustful beasts I see, and right where I left you – that's good, and... Petey! You've joined the canine club! Excellent. A nice one too – maybe even a little larger than Art's ha!"

“When are you going to let us...”

“Cum?”

Pete almost said yes, but shook his head and tried to suppress the sexual needs again. “No. When are you going to let us go?”

“Oh. Umm – well, I’m not. You wouldn’t get very far without me now anyway. A couple of horny dogs on their own? Well, one dog and one half-breed. You need me now, don’t you think?”

“We need to cu-...” Pete shook himself again. “...to leave this place. This isn’t fair – what you’re doing to us.”

“Oh Petey. I’m sorry to break it to you, but – these thoughts you’re having, aren’t even your true thoughts anymore.”

“What do you mean?”

“I completed your mental transformation into a dog some time ago. I just thought it’d be more fun to temporarily restore your human mind to pull the strings while I finish your physical changes. It *is* fun, isn’t it? / think so.”

“My mental transformation... into a... dog? But I feel like... a human.”

“Hmm. I know it’s difficult to grasp. Okay. I can tell it’s distressing you. Here – let’s address the balance a little. Maybe ten percent of dog-Pete can join in the mix?” Elle muttered some words, to the sound of the cauldron bubbling. Pete suddenly felt a bit woozy. He was about to speak, when the words jumbled together in his head.

“-WOOF- what is this... in my... head?”

“And he’s back! We missed you, dog-Pete.”

“-Ruff- Wait, what?”

“Don’t worry, you can come out to play fully soon – not long now.”

“Elle, what have you done to -wuff- me? This is sick. It feels -woof- wrong.”

“Let’s take care of you boys and your hormones then now, shall we? Pete, release.” Immediately as Elle announced the command, Pete’s paws began searching for his dick again, furiously rubbing it as soon as they found it. “Good boy, but you’ll have to wait a moment longer to cum though – Art was

first and we're going to make an exception to the breeding spell for him – we'll let him cum without needing to fuck a female." Arthur's ears twitched at the mention of his name, the real Arthur still buried under the dog's control. But even he was ready to hear Elle's suggestion at this point – if it involved releasing the enormous pressure pent up in his diamond-hard dog cock. Elle locked eyes on Pete and whispered, "hind legs". Arthur immediately knew what was coming and began to panic as the cauldron bubbled. Pete was a little slower, as his mind was now tainted by the simple thoughts of a dog, but he caught on just as the numbness infiltrated his legs. He lost his balance, along with the dual-pawed grip that he had still been maintaining on his cock. Falling forward, he was forced to prioritise placing his paws on the ground over pleasuring himself. He tipped his head down and looked past his ballooning erection toward his legs, as they thinned considerably. His thighs became taught and much shorter, his knees were now curved and set farther up. As his feet lengthened and thinned, his toes underwent a similar transformation to that which had overtaken his hands – he could feel the black pads inflating on the base of his hind paws. His rising ankles were the most shocking things to witness, as they seemed to become spring-loaded and poised for running through fields.

Fur emerged across the length of his new legs, sprouting in the same tawny brown on his thighs and melting through darker patches and some black spots in places, fading to creamy-white as it reached his paws. Pete used his front paws as props to lean against the wall and reach his two feet once more, admiring how springy and powerful his legs felt, while lamenting the loss of balance caused by his small back paws and their low surface-area of contact with the ground.

"That won't do, Pete", Elle crossed her arms, scowling at the dog-boy as he tenuously balanced on his back paws, "hips and waist". Bubbling emanated from the cauldron. Pete felt his hips push forward and fold in on themselves, forcing him to collapse back to the floor as they re-arranged to perfectly allow for quadrupedal walking. The fur on his groin and at the base of his back where his spine met his tail bristled and proliferated 'til it extended just past his belly button, wrapping around his waist – darker on his back, through dappled brown on his flanks and creamy on his belly. Pete tried to stand again, propping himself against the wall, but the moment he tried to get his balance – he tumbled forward. "Perfect... Pete, stay! Arthur, release!"

Pete, now completely a German Shepherd from his belly button down to his back paws, bulbous red cock and jittery tail, froze in place. Arthur the dog, with a raging stiff and beastly engorged cock, sprang from his haunches, vaulting across to Pete's rear.

“No -arf- Art, don’t do it!” Pete begged the dog from his submissive stance on all-fours. Arthur was pleading with his body in the same terms from within; he didn’t want to fuck Pete. But he had to admit, he understood the dog’s intention and may have even been slightly pleased that he was being forced to fuck his friend, if it meant he was able to cum. The painful erection hadn’t dwindled at all, though it was nearly numb from the amount of time it’d been straining to release its seed. A good thing too, as the dog stepped it up a notch – invading Pete’s rear with Arthur’s wet nose and then roughly mounting him.

Though Pete’s tail held itself flat over his anus, Arthur the dog’s distended red prick easily muscled its way past, prising the tail to one side and utilising the copious flow of pre to slip an inch into Pete’s behind. Arthur’s body froze and juddered with ecstasy at the feeling of his tapered tip being engulfed by flesh, but this lull did not last long. Arthur felt the dog lose control, returning to its frenzied manic state and hammering the thick pillar deeper and deeper with each thrust. He also felt the dog’s rampant lust, which began to overwhelm his human mind too. He felt like he was being violated by his own desires, as each thrust sent him reeling with the promise of climax, but his eyes remained unable to look away from the reality – that he was fucking a half-human half-dog with his friend’s head on its shoulders. It reminded him of the scene from Clockwork Orange, where Alex’s eyes were prised open by metallic hooks. Except, Alex had felt nauseous, while Arthur felt like he was going to orgasm and cum buckets. His body continued its furry assault on Pete’s rear, while Elle crouched in front of the pair and whispered “torso and arms”. Bubbles frothed and popped in the cauldron.

Pete groaned in anguish as he felt Arthur’s girthy penis pneumatically plunge in and out of him, rocking his whole paralysed body backward and forward. He had managed to bend his arms at the elbows to lower his head to the ground, but quickly felt his elbows cramping as his arms began to morph. He straightened them out and the discomfort ceased; this also gave him a better view as his elbows retracted toward his body, wrists extending while his arms locked into a less dextrous position at the shoulder joint. Their movement was now highly limited, perfect for running and pawing at things but not much else. The fur from his paws traced the changes, creeping up both arms in the same pattern as everywhere else. Pete stood his front end onto his front dog legs to steady himself against the bucking beast penetrating his rear, feeling a numbness shift around in his chest. It soon reformed into a long, thin barrel-shape and was blanketed in the same soft Shepherd fur. Arthur watched his friend’s body complete the changes and become a dog from the neck down, thinking about his ill-fated plan as he noticed his own massive knot slamming against Pete’s anal

entrance. It was way too big to fit, especially now that he was reaching his peak and it swelled ever larger. Thank goodness, he thought, he didn't really want to be tied to Pete after... And just then, he heard himself release a couple of gruff barks and begin to howl, as his hips jolted and spasmed forward a couple more times, deep as they could. He practically joined in with the dog's howl in his mind, mentally screaming with pleasure as earth-shaking peristaltic contractions in his red rigid cock pumped his friend full of puppy juice. Thick, hot jets of white erupted from his tip with such force he felt them splash around his friend's insides. After fifteen seconds or so of weakening mini-thrusts, his back legs and hips went limp and he slipped out from Pete's anus, onto his haunches. After a moment of blank staring and panting, Arthur watched as his body arched down, his tongue thoroughly licking his still-hard cock clean, sending him into a small fit of shivers with each lick. The desire was gone, finally.

"Well done Art! That's you taken care of. How was that Petey? Do you feel like you've taken your friendship to the next level now? Ha!"

Pete stayed down on all fours, his head drooping and tail covering his anus again as Arthur's cum dribbled out from it and stuck in his fur.

"Come on Pete, I know you can still talk – you don't even have a canine voice box yet! What did you think?"

"..." Pete sat back onto his haunches, completely a dog but for an out-of-place human head sat atop his half-pink neck. His red pointed penis was still solid, having been denied his release, but he seemed to be ignoring it quite effectively despite its continued bouncing in time with his heartbeat.

"Pete – answer me."

"..."

"Fine. You know, I *can* make you... Speak!"

Pete noticed a bubble form in his throat, stopping his breath. He tried to draw oxygen through his nose and clamped down his jaw in protest. No use. He needed to release it or suffocate. He opened his maw to liberate the bubble and was shocked by a...

"WROOF!" Pete slammed his mouth shut in confusion and hesitantly opened it again, "...Wh... What was that?! Did I – woof- bark?!"

"Oh, so now the first time he notices that he has barked, he suddenly wants to... Speak!"

“WROOF!” Pete growled a little as another involuntary bark escaped his mouth, responding to Elle’s command. “The first time he... notices? What’s that -arf- supposed to mean?”

“I’ve already explained this bit, Petey. Your mental changes were completed a good while ago – and you are so far gone you hadn’t even realised you were barking in the middle of every sentence! You still don’t realise – apart from when I force you to...” Pete braced himself. “Speak!”

“WROOF! You -grooff- bitch!”

“Bitch? Wow – that is rich Pete.”

“I don’t care -arf-! You’ve got me on crawling around on all fours, covered in -woof- fur and barking like a fucking dog on command – you are -ruff- a fucking bitch!”

“Okay – you’ve had your outburst and I’ll allow you that. Now shh, quiet.” Pete tried to hurl more abuse at his witch of a wife, but found himself unable to conjure any sound. “Why can’t you be more like Art, licking himself clean over there like a good boy?”

“Waff!” Arthur’s body barked happily upon receiving the praise. Arthur himself felt sorry watching Pete’s powerless exchange with Elle, but was glad he’d finally realised the truth about his awful wife.

“So, judging by that look on your face and the fact that Art is falling asleep over there”, Elle pointed at the drowsy dog that’d curled up and closed its eyes, obscuring Arthur’s view of the situation, “It is probably about time to finish up – heck, if we don’t sort you out soon, your dick might just fall off, it’s been hard for so long!” Pete was painfully aware that his cock remained concrete and pulsing, now frustrated that his attention had been drawn back to it but still unable to speak. “And if we give you a muzzle and a nice long tongue, you’ll be able to lick yourself down there – you’d like that wouldn’t you?”

“...”

“Head and neck...” The cauldron began bubbling again. Arthur felt horror wash over him as he heard Elle’s words from within the dog. “...and considering you’ve got nothing nice left to say – I might as well reverse the puppet spell and bring back dog-Pete entirely. He has much better manners than you.”

Pete felt a fullness envelope his head as his ears began to travel up to sit on top of his head, pointed and forward-facing. Elle muttered a few words as the cauldron bubbled louder. Pete’s thoughts and worries about the completion of his transformation began to fade and disappear. He started to

imagine running through alleys with the other dog he'd befriended earlier, his back-left leg thumping the ground with joy and tail starting to wag as he did.

Arthur had all but given up, barely listening to the sounds in the room anymore, when a glimmer of light hit his vision. But how? And another flash. Another. Was he... blinking? He concentrated. Yes. He could blink again. He mentally reached out to the dog who had been piloting his body – the response was there, but growing fainter. The dog's influence was lifting. Arthur did not want to draw attention to himself; Elle surely hadn't meant to undo the puppet spell binding him too. But she said... she said dog-Pete is taking over again? So, he should remember their plan – the spell. It needed to be timed just right. Too early and dog-Pete won't have returned enough to understand his barks – then Elle would suspect that Arthur was free and bury his mind again. Too late and Pete's vocal chords will have changed; they'll both be stuck barking forever. He lifted his eyelid open a crack and peered at Pete, who panted as his tongue lengthened, his sharper canine teeth beginning to peek over the blackened lips which lined his stretching muzzle. It was now or never.

"Wuff ruff! Woof! Arf!" Both Elle and Pete, his nose turning black, flinched and turned to Arthur. Was it enough? Did dog-Pete remember?

Pete's black nose formed fully, with flared nostrils good for sniffing the ground, at the end of the narrow, protracted jaws that formed his muzzle. The few human beard hairs began to alter shade to tawny brown and thicken across his deformed face. Arthur knew he had failed as Pete's head tilted inquisitively. Elle looked at the black and white collie, and cornered him as he shrunk toward the wall.

"Es – Toh – Ruhs! Wroof!" The cauldron bubbled.

Elle's smirk faded and her face flushed red with terror as she spun around to look at Pete, who began vacantly licking his erect manhood. 'Yes, dog-Pete!' Arthur thought to himself, as he rose to his four legs and watched Elle squirm. With the last human breath to pass over his now-canine vocal chords, Pete had recalled his time with the friendly collie and the game they'd played – to shout those stupid syllables at Elle.

Elle tried to fake out. She tried to move toward the door, but became fixated on the large German Shepherd licking at its appetising red blood-filled cock. She tried to slap herself and regain control. No luck. She felt a compulsion to undress and did so – clothes were pointless when there was mating

to be accomplished. Sensing herself down below, she knew her vulva were swelling to enormous size and could tell she was dripping wet. She lowered herself to all-fours and seductively approached the attractive male Shepherd, her mind lost to desire. She lowered her head down and placed her tongue at the underside base of the dog's red cock, licking sensually all the way to the tip and tasting the tantalising precum as she did. Pete the dog watched this display and began to wag his tail, panting with pent up need as his balls churned and tightened. Seeing she'd got the attention she wanted, Elle backed up and turned to face away from the beast, peering over her shoulder and panting a little herself. Her back arched to better display her oestrus-engorged vaginal entrance and she rocked her hips, wafting her thick scent through the air as her genitals dripped with desire. Pete caught the scent in his new sensitive snout and followed it to her opening, lapping at her swollen lips with his coarse, flat tongue. Elle moaned with anticipation, arching her back further. Pete's eyes glazed over and with motions born of the purest canine cravings, he reared up and mounted his bitch.

The heavy set Shepherd, having been aching hard for hours now, forced his whole length into the female immediately – eliciting a whimper of equal parts delight and discomfort from Elle. He stopped as he filled her up to his knot – it had ballooned, becoming gigantic, and even though Elle was drenched with lubricant, it would take some considerable effort to insert. Pete was determined and withdrew, winding up for another pounding thrust. His hips flung forward like a piston, driving the red point home. Elle moaned as she was jolted forward. And again. And again. Pete started jack-hammering his bitch with a feral intent. The knot stretched her cunt further with each thrust and the dog could feel himself slowly gaining entry. Elle was so caught up in the intensity of Pete's animalistic fucking that she hadn't noticed Arthur pad over in front of her. She glanced up, mouth agape and being flung back and forth by each of Pete's powerful thrusts – to see Arthur stood with a doggish grin, and a hard slick-red cock dangling from his hind quarters. Try as she might, she couldn't close her mouth, as Pete penetrated deeper and deeper into her pussy – wracking her with desire. Arthur took advantage of this extra hole to the fullest, hopping up and using his paws to prop himself up on her back, before ramming his dog cock deep into her throat. She gagged a little, continuing to moan with delight through her stuffed mouth as she was fucked wildly by the two canines of her own creation.

Arthur grunted out small woofs as he dominated Elle in the most primal way possible. He was so caught up in the expression of power and retribution, he almost didn't clock the peculiar events

transpiring before him. A furry threshold had developed, radiating from the point where Pete's cock entered Elle and advancing half a centimetre or so up her body with each thrust. It swept up her back like a hot air front on a weather forecast, covering her in white fluff as Arthur stared – not forgetting to keep fucking her mouth. He tilted his nose down and saw that the same fur was creeping across her face and draping over her neck and shoulders as he propelled his cock into her repeatedly. Not just that – her body was contorting as it took the impact of each hammering hip-jab. A white-wispy tail ratcheted out from under Pete's furry frame and cocked to one side as he viciously undulated on top of her. Elle's legs had shortened and formed padded paws on their bottoms, with her arms soon following suit, thus making her perfectly at home on all fours. Her hips and ribcage thinned to give her the slender, agile appearance of a canine. Her ears had migrated to her head-top and flopped forward, becoming flat and silky. Her whole face was mutated with canine features, though Arthur hadn't yet seen the extent of it as he simply enjoyed an extra portion of his impressive length being enclosed in her maw as her muzzle pushed out. Her breasts flattened to her body, just as six more of them bloomed into being, running the length of her underside. Her vagina and internal juices were affected by the transformation too – with the effect of her 'heat' now driving the male dogs completely frenetic. In particular, Pete's tongue was flailing from his mouth, strings of drool flinging each which way as he arched his muzzle upward and barked and howled in between panting. His thrusting had surpassed inhuman speeds and become impossibly fast as he was tipped into madness by the scent of the furry bitch. The brutal thrusts forced his ever-expanding knot past the puffed-up vulva and as deep as physically possible into the female. Pete began to spasm and convulse, any sense of rhythm in his movements lost as his hips automatically jerked around with each mounting tickle of pleasure in his inflated shaft. He pulled back for one final huge thrust and release. Elle yelped as she was dragged backward with this motion by the knot that had become too large to exit her. Pete didn't care. He pushed her forward once more with an almighty force as his hips battered against her rump. He howled as he felt a river of cum gushing through his cock and filled the white-furred bitch with his warm seed – a load so huge that it found a way around the knot plugging her entrance and began leaking onto the carpet. The dog fell limp onto his bitch's furry back, eyes contentedly shut. Arthur, too, came soon after – shooting a fresh helping of sticky dog jizz into Elle's throat. She even licked his cock clean for him afterward, to his surprise.

As the three dogs led there in the musky room, plastered with sweat, drool, semen, and other canine juices, Arthur sighed and looked at Pete, deciding he would see if any of his friend's mind had survived the final stage of transformation. He opened his muzzle to bark out a few words.

“Grr-wrrff-Pete?” What?! Had he heard himself correctly, did he pronounce a word or was he just starting to comprehend his own barking?

“Wrf-Pete? Can you... rrr-hear me?” He was speaking! Words! Human words! English!

“Yeah, Art. I -woof- hear you. What’s happening?” Pete croaked. He was speaking too! Arthur’s mind was racing with joy as he pondered how this could be happening, when something seemed off. He felt uneasy, like something was missing and then he looked down at the carpet to see it covered with black and white fur. Huh? He raised his paw to look at it. No fur – and it was no longer a paw; Arthur flexed his fingers and ran them across his face, nearly poking himself in the eye with surprise as he realised his muzzle was gone too. He glanced toward Pete, who seemed to be going through the same reverse-transformation, shedding his brown coat as his ears shrank, rounded and re-affixed themselves to the side of his head. Arthur looked on as Pete’s normal pink human penis, still semi-erect, slid out of the white dog lying prone in front of him. He looked down to check himself – back to normal. He grinned and grabbed a pillow to cover himself with. But what about Elle?

“Elle? Can you... hear me... in there?” Nothing. Arthur searched the room for the cauldron and purple book. Both had vanished. Perhaps because the one who summoned them lay in a dishevelled heap of white fur and dog sperm on the ground. “Elle?”

The white female Labrador slowly opened its eyes and stared pitifully up at Arthur, looking anxious as it loosed a feeble “woof”. Seemingly embarrassed, it covered its eyes with a single fuzzy paw, audibly whining as it did. Arthur couldn’t help but feel a little sorry for Elle – he knew exactly how this felt, but he knew this was her own doing. He met Pete’s stunned gaze and began sniggering. Pete creased his lips and joined in too, beginning with a hushed bark, as the two naked friends sat together in the god-awful smelling room – human again.

~ **One week later...** ~

Arthur knocked at the familiar door, barely believing he was back safely and in his right mind and body. The door slid open to reveal Amy, his elated girlfriend, who greeted him with a smile and ushered him in. He’d arrived back, wearing an ill-fitting spare pair of Pete’s baggy clothes, three days prior, to her infinite shock and relief. She fussed over him to no end and apologised that she hadn’t tried harder to find him, but Arthur understood. It’s not like she could have reported him missing to the police and asked them to search for a black and white collie dog. Arthur had given her the rough

outline of events, though he wasn't yet ready to talk about quite the lengths he endured to escape and make it back to her. He didn't fancy re-living the locked-in syndrome and bisexual canine orgy stuff just yet. Amy understood, it's not like she could ever imagine having been transformed into a dog, let alone the rest of Elle's twisted games.

Arthur strolled through the house, and carefully lowered himself onto the couch next to Pete – who'd been staying with them since their return.

"Hey Art -woof- everything good?" There were some side effects remaining, Pete still had a hint of dog-Pete in him and barked at least once in most sentences. Arthur selfishly didn't mind this, quite the opposite, he was pleased to still have dog-Pete around. After all, they wouldn't have escaped without him.

"Yeah man, *so* good to be back – what're you thinking?"

"Maybe some -ruff- tennis at the park before the sun goes down -arf-?" Arthur nodded enthusiastically and shuffled around in his seat a little. That was his souvenir from the experience – the tail. The whole furry black and white-tipped tail. It never changed back or receded. Arthur didn't mind this too much either, as it was mostly quite easy to hide – just tape it to a leg. Amy seemed to enjoy it too, using it as a barometer for Art's mood. She loved seeing him wag it around as he laughed. Oh, and the smell – but Amy wasn't so much a fan of that side effect. Something hadn't changed back fully and Arthur's body still produced dog-like odours. He'd gotten used to it and he hoped she would, too, over time. For now – he was showering three times a day at her request.

As for Elle, seeing that she was simply a helpless creature now, just as they had been – the two dogged friends decided to do the reasonable thing. They anonymously delivered her to the entrance of a canine rescue centre, so she could get the proper care she needed, vowing never to spare a thought for the witch again.

~ Three years later... ~

Struggling to hoist his eyelids open, the grey-suited man gave in. Planting the edge of his hand down at the far end of his desk and dragging it toward him, he scraped the eclectic scraps of paper into his briefcase in a jumble and stood. Upon exiting the side door from the office block, as it was too late at night for the revolving door to still be in operation, the cool air smacked his face and refreshed him

for the walk home. He set off down the pavement, pulling his hat forward to shield his brow from the breeze.

“Ruff.” The man stopped, hearing a faint sound in the distance to his left. He shook his head and continued, reminding himself his mind was fatigued and may be playing tricks on him.

“Wuff.” He stopped again, at the entrance to a dark alley leading left, away from the lamp-lit main road. It sounded like a dog barking. So... why did he care? It’s just a dog.

“Ruff.” Before he could even begin walking again, he stopped. He felt a strange fascination overcome him. What was this dog trying to say? He wanted to know. He wanted to know? What the fuck. He *must* be tired. He gripped his briefcase tighter and hurried on, holding his hat down with the other hand.

“Woof!” Again, he stopped – almost against his will as he heard another bark exactly as he reached the next left-leading alleyway. It was so enticing. He creased his brow and looked down at his shoes, deep in thought. Half-wondering what the dog was trying to communicate and half-wondering why he wondered.

“Wroof!” It was too much. He looked ahead and behind him along the road, then ducked into the alleyway, breaking out into a small jog as he searched for the dog that was calling to him.

“Woof!” There! He homed in on the sound and turned a sharp corner deeper into the back roads.

“Groof!” It was close now, though he struggled to pin-point the creature in the darkness.

“WOOF!” He stopped still, snapping his head to the right and saw... her. A young woman sat naked against the darkened stained brick-wall, her arms wrapped around her folded legs as she hunched forward, clutching them tight to her torso.

“Oh god! Are you okay?!” He dropped his briefcase and rushed to kneel next to her, placing a hand hesitantly on her shoulder before removing his coat and placing it over her naked body. “Are you okay miss?”

“Are... you... okay? Woof.” The man did a double take as the petite woman barked – authentically, just like a dog. He felt the same compulsion that had drawn him down the alley. He moved closer and placed his arm around her.

“I – I’m fine! It’s you I’m concerned about – out here in the cold...”

“I – I’m fine! Woof.” He felt it again – something about her bark made him not want to question it. Just to listen.

“Good. I’m glad you’re okay. We need to get you into the warm, you can keep my coat. Just...”

“Good... I’m... glad... Wroof!” Something felt strange – the man flinched, He could swear she was... repeating his words?

“Are you copying me?”

“Are... you... copying... arf! Me?”

“No! I just want to help – I thought - ...”

“No! Wruff! I... just want to... help.”

The man’s eyes narrowed. “You *are* copying me! WRUFF!” His hand shot to his mouth and covered it shut. His thoughts raced. Who barked just then?! Was it her or...

“You... *are* copying... me! Woof!”

The man stared at the young lady as she locked eyes with him, refusing to blink. He couldn’t look away. He lowered his hand from his mouth and passed a laboured breath over his vocal chords to protest. He barked. “WOOF!”

“See? You... are... copying me.” The young lady taunted him as he covered his mouth once more. She reached across to her shoulder with her opposing arm and lifted his limp wrist from around her, placing it in his lap as she maintained eye contact with the speechless man. A smirk pervaded her blank expression as she broke eye contact, motioning with her eyes for him to look down. He did, mouth still covered, and saw that the hand in his lap was covered in tufts of fur and malformed. It was a paw. Suddenly, he panicked as he felt the texture of rough black pads on his lips – his other hand had changed too.

“Arf! Woof! Wruff!” He barked out as he begged and promised and bargained with her. No words could be formed. His barking soon devolved into a pitiful canine whine from deep inside his throat, as he saw his muzzle extend out in front of his eyes, a damp black nose at its tip.

“Good... boy...” The woman looked away from the man as his body shifted into four-legged form and erupted with fur, freeing him of his clothes. She stood, briefly revealing eight breasts along the length of her torso as she shuffled her arms into the sleeves of the man’s coat.

“Woof!” She ignored the dog, spun on the ball of her foot and walked slowly away, deep into the darkness of the alley, a white-furred tail tip dangling out from beneath the coat and between her legs. She would reclaim her words and find those who’d left her like this.