

Doing his best not to swear loudly, Tyler pulled his finger gently from the nail as he climbed the rest of the way through the window. Pulling out a disinfectant wipe, he carefully rubbed down the area, trying to remove any traces of his fingerprints and the blood that was leaking out of his finger. How could he have been so careless?

The owner of the house Tyler found himself in, a woman by the name of Ms. Harris was out on vacation for the next few weeks. Her late husband had been a wealthy resident of the town, and a collector of rare and pricey artifacts. It was rumored there were so many that even a catalog would not be able to keep track of anything missing!

At 19, with no college prospects and only fast food minimum wage jobs on the horizon, Tyler was always keen on making a quick buck wherever he could. He wasn't one for breaking and entering, not too often, at least. But this chance was too good to pass up. He even had a fence lined up, someone out of state that he could pass whatever prizes he came upon for a decent profit. It was the perfect crime, literally!

Or, it would have been, but the sound of someone opening a door above the room made him freeze. Tyler didn't even have the chance to turn on a light when the sound of footsteps confirmed his fears. Either the lady of the house was home, after all, or there was a caretaker present that he'd not been expecting.

The sounds of an older woman's voice made Tyler freeze. "Who's there? Show yourself!" Ms. Harris called out with an angry tone as she went to open the door to the room Tyler found himself in.

In a panic, Tyler quickly scoured the room for anywhere that he could possibly hide. There was no way he could make it to the window in time to escape or hide his method of entry. The woman would surely know that someone had come in through there and call the cops before Tyler could get away undetected!

Cursing his luck, Tyler decided to jump behind the nearest boxes that were stacked high enough to hide him. All he could think of doing was to lay low and monitor his breathing so that the woman did not find him too soon!

The door opened, and the sound of footsteps entering made him need to resist the urge to look, not wanting his pursuer to see him. All Tyler could focus on was how dumb he had been. How could he let himself be caught?!

The lady's voice changed tone as she called out to him once more, a hint of a laugh in her voice that made Tyler shiver. “*Whistle* Here, Boy! Come here!” It sounded to Tyler like she was calling to a dog!

Panic flooded Tyler's body at the implication. He strained his ears for the sound of an oncoming dog padding towards the room. Of course, a rich old woman would have a protector that she could call on to attack any would-be robbers!

Tyler hated dogs even on a good day. He recalled his family's own German Shepherd, how much he did not get along with that dog. The idea that she had one of her own was frightening. Those things had powerful jaws he did not want to have attached to his person!

The whistling came again, and Tyler strained his ears, surprised that he could still not hear an animal approaching. Yet, the more he struggled to hear, the more he realized that his ears were starting to burn. Reaching up to rub them, a bizarre yet familiar texture met his hands. It was impossible that his fingers were reporting the warmth of coarse hairs that were all-too reminiscent of scratching his dog there. If Tyler didn't know any better, he'd say that his ears were now covered with dog fur!

As though his realization was a catalyst, Tyler could feel his ears melting like wax, the skin and cartilage flowing upward and outward. They seemed to be expanding, stretching into points as the flesh curved inward. Worst of all, however, was the damned *itching* that seemed to proceed the texture of more fur coating the new flesh. Tyler didn't have a mirror, but he was sure that if he was not somehow hallucinating or tripping, he was growing a pair of canine ears!

Tyler grasped his ears in horror, unable to hold back a scream as he leaped up from his hiding place. No longer caring if he was caught, he ran towards the window in a desperate bid to get away. He didn't understand what was happening, but had no intention of remaining around to find out!

Not bothering to look behind him, Tyler raced to the window to find that it had fallen back to its original position. He went to pull it up when an ache in his fingers stopped him. He didn't want to look down, but the light from the open door exposed what he'd feared most. His fingers seemed to be stiff, lacking their usual flexibility even as he strained to move them. Worse, they seemed to be shortened, collapsing on his palms as his hands were wracked from the ache of obvious change.

Unable to get the mental image of a German Shepard out of his mind, Tyler started to cry, tears running down his cheeks at the implication. There was no possible way that he could be

changing like this. What force was causing such inhuman alterations to his form? More to the point, how could he stop them?

His heart started racing as the woman's footsteps came up behind him, her form illuminated in the light from the hall. "Tyler? What are you doing in my house?" She asked, in a tone that implied she was pleasantly surprised to see his presence, rather than be afraid.

Tyler decided to use the recognition to his advantage. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, it's not my fault! It was a dare, really!" He repeated over and over, as though a mantra.

He wasn't sure that Ms. Harris's presence was causing the changes to his body. But, as the itching started spreading down his cheeks, and the aches in his hands signaled their continued warping, it was impossible to deny what was happening to him.

Worse, his voice was starting to come out rough, as though his vocal cords were shifting just a little. It felt as though his tongue was getting a little larger in his mouth, making it a struggle to properly keep it inside. The changes didn't seem to be stopping!

Tears were flowing down his face now, all social convention quickly thrown out the window at the need for self-preservation. "Please, I'm sorry, I want to go home! I don't want to change! I want my mommy!" He cried, mentality reverting to a child in his fears. It was massively humiliating, but Tyler was remiss to care. It was far more embarrassing to be gaining animalistic parts!

Tears started coming harder as his heart continued to race, afraid of the changes and of the woman's reply. Yet, she came up to him, reaching out an arm to rub his head, right behind his ears. "Shhh, it's ok Tyler. Aww, you sweet thing, you're so scared. Don't be frightened. This will all be over soon. You're going to be the cutest dog!" She said, keeping that same sincere tone.

Tyler's heart sank as he heard those words. He really *was* being turned into a dog! How was that possible? Yet, it did bring some sense to the changes. The ears, the fingers, the tongue. All of those were dog-like qualities!

It didn't really matter *how* she was doing it if the changes were coming without remorse. He had to stop it! "Please *sniff* I didn't mean it! I wasn't going to steal anything! I don't want to be a dawrrrg!" He said, suddenly stopping himself from saying the rest of the words. Had he growled some of them? Was his voice changing as his body warped?

"Get me rrrour of *RRRUUFFFF*!" He started, then stopped at the implication. He had just *barked* without thinking about it! He really was becoming a dog!

He absolutely hated the sounds coming from his mouth as he lifted a hand to cover it. The realization sent shivers down his spine as he tried to put his shrinking fingers to his throat. Tyler was truly afraid his next attempt to speak would end up sounding more like a wretched canine!

Yet, Ms. Harris seemed to ignore the horrified look reflected in his eyes as she continued to talk to Tyler in that damn childish tone people often reserved for dogs. “Aww what a cute bark! Why don't you do it again, Tyler? Who's my good boy!?”

Tyler should have been outraged that she was treating him just like another dog. But it was hard to muster any anger with the very real fear that she was changing him into one.

Still clutching his throat, he shook his head in embarrassment. He had no inclination of listening to her, whether or not his hesitance would seal his fate to become more of an animal!

Yet, it seemed as though his choice in the matter would be taken out of his soon-to-be paws. The woman's demeanor hardened a little as she said with a firm, direct voice, “Speak, boy!”

Tyler felt his body tense up and his fingers move from his throat against his will. He had no control over the compulsion to open his mouth and let out a convincing bark!

“RRUUUFFFF! RRRUUUFFFF! RRROOOPPP! RRRRUUUFFFF!”

“Good boy! What a good boy for mommy?!” Ms. Harris replied, making Tyler visibly sweat. How had she made him do that?

Control of his facilities restored, for the moment, Tyler called out again. “I don't want to be a dog! I don't want to be a...”

Yet, he stopped, realizing he could see something black at the edges of his periphery. Crossing his eyes, Tyler could tell that he was growing a larger nose, the black appendage turning moist with coarse skin. A tickling sensation made him aware that the sides were forming slits, and the room suddenly lit up with the scents of dust, mold, and a dozen things Tyler had no name for. Yet, worst of all, he could smell fear, especially from the sweat of his own body. He was disgusted by the smell that reminded him of his own dog at home, one of a stinky, smelly animal!

To his detriment, the change in his nostrils was not the only thing to assault him as an audible crunch echoed in his twitching ears. Several cracks and pops forced more of what he knew to be his new muzzle into his field of view as it continued to grow!

“Help me!” Tyler cried out, doing his best to enunciate the words so that the canine inflections did not rob him of that last bit of human speech.

Yet, it was obvious that his voice was still deeper, more guttural. “Please...*whimper* I’m rrrrot a rrrrog...” he whined, hating the foreign sounds that were entering his canine ears. Yet, there was no choice but to overcome his fear of his speech and try to speak. It was the only way he knew to plead with the woman. He needed to convince Ms. Harris not to change him anymore. But, how?

Yet, nothing in the woman’s expression changed as she replied with a cooing voice “It’s OK, sweetie. Don’t be scared. It will be over soon. And then you’ll be mommy’s boy for the rest of your life!”

Tyler shivered as she spoke the words ‘mommy’. Eyes watering, he muttered “Mom?” in response to her tone. What did she mean? And why did the words resound with him so well?

Tyler went to plead with her once more but the sensation of his teeth aching stopped him. They were growing more pointed, as they continued to stretch from his gummy lips. His canines, in particular, grew longer, poking at the insides of his lips as they extended nearly to the point of being out of his mouth!

His tongue was lengthening all the while, almost hanging from his mouth as the entire surface flattened. He was forced to drool, spittle pooling from his lips as he started to pant from his longer appendage. The heat in his body had intensified beyond what he could handle, as though he had lost the ability to sweat. The panting of his tongue seemed to be the only reprieve from the agony plaguing him!

Reaching up with his still-tactile hands, Tyler could sense that his face was still growing longer, straining out against the flesh with a series of wet *cracks*. He rubbed at the skin, trying desperately to force the muscle and bone to stay in place and not to change any further. Yet his efforts were in vain. He could no more hold back the bones warping and stretching than he could the torrents from a waterfall. Tyler was doomed to sport a muzzle for the rest of his days!

Looking into the lit glass of the window, Tyler could see his visage reflected there, the half-canine image frightening him to the core. He shuddered, wanting desperately to be somewhere else, *anywhere* else than here, turning into one of his most hated animals. He didn’t want to be a dog, didn’t want to change! He was a boy, damnit!

A pitiful cry escaped his lips, agonizing his terror at the horrific transformation. “What’s wrong with my face *sobs*! My mouth! My tongue!” He exclaimed, unable to keep the tears back as he watched more and more of his face being lost to the dog that was encroaching over him!

A horrified howl escaped his blackened lips as he cried his fear and defiance against the changes oppressing his form. “I’m rrrrot a rrrrog! Rrr’r’m a boy! Rrrroop!”

Yet, as before, the woman simply cooed at him, ignoring his obvious plight with her indifference. “You’re my good boy! My cute dog. We’ll go on walks and I’ll feed you and pet you and take such good care of you!”

The mental images playing in his mind left Tyler frozen in fear. If he didn’t find some way to stop this, then the woman’s words would really ring true. He would be a dog, forced to walk on a leash, eat food from a bowl, and piss outside on trees to mark his territory!

A warm dampness assaulted his underwear, and Tyler looked down to see the stain that was soaking his pants from the inside. The instant he realized what he had done, a dark red shade covered his face. In fear, he had pissed himself in front of the woman! He could even smell the acrid scent of his urine, made even worse with the enhanced olfactory abilities that he now possessed.

The woman only laughed at his shame, making him blush even harder from the embarrassment. “Aww, it’s OK, Sweetie. I should have let you go outside. Don’t worry, we can clean that up later!”

The woman continued, unconcerned for Tyler’s shame. “What a submissive boy you already are, I think you’ll make the perfect dog!”

Tyler wanted to protest again, but a pressure building in his rear made him pause. It was as though something was sticking on his spine, pressing annoyingly against his pants and leaving no room inside them. Tyler wanted to reach back and touch it, but feared the woman’s reaction would leave him even more shamed for acting like an animal!

Yet, the ache in his backside grew worse as what could only be a tail started to push against the waistband of his pants, eliciting a whimper of pain. There was no recourse for Tyler than to try to undo his pains to alleviate the pressure. Yet, with his stubby fingers, he found it troublesome to get the button undone. With an unwanted canine whine of frustration, Tyler was forced to let them go as the growth of his spine sent shivers of pain through his body.

“Aww, what’s the matter, sweetie? Something wrong? Did you need help with something?”

Another groan of pain escaped his lips, canine-like whimpers that made Tyler want to cry into a corner and hide. He knew if he spoke, his voice would sound altered and he didn’t want to hear it

anymore. Even if he was to ask for help, there was nothing the woman would do that would make his situation less humiliating!

Yet, the choice would soon be taken out of his hands ‘Speak, boy!’ She said at once, and Tyler felt that same twitch in his ears. It was as though they were programmed to respond to that singular voice above all others.

Any thoughts of resistance were not sufficient to hold him back from saying with truth and conviction, “My tail! I can get my tail out! It hurts!”

“Aww, let mommy help you!” Ms. Harris said as she reached down towards his pants.

Tyler wanted to push her away but the command to let her help him was too powerful. He could only stay still as the woman reached down and undid the buckle in his pants. The relief was instant; Tyler could feel what could only be a big German Shepherd’s tail flop out of his pants and started wagging of its own accord. He couldn’t bear the thought of having one!

Standing in his damp undies, the stench of his piss hit him again, making Tyler’s embarrassment steadily grow. He was like a frightened child; every ounce of preconceived dignity was lost under the terror that he was turning into an animal and might stay that way forever if the process didn’t stop.

Yet, Ms. Harris seemed to care little for the stain on his drawers as she reached out to grab them. “Don’t worry about the mess, sweetie! Besides, dogs don’t wear clothes...” she said as she went to pull them off.

Before she could, however, a jolt of adrenaline shot through Tyler’s body. It was now or never. He knew that she could stop him with a word. But maybe, just maybe, if he caught her off guard...

Pushing her away with every bit of his strength, preventing her from leaving him nude, Tyler bolted towards the window. He hoped that if he simply escaped the house and whatever spell was affecting him, then Tyler would be OK. He could make it home, crawl into his bed, and never have to think about this nightmare again.

Tyler raced towards freedom, tail wagging of its own accord at the thought of escape. Yet, before he could reach the escape, that terrible sound hit his ears, forcing him to freeze despite himself. “Heel, boy!”

The force of the words caused him to stop dead in his tracks. Tyler struggled desperately to move even an inch closer to his goal, but was instead frozen, unable to move even a muscle from the woman's words. For how could a good dog disobey his master?

There was no other reprieve from the woman's curse unless she made the decision to let him go. And it seemed like she had no intention of doing so. Tears running down his face, snot dripping from his canine nose, Tyler whined pitifully, not caring about the canine inflections that were coming from his lips. "Plrrrease, let rrrre go! I'm rrron't *sobs* tell anyone! I don't rrant *sobs* to be a rrrrdog!"

Yet the changes would not relent as the cracks in his hands suddenly grew more severe. They were shrinking now, visibly before his eyes. A series of snaps ran through them as the joints and muscles dissolved away, drawing the digits inward almost painfully as what little remained was filled in with thick webbing. Trying desperately to move them had no effect as Tyler whined in his canine baritone. Thumbs, too, were sucked up into wrists that were stretching longer on his arms.

Tears continued to flow freely now as the tips of what remained of his fingers swelled into black pads. The same rough skin swelled from shrinking palms until none of the smooth flesh remained. Nails that had already thickened pushed almost painfully forward, curving into the blunt claws of a dog. The appendages that had replaced his hands looked identical to a German Shepard's paws!

"No! No! NooooRRRROOOOOOOWWW!" Tyler barked out, yapping uncontrollably. It horrified him that he could evidently not speak any longer. He wanted desperately to call for help. Beg to be allowed to go home and see his mother. Yet, all that escaped his gummy lips were whimpers and barks.

The last of his speech removed, the changes carried onward, his face now prickled with the growth of fur. The itching was spreading all over his body now, irritating his skin under the fabric of his still-present shirt. It was becoming maddening!

The realization that he would keep changing until he was completely a dog hit Tyler like a ton of bricks. He would soon be down on all fours, covered with fur, eating from a bowl and wagging the damn tail that was already twitching from his spine. He would be stuck forever as this woman's pet!

As though reading his mind, Ms. Harris walked up to him, petting his still-human hair and rubbing him behind the ears. "Good boy, Tyler! My good G-Shep! I promise that you'll love being a dog!"

Tyler couldn't imagine ever liking being a dog. Yet the decision was slowly being taken from his paws as his body continued to alter. Soon, his waist was far too slim to allow even his underwear to stay up as they fell off him, exposing his flaccid human member. Quickly, his paws went over it, wanting to hide his shame.

Yet, the woman only smiled down at him with that damning grin, evidently wanting him to debase himself further. "Down, boy!" She said, enthusiastically, as Tyler's eyes went wide. Unable to control his body, he got down on his front paws, looking up and crying from still human eyes as the fur continued to sprout from his skin.

"Now, roll over!" She said, and Tyler did as he was told, rolling over onto his back and wagging his tail, as though eagerly awaiting her next command.

"Aww, you don't need to be shy! A good boy like you needs to let off steam from time to time!" She laughed as what little remaining skin on Tyler's face went dark from the implication.

As though in response to the words, his foreskin started to peel back, itching as fur began to cover it. The tip started to change, growing pointed and eager as it dripped its fluids. "It's almost done, sweetie. That's my good boy. Just let mommy help you out!" She said, reaching down to touch his member.

Tyler whined in a canine tone as the woman started to stroke him off, his cock getting harder at the contact. It was changing with every stroke; the tip growing pointed, the flesh darkened to red, and its entire length diminished into something befitting a dog. Fur covered his balls and what he now knew to be his sheath as it connected with the thinning skin of his belly. The more she stroked him, the faster he was changing into the German Shepherd shape he might carry the rest of his days!

"Almost done, sweetie. That's my good boy. My sweet doggy," she said, words disgusting. Yet, they also forced his erection to grow to an impossible tightness as it became a completely canine cock. Tyler was helpless!

Tyler could feel his spine continue to grow, the new muscles allowing him better flexibility as his chest grew thin and extra nipples popped across its width. Her other hand started to rub his belly, forcing his hips and shoulders to sink into his flanks until his four-legged stature was permanent. A sloping forehead forced his muzzle the rest of the way out as the final changes overtook him.

Yet, all Tyler was aware of was that his cock was getting dangerously close to orgasm as the woman stroked him at a gentle pace. It felt terribly embarrassing to be played with in such a

manner. Yet, there was nothing Tyler could do but to let himself be taken like some sort of pet, forced to stay still as his body warped beyond human recognition. It was as though the last waning bits of humanity were leaking out from his cock, about to blow the last chance to return to his former body!

Ms. Harris looked at him directly as the whites in his eyes darkened to brown, giving canine eyes to what once was a man. A canine whimper escaped his lips, at first in fear of what was becoming of him. Then his whimpers turned to pleasure as the tension in his canine testicles swelled to bursting. What felt like a geyser of his seed blew from his shepherd cock, landing on his belly and the woman's hand as she milked him for all he was worth.

Panting, awareness only returned to Tyler once every bit of the former human seed was expelled from his system. His testicles were now only capable of producing shepherd cum. The force of the orgasm had been intense, but with it came a deep sense of dread. It was the finality of the event that filled him with a despair that was beyond reasoning.

Yet, Ms. Harris was having none of it. "Awww what a good boy. Come give mommy kisses!" She said, leaning down in front of his muzzle. Tyler whimpered, disgusted and afraid but unable to fight back. His tongue rolled out of his mouth of its own accord, lapping at her cheeks and tasting the salty skin until she giggled, allowing him to stop.

Yet, it was only a brief reprieve as the woman looked down at his cum-soaked crotch, giving him the command that made his blood run cold. "Clean up!" She instructed, and Tyler's body moved to do as it was told.

At first, there was a brief hope that his body would not be able to maneuver to lap up all the cum that stained his body. Tyler felt he had some control in the act as he strained to look away from his doggie cock. But, the extra muscles and bones in his spine would be his bane as he easily reached down, lifting up a leg to get at his cock like a dog would!

The taste of his own seed was rank and salty and almost made the newly-minted dog vomit right there from the sheer intensity. Yet, he was unable to hold himself back as he started lapping with the fever of a starving man, eager to eat up his own seed. There was no chance of resisting the woman's wishes as every bit of his crotch was cleaned from his cum!

Tyler looked up, control only returning once he had cleaned all the cum off his body. The disgusting taste of seed on his tongue was revolting, making him shiver all over. Looking out at Ms. Harris, a slight whimper escaped his lips as he begged to be released. But, he was unable to pull himself off his cock as every lick of his new tongue sent shivers down his back. There was nothing he could do to escape the reality that he had tasted his own cum, and done so willingly!

“You’re mine forever now! You’re mommy’s good boy!” She said, patting Tyler on the head as he tried with every ounce of willpower to resist. Yet, he could only pant, wagging his tail and licking her hand like the dog he had become.

The following days and weeks were a living hell as Tyler was forced to accept his new role as a dog. He wanted nothing more than to run away, but every time he did, the woman’s voice would force his body to return. No matter how deep her slumber, there was a part of her that always seemed aware wherever Tyler wished to stray. How she had such a hold on him, he did not know. But, it was not one that he had a hope of escaping!

The life of a dog was more humiliating than he could have ever imagined. The wet food, though tasty to his nose, was disgusting to his tongue, making him want to retch every time he was fed. He was forced to relieve himself outside, always at the whims of his master. And to clean himself as a dog did, it was revolting! Yet, there was nothing he could do to escape his fate, not even bury himself in the instincts that he seemed to lack. He was all human in his mentality, yet a slave to the whims of the woman who reminded him every day that she was his ‘mommy’

One day, while out for a walk, Tyler detected a familiar scent and was at once elated to realize that it reminded him of his human mother. It was soon overridden, however, by a scent that was nearly identical to his own. It was his family’s dog! His mother was walking the dog! Of course, she was; his mother walked the dog twice a day, after all.

“Has there been any word about Tyler?” Ms. Harris asked, sounding concerned as the two of them chatted. Tyler wanted to bark to say he was right there but was sure that he would simply be shushed, so he held his tongue.

“No, I figure the kid just ran off somewhere. I wish he would have told me, but he was bound to get into trouble sooner or later. He’ll be back home when he runs out of money,” his mother replied, shocking the former human to the core. Had he been that much of a little shit that his mother didn’t even question his disappearance?

Just then, the sensation of something on his rear caught his attention, and he turned around, growling as his former dog started lapping at his hindquarters. Tyler didn’t want to be touched in his backside of all places!

“Awww, there, there boy! Rusty is just trying to say hello! You need to say hi back, like a good boy,” Ms. Harris said, prompting Tyler to raise his ears. No! Anything but that!

Yet, Tyler was helpless as his nose was brought towards the dog's dirty rear. Tyler was forced to inhale deeply, all the scent glands and hormones and fifth molecules brought to his attention as he sniffed insistently.

To his dismay, Tyler was forced to reach out with a canine tongue to obey his master. Tyler was not prepared for how *nasty* it was to taste the dog's dirty behind, yet he was compelled to obey his owner's words without question. It was bad enough he was forced to lick his own rear as the only way to clean himself, but licking another dog's rear as dogs did would have made him vomit if he could have!

“See, you two can be friends now! Just like good dogs!” Ms. Harris said with a chuckle that even Tyler's former mom joined in on. There could be no greater humiliation!

It was at that moment, Tyler truly knew he had lost. Face in the dog's rear end, he was helpless against the woman's wishes. This was to be his life now. He would be her dog forever, never forgetting that with each act of shame, he was pulled further and further from the life he had once known...