

Best Man's Best Friend

"The one where he passed out and we... hmphaha... locked him up in a dog cage for Elle to find him in the morning?"

"Are you serious? Didn't you strip him too? I think that's a little much for a wedding."

"Ha ha! Yeah, we did... Passed out, balls out and drooling onto the newspaper when she found him! Christ!... But, yep I see your point – I could leave that part out?"

"Maybe leave out the whole thing. Keep it respectful. Elle wasn't laughing about that one from what I hear and she *can* be quite..."

"Uptight? Stuck up? She needs to chill."

"Not what I was going to say. But yes, she's quite serious. She'll be upset if you make a joke of her big day"

"Urgh, it's not just *her* day and I know Pete won't mind. I'm putting it in", Arthur shot a defiant look at Amy, shoulders twitching with laughter as his eyes fell back to the uneven heap of paper sat under his pen. Amy shrugged and smirked, deciding to leave her overly enthusiastic boyfriend to his speech-writing. He had been close with Pete since they were young teenagers and now, over a decade later, could barely believe he was losing his best friend. Though that's what everyone says, Arthur wasn't fond of the phrase – 'losing'. Perhaps the term would spring to mind less readily if not for Elle. Quite new on the scene - she definitely had her claws in him, had him on a short leash. Yet more phrases he hated, but couldn't help but think appropriate.

Arthur undulated his arm excitedly, translating his one-man Mexican wave into wild scribbles of ink trailing from a full stop at the end of his completed speech. A final flourish, thank you thank you, many happy years to come and DONE. A masterpiece. The rehearsal was tomorrow and the actual wedding the next day, he probably should have sorted this out sooner after all. Never mind – it was finished. As he stood and walked to the bathroom to empty his bladder, he did the usual mental scan of his work, ensuring it hit all the marks; beneath his mercurial persona he was really quite thorough and conscientious. It was the latter that forced a slight churn in his stomach. Amy's cautions replayed in tandem with images of his script. "Fine!" A trip down the road to Pete's house was in order, a quick run-through of the themes, a toast to his fine work and some good luck wishes. Best to be sure when it comes to these big important things, like weddings.

Somewhat dishevelled after a windswept four-minute jog and a little more quaky than he imagined he might have been, Arthur stood in front of a seated, grinning and wide-eyed Pete. A hastened glance toward Elle, who hovered on the arm of the same sofa with a narrow squint of anticipation, confirmed this to be the proving ground he had hoped for. Arthur began. A charming intro, couple of crap puns to lighten the mood, a brief history. He glanced at Elle again, tightening his jaw slightly as he spoke. "And the story where Pete was a good boy?" He cheekily grimaced as Pete covered his eyes with a hand, a small smile further down providing welcome reassurance.

"When Pete was... a good boy? What do you...?" Elle looked concerned.

With renewed confidence from Pete's acquiescent and amused reaction, Arthur interrupted, "You know. When Pete slept peacefully all night in his cage, like a good boy! Ha ha".

"Oh god! Arthur – our grandparents will be at this wedding! Besides, that was a ridiculous trick to... it was so demeaning! No. I can't..."

"It was no big deal. It's fine, right?" Pete broke his silence, rising from his seat and gesturing calmly, "Leave it in... just no mention that I was naked okay? It'll be fine Elle". Pete looked toward Elle as he drifted toward the garage access, "Beer, Art?"

"Yes please mate!" Arthur was relieved. He had received the only approval that mattered and offered a conciliatory smile to Elle. She was gripping the fabric of her jeans so tight it looked like she might tear them, staring intensely at Arthur and muttering something inaudible. Arthur's brows furrowed as he noticed this and wondered if this might not have gone as smoothly as he had hoped. Just then, he uncrumpled his face as Pete whooshed back into the room, clearly full of energy and clasping two frosty bottles in one hand, precariously balanced cocktail mixing paraphernalia in the other. He descended first to the table in front of Elle and offloaded the cacophony of cocktail mixers – a peace offering no doubt, then craned one of the cold bottles over the table. Arthur sat up straight and reached for it, then gasped, clenching his behind and recoiling his hand. He formed a fist and pulled his arm close to his ribs out of shock at the strange sensation abruptly racking his behind. He winced and caught a flash of Elle's conciliatory smirk as his eyes darted around.

"Art? What's up?"

"I'm... not sure... I just" the sensation faded but a 'fullness' remained just above his reflexively clenched butt cheeks. He wondered if he might have shit himself somehow. Fuck. Fuck. No. Surely

not. He internally conversed with himself in calm tones which were at odds with the speed of his thoughts, as he tried to fathom the feeling. He composed himself, but decided he needed to get back home – immediately. “I’m just knackered to be honest Pete! All this speech-writing, I mean, sorting the finishing touches has just... taken it out of me. I’ll have to pass on that beer, sorry.”

“Oh shit of course, no. That’s fine mate – no worries. Get home and I’ll see you for the rehearsal tomorrow anyway?”

“Yep. Sorted”, Arthur slowly motioned toward the door, turning his head to see Elle, now looking mock-concerned. “Elle. See you tomorrow, have a good night”, he looked away as she did her best impression of a worried simper.

Pete closed the door behind the brave-faced Arthur, “I hope he’s ok”.

“He’ll be fine! His speech sounds great, don’t you think?”

“One minute – I need the bathroom!” Arthur shouted as he hurriedly hobbled past a speechless Amy. It had taken him a while longer than four minutes to make his way back as he did not feel comfortable jogging with his tight boxers full of... something. He locked the bathroom door and quickly stripped off his outer garments. Slowly, he tucked his thumbs under the elasticated waist band and eased his boxers downward, peering as he did and hoping not to glimpse any shit.

“Phew!!” Nothing. Clean – he was relieved and happy. “So, what was... ack!” Arthur thrust his pelvis forward instinctively as he felt something tickle around his butt. And again. A spider or rodent or...? He mustered the courage to swat at his backside and felt the offending... thing. Realising it was stuck to him and still moving, he grabbed and pulled. “Ow! Son of a... fucking what!?” He grasped it with both hands behind him and wrung it up and down, attempting to identify it, then shook himself and twisted his body in front of the wall-mirror to get a look. Straining his neck over his shoulder he focused on a half-cucumber length furred protrusion dangling between his cheeks. It was black-furred, with a wispy white tip. “A tail?!”

“A what now?” Amy questioned and knocked at the door, “are you okay in there Art?”

“Fuck... Yes! Fine! I’ll be out in a sec!” He looked at it once more as it nestled its way further between his butt cheeks against his will, “fuck fuck fuck umm, ok right – ignore it. Just ignore it for now”. Arthur flung his clothes back on, taking a moment to feel the raised nub through his trousers as he did. Disbelief.

“Art, come on. What’s wrong?” The bathroom door swung open, revealing Arthur’s red face.

“Nothing. Nothing’s wrong. It’s late – we should go to bed. I just had to...brush my teeth.”

“You’re being a bit weird, aren’t you? But it is late, yeah. How’d the speech go down?”

“Oh, all good! They loved it. Completely.” Arthur pushed past Amy and walked, slightly crab-like to the bedroom, hoping she didn’t notice his tail bump.

Amy strolled into the room, just in time for Arthur to have finished arranging himself so that lying on his back wasn’t too uncomfortable for his new appendage. He had removed his boxers for comfort’s sake and forced a nervous smile, waiting for her to disrobe and join him under the covers. The small tail began to twitch side to side, reminding him of its presence, so he turned onto his side, facing Amy and placed his arm over her, closing his eyes. Maybe he would wake up and be back to normal? He felt her reciprocate and begin stroking his side as he drifted deep in thought. How has this happened? How *could* this happen? Amy’s petting made him feel relaxed and a little tingly. His worries began to melt away into the warmth of the moment. He heard a faint, rhythmic thudding sound. Then he felt it. A strange sensation, like drumming on his desk with his fingers, but emanating from his lower back. The tail. But it wasn’t even long enough to... what if it’s grown? So quickly? *Thud thud thud* His tail was wagging, hitting against the mattress as it did. He concentrated hard, trying to gain control of it. He thought he’d succeeded for a moment as it slowed and draped still over one cheek. It was like an itch, a surge of tingling and indescribable compulsion. Amy stroked down Arthur’s side. His tail wound up and began thwacking back and forth again, accompanied by a bizarre sense of relief. He let it happen. Amy moved closer and her hand stretched further round his body, stroking down his back.

“Ahhhck!! What is that?!” Amy whipped out of the bed onto her feet, startling the utterly relaxed Arthur, “there’s something furry in the bed!!”

“I know. It’s me.” Arthur sighed and rolled over, showing off his now-longer black and white tail – still wagging.

“Art! What... is that some kind of fetish thing?” She peered closer as the fluffy tail wagged back and forth over his cheeks.

“I guess it could be hah! But no, it’s real. Honestly.” Amy returned to the mattress, on her hands and knees in an inquisitive stance and reached toward the furred metronome. The soft fur grazed her

hand as it wagged. She grabbed and held it still for a moment, feeling Arthur's involuntary tail muscles still straining in time to keep the beat.

"Wow. I can barely believe it..." Amy spoke in a meandering stream of consciousness as she toyed with the tail. She had to – she pulled it.

"Owch! Amy! That's *my*... tail, okay? It hurts when people's tails.... Well, you know what I mean. Don't pull it!" The full-length furry tail stopped wagging and wiggled its way between Arthur's thighs, as if to escape. He felt it tickle his balls a little and marvelled at how it reacted entirely on its own.

"Awww! Art – you're so cute! Look at your little tail drooping between your legs 'cos I pulled on it!"

"Are you serious?"

"Well, it *is* really cute. I quite like it to be honest. Make it wag again!"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"It just does whatever it wants to – like its reacting to my emotions or something. I can't control it."

"Whoa – that sounds a little... scary I guess."

"You know when you feel so angry you want to hit something? Or so happy you can't help smiling? Kind of like that. So, no... I guess the only scary part about it is that I actually have a tail at all."

"Yeah... Aww, it's still hiding away. Hey, I know something else that's kind of like that." Amy moved her hand onto Arthur's hip and pulled, beckoning him to roll back to face her. She bit her lip and giggled as she saw the white-tipped tail poking forward through his legs, just underneath and cushioning his balls. Arthur blushed and forcibly pulled his tail back through his legs from behind, out of the way as he began to get hard. Amy descended onto the tip of his stiffening cock with her mouth. The tail began thudding once more. Her tongue began to dance around his flesh while he relaxed back and let his tail jolt around in pleasure. He felt himself getting harder and harder, as if he was about to cum – though it felt like something different. The pressure swelled and his tail froze in place. Amy pulled her lips back over the tip and moved her head back to look down at her boyfriend's manhood. "Umm, Art?"

"Mmph. What Now?"

Arthur looked down and saw Amy's face, puzzled and suspended over his reddish pointed cock-tip. His bell-end was still there, kind of, just flattened and with a point at the end. Amy, surprisingly unphased, mused "I thought I felt something was a bit off. Seems like you have a matching front-tail now huh?"

"Front-tail? What the fuck Amy?!" Arthur was less cool-headed. He stared at his deformed penis with a disturbed expression, "Do you know what this means?! It's spreading!" Arthur's penis began to deflate and he stared silently in horror, together with Amy, as his clean-shaven groin flesh began to contort. An excess of thick skin rolled up to meet the base of his shaft, wrapping around it and meshing together as the change climbed up his lower abdomen. Almost reaching his belly button, it halted, having encased his red cock entirely in a raised and rounded mound. His balls remained where they were, though they looked much lower down by comparison to the sheath attached to his stomach. Amy looked on as Arthur hesitantly thumbed the entrance to his new sheath. It felt alien, but unmistakably his. He felt a small shiver in his groin and thighs as his thumb brushed the tip of his cock inside and began pushing upward. The entrance to the sheath widened and began to bristle with fine white fur as his new, incredibly sensitive red shaft extended outward. Amy marvelled and stroked down the length of Arthur's sheath and toward his balls. She cupped them in her hand as fur sprouted across them and all over his groin area, an even coat of soft white fuzz. She looked back up, her hand now tracking her gaze in fascination, to the red rod which had pressed its way out of the furry mound. Her fingertips gently led upon the rim of the sheath-entrance, where it seemed there was something more, straining to be let loose as Arthur's cock pulsated back and forth in hunger. She slowly pulled down on the furry rim, as all-at-once a huge bulge erupted from its confines and forced the sheath downward. She glanced toward Arthur's face; he was paralyzed with pleasure, fixated on his own throbbing member. Probably equally unaware of his tail once again bashing around below his fur-coated balls as his mouth agape, he felt his cock ache. Amy took the initiative, scooping at the pool of precum flowing from his tip and lathering it along the length of his shaft. He moaned and tilted his head back, his tail beginning to quiver with smaller, more frantic movements. The pressure grew as Amy repeatedly stroked back and forth with a loose, teasing grip. She brought her other hand to fondle his fuzzy balls, which now churned expanded in their tightening sack. Every muscle tensed up and then tensed further, as Arthur clasped his eyes tightly shut in ecstasy, pelvis fluttering. And then he bucked his hips forward furiously, as a stream of hot white flew from his diamond-hard dog-cock. His hips lowered, before thrusting forward again without thought – another stream of white. Three or four more times he bucked uncontrollably, in time with the gargantuan heart-pounding pulses of his genitals. Amy held onto his cock like a rodeo rider as he convulsed back and forth, moaning and whimpering until he was empty.

A few moments passed in silence. Arthur opened his eyes and stared down, the genitalia of a dog, *his* cock, still hard and spasming a little. He exhaled and reflected.

“You know that’ll be hard for a fair while now, don’t you? Look at the bulge – it’s huge!” Amy reminded Arthur of the common knowledge that male dogs are tied to their partners for an extended period of time after intercourse.

“It’s like a balloon! Why won’t it go down?” Arthur exclaimed, apparently unaware of canine mating practices. His tone was relaxed, perhaps artificially so, given what he’d just experienced and what he now knew to be true. First, a nub tail, which had grown to full-length over the course of an evening and now, his whole crotch and some of his inner thighs were covered in fur – not to mention the sheath and massive hardened dog cock. Why wouldn’t it go down? It had been at least five minutes. Arthur looked to Amy, who had also been deep in thought it seemed, smiled and resigned himself to sleep on it. He turned and got comfortable on his side, not wanting to spend the night cramping his fluffy tail, or indeed his huge and still-hard red cock.

Arthur slowly awoke, his vision fading in as he blinked. He had slept deeply, without disturbance, though no dreams to speak of. He lethargically reached down to his manhood, fully expecting it to still be as engorged as it had been the night prior. He jiggled his balls and felt along his soft sheath, running his palm over his fleshy cock. It was hard, but the bulge had deflated and was tucked away in his sheath. ‘I guess dogs get morning wood too’, he thought, ‘morning woof ha ha’. He led there, far too impressed by his own wit, before turning to Amy. She stirred.

“How is my big doggy?” She tauntingly murmured.

“Woof woof. Fine thanks”, Arthur jokingly replied, hoisting the sheets as he sat up to visually inspect himself. “Everything is still here, hmm...” He inspected his leg and stretched it to each side to get a better view, noting that the fur had spread slightly further down his thighs and round his pelvis, but nothing drastic. “Yep, looks like I’m pretty much the same as last night – a little less erect, a bit more fur, but nothing dra-...”

Amy had opened her eyes and was staring just above Arthur’s eye-line, with a familiar expression of apprehensive wonder. “Art... your ears...” Arthur automatically fumbled around the sides of his face to feel out what had happened. He felt nothing. A bit too much stubble maybe, but nothing else.

“Higher...” He stopped, realising the situation as his hands crept up to find two, soft-furred triangular

ears, on top of his head. He felt them and rubbed them, tugging gently – he'd learnt from his experience owning a tail. They were real and they were alert, angling around to pinpoint noises effortlessly on their own. Arthur got up and rushed to the bathroom, ignoring Amy's hushed giggles at his furry hips and tail swishing around while he ran.

Stood in the full-length mirror, he leant toward it and pulled the tube-light cord, illuminating his whole body clearly. He scanned himself up and down. The natural in-built furry boxers he now sported, with white fur on his belly, groin and inside thighs – mixing into a thicker dark black coat on the outer sides of his legs, lower back and around his butt where it joined his tail. In fact, it was more accurate to say furry *shorts* now, as the hairs had spread with the same pattern down to almost his knees, where the white fur tapered a little. It hadn't risen past his belly button...yet. Arthur turned his attention to his new ears. They were flat-forward to his head, giving him the appearance of a sad dog. He pinched an ear-tip, noting their thinned structure and just how silky the fur that covered them was. He pinched the other and pulled them both upward; stretching them a little, they stood about four or five inches atop his head – looking quite misplaced with their short black fur amidst his tawny human hairs. He let go and watched as they mostly remained upright, albeit each tip curled forward a little and came to a rest. It could be worse, Arthur thought, he could have been blessed with those ears that drape like curtains down the sides of a dog's head. He caught himself enjoying his tail as it peeked around each of his flanks while it wagged and admiring his neat sheath, held tight to his abs. "What am I doing? Fucking hell this is wrong", he recoiled in distaste as he realised he had grown fond of his changes. Somehow, they already felt like they belonged. He could imagine his tail wagging in the air as he bounded along on all-fours; he could imagine how he needed to have sex from now on, mounting his female from behind; he didn't need to wear clothes anymore; he could imagine using his mouth to pick things up... "Arhf no!" Arthur shook himself and clutched his head, why were these images in his mind? "What am I thinking? I'm not actually a... owch!" He felt a sharp pain on his lower lip and snapped back, staring into the mirror. A small droplet of blood welled up on his lip, and just above it a glinting white canine tooth protruded. He peeled back his upper lip with his fingers to reveal the elongated fang, pronounced a half-inch further than the rest of his teeth. As he angled his mouth and pricked his thumb on the oversized canine, he saw the other three canine teeth slowly push out to a similar length – he watched dumbstruck. Once their advance had halted, mouth still wide – Arthur clenched, amazed to find he was still able to close his mouth if he was a little careful. He worried that other changes in his facial area would follow and panicked for a moment – his tail trembling between his legs.

“Art? You’ve been in there for a while now... you’re starting to really enjoy spending time in the bathroom huh?... Isn’t it the rehearsal today?” The rehearsal! Arthur faked out and bounded back through to the bedroom.

“Yep – it is. It’s the fucking rehearsal! Of course it is, and I’m late – and I have a tail and ears!” He threw a shirt on.

“Whoa-k, right. It’s not a problem – you want to go yeah? If you’re sure, then we can fix this, just for now. Wait a second.” Amy sprang into action and ran out of the room, returning in a flash as Arthur looked on, grinning and wagging at her enthusiasm. “So, we just need to... Art, that’s a hell of a toothy grin there... those are new, right?”

“Oh”, Arthur’s tail drooped, “Uh-huh, fresh this morning – only just seen them”.

“They’re cute, if a little threatening. Try not to smile too much – anyway, we just need to tape... this... to your... leg...” Amy grabbed the mercifully subdued fluffy tail and held it stretched against Arthur’s inside left leg, rolling sticky tape around in a spiral to keep it in place, “...and all good! Sorry in advance for when you pull the tape off – but you’re in a rush so... it’ll just be like waxing! Oh, and... this hat, you’ll have to keep it on the whole time I guess”. It was uncomfortable as the snug winter trapper-style hat pressed his ears down. He worried that wearing ear flaps in spring would draw attention, but it’d surely be less conspicuous than the fact he had no ears where they should be and furry ones where they shouldn’t. He felt uplifted and hopeful, that he might be able to get through the day – even if he hated the feeling of his tail being constricted as it tried to wag. He moved forward to kiss Amy in thanks, and licked her face.

“Art?” She stared at him, slightly concerned, “Was that a joke?”

“Urm, yep ha ha!” It wasn’t a joke. He put it to the back of mind, “I love you, and thank you for this! I don’t know what I would... I need to go!” He slipped some trousers on hastily and yelped as he tightened his belt. Looking down, his sheath was poking out above his belt, creating a noticeable lump at the base of his shirt when he tucked it in. This was not a pleasant feeling; Arthur loosened the belt a tad, “I think I’ll wear a jumper too...to make it a bit less...”

“To make your cock-sheath a bit less obvious, yeah.”

“Yeah.”

Somehow, Arthur arrived outside the church only ten minutes late – having opted to not wear any socks, it would have taken too long to find a matching pair. He'd run the whole way, albeit with a slightly lop-sided gait to avoid the painful pull of sticky tape on fur that plagued him when he attempted a long stride with his left leg. He was only panting a tiny bit too and was rather impressed with himself. He quickly reached for his phone and used the front-camera to check his face for changes. Just those sharp teeth, Amy was right – he should avoid smiling. He walked confidently forward through the heavy wooden doors and onto the dimly-lit cold cobble of the church hall. He let his eyes adjust and roam around the room, spying a few family members, a couple of bridesmaids... the vicar... and Pete! He felt a rush of excitement and doubled forward a little as his tail tried to prise itself from his leg and display his joy, only to push against the seat of his trousers, pulling them tighter against his already-choked sheath. Righting himself and remembering not to smile with his fangs, he made his way toward his friend.

“Art! I was wondering whether you'd make it after last night – you seemed a bit off...”

“Nah, I'm good Pete and I wouldn't let you down – just ran late this morning. Sorry.”

“No worries – you're in time for your bit anyway.”

“Huh? But speeches aren't in the ceremony...”

“Your reading. That slushy poem we picked for you, ha – do you have a copy with you?”

“Oh! Right – no, not with me. What was it again, I can google it or something?”

“I've got you – here”, Peter reached into his pocket and rustled through scraps of folded paper, handing one to Arthur with a scrunched-up expression of empathic thankfulness. This poem, was *very* slushy and pretentious, after all. “Nice hat by the way...pfft - ha ha”

Arthur ascended the wooden steps to the vicar's podium and placed the scrappy poem onto it, flattening the creases with his hands as his hat and jumper-combo drew a few bemused looks from the family. He began, “Love is so often a flutter on the wind... Of which way it gusts, a whim...” Looking up to enunciate, his concentration was broken as he locked eyes with Elle – stood with arms folded in the middle of the room, “Umm, so... feelings in a fray... no, that's not the bit – I'll just start again”. Arthur rolled his shoulders and rotated his head in preparation, “Ahem... Love is...” He felt a little nauseous and gulped, stuffiness filling his maw. “Luth ith tho oth-un a fluther... on... huh?” Arthur's eyes narrowed and his head tilted in intrigue at this sensation, he turned away from the audience, opened his mouth a little wider and began prodding with his hand. Poking his tongue out

to aid his investigation, he felt the damp organ touching his chin. His chin? He touched it, ran two fingers over it. His tongue was now longer, long enough to reach just past where his chin ended, and wider – and flat with little curves at the sides. Arthur retracted his dangling appendage and tried to whisper a few random words to himself. No luck – it was nearly impossible to talk properly with his huge stifling tongue flapping around. Abort.

“Art? You good mate? Want a break? It’s only a rehearsal.” Shit. Pete. And now Arthur couldn’t speak properly. He thought fast, grabbed the scrap of paper and a pen from the base of the podium, and quickly jotted ‘I’ve lost my voice’. He descended and hastened to present the paper to Pete, who looked confused. “Ok... but you were talking fine a moment ago... so...” Arthur snatched the paper back and scribbled some more. Pete waited and then read it aloud to himself. “I had a cold... Didn’t know if my voice would hold out... Sorry... I need to rest... Hmm-damn. Okay” Pete studied Arthur’s solemn face with concern, “Yeah, I can see you *do* look a bit rough – not sure I’ve ever even seen you with such a beard” Arthur’s eyes widened. “Explains the winter clothes in spring I guess... Art, just go home and get some sleep – it’s more important you’re back on form for tomorrow anyway, alright?” Arthur nodded, put at ease by Pete’s understanding tone, and made for the door.

Back out in the sunlit spring air, Arthur silently pondered his predicament as he drank in the scents of flowers and cut-grass. Nearing the church gate, he felt a tap on the shoulder. His ears sprang alert before he did, jostling his hat slightly as they did. “Hey Art, what have you got hiding under that hat?” Elle quizzed with a shit-eating grin plastered on her face, “I saw what happened, shame you got tongue-tied. I though the first few lines were really good actually!” Arthur screwed his face up, baring his fangs, and a low rumbling noise escaped his throat before he realised what he was doing. He closed his mouth, eyes wracked with worry. “Ha! Bad dog? Is that what I should say? You just growled at me Art! And those teeth! Scary...” Elle did not seem the least bit surprised by his appearance or behaviour. As this sank in, Arthur thought back to her murmuring the night before – had she... done something to him? He attempted to question her.

“Elle, whath dith you do thoo me?!” His tongue flopped out of his mouth as he spoke, forcing a lisp. The growling sound returned and he allowed it.

“Oh dear, that tongue is huge! You’ll need a bigger muzzle to fit it in I think. Give it time, doggy.”

“I’m noth a dog! And I don’t hath a muthel!”

“Not yet, unfortunately. But you *do* have paws, so I’d say you’d make a pretty good dog.” Arthur growled louder and aimed his vision down at his upturned palms. They looked normal, apart from

small black dots on each fingertip and a larger black smear across both palms in line with his knuckle joints.

Arthur flashed a fierce glance up at Elle. “Whath thith about?!”

“Just look.” Dropping his vision back to his hands, his tongue lolled out of his mouth, aghast with terror, and his tail trembled against his leg. His thumbs were...shrinking. Both shortened simultaneously and the joint where they connected to his palm seemed to pull back a little further up his wrists. The black blotches spread, enlarging to form a collection of darkened bulges on each hand. Arthur used a still-pink part of his index finger to feel the large black pad on the opposite hand; it was leathery and tough to the touch, like a shoe-sole. His thumbs were almost entirely gone now, shrivelling into dew-claws as his fingers likewise receded. His hands narrowed and compacted, drawing the tough pads closer together – claws sprouting between them. This was unreal. Arthur tried to flex his digits and realised that what little of them that remained would not respond, he could only bend his limb at the wrist – nothing more. White fur sprouted from the perimeter of each pad and grew to fill in the few gaps of naked flesh, then spreading up his forearms and stopping just shy of the elbow. Arthur turned his palms face down – it looked like he was wearing fluffy white mittens, but for the claws. “Wow. It’s fascinating to witness close-up isn’t it. Happens so quickly in these little bursts too – incredible.” Arthur growled at the sound of Elle’s voice and snapped his fangs in her direction. She recoiled, “Whoa doggy! You’ll need to get a hold of yourself – it’s a little walk home from here and think of how quickly the police will get called if there’s a... werewolf on the loose! Ha ha, well – judging by the fur, you look like you’re shaping up to be more of a were-collie to me. Still, this is a bit of a game-changer don’t you think?”

“Huh?” Arthur tilted his head, one of his ears flapping to the side.

“Adorable. I mean the paws. Your other doggy bits are inconvenient, true... That tail bashing around in your trousers, that sheath making it difficult to wear a belt, those ears necessitating a winter hat in spring! But they were sort of manageable...evidently. Even the tongue – clever stuff there with the pen and paper routine. But paws... humans *do* kind of need hands, don’t they? Opposable thumbs, y’know – pretty important for everyday life.” She was right. It hurt him to think about, but she was completely right – this was going to be a problem. He couldn’t hide this forever and without hands, a lot of things were going to be much more difficult – impossible even. He quickly imagined trying to masturbate. Oh god. “I see from that look, you understand... now you better run home before something else changes, dog-boy.” Arthur thought for a moment about running back in to tell Pete

that his fiancé is evil and is somehow transforming him into a dog – ‘what the hell am I thinking?’ He internally lambasted the stupidity of that idea, stuffing his white paws into his pockets and running through the gate, past a smirking Elle. “Don’t forget to shave for tomorrow Art!”

A nasal onslaught pervaded the sprint back to his house – Arthur having to concentrate on tearing his thoughts away from every little scent that titillated his flaring nostrils. He deeply yearned to follow each rich smell to its source and sniff out whatever delight it hinted at, but he couldn’t get distracted. He reached the front door and motioned to pull the keys out of his pocket. He couldn’t. He’d forgotten about his rigid paws - no good for grasping anything. He despaired and pawed at the doorbell in a frenzy as his mind was flooded with doggish desires. Running on all fours, wagging his tail, searching out scents, mounting females. He managed to half-ring the doorbell and began shouting past his floppy tongue for Amy to let him in. As he heard movement at the top of the stairs inside, his words devolved into a pitiful canine whining sound and ended with a hushed bark. The door opened and Arthur, unaware he had been leaning against it with his front paws, fell forward into Amy – knocking her to the ground. His shoes were left behind on the doormat as his thinned lower legs and feet had come free of them. Shocked that he’d lost his balance, Arthur scabbled around on top of Amy’s dazed frame, twisting to look behind him. He saw his empty shoes and looked past his knees to see his legs adorned with the same white-furred clattering-clawed paws where his feet should be, a wash of fur creeping across his ankles and under his trousers. Four-pawed Arthur flailed onto his back, knocking his hat off, and began pushing at the waistline of his trousers with his claws. This was futile, but he needed to see his legs to survey the changes and he had no hope of unbuckling his belt. Amy roused and began to stroke his soft cheek, “Art shh, it’s okay – it’s going to be fine... calm down... come on”. She assessed the changes; he now had silky black fur framing his face and encroaching inward slightly on his cheeks, his nostrils had flared, becoming dark and damp to the touch with a more bulbous appearance, the middle of his upper lip seemed to curve upward and connect to the bottom of his altered nose, and his tongue jutted out of his mouth – comically large in proportion. “Shh. Calm.”

Arthur led on his back, his front paws splayed out by his chest, giving him the appearance of a dog begging for a belly rub as he relaxed into Amy’s soothing strokes. He spoke.

“Amy... thorry. I thried thoo...”

“I know. It’s fine.”

“My legth! My feeth!” The frantic glint returned to Arthur’s eyes.

“Okay! Let’s take a look...” Amy closed the door and crouched by Arthur’s legs, undoing his belt and lowering his trousers to reveal mostly human legs – a bushy tail still taped to the left one. The fur had stopped half way up his shins. Arthur sighed in relief upon seeing that his legs had not changed fully – he did not yet feel ready to submit to a quadrupedal stance. He rolled onto his front and eased himself up onto two legs, with Amy steadying him by holding his front paws. His new paws were springy, ridiculously difficult to balance on and his claws clacked on the wooden floor. It was obvious why he’d fallen over.

Using a paw to prop himself against the wall, Arthur attempted to get his bearings, letting out another small whine. Amy looked up from her crouched position as she carefully un-taped his tail, fearing the speed of the transformation as her boyfriend stood, furry and whining... and smelling quite similar to a dog. Arthur returned her gaze and consciously stopped whining, baring his teeth in a dog-like smile to comfort her. In truth, he could now smell her fear – or something that hinted at it. And that wasn’t all. Beneath that trepidation, he sniffed out something else... something sensual and... ‘oh no, now isn’t the time’ he thought. His eyes dulled to a soft focus as the scent swept over him, his mind was not his own anymore – he was sharing it with an animal. His tongue exited his mouth and began undulating as he panted, his ears perked up and his now-freed tail swished excitedly. “Arthur? Are you alright in there?” Amy received no verbal response, looking down to see the red tip of Arthur’s rocket poking out from his furry sheath.

“Arf! Grrghrrgh wuff ruff!” Amy jumped, startled as she averted her eyes to Arthur’s face, the source of his sudden barking – his mouth began to push out. Arthur himself briefly escaped the sexual veil clouding his thoughts to see his own moist-black nose travel further from his eyes, stretching forward at the tip of a long snout. His eyes closed with pleasure as the stuffiness in his mouth was finally cured, his tongue found its place, sat panting along the length of his elongated lower jaw. All of his teeth grew sharper and his nose wrinkled slightly in response to a set of wiry whiskers flitting out along the end of his new muzzle. His cock shaft had similarly extended during this time, now proudly erect and bouncing with his quickened heartbeat. The remainder of what had been Arthur’s lips blackened while the fur framing his face advanced inward, covering his features in ebony fuzz. All dark but a strip of white running from his flattened forehead, down the topside of his muzzle and curving around his nose to his snout and chin. Mesmerised by the feeling, the scents, the comfort of panting, Arthur stood in a trance – his tongue hanging between his two sharp lower-canines and a

drip of drool stringing down from his teeth. His bulging dog-cock loosed a sticky thread of precum from its tip as it pulsed with anticipation. “Art?”

Arthur’s human eyes, set in the head of a dog, locked onto Amy as she spoke. She began to slowly move backward. “Grrrrghghrrrrr”, a gurgling low guttural sound began from deep in Arthur’s throat in time with Amy’s movement.

“I’m... just... going to... slowly...move...” Amy inched back through the doorway to the kitchen, placing her hand on the other side of the wooden door, as a shield – ready to slam it if she needed to.

“Grrrghr-uff! Waff! Ruuff!” The beast advanced, its nostrils flaring each time it sniffed, whiskers back and snout snarling – cock unbelievably hard and shimmering with its own juice. Amy could not tell if this creature was still Arthur or not as its tail viciously slashed around behind it.

“Art...please don’t...” Overwhelmed, she squeaked out her plea and began to tear up, closing her eyes and letting go of the wooden door in submission. She waited.

“Grr-uff... *whine* wooff”. Amy opened her eyes and peered through the tears to see the dog-man, still stood there, but all signs of threat faded from his face, and whining. His human eyes were filled with worry. Amy reach out and hesitantly stroked under his chin, the length of his muzzle.

“Ohh fuck sake Art! You scared me... Can you talk? No? Well... I don’t know, um. If you’re still my Arthur, then sit!” The whining stopped and with a disgruntled ‘woof’, Arthur sat like a dog as well as he could manage with his mostly-human legs. “Ha ha!... Sorry. Thank you thank you thank you, I’m glad you’re ok. I think - ...” Arthur purposefully motioned downward with his muzzle, lifting a single paw and dangling it intently over his erect penis. “Ah. So, you *are* in there, but having a little trouble controlling your instincts? I get it.” Arthur nodded and his tail swept across the floor behind him in concurrence. “Well, as I know it’s still you and we *both* need to be able to think straight to sort this mess out...” Amy quickly de-clothed and got onto her hands and knees in the hallway, presenting her rear to Arthur.

“Waff! Arf!” He barked happily and stuck his cold-wet nose straight up to Amy’s vagina, causing her to recoil a little. He drank it in and lapped with his long tongue at her moist lips. She was already wet; she was still attracted to him, even as a dog. He rejoiced in this fact and continued to lick all around her opening, feeling the pressure build in his groin and hearing her moans of pleasure, until the vibrations in his manhood became too much. He rose up and mounted her, plunging himself into

her well-lubricated hole up to the bulge. He felt a little awkward at first, as he hadn't had any practice thrusting with his newly altered legs. He moved back and forth with some trepidation at first, soon starting to lose himself in the irresistible feelings radiating from his hard cock as it penetrated his female. Amy moaned in animalistic fashion as he arched himself over her, in and out, a small bark now and then. Suddenly, something clicked into place and he felt his lower body start jack-hammering with a mind of its own. All he could do was inhabit his furry body and experience the thrill of the building pressure and pneumatic speed with which he continued to pound her flesh. He bit the nape of Amy's neck lightly and wrapped his front paws tight around her as he felt himself passing the point of no return. His body automatically thrust with outrageous force, pressing his rapidly inflating bulge into Amy's canal, where it continued to expand – eliciting screams of pleasure and the sound of her nails scraping against the floor as she climaxed. With a final mighty thrust, Arthur burst, spilling his dog seed inside Amy and spasming in rapture. He collapsed, limp onto her back with exhaustion.

Almost fifteen minutes later, Arthur still led on Amy's back – though she had led down herself to wait out the post-sex tie. He pulled gently and eased himself out of her, then instinctively sat on his haunches and started to lick himself clean. Amy turned, with amusement and mock-disgust, chastising him for this behaviour. Neither had noticed the reason he was able to indulge this manoeuvre. Arthur's longer and thicker neck led down to his thinner chest, which had taken on a barrelled canine-like shape, a white bib of fur ascending up from his belly to meet the underside of his muzzle. His thighs had shrunk significantly, his knees now curved and perfect for sitting like a dog. The black and white pattern of fur covered Arthur's entire body, which now resembled a slightly out-of-proportion collie dog at a glance. A few changes would still need to occur to complete the picture no doubt, but all the key features of a furry four-legged creature were present. Arthur let out a muffled bark as he finished cleaning his retreating shaft and both he and Amy went to stand. A confused woof emerged from Arthur's muzzle as he noted the difference in height – he bent his neck upward to look at Amy's pitying face. He realised he must be... He looked down and saw his body, stood there on four legs, each clawed pad in contact with the ground. He dropped to his belly and let his head outstretch, his two front paws a makeshift pillow – still staring sombrely up at Amy. “Oh Art... I didn't even notice you were changing further... you should have let me know – but then I guess you didn't notice either?”

“Wroof”

“Yeah...”

“Wroof”

“So, I’m sure I don’t need to tell you – you look pretty much completely like a dog now. A really cute one too-...”

“Grr-wroof!”

“Not helping, right. I know.” Amy sighed as she realised she was basically conversing with a dog now. “We are going to sort this out... somehow. We’ll google it. Um, I will – considering your... paws.”

Amy and Arthur spent the rest of the day around the house, ignoring missed calls from Pete – how would they explain this?. Amy meticulously scoured the internet for anything she could find, which was remarkably little of any pragmatic use. Arthur used the time to explore his canine body, roaming around following his nose, chasing his tail, digging up the garden. He briefly considered trying to tell Amy about Elle and his suspicions, but remembered he had no way to communicate such allegations. It was quite incredible living as another creature, if a little demeaning. He noticed Amy accidentally reverting to phrases you might use with a pet, instead of a boyfriend – though he didn’t blame her too much as he was all too happy to take advantage of this setup in exchange for a belly rub. He found it a tiny bit disconcerting how he had no control over his leg tapping the ground while Amy tickled his belly. That was his main worry now, after the loss of his human abilities – control. His lack of it. He obviously felt a bit marginalised by his new stature and dependency on Amy for food and opening doors. But more troubling was the battle going on in his head. He could still think human thoughts and understand language, but occasionally he would become so immersed in whatever canine activity he was taking part in – shaking the life out of a teddy bear gripped in his muzzle perhaps – he would forget to think. Forget to think about anything. While cognizant, he wondered if it almost felt nice, being so free of concern and responsibility, but feared that he might soon lose himself to the mind of a dog. Then he spotted something tempting to chew on. Amy had found nothing by the evening and resigned herself to failure. The reality of the situation hadn’t quite hit her and she wondered naively if it might not be so bad having a dog, forgetting that she was losing a partner. She had enjoyed the sex and allowed Arthur to mount her again before bed – feeling a tiny bit weirder about it a second time, as his behaviour had become near-indistinguishable from that of a normal dog.

Morning arrived, with Amy eating breakfast at the table and Arthur eating out of a bowl on the floor – neither paying any heed to the date. Arthur had long since lost interest in going to Pete’s wedding

and his old human phone had run out of battery. A spoonful of flakes splashed back into the milk as Amy overheard the letterbox twang. She rose from her seat, before noticing that Arthur had already happily padded toward the front door and now returned with an envelope between his teeth. The envelope seemed a bit fancy, pressed paper and a golden trim at the corners – she opened it and fished out a note, unfolding it to read aloud. Arthur sat at her feet with his head tilted inquisitively to one side, a single ear flopping. “Dear Amy. I am truly sorry for your loss. I have already made Pete aware that Arthur can’t attend today due to illness. I hadn’t intended on this course, but after seeing how close those two are – I think Art will make a wonderful playmate for my Pete, once I’ve transformed him too. I wish you’d had a bit longer with him, I honestly do. I was forced to expedite the process as we will be leaving the county after the wedding – today. Best wishes and sincerest apologies... signed... Elle. Oh. My. GOD! Art – did you hear that?!” Just as Amy finished reading, the ink began to vanish from the paper and Arthur snatched it in his maw. Dashing for the front door and hopping onto his hind legs, he turned the handle with a combination of his paws and angular muzzle. “Art -wait!” Amy shouted but the dog had already bolted down the road.

Arthur the dog flew down the roads and toward the church at full speed, gripping the incriminating letter. His four paws thundered in time, tapping out a beat as he tore toward his friend, Pete. In very simple terms - all he was now capable of, Arthur thought that this piece of paper would help his friend and save him from the evil human, Elle. He whipped by the church gate and bounced through the wooden doors.

“You may now kiss the...”

“Wrooof!! Waff! Awooo!” He was too late. He knew this as Pete leant in to kiss Elle, before turning to see what the canine ruckus was about. Arthur padded up the aisle and dropped the slobbery paper at Pete’s feet. He looked up, snarling at Elle and growled a little.

“Whoa there boy – calm it!” Pete cautioned the animal, visibly annoyed by the interruption.

“It’s fine Pete, I love dogs – I’ve got a certain way with them...” Arthur did not like her tone and growled louder, his fur bristling a little as he coiled his back. “Here boy... Sit!” Arthur felt a weakness in his back legs and a compulsion in his mind, his snarl faded as he crumpled into a sitting position – paws tucked neatly in front of him. “Good dog. See?” Arthur was furious, but his tail simply wagged in light of the praise he’d received. “Now... Stay!” Apart from his hyperactive tail, Arthur couldn’t move a muscle – he was rooted and frozen in place, only able to watch hopefully as Pete picked up the damp paper. “What does the paper say Pete?”

Pete unfurled it, careful to grip it lightly at the corners due to the dog saliva all over it, and studied it. He turned it to check the other side, "Nothing – it's just some dog-drool paper. Urgh."

"Hmm – here I thought this little pup had brought some kind of dramatic last-minute message for us!" The bemused audience of guests chuckled at the novelty of it all as Elle patted Arthur's head, patronising the helpless dog. Pete's expression softened into a smile as he realised Elle wasn't angry about the impromptu canine intrusion.

"Ha ha this doggy is kind of cute, even if he wasn't invited, huh?" Pete joked, leaning down and affectionately ruffling Arthur's neck fur as he did. He peered closer at the panting dog, "His eyes look... almost human – that's creepy... but his fur is soooo soft, isn't it? Isn't it?" He carried on fussing over Arthur.

"You want to keep him Petey?"

"Really? I mean... he's clearly well-trained. Yes?" Pete looked up at Elle, beaming and exposing his neck. As he did, Arthur glimpsed a tiny patch of brown fur sprouting just over Pete's collar bone. Arthur barked.

"Good boy" Elle muttered under her breath.

Pete grinned cheekily, "Is that for me or the dog? Ha ha..."

"Both."