

## Forgetful Dog

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### Part 1 - INDUCTION

The woman stared, idly at first before the picture snapped into focus, toward the waist of the man scanning items through the self-service checkout ahead of her. Her eyes narrowed, flashing glances left and right to check if anyone else was seeing what she was seeing – before fixing back on the man’s behind, not wanting to miss the show. She smirked, watching him... wag his rump left to right. That was definitely what it was – wagging. His torso remained still, he himself clearly occupied with scanning his shopping beep after beep, while his rear was proudly pushed out and twitching side-to-side with some considerable vigour. It was almost hypnotic – helped by the fact that he clearly worked out – his was a full, round pair of firm buttocks that filled the seat of his suit trousers.

“Nice to meet you too”, Connor cheekily quipped – a wink in his tone.

“Huh? I... I wasn’t – I was just...” The woman stumbled over her first few syllables – not realising the man had turned to notice her persistent ogle – before collecting herself, “Yeah – sorry, it’s just... are you normally so energetic?”

A puzzled grin crossed Connor’s face.

“Uhm – well, not exactly my PB on the checkouts, but I guess I made pretty good time, so...”

“No! I meant...” She leant in closer and whispered, to save them both the embarrassment, “...the wagging?”

“What do you mean?” he said. ‘Not again...’ he thought to himself.

“You – you don’t know?”

“Know what?” he could feel himself getting flustered and hot. His tongue fell from his mouth involuntarily.

The woman winced in disbelief.

“Oh, I get it – this is some weird pick-up thing?”

“It isn’t! Honestly...” he stuffed his tongue back into his mouth. “Unless – do you want it to be?”

“Seriously?!” The woman shouted incredulously, dropping the sandwich she had been queuing to buy before storming past the man and toward the exit.

“Hey – *you* were the one checking *me* out!” Connor shouted after her, his shout fading to a loud whisper as he noticed all of the judging eyes now placed firmly on him. He audibly whined, shovelled his shopping into a bag and quick-walked out of the shop.

Connor reflected as he rushed down the street. He was definitely excited to eat those delicious-looking glazed raspberry doughnuts, but not *that* excited. It had kept happening to him lately – people asking him if he was okay, accusing him of doing weird stuff like panting or licking his

forearm. Even strangers were stopping him to ask about his strange behaviours. At first, he thought it might be bad luck – that he was running into all the crazies... but then it kept happening. Not to mention his family and friends were asking what was up with him. Every now and then, he even caught himself doing something inappropriate, like sniffing toward someone's butt, before anyone else did.

He couldn't be sure of how often it was happening. Worse still – even after he noticed, it was difficult to stop. It was only a lack of flexibility that had stopped him from licking his balls clean in the shower the other day. Didn't take a genius to know what all the bizarre behaviours had in common. He shuddered at the thought of what his body might be up to without his knowledge on all those occasions someone hadn't confronted him about it. 'At least I haven't humped someone's leg yet', Connor thought – nervously.

"Maybe I need to bring this up with Claire tonight", he said it aloud to focus his mind away from all of the tempting-looking legs walking past on the pavement.

The day's light had faded to an orangey hue that bathed the heavy brass knocker of Claire's door as Connor lifted and let it fall. He had been seeing her for a while, but the relationship was about as open as it could be – both of them agreeing to a 'no-jealousy' approach. It worked well, considering they were both stressed-out city-career people and didn't have much time to put into a 'proper' relationship. Couple of nights a week, relieve some work-stress, no being tied down... well – maybe *some* being tied down. Another advantage of the laissez-faire approach was that they were as open with their desires as the relationship itself. And Connor liked being dominated. The only thing that played on his mind was how little he could remember of their encounters... just that he enjoyed himself.

The lock clicked as the door slid open a crack.

"Come on boy."

He heard Claire's voice beyond and pushed the door forward to see her already slinking down the long hallway toward the snug lounge at the back of the property. Feeling a light rush of blood to his groin, prompted by her words alone, he wasted no time and followed her through.

"Undress", Claire demanded – typically to the point.

For the first time ever and in spite of the growing tightness in his trousers, Connor hesitated.

"Actually, there was something I wanted to..."

"Undress. Then we'll talk." Claire cut him off with unquestionable authority.

Connor felt the pressure ramp up at the front of his pants. He gritted his teeth for a moment, then began to unhook his belt, rationalising that it would definitely be more comfortable at the least. Claire studied him, tracing her eyes over each part of his clothed body and mentally undressing him, seconds before he complied with her demand. Barely half a minute later, Connor stood in the centre of the plush, warm room in nothing but his boxers – powerful toned physique on display and no hope of hiding the pulsing tent stretching to a point in his front pouch. He stopped, almost waiting for permission to carry on speaking.

“Everything.”

“But...”

“Everything.”

Hands at his thighs, Connor tugged from the bottom of his boxers and pulled them down, shivering as the waist band dragged across his sensitive cock and hooked it downward slightly. Claire revelled in the look of guilty pleasure on Connor’s face and then shot her glare back down to his manhood as it sprang free of his boxer shorts, locking rigid at a 45-degree angle and bouncing in time to his quickened heartrate.

“**Good boy.**”

Connor’s mind twigged.

“Actually – that’s what I wanted to talk about...” He paused, expecting Claire to cut him off and ready to fall silent in obedience. But she didn’t. He cleared his throat. “Lately, some weird stuff has been happening to me – and I wondered...”

“Wondered what boy?” Claire spoke softly with understanding in her voice.

“Well – I wondered whether it had anything to do with us. With this – you know – the stuff we do.”

“Oh? I’m sure it wouldn’t be”, the woman snappily dismissed, then slowed down to continue, “But... What kind of weird stuff?”

Connor thought for a moment, bit his lip nervously and then spoke.

“Like – my behaviour. I keep noticing myself acting like some kind of animal.” His cheeks flushed red. “Sorry... I know it sounds stupid... I shouldn’t...”

“Like a dog?” Claire quizzed sincerely.

“Uh – yes, exactly! But why do you...” The naked man’s eyes glinted with suspicion for a brief moment, before softening again. “Oh god – you’ve noticed it too?”

Claire nodded silently and motioned for him to look down. He followed her prompt and glanced down at himself to see his erect dick swaying, being jiggled around by the motion of his hips wagging side to side. He struggled for a moment, then with visible effort managed to bring himself still. Claire smiled comfortingly.

“How long was I...” Connor began.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Claire’s tone hardened as Connor’s confusion grew. “Since I called you a **‘good boy’**...”

Connor searched Claire’s expression for some hint of what exactly was happening here but found only a playful mocking in her smirk. He let his eyes track downward in contemplation before being met by his swaying hard dick – he was wagging his backside again! He couldn’t stop – like a twitch in his muscle, it kept going by itself.

“Tell me what’s going on, Claire!”

“**Hush boy** – stay calm”, she raised a hand and petted his soft, brown hair. “There you go – I’m sure it probably feels unnatural, so let’s fix it for you, huh?” She looked deep into his dilated pupils.

“*Hghmm* yes – please...” Connor whined, feeling helpless and horny.

“Of course. It’s easy – just **sit**, but be careful of that tail, okay?”

Connor locked his eyes directly onto hers and tilted his head. His bewilderment doubled as he became aware of his legs giving way – he could tell he was sinking to the floor, despite never breaking away from Claire’s dominant stare.

She waited for his plump muscular hindquarters to contact the soft carpet before speaking.

“See? That’s better – **good dog** Connor.”

Connor, finally feeling able to look away from Claire’s intense blue eyes, surveyed himself – starting with his dick. Still solid and now becoming uncomfortably hard between his folded legs, but no longer swaying – he breathed out in relief. His butt-cheeks and the flats of his feet both felt great resting on the floor and were clearly motionless. His hands were placed neatly in front of him, fingers tucked into his palms as if he had paws.

‘I’m sitting like a dog on the floor, but at least I’m in control of my body again’, he reasoned. But something was still off.

“Noticed it yet?” Claire taunted.

“Huh – what?” Connor’s attention snapped back to her.

“Doubt you’ll ever stop chasing it once you do...”

Connor wasn’t stupid – he quickly span himself round to look behind him, catching the fleeting sight of something furry. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing. He needed to be sure – he span around again. Not quick enough. Again.

“Grrgghh” Connor growled, as he twisted in circles, chasing a bushy black and brown tail that always seemed just beyond reach.

Claire guffawed, mocking his simple-minded attempts to ‘catch his tail’ with a raucous giggle, before returning to her stern persona.

“Enough Connor – come on boy...” but he didn’t stop, now frenetic in his attempts to confirm the existence of his new appendage. “Connor – **heel!**”

He felt his ears prick up to her command and halted his pursuit, making a mental note to catch his tail later, before crawling on his curled-up paw-hands and knees over to Claire’s feet.

“**Good boy.**”

“What have you done to me?” he asked angrily, despite his tail wagging once more.

“Better question: why didn’t you just reach behind you if you wanted to check out your new tail? Huh, Connor?”

Connor blushed, feeling supremely stupid, and rose onto his knees, thinking there must be some kind of trick at work. He uncurled his right paw-hand and reached around to his lower back. His

heart pounded as he gripped around the furry length and felt something which he had no frame of reference for: the sensation of someone grabbing his tail. He quickly let go and shook his head.

“No, it isn’t real – you must have done something... hypnosis or something!”

“Maybe. Look – I can tell you’re upset, even if your adorable tail disagrees”, Claire consoled as she leant down and tickled the tip of Connor’s wisping wagging tail. “So, I’ll just make it up to you, yeah?”

“You’ll get rid of it? My... my tail?” Connor looked up at her pleading.

“Ha ha! Whoa boy – don’t get too ambitious. No. Not yet anyway.” A cheeky grin swept across Claire’s face as she spoke. “I’ll make you cum.”

All at once, Connor’s disappointment gave way to the desire surging through his still-concrete cock. His hips jolted forward in anticipation, surprising him, as he felt the trickle of his pre leaking down the underside of his thick shaft. His tail wagged harder.

“I can see you like that idea. Just one condition...”

“What?” Connor shot out a single syllable between panting hungrily for Claire’s touch.

“Nothing too difficult – just bark for me.”

Connor stopped panting for a moment, conflicted. It occurred to him that this encounter with Claire had not gone at all how he had hoped. He had arrived wondering why he kept acting like a dog in public and now he was sat at her feet panting, wagging a brown furry tail behind him and on the verge of bursting with cum. His dick impossibly stiffened yet further. ‘Maybe *this was* exactly what I wanted’, he thought, ‘let’s face it, I’m probably going to bark for her’.

“But I’m... not a dog...” he challenged.

“I can make you.” Claire retorted.

“No... grhgghh” Connor growled. ‘Make me’, he urged in his head.

“Connor...” Claire started as she could see his cock rutting the air with lust. “Now – **speak!**”

“WRUFF WUFF – WAFF!” Connor barked out of control, no thoughts in his head.

“**Good dog.**”

Connor’s tail scraped across the carpet, bashing furiously back and forth with glee as his dick reached its threshold. He stopped barking and panting and held his breath, right on the edge.

Claire reached toward him with her left hand, dodging his pulsing, dribbling manhood and grabbing his wagging tail instead, holding it firmly in place to show her dominance. With her right hand, she delicately traced a line from Connor’s churning, squeezing ball-sack – all the way along the underside of his desperate cock. Reaching the tip, she stroked over his glans with a finger while tabbing his frenulum with her thumb.

He spasmed. His tail fought against her grasp to wag freely. A jet of white lust rumbled up his aching dick and spurted from the end as his diaphragm convulsed. Claire held the dog-man’s erupting member, together with his tail, until the last of his juice oozed from his quivering tip.

“Well done Connor. Now, you know how this part goes. I’ll say the magic words, you can get dressed, and you won’t remember anything of what happened – just that you enjoyed it.”

Connor’s eyes widened at her words, though his mind was still fuzzy from his ground-shaking orgasm.

“Won’t remember? But wait...”

“**Hush boy**... let me finish. *You* won’t remember this. But – *Connor the Dog* will live inside your head and *he* will remember everything.”

Regaining his composure though still naked and covered in his own cum, Connor argued.

“No – stop. I don’t agree to that! And what about my... *this* fucking tail?”

“Like I said, it’ll all be tucked safely away in your head. Now, one more big loud bark before we finish?”

“What? No way – ...”

“**Speak.**”

“WOOF RUFF! Arghh-fuck you.”

“**Good dog.** Now, **release.** You all good, Connor?”

Connor hazily looked himself up and down, noting that he was doused in his own seed and his dick was still mostly hard. He exhaled with force.

“Fuck me – that was... that was *amazing!*”

“Yeah – you want to go get your clothes on?”

“Oh, uh-huh, yeah... sorry.”

“Good boy.”

Claire watched as Connor craned his stocky frame up from the floor and set about collecting his discarded clothing, his pert rump wagging happily where his tail had been only minutes before.

## Part 2 - DEEPENER

It was more frustrating than Connor wanted to admit – trying to remember what had happened the week before, when he last visited Claire. He followed her down the hallway, got undressed... and then they... then they did some stuff that he enjoyed, he supposed – and he was naked, all covered in his own cum. It felt great, obviously – otherwise he wouldn't be lifting that huge brass knocker at her door again. It was just bugging him... exactly *what* felt great?

Something he *did* remember though, was that he had intended to ask Claire's opinion about the weird stuff that had been happening to him. Must have gotten side-tracked and forgotten to bring it up.

'No chance of that this time', he thought, 'I need to get some help with this'.

It had only gotten worse. He was getting weird looks in the street, the coffee shop, the lift at work – everywhere, to be honest. And he didn't even know what the problem was half of the time – he felt normal. Mostly. Apart from when he cocked his leg to piss. Or when he caught himself chasing a terrified dachshund across the park while its owner watched in despair. He needed help.

The door swung open, Claire slinking down the hallway as usual. Connor followed, determined to confront her about his... behaviours. He felt sure she could help.

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"Claire, I need to..."

"Undress." Claire cut him off.

Connor's hands instinctively went to his belt before he stopped himself.

"No – Claire, let me speak."

"I will, but first – undress."

"No." It felt so wrong to resist, but Connor continued. "We need to talk first."

Claire pierced Connor with a dagger-like stare as he spoke, seething at the sounds of his defiance. His eyes were fearful, but not of her. Intrigued and concerned for him, she relaxed her persona and engaged with his request.

"Okay – but don't make this a habit. I like you submissive. What's wrong, Connor?"

Connor felt the tension racking his body slowly relieve, as he was no longer disobeying the woman. He began, quickly becoming flustered as he spoke.

"I don't know where to start – I feel like I'm going crazy and I'm not in control of my own body!"

"What do you mean... exactly?" Claire played along, letting him explain and doing her best not to acknowledge the canine-like whining that punctuated his speech.

“Right – yeah, I know I sound mad. I’ll just say it then. I can’t stop acting like a dog... and I don’t even always know it’s happening!”

“...” Claire let his statement hang in the room, moving her hand to cover her mouth as she smirked. Connor slumped slightly, feeling defeated by the ridiculousness of his own words, but continued.

“I guess I just felt like you would be able to help... I don’t know why.”

“Undress.”

“What? Claire, I’m asking you to help me.”

“Undress. You know I can make you.”

“I don’t get it – I’m being serious.”

“So am I – now be a **good boy** and undress.”

Connor felt a fizzle throughout his body, as any tension and resistance he had been feeling seemed to melt away into obedience. He began to unbuckle his belt and set about de-clothing as he spoke.

“I understand – it’s too heavy for our relationship. We’re meant to be no strings... no baggage. I only hoped you could help me to understand.”

Connor dutifully slipped his boxers down over his soft dick and stood naked for Claire to survey. She smiled and looked him in the eye.

“I am helping you to understand. Now come on boy, you can do better than this.” Claire motioned toward Connor’s groin. “Focus on your cock and **beg** for my touch.”

The man’s mind followed Claire’s suggestion as he couldn’t help but picture his own penis, then before he knew what was happening, his hands had curled up into mock-paws and hoisted up to his chin – just below his panting tongue. He was begging, just like a dog would.

“**Good dog.**”

Connor stopped short of barking in pleasure at the sound of Claire’s praise, but continued panting and imagining his penis. But now he pictured it getting hard. At the same time, he felt the tell-tale pressure – the undulating tingle across his length, as his cock was unmistakably pumping up, full and hard. It felt all-consuming. It felt *different*.

“That’s better. Take a look, boy.”

Connor didn’t stop begging but looked past his curled paw-hands toward the shocking sight of his deep red, fleshy, engorged dog cock. Thick, pointed at the tip and drooling for attention already, it stood just over six inches proud from a stretched-wide furry casing. The fine, dense fur could be seen to spread downward and over his blackened scrotum, where two firm orbs roiled tightly in their sack. Connor’s mouth would have fallen aghast at the sight if it weren’t already obliging his panting tongue. Even so, the realisation of what he now wielded between his thighs was enough to stiffen his cock yet further, setting off an aching need in him as he hunched forward and tried not to cum embarrassingly fast.



“Whoa, doggy – slow down.”

Connor held himself at the edge, breathing thunderously through his nostrils.

“We’re not done yet.” Claire teased.

“Huh?” Connor’s head rose up to search her face for answers, “How are you doing this?”

“Really want to spoil all the mystery?”

“Just...” Connor’s dog cock jolted as a stream of clear ardour traced its way down his newly over-sensitive shaft. “...Tell me.”

“Fine. You’re hypnotised.”

“Bullshit.”

“You are. And you’re really good at it too – so easy to control.”

“Hypnosis doesn’t do... whatever *this* is!” Connor thrust his pelvis forward to make the point, immediately regretting it as it placed him right back on the edge of cumming. He reeled and bit his lip in desperation.

“Look at you – ready to burst, aren’t you? Dog dick more sensitive than your human one?”

“Shut up, it’s not real.”

“You’re so excited, your tail is wagging!”

It hadn’t been, but the moment Connor pictured it – a bristly-furred tail was bashing around at his backside, bringing him even closer to climax.

“Just do it, I can see you want to. You’re still begging, doggy.”

Connor noticed his hands were still curled forward and tucked up at his chest – he tried to force them down, looking like a confused tyrannosaurus rex with a raging hard-on, but failed.

“Oh, how could I resist you, boy?” Claire mockingly responded to his involuntary begging. “But first, be a **good dog** and **sit** on those haunches.”

The fidgeting dog-dicked man felt himself sinking immediately and he knew he would soon be sat obediently on the floor, but he couldn’t help but picture himself adopting a posture like how a dog might sit. Paw-hands still stuck at his chest, he broke his gaze from Claire and watched his legs fold toward the floor. He saw them thinning, his ankles travelling up his legs as he sank. Small, blackened claws tore through between his toes which had melded together to form slender paws. His thighs curved, while his bubble butt flattened into that of a dog’s rump to complete the look. A second later, tawny-brown fur had fuzzed up across his entire lower body, turning creamy on his front where it met the border of his cock-sheath and darker round his lower back adjoining the black line that flowed down to the tip of his tail.

Connor looked back at Claire from his submissive seat on the floor, half of him disassociated from the insanity he was experiencing, and the other half wondering whether she would make good on her implication and let him cum. While his body had been changing, so had Claire changed out of her

clothes. His balls grew unbearably tight beneath his sheath, poised to pump his dog-juice up his swollen length as he beheld Claire's bare skin looming over him with authority.

**"Good boy, Connor – you've earned a peek. Now stay."**

Connor could only pant as he twitched with arousal, words escaping him and brain only craving release. He couldn't move a muscle, though he barely tried.

"But I doubt there'd be any point letting you inside me, even if I wanted to. You wouldn't last a second in that state..."

He whined – he'd have probably humped the carpet if he could, but he needed Claire's commands. He knew it.

"So why don't you take a deep sniff of the air with that damp, black nose of yours?"

Connor began to sniff, his nose pushing forward a single inch and darkening to a moistened flat, black snout. He instantly caught a hint of something that had been there all along. Something that was now amplified to intense levels – and it grew, enveloping and overwhelming his other senses. Suddenly, he was blind and deaf – but he could smell... her. Her sex – her reserved desire and so much more. He sniffed, trying to drink it all in. Each inhalation was like a foot-pump, inflating his dog cock further while the knot at its base swelled to bulbous proportions. This was it.

"Cum now, dog. Do it." Claire commanded, taking a step forward so that her groin was mere inches from Connor's half-grown canine snout.

It was more than he needed. Her words. Her smell. His cock. Erupted. Squeezing ropes of thick cum from his pointed tip – Connor finally stopped begging and let his paw-hands fall limp as he felt himself being drained dry, spasm after wracking spasm.

**"Good dog, Connor."**

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After some wriggling around, Connor sat on his haunches, exactly like a dog – not because of any compulsion, but rather because it felt more comfortable than any alternative. He looked down at his furry legs, felt his tail brushing the floor behind him and batting at his sides – then zeroed in on his cock, which had finally begun to deflate and was slowly inching its way inside his plump velvet-furred sheath.

"It's all so... realistic. Seriously, how did you – ..."

"It is." Claire interrupted. "Real."

"Come on."

"I'm serious. It's real." Claire repeated.

"You can tell me – I get that you've got my head all wrapped up in your spell or whatever – the hypnosis stuff. I just didn't think it could be..." Connor lifted a hand from the floor and poked the tip of his dog dick, shivering a little as he did, "...this *convincing*."

"I suppose you won't remember anyway..." Claire murmured as an aside, just loud enough for Connor to hear.

"Huh? Why wouldn't I remember?"

"It's called an Animism Charm and it allows thoughts to have power over reality. Modern descendants of the cultures they were used in tend to describe it as something which allows 'mind' to dictate 'matter' – though they don't often describe it to anyone at all, for obvious reasons."

Connor shot a fake smile at Claire, scepticism exuding from his every pore. He held the expression for a moment, then laughed nervously as Claire didn't flinch. She waited for his laughter to die down.

"You asked, Connor. And let's be fair – I'm not the one sat there with a dog's cock between my legs."

"Hmph. But you could just hypnotise me to see this stuff, right?"

"Maybe – but you said yourself, it's pretty convincing. How about I prove it?"

"How?"

"I won't say anything – no hypnotic suggestions. I'll just sit here and let you change something about me. That way, you'll know it's real if I transform in whatever way you were thinking because I couldn't possibly have hypnotised you to see it... make sense?"

Connor didn't know if it did, but he was intrigued.

"I guess... so. But – how the hell can *I change you*? It was you that turned me into a half-man-dog!"

Claire shook her head.

"Nope. You did it. With your thoughts. Well – mostly..." Claire ignored the confusion washing over Connor's dumb face. "Look – I'll explain in a minute. Just give me a second and then think about what part of me should change."

Claire closed her eyes and took a slow breath in, then opened them again – beckoning Connor to do whatever it was he was supposed to do.

Connor looked at her and shrugged internally, beginning to picture the change that Claire would go through. A grin spread across his lips as he thought of how hilarious it would be. He stared harder at the naked woman, leaning forward slightly with exertion.

Claire raised her eyebrows in expectation and wondered what the dog-man's grin might signal. Then she felt it. A twitch and burgeoning pressure in her groin. Above her vagina, she felt a fullness building. Butterflies flitted around in her stomach and she felt a little light-headed, but she forced herself to look down. In retrospect, it was obvious what Connor would be grinning about: she watched as her former-clitoris engorged and pushed forward, lengthening and darkening to a deep shade of red – coming to a point as it halted its advance and now protruding seven inches or so from her crotch. She spent a brief moment marvelling at the feeling of being fully erect – and with a canine dick to match Connor's no less! The boy had no originality.

"I should fuck you with this thing, don't you think?" Claire half-joked.

“Uhhm...” The threat barely registered as Connor looked on in awe, both certain and entirely unsure of what exactly he had just witnessed. The sudden masculine scent that filled the air left no doubt.

“Enough fun for now. Change me back.”

Looking mischievous, Connor tested her.

“Why?”

“Because if you don’t, I’ll command you to *stay* and hold your tail to the side while we find out how much of this knot you can take.”

Gulping hard, Connor didn’t wait a moment longer – doing as he was told and watching as the alterations to Claire’s feminine form receded.

Claire checked herself over, nodded and then closed her eyes, taking another slow, purposeful breath. A second or two later, she spoke.

“Satisfied that its real?”

“But how does it work? How did I do... *that*?”

“You’re quite slow, aren’t you?” Claire sighed. “I’ll give you some leeway considering you’re verging on being more dog than boy today.”

Connor wagged his tail in agreement.

“I already said that it’s like mind over matter. So, it allows thoughts to change the atoms that form our reality. It’s a bit more complicated than that, but that’s the gist. And it relies on two minds coming together, linked by the charm. First – the controller, or Shaman in the olden days I suppose. They set the timescale and boundaries for the charm’s influence, just like I extended those boundaries to include my own body a moment ago.”

Connor nodded, unaware that one of his dog legs had arced up and began scratching behind his ear, responding to an itch. Claire noted his behaviour, then continued.

“Cute, Connor.... And the second mind is the subject, or conduit. Their thoughts are made manifest in reality – so long as it’s within the sphere of influence set by the Shaman.”

“So why can’t you just do it all yourself – you know, just make anything that you want to – happen... with no limits.”

“The obvious question. But Connor, think about it, if you accidentally thought of yourself as being as dumb as a dog – not too far fetched in your case – don’t you think it might be a bit difficult to *think* your way out of it?”

Connor tilted his head like a dog trying to fathom a door handle, then nodded – panting in appreciation of Claire’s point.

“Furthermore, how much damage could a simple dog do with the ability to shape reality as it sees fit? So, I hope it’s pretty clear you need ‘a guide’.”

“Yeah... that’s true... Hey, can you expand it to include the whole planet – as in, change the whole of the Earth?”

“Would you want to try? What if you got it wrong and imagined Earth as a balloon – then it popped? You, and everyone else, would be dead in the vacuum of space. Be realistic Connor.”

Connor looked scared as he ran the scenario through his head – maybe Claire was right. The moment of pause gave him a second longer to think things through – just what was this ‘charm’ and *where* was it?

“Yeah – so that definitely sounds bad. Um, Claire? Where are you keeping this Animal Charm or whatever?”

“*Animism* Charm. Why do you need to know?”

“Curious, to be honest.”

Claire eyed Connor suspiciously, but ultimately assessed the risk to be zero. Besides, Connor’s puppy-dog eyes had their own sort of charm.

“Fine. I put it inside you when we first met.”

“You what?! Like – in my butt or something?!”

“Huh? What?... No. Just inside you.”

“Well, where then?!”

“All throughout you – bound to the atoms that make up your body.”

“That doesn’t make any sense.”

“Really? *That* doesn’t make sense? Did you see my penis a minute ago? It’s a transient object capable of reordering and reshaping all matter using only mental projection as a catalyst – so just accept that its inside you, okay?”

Connor pulled a stupid face and rolled his eyes, signalling that he wasn’t going to argue the point, before flashing a cheeky pout toward Claire and picking up his immature line of questioning from before.

“But what about making Canada the shape of a moose’s a– ...”

“**Hush boy.** That’s enough for today.”

Connor, mouth zipped obediently shut, looked at Claire indignantly – he still couldn’t get used to this hypnosis thing, but at least it was now obvious how all this was happening to him: if he was hypnotised to think and behave like a dog, then his thoughts would make it a reality for his body. He went to stand, but only made his way to all-fours as his canine hips hindered him. Claire smiled in pity.

“I’ll help you with that. As your conscious mind forgets, so will your body. **Release.**”

The fur adorning Connor’s contorted canine hindquarters receded, his thighs thickened, and his stocky jock buttocks plumped out to their former prominence. The pads on his feet softened as his ankles sunk and feet took the place of paws – all the while his tail was slurping back up into his spine, wagging to the last. Finally, his now-bald sheath unlatched from his stomach, pulling back to reveal his normal dangling manhood. Connor looked dazed, but continued his efforts to stand, managing to make it to two feet this time.

“Another good one, don’t you think?” Claire probed.

“Uhh-huh, I think so.” Connor started groggily, before picking up some steam. “I mean, we’re both naked so...”

“It was great.” Claire cut him off reassuringly.

“Good. Great!” Connor placed his hand on his head, “But I feel like a bomb went off in my brain or something...”

Claire hid the shiver of trepidation that crept up her back, wondering silently if she’d said too much for Connor to simply forget. She wouldn’t make the mistake again.

### Part 3 - TRIGGER

It happened at the most appropriate time, in a way: it's only at the precipice that people are forced to evolve. So, there was Connor – very much on the edge – arched forward over a huge lounge pillow, pants awkwardly around his ankles and hands curled into paw-like fists, pushing the cushioned fabric hard into his groin. He pounded his hips back and forth in a jittering rhythm that spoke of his anticipation, grinding his pulsing dick with primal determination as his tongue flapped free of his mouth. In his mind, he was just a dog that hadn't seen release in almost a week. In reality, his frantic frame, though doing an admirable job of playing the part, was just a stocky human jock boy.

He wound up, pleasure peaking, and began driving the burning tip of his hard cock as far forward as his hips could manage with each enormous thrust. His 'paws' clenched tighter, clawing the pillow closer. Connor growled, then held a breath in his throat for three or four infinite seconds, before feeling his stomach flutter, peristalsis beginning with a swell at the base of his shaft. And the tension released, in waves, as each jet of cum rumbled up and out of his quivering tip – dousing the pillow. He began panting as he finally remembered to breathe. His hips slowed their pneumatic assault, settling into a gentle rocking motion as he vacantly massaged out the final dribbles of his lust. Grip loosening, his hands unclenched and the fog in his mind dissipated. In what must have ranked as one of the most shocking examples of 'post-nut clarity' ever experienced, Connor blinked to sharpen his vision, looked himself over and remembered... everything.

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That it took him literally humping a pillow like a dog, to completion – in his friend's house no less – was not ideal. Even so, after half-heartedly mopping up his mess and flipping the pillow clean-side-up, he sighed in relief that his friend was clearly still asleep upstairs and began examining the 'memories' he'd just unearthed. Claire had been hypnotising him to behave like a dog whenever they met up, then wiping his mind afterward – but doing about as good a job of that as he'd done cleaning the pillow. Connor shuddered, imagining how inconceivable that idea was – that she had so much control over him, without his knowledge. It made sense though, he thought, licking the back of his paw proudly.

"Wait..."

Connor paused, pulling his *hand* away from his muzzle – *mouth!* Away from his mouth. He growled for a half second then theatrically shushed himself.

"Fuck sake."

Seems like knowing why wasn't enough to stop him behaving like a dog. This had to stop. He couldn't continue like this – not having control over his body. He froze in the middle of that thought and creased his brow, examining another new memory – but one which seemed preposterous, almost like a dream.

"I wasn't just behaving like..." Connor said the start of his sentence aloud, only speaking again to exclaim the final few words, "I actually was a dog!"

*Sort of*, he thought. He could faintly recall following Claire's commands and changing, bit by bit, into a German Shepherd. His lower body all covered in soft fur, his knotted cock protruding from a sheath and the feeling of owning a tail! It couldn't have been fake. He remembered the intense smell leading his nose to burrow between Claire's legs. Connor's dick began to inflate again at the thought.

"Wruff!"

Connor sighed as he noted his attempts to snap himself out of the horny trail of thought had resulted in an instinctive bark.

'Whatever works', he shrugged. 'Now, what did she call it? Animal – animating... anaemia? ...*Animism* charm! And she said it would make my thoughts into reality... so let's try it.'

Searching his brain for a way to test his reality-warping prowess, he noticed that his hips were wagging side-to-side with pride at having remembered the right word for Claire's charm.

"Fine. A tail it is." Connor spoke in a resigned tone. He closed his eyes and concentrated on the wagging, even leaning forward slightly and bracing his elbows to his flanks as if trying to push a tail forth from his coccyx. He audibly strained, stopping to lift his butt to one side and turning his head to check.

'Nothing', he thought, feeling weirdly upset at the sight of his bare buttocks. His rump fell still, echoing his disappointment.

Determined, Connor tilted his head to the side and searched through his fragmented memories.

'*Mind over matter* she said... ancient cultures... *Shamans*? Yeah – she was the shaman and I was... a subject? *Conduit*? Something like that... So, it won't work without her...'

Connor exhaled slowly, realising he had no hope of convincing Claire to give the game up. She'd probably just force him to sit, do some tricks and then wipe his memory again.

'Unless...'  
Connor suddenly remembered the bizarre interlude where Claire had grown a dog's dick, and then threatened him with it unless he changed her back. 'So – she allowed my thoughts to affect her, but then she couldn't reverse it... only I could do that...'

"That's the plan then – *arf!*" Connor concluded to himself, a grin forming across his face as he began to wag his butt again.

Stopping to take stock, the truth of it all finally dawned on Connor. All of these memories surfacing in his mind seemed to make it even more difficult to hold back his canine side. Luckily, he only needed to last until tomorrow before he could put his plan into action.

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"Undress", Claire demanded.

Connor removed his clothes without resistance, stopping before removing his boxers to palm the hefty bulge at their front – playing to his audience.



Claire looked on with delight initially, an inquisitive curl soon forming in her expression.

“Putting on a show today, huh boy?”

“Uhh.” Connor left his plumping bulge to hang naturally between his muscular thighs as he kicked himself inside. He knew he needed to act normal so Claire wouldn’t suspect anything, and he’d normally be resisting. “Yeah, I just feel uhh... pretty horny I guess.”

“Ha!” The lare softened as she shot a glance down at the supporting evidence now tenting in his tight boxers, “Well, as long as you don’t make it too easy for me!”

Relief coursed through Connor, sending a tingle to the tip of his obliging cock. Now he needed to really sell it.

“Ha ha! Yeah... though, now that you mention it...” Connor shot a longing look into the middle distance and let it linger before continuing. “There’s something I wanted to ask you about...” he spoke timorously – eyes to the wall, wondering when his Oscar nomination would be announced as he awaited Claire’s prompt to continue.

He waited.

And waited. Six seconds was an unnaturally lengthy pause in any conversation. He looked back toward the dominant woman, fully expecting some malicious grin to be plastered across her face as she’d seen through his acting.

Instead, she maintained her authoritative stare – albeit affixed firmly to his waist area. He looked down – his erect cock had stained dark a patch of his bright red boxers with leaking pre at the tip of a tent – and his hips were *vigorously* wagging side to side, jostling his dick like a stiff tail.

‘Shit’, Connor thought to himself. His canine mind was clearly celebrating his A-list acting efforts a little prematurely.

“Claire?”

“Huh?”

The woman flinched, peeling her hungry eyes away from Connor’s wagging package and re-engaging with the room. Connor braced himself.

“What did you say?”

‘Phew’, he thought. He couldn’t believe she was *that* into him. ‘Perfect’. He continued the act where he left off – feigning his usual confusion about the doggish behaviours he now knew she was responsible for... the canine role-play she clearly gets off on.

“Oh – sorry, you’ll think I’m crazy, but some weird stuff has been... -“

“**Hush boy**”, she cut him off, forcing his words to choke to a halt.

Connor didn’t even need to act surprised at her sudden use of a hypnotic trigger. She normally indulged him a little longer – toyed with him first.

**“Good dog.”** Connor felt the pleasure of her praise wash over him, fraying the edges of his mind and bringing him a step closer to his dog-self. ‘This is getting dangerous’, he thought. Claire smiled at his visible submission to her words, then spoke in a commanding but playful tone.

“What I said earlier – about not making it too easy for me? Yeah – scratch that. I’m not going to give you any choice.”

Connor’s cock bounced and became harder at the idea of having his choice removed. His rational mind, still dazed from the shock induction, reeled in concern – wondering whether he could still pull off the plan in his compromised state.

“Now, remove those dirty boxers and let me see *you*.”

The boy pulled his tight red, precum-stained boxers down, cock bungeeing up to slap his stomach as it broke free of the cloth confines. Connor’s hips tilted forward, appreciating the feeling of the open air caressing his shaft.

“Good – now listen, you can’t cum. Not until I give you permission, **dog**.”

Feeling his cock swell, vibrating for a moment with his writhing movements and then becoming solid like some flagpole Claire had planted in his groin to claim him – he knew it was true. A throaty whine escaped. He was caught in Claire’s power again.

“Your cock is my toy now. *You* are my plaything. But you could use some tweaks.”

Connor felt trepidation mix into the maelstrom of horny compulsions swirling through his mind. He recalled what Claire was capable of, quickly conjuring the focus to protest in the hopes of salvaging his grand plan.

“Claire – stop! Please just...”

“Did I say **speak**?”

“*Wruff-arf!*” Connor yelped on command, interrupting himself.

“That’s better. Now – **sit!**”

He immediately recognised the feeling from their last encounter as he began to sink toward the floor, legs giving way and body folding to approximate the stance of submissive dog – butt to the ground and ‘paws’ neatly placed in front. No physical changes yet though. ‘Was it even real’, he thought – not realising how soon he’d get his answer.

**“Good dog.”**

Connor wanted to bark in agreement but held himself back – his behind fidgeting instead.

“Now picture your dick, Connor. Hard, isn’t it? Almost painfully hard. So horny. So much like a dog’s dick. Because you are a horny dog, aren’t you? *Imagine* it.”

Claire directed his thoughts, her suggestions seeming more urgent than ever before. He couldn’t help but picture it exactly as she’d said, looking down after a brief moment to see reality conforming too. ‘No doubt it’s real’, Connor confirmed, watching the base of his reddened fleshy shaft become engulfed in the same fuzzy cream-furred sheath from before, hoisting his canine erection to a more vertical stance while it bobbed to the beat of his quickening heart.

As soon as the change completed, it was as if the unseen forces manifesting Connor's thoughts suddenly remembered the other half of Claire's suggestion – that he was a horny dog. Emphasis on *horny* – a lava-flow of translucent fluid erupting and tracing down the underside of his length, pooling as it met the fuzzy border of his new sheath. Connor shuddered and remembered that this was probably the closest he'd get to cumming until Claire gave him permission.

"That's the way – you're so good at this Connor." Claire patted his head, causing the dog-dicked boy to pant and stare adoringly up at her. "Now, if you're going to really use that thing – you'll need the back legs for it."

Connor knew what was next.

**"Roll over."**

He partially rose to his hands and knees, canine cock dripping beneath him, and then flung himself onto his back – arms and legs splayed out like the helpless dog he was becoming. Claire kneeled and gently began tickling at Connor's belly, causing his leg to twitch.

"Feels good, doesn't it boy? Look at your leg thumping the ground. You're a good boy, so just let your furry legs do whatever they want."

Images of pampered pooches filled Connor's brain as his eyes rolled up into his sockets – he didn't have to look to check, he could feel his legs contorting. Thinning, curving, prickling with thick tawny fur. The soles of his feet hardening, tough and black – a feeling that became more pronounced as his newfound flexibility allowed the paw-pads to strike the ground in ecstasy.

Claire's belly tickles were really hitting the spot – though Connor couldn't help but wriggle about, bucking his hips on the off-chance he might be able to graze Claire's hand with his sensitive red rocket.

'I'm really losing myself here', he surmised with some faint vestige of clarity. Soon enough, the wiggling at his hips had pulled his bushy black and brown tail back into existence – dangling above his butt and coaxing a line of dark fur to trace halfway up his spine. It brushed the ground excitedly, jiggling Connor's lower-hanging and pent-up furry sack with its motion.

Claire withdrew her hand, leaving Connor fidgeting and writhing on the ground – his leg-pounding slowing to a crawl.

**"Good boy** – your back half really looks the part. And I'm getting impatient – you can probably tell with that black snout of yours, I'd bet?"

Before Connor could react, his eyes crossed to focus on the short protrusion that pushed forward from his face, puffy black nose at its end. He tried to squirm his way back to standing, struggling with his altered hind quarters and arriving back in a sitting dog position naturally. One sniff is all it took to flood his head with a cacophony of different messages, now decrypted by his keen nose – most powerful of all: Claire's *desperate* lust. She was seriously into this. Even more than Connor had guessed.

“But no matter what – you have to remember, I’m in control here. So, the only way you get to bury that puppy maker is if you **beg!**” Claire smiled, revelling in the pure moment of asserting her dominance. “**Beg** with those cute paws, dog. **Beg** for the privilege of fucking me.”

Already revved up with an aching, leaking desire, Connor probably would have begged for it whether or not he was forced to. He lifted his hands, watching as his wrists thinned and lost some of their rotation. His thumbs shrank, slipping down into their new role as a set of useless dewclaws. His fingers grew stubby and stiff, arranging themselves around bulbous pink-black pads on both paws. He let his new pup paws go limp, falling forward into a perfect begging position as dense fur pushed out of his follicles and spread beyond his elbows.

Claire surveyed the begging boy at her feet, bottom half now entirely that of a large German Shepherd – top half still Connor, except for a set of furry front legs and the bestial lust glazing his eyes. She whimpered, feeling herself get even wetter with anticipation.

“That’ll do, dog. You can just finish the rest of your body while you fuck me like an animal.” The woman, now desperate with desire, fell onto her hands and knees – rear presented to her dog boy, back arching seductively. “Now, **heel.**”

Connor dropped his front paws to the floor and wasted no time scrabbling toward her – dick twitching as it caught the breeze of his swift movement.

‘This is it – I’m done. Just about to fuck away my humanity and then get triggered to forget everything again...’ he lamented, deep beneath the layers of arousal and instinct that had taken control of his body. His mind raced as he felt himself rear up and mount Claire – he wondered how he could possibly fight the compulsion to fuck her. ‘Unless – maybe I don’t have to fight it.’

The dominant woman moaned as she felt the pointed, lubricated tip of Connor’s dog cock knock on her entrance – a bit of fumbling as might be expected for a rampant shameless animal – and it found its mark, pushing inside her. She gasped, feeling herself fill up with the dog’s advance. Then exhale as Connor’s hips backed up. The beast rammed forward. She gasped again, first with pleasure – then some pain as she was knocked onto her elbows. Again – he pulled back, then thrust into her, barely entering before she felt the discomfort and lost her balance.

**“Stop! Sit!”**

Connor withdrew and obediently sat – Claire turning around to see his humongous, slick canine cock flexing up and down and standing fourteen inches prominent of his stretched furry sheath. It must have nearly been as thick as a horse dick. Claire grinned, her desire not abating as she stared Connor down.

“Even as a dog – you’re a typical man, imagining yourself with a giant dick.”

“*Wruff!*” Connor barked out his pride, which felt more authentic than ever – his snout now having pushed out even further to form a small muzzle. His teeth had even sharpened, while small whiskers poked out at its sides.

“Fine!” Claire announced defiantly, barely assessing the risks of what she was about to do. She took a sharp breath in and exhaled with some concentration, clearly still desperate to have the dog inside her. “There – now bury that beast in me Connor. All of it. **Heel.**”

She presented herself again, Connor's full formed canine nose immediately perking up and catching a new scent. Something he'd never noticed before, but which now consumed him to his core. He sprang forward, pressing his black-tipped snout into Claire's inflating opening and drinking in her scent. The scent of a bitch in heat. He lapped at her swollen labia, half-human tongue barely reaching far enough to exit his lengthening muzzle.

Intoxicated, he prised his snout away from Claire's ample entrance and reared up to plant his massive red shaft into this bitch. Belly to back, he plunged into her, pressing his pelvis to her hind and pulling her onto him with his clawed paws. His vicious thrusts would have been too much for any human, but beneath him his dominant bitch had shifted, her form adapting enlarged canine proportions in all the places that mattered. She accepted him easily, though tight enough to drive him wild as he pounded her.

'This is my chance', whispered some faint voice in the distance of Connor's head. 'Focus' – the voice reminded him, treading the water of his intense arousal. 'I'm changing her', it said, clearer now. 'Take her speech'. Connor snapped alert at the suggestion, analysing what it meant as he continued to mate the half-dog woman. 'Give her a muzzle!' The voice shouted. *His* voice. 'Yes.'

Claire dug her hands into the carpet to hold her position, her fingernails now forming sharp claws perfect for gripping the ground. The feeling of being filled and fucked by a rampaging animal rippled throughout her. She wondered if she could take it, as each thrust seemed more urgent, frenzied and pleasurable than the last. Her body adapted to Connor's onslaught – the skin on her back becoming more leathery and growing a mat of fur to dull his raking claws, her legs and core becoming more powerful to withstand the force of his drilling, and her vagina comfortably expanding to wrap around his enormous girth just perfectly for them both.

Even the gargantuan knot at the base of Connor's length only tested Claire for a few moments before she swallowed and tightened around it, trapping her dog boy into a series of shallow, but no less forceful, almost-vibrating thrusts. She was at the limit of her pleasure – feeling everything she could feel and more. Tightening below and breathless before her release. Connor didn't slow down, jack-hammering her with short, sharp thrusts which mustered every ounce of power his furry back-legs could deliver. He felt his dick ballooning at the same time as Claire's opening tightened, on the edge of pumping his white hot dog juice into her. He felt the female's legs shake and falter beneath him, her back arching further as her head swung back – long *canine muzzle* pointing to the ceiling.

Claire's orgasm broke her, every corner of her body was assaulted with tingling, washing, rapturous release. She closed her eyes and became enveloped in it, tilting her head to the sky and howling.

"Arffffghh-rooooff... rff!"

She pulled the air back into her lungs, feeling as though she had been about to suffocate from the exertion of orgasm, barely registering the sound that had erupted from her. Weakly, she held herself in place a few moments longer as she felt Connor spasm and pump his load into her.

She knew what came next – knotting, the doggy version of cuddling after sex. Amazing though it was, she didn't have time for that kind of thing. She would simply get Connor to reverse his transformation, withdraw his human penis and she could get on with her day – after wiping his memory of course. Easy. She turned to speak.

“Arruhhf.”

She paused, confused. Didn't sound like 'Connor'. Again.

“Arrruuhhf.”

She felt a burning itch in her limbs and a hollow feeling in her chest as she noticed it. How could she have missed it until now. A fucking huge muzzle, square in the middle of her vision. She squirmed – quickly considering how best to deal with this disaster. No words meant no hypnotic triggers and she wouldn't be able to control Connor. She turned to give it another shot at speaking.

“\_“

“D-aghrff-don't worry... Claire-rff.” Connor spoke before she could – shaking off his own canine speech impediment as his muzzle shortened, “Grrrff-great fuck – but I'm not into the -ruff- knotting thing either.”

Claire's jaw dropped, revealing her sharpened teeth and long, flat tongue.

“No wonder you can't speak with that tongue – only good for panting and licking I'd guess. Maybe you could bark out a trigger in morse code?”

The stunned, muzzled woman just stared at Connor, wondering how she could have let this happen.

“Nah, that'd be stupid. I don't even know morse code ha ha!” Connor dropped the levity act and waited a second longer before withdrawing his now-human dick from the furry-backed woman and standing up straight on two legs.

“Wrowuff?!” Claire barked, awkwardly flexing her muzzle in a futile effort to form words.

“I'll guess you're asking me how this happened... Well, I *do* play the dumb dog pretty well, but I'm not stupid Claire. I remembered everything you've done to me. All of it... that stuff about the Animism charm too... yeah?”

Claire's human eyes peeled wide in disbelief, sat above her snarling, whiskered snout.

“So, long story short – I tricked you into extending the charm's reach to include yourself, using the old massive dick trick no less... and now you can't hypnotise me anymore – unless... was 'woof' one of the triggers? Ha ha!”

The snarling woman let the anger fade from her face, knowing it wouldn't help her, and motioned to stand eye-to-eye with Connor.

“Nope – down girl!”

As Connor said the words, Claire could see the concentration in his eyes – as if his piercing stare itself was pushing her to the ground. She felt her hips mangle and re-arrange into something befitting of her new muzzle and knew she could no longer stand like a human. She didn't even fight the charm's power – knowing it to be pointless and choosing instead to let Connor's vengeful fun run its course.

“Not even fighting it? After all the fun we've shared? Rude.” Said the jock boy, plainly disappointed and looking to provoke a reaction.

“Woof.” Claire offered a hushed bark as consolation.

“Fine. Let’s get to the point then. Give me the shaman power, or whatever you call it – then I’ll imagine you turning back to normal after I’ve left, no chance of any hypno-shit.”

Immediately, the fur on the woman’s back bristled as she instinctively growled behind a tightly shut maw. A second later, she attempted a more human kind of communication – shaking her head in an exaggerated motion. She wondered if he remembered her warnings about how dangerous it would be for one person to have both the power of the charm and the ability to set its scope.

“No? What makes you think you can just say ‘no’? I can just leave you like this – halfway between a dog and a woman for the rest of your life. I know you can’t change back without my help.”

Claire paused, then mimed scribbling on a piece of paper, before pointing toward a desk-drawer in the corner of the room. Connor hesitated, wondering whether a written trigger would work on him.

“You trying to trick me, Claire?”

She shot a defiant glance at him and rolled her eyes, which seemed sincere enough.

“Right.”

Connor retrieved a crumpled bank statement, turning it to the blank back and handing it to the sitting dog-woman, together with a blue biro. She began scrawling words erratically across the sheet. Connor crouched down and read them aloud.

*“Too dangerous... thought you... remembered... it all... - yeah, I do. But I’m not going to imagine the planet being a balloon and then pop it... what the fuck do you think of me?”*

Claire was already writing her response.

*“You... might not... intend to... but – Enough of this!”* Connor snatched the pen. “Just make me the shaman, or I’ll... imagine that you’re an earthworm or something... you know – weird! Do it!”

Whining faintly and looking at the ground, Claire wished that she was selfless enough to accept her fate and refuse, but she knew she wasn’t that strong. She wanted to be normal again – even if it meant putting others at risk. Muzzle grimacing with the weight of her decision, she held her hand aloft – palm facing toward Connor’s chest. Luminous orange lines began to etch a path from every corner of her altered body, converging and growing more vivid as they pooled in her palm. As every line reached its destination, an ethereal orb seemed to solidify and separate from Claire’s skin, now floating delicately toward Connor.

He held his breath inside for fear of the delicate object being blown away like dandelion seeds in the wind, as it docked against his sternum – gently melding with his being. The same orange lines that had patterned Claire’s skin now danced across Connor’s form – reaching to the tips of each finger as he held his hand up to marvel at them. He certainly didn’t feel all-powerful, able to shape and bend reality to the whims of his thoughts.

“Arrf.” Claire barked out her plaintive confirmation that the power was his.

“Thanks Claire. No hard feelings, I guess. And I promise I’ll think about you changing back once I’m out of here... But I do need to try it out before I leave...”

As he set about collecting his clothes and dressing himself, Connor pictured the three-story townhouse that they both stood inside. He took a full breath into his lungs and began to imagine each detail of it – diluting the complexity of it all and simplifying its form into a dreamlike state of transience. Claire watched, horrified, as the walls around them began to crack and vibrate – paint flaking, wall art melting out of existence and a lifetime’s worth of carefully curated ornaments, keepsakes and possessions all ceasing to be. For a second, in the eye of Connor’s mind, the entire house was formless matter – it could be moulded and remade into anything – though the shape it soon settled into felt so natural that it didn’t surprise either of the two in the slightest.

“Bye Claire.”

Connor walked down the long hallway to the front door, as the passage twisted and collapsed behind him. Stepping into the sun, he nudged the heavy door shut behind him – then turned to admire the vacant plot his power had carved so precisely into the row of exquisitely grand houses on Claire’s street. All that stood there now was a sturdy kennel with an ornate sign bolted affront its triangular roof that read ‘Claire’. Still grand – for a dog perhaps.

Chest puffed out and thoughts aflame with the endless possibilities of these powers, Connor let victorious glee pull his face into a goofy smile and began a long stride down the street. A pronounced nub wiggled visibly at the seat of his trousers for all to see, nestled between the jock’s plump buttocks as he walked.