

Never before had Dylan felt quite the level of anxiety he did today, waiting in the vet's office for what could be called the first day of the rest of his life. It was to the point he was sweating, each moment ticking by like hours as he tried not to focus on all the negativity he'd contemplated over the past few weeks and months. Everyone from his past life thought such was a foolish endeavor, and had disowned him for making this choice. And all to get the attention of a woman, no less! Dylan had convinced himself that was not the case, but there was no denying how it looked from an outside perspective.

With each moment that passed, Dylan was acutely aware that his opportunity to back out was ticking down with it. Not that he had a chance to really back out, with all the paperwork signed and all his assets and autonomy removed, but it was mere moments away from being the time his humanity would be removed as well, something that there was no going back from. And he'd resolved himself to his fate and future, willing to try the rest of his life as a different species. And it was what he really wanted, deep down. Right?

Still, it was impossible for him not to have cold feet this close to the minute he would be injected and his body and life would be changed forever. The notion of physical transformation was something that had secretly appealed to him, especially when he heard about it becoming a reality. And his good friend Courtney, though not a romantic interest per se, was receptive to the idea, even joking that she would take him on as a pet. It became more than a joke as Dylan learned of the history of early heart disease in his family, something that he was privy to, and given his run of fast food jobs, looming student debt, and general dislike of his family, the notion of giving up what little he had to be an animal was becoming more and more appealing. It became to the point that if he asked Courtney to take him in if he did, she said yes. Being ace, she never wanted a partner, and having a dog to protect her, one with mostly human intelligence was as appealing as anything she could imagine,

However, now that it was time and the two of them were alone in the waiting room, Dylan found he had nothing to say. He'd wanted her to treat him like a dog as soon as he was injected, something that made him uncomfortable now that it was time. It had been so hot in the moment but now that he was getting ready to be changed forever...was it really what he wanted?

"There there, boy, it won't be much longer now," Courtney said, reaching out to rub his head. It was something he'd come to love, and the gesture did relax him. Both in terms of the waiting and his resolve to be a dog for the rest of his life. He truly loved being treated that way, and such would be the rest of his life once the inject series was started. Something he truly wanted.

Of course, he wasn't the only person doing it, taking the dive and turning into an animal for the rest of their lives. Lots of people were like him, hundreds of thousands in debt with dead-end jobs or nothing else to look forward to in their human lives. Disease was another factor, the change not being able to cure DNA error illness without altering the entire genome by giving someone an entirely new one, albeit one of a different species. Some just always wanted to be a particular animal for whatever reason, even if the trip was a one-way process. The whole ordeal checked several boxes for Dylan, something that made him sure it was his lot in life to be a dog.

Of course, he had been nervous at first, signing away his debt, his assets, and even his autonomy. He was legally registered as Courtney's pet now, to be cared for by her and regarded as a dog should he be encountered out of her care. But the more he looked into it, the more it seemed like a life of luxury of sorts, with no responsibility or care other than to eat, sleep, play, and receive attention from his best friend. All in all, a lazy life, albeit one that might be a little shorter than his humanity. Then again, with disease, accidents, and a myriad of other potential fatalities, life was never guaranteed. It was a trade-off, but one that he had not gone into unwillingly.

Finally, the vet called them in, and the two of them took what would be Dylan's final act as a full human. Though he had already signed a myriad of paperwork, there were still forms to sign, receiving the vet of any liability for his decision or the consequences. He was also given an assessment for physical and mental health, any intoxication, coercion, or any hesitation in his decision. Save for his nervousness, Dylan passed and was given one final chance to back out before he was injected. Dylan said yes.

With that, Courtney gave him a pet, rubbing behind his ears in a way that Dylan had come to love. It was only to get better as his body changed and his skin became more sensitive to contact. And as the needle went in and sealed his fate, Dylan knew that day was coming soon. Admittedly, the contact made him a little aroused, something that he didn't admit overtly to Courtney but something he was sure she knew. It was less an attraction to her and more of a pup play kink that wouldn't work well in reality. At least as a human, as much as it would be his reality to live that way while he was a dog.

With a quick shot, his human life as he knew it was over. He was petted on the head and even given a treat like a dog at a vet visit would be. It was a little gummy, and meaty, but Dylan liked it enough to know he would be getting them for the rest of his life. Courtney gave him another head rub, and Dylan found himself wishing he had a tail to wag. He knew he would within the next several days, the change taking only a little under a week to complete. Still, Dylan found he couldn't wait!

The moment the pair of them got home, Dylan was prompted to take his clothes off, not needing them anymore because he was, save for the changes to come, a pet. Courtney didn't seem to mind, at least as much as she let on. Normally such would bother her but she had long since trained herself to see her best friend as a pet and not a human. Dylan was a little shy about parading around with his junk out, but he would as a dog regardless, and he wouldn't be 'fixed', as much as Courtney had agreed to it. So he figured it was time enough, knowing it would only be a few days of awkwardness before his sex was changed into a more covert canine form. Still, he was determined to use the toilet as long as he could, not quite ready to debase himself as a dog fully until it was time.

It was not the only change they agreed to make, Courtney agreeing to feed and water him from a bowl, even if he was eating 'human' food for the moment. It certainly helped the dynamic of master and pet, something they had already role-played to the point it wasn't as awkward as Dylan feared it would be. Of more interest was how long it would take him to notice some changes, other than the full ache coming from his injected shoulder. Every itch, every pinprick, and every prickle was deemed the start of his hair growth, and Dylan was elated to feel it coming in. Yet, other than the persistent soreness over his arm, there was little to note he would really about to turn into a dog. Surely, it would start at any minute, right?

It was around 8 that evening it happened. Dylan had laid down on his doggy bed, something he'd slept on for many nights of the past few weeks and months. It had gotten to the point he could no longer sleep in a human bed, more comfortable with the life of an animal. But something scratching against the fabric made him reach up to the side to feel something soft. It was spare and patchy, and he could still see the skin as it started to grow. But it was there. The start of his fur coat!

That wasn't to be the only change he would notice in the first few hours. An ache in his tailbone made him reach down to rub the spot, a noticeable nub making his elation rise. Of all the changes, Dylan had wanted his tail most, desiring to feel its weight on his backside and to use it to express what words would no longer do. Though he tried with every ounce of his will, he couldn't seem to make it move the way he had hoped. But it was there. It was a start. And only the beginning of what he would soon possess for the rest of his life.

The itching of hair growth was not limited to his arm, as much as he thought it was odd not to be spreading over him outward in stages. The skin around the tail was being irritated by the growth of more fur, covering his new growth and the skin around it. It was irritating, in a spot where he couldn't reach without canine flexibility, and Dylan could only roll around on his bed, whining a little with the irritation. He didn't want to ask Courtney, not wishing to use human words again and not wanting to wake her up. So he was forced to suffer there, even though trying to get to sleep was a chore.

Be it the excitement of the change or the newness of the changes, Dylan found sleep difficult to come by. He kept reaching back to rub at his tail growth, encouraging more of it to poke from behind him. The fur was finally growing in places he could manage to scratch, which was at least some relief, though fleeting. He was sure a few times he could feel the tail moving of its own accord, though, in his sleep-addled state, it could have easily been just a dream. Still, despite fatigue over his excitement from the day's events, Dylan couldn't quite reach the level of rest he was hoping to achieve, the night passing slowly as he waited for the damn itching to cease and to observe the culmination of the changes thus far.

Eventually, sleep did come for him, and he awoke some hours later, hardly aware of the dreams that had teased over his mind. For the moment, Dylan thought his mental prowess was enough to make the tail move, but he was hardly changed enough to allow such actions and was thus forced to resign himself to have to wait. Such was maddening, but having waited as long as he had, there was no use in worrying when it would come soon enough. He would have to be taken in later that day regardless to make sure the first changes took hold. That, and receiving his next injection series, was something necessary now that the process was started.

Though any changes at this point were likely to be minimal and superficial, that did not stop Dylan from wanting to look them over. The first thing that came to his awareness was the growth of thickened nails, something that looked a little out of place on his form though hardly as long as the blunt canine nails he would soon possess. He did have to be a little more careful with the exploration of his body, but they were relatively blunt for the moment, leaving Dylan to explore himself rather freely.

The next thing of note was the patch of fur that had started over his back, coarse and black as much as he was able to tell in the mirror. It was a little disconcerting to rub it on his own frame, though the sensation was rather pleasant, especially around the base of his new tail, a sensual spot for his new species. Hell, it was almost a little arousing, though Dylan wasn't inclined to touch himself. At least, not yet. That was something dogs could do to themselves, right? It was something he hadn't discussed with Courtney, of course or something that he was willing to admit to anyone. But certainly, something he wanted to try the moment he was alone and changed enough to do so!

With that, Dylan went to use the bathroom, something he was inclined to do in human fashion while he still possessed the ability. It would be more than a little alarming should he be spotted doing his business outside while mostly human. People did change into animals with enough commonality that it wouldn't alarm too many people, though they would do a double take at the sight of him mid-changed. And as much as he was able, Dylan was determined to enjoy the changes on his own, only showing these early stages to Courtney.

A look in the mirror as he washed up revealed canine teeth that were a little longer than his human counterparts. He was turning into a larger breed, a German Shepard, something that he had admired and something that fit the bill as Courtney's companion and protector. He had always loved the dogs, and though pure breeds were known for things like hip problems later in life, then DNA injected in him should allow him to have the best possible health in his new life. He would be about three or so in canine years, fully an adult in the prime of his life. It would likely be a shorter one, but not something that he wanted to think too much on, given what the next ten years or so had in store for him.

Walking out into the kitchen, Courtney had breakfast ready for him, still cooked hamburger with a few veggies. Something that both his human and changing anatomy could stomach. She promised such dishes for him as he changed, though they were also in agreement that dry dog kibble, of a higher quality brand, was on the menu as well. Not that he could stomach such yet but all in good time. Like the day before, Courtney treated him like the canine he wanted to be, petting him on the head and calling him a good boy. Though Dylan still lacked the tail to wag, it would be his soon enough, once more serum had been injected into him and he was allowed to change further into the canine form of his dreams.

With that, Courtney went to work for the day, promising to pick him up in the afternoon for his appointment. Dylan felt a pang of disappointment at that, being left alone in the house as he was. She trusted him, of course, even though he was not fully canine, he was still registered as her dog. And he would not be kept outside or anything of the sort, even while fully changed. But being in here presented a problem, one that quickly became evident. As part of their pup play, Dylan would act like the dog he wanted to be while in Courtney's presence. And there were other things he did, like sleeping on the dog bed or eating from a dish with his mouth. But he never really allowed himself the whole day to be a dog alone and...do what? Sleep? Dogs certainly slept more than humans, but there was really nothing for him to do while he waited there for her to come back to him. Surely, he could turn on her TV or play one of his favorite video games he'd donated to her. But then, what was the point? He wouldn't have the ability to do so much longer, and there was no point teasing that possibility when he'd already resolved himself not to give in to human temptations. Then, what was he to do?

The notions of arousal came back to the forefront of his thoughts, how much it turned him on to be changing. There really was no reason for him to not to jerk off, one activity he could enjoy well into his stint as a dog. So then, while he was alone, why not do so? It was still human for the moment, and he would need to use his hands without canine flexibility. But that was semantics in the end, and with as horny as he was, it would be far less embarrassing to do so now than to wait for Courtney to come home and to catch him in the act, so to speak...
