

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 injection series was started. Something he truly wanted in a way that nothing else in his life had ever appealed to him.

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 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 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 ability to wag his tail, 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 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.

Careful of his sharper nails, Dylan started to stroke himself off, a little turned on by doing so naked and by the changes that had come over him already. There was no urgency in the act, and Dylan was tempted to take things slow, wanting to really enjoy himself. Though his canine form came with much promise, there was something in the act of playing with himself in a more conventional human way that sat well with him. He wouldn't be able to touch himself like this once the changes were done, and that carried with it some regret. He didn't want to think of this as the last time he would be able to do so from a human perspective, but rather a prelude to the increased pleasures that would come from a canine form. It would feel amazing to suck himself off, Dylan was sure, and he wanted to play with that experience as soon as he was flexible enough!

Still, even thoughts of what was to come were enough to bring his arousal to its apex, and Dylan felt, even with relatively few strokes, he was able to get off. There was some precedent to enjoy himself and take things slow, as it were. But then again, animals didn't bother to prolong their pleasure, right? There was something powerfully arousing in the primal aspect of it all, to let it happen as it would, and Dylan whined, wondering what he might sound like as a full canine. Even the realization it might be the last time for him wasn't enough to stem his arousal, and Dylan let himself go, cumming all over his hand a groin as he panted in post-orgasmic bliss.

Strangely, the scent of his cum carried with it some nuance Dylan was not prepared for, and, experimentally, he reached down with a finger to scoop up a glob, tasting it before he was aware of what he was doing. It was not an act he'd regularly partake in, but the taste was fine, all things considered. He laughed a little at that, realizing it was something he would have to get used to regardless since sucking himself off would be the only way to receive release once he was a full canine. The flavor was a bit strong and musky, but Dylan found he didn't mind it as much as he might have thought, and allowed it to sit on his tongue as he went to the washroom to clean himself off while he still possessed the ability.

With that out of the way, there was little for him to do to continue his day, as much as that seemed to bother him. He was a little hungry after several hours, but the reminder he would be a dog and soon unable to get his own food was enough to keep him from preparing anything. It sucked to have to wait, but it was all part of the form and the life he was to take on, after all. There was a part of him that didn't like the lack of autonomy that came with being a canine, but in the end, he figured he would get used to it, needing more sleep as a dog than humans did. Right?

Human things like video games and TV, while at his still-human fingertips, were avoided as well, Dylan was not sure it was wise to partake in them, even as a nostalgic pass time of sorts while he still could. It made him a little sad to realize he would no longer be able to partake in such pastimes, but that was something he'd resolved himself to once he'd taken that final hurdle

and allowed himself to be injected with canine transformation serum. Besides, once he'd changed more, the temptation to enjoy such media would be beneath him, something that his hybrid mind would have no interest in regardless and something that he would not miss with his canine instincts honed on new and exciting things. So he abstained, for now, trying to sleep the day away as a dog would but to little avail. Without anything else to occupy his mind, Dylan resolved himself to it, as saddened as it was for him.

There were, thankfully, a few changes he soon discovered to help him get over the hurdle of pure boredom. For one, the nails on his fingers and toes were thicker, though hardly shaper than their primate crescents. They sat a little heavier on his digits as he tried to wriggle them, and it was almost pleasant to feel their weight, a sign of things to come. Their presence prompted Dyan to try exploring other facets of his body, and he was delighted to discover the nubby growth of tail behind could twitch slightly, something he could soon wag and something he wanted to do eagerly as soon as he gained the ability to do so.

It seemed that his mouth, while relatively dry, was a little bloated as well, and even efforts to drink from his bowl weren't enough to remove the sensation. It was as though the muscle within had swollen slightly, though the bones and other structures hadn't quite kept up. Dylan looked in the mirror, the reflection seeming more like he'd been stung by some insect, and his mouth was swollen as a result. Though, he had to admit, with more space between his nose and mouth, his sense of smell was increased to the point he was aware of more scents in the bathroom than he had been prior, prompting him to sniff around and wonder what it might be like once the rest of his nasal changes took root.

Much too late for his preference, Courtney came home, and Dylan couldn't help but be at the door to greet her in the canine manner he was soon to adopt. He tried to sit on his ass, though he wasn't in a position to do so as the dog he wanted to be. Hell, he didn't even have a tail capable of wagging, though he tried to move the thing as best he could, in the hopes that he would eventually own a real one. All would come in time, he reasoned. Still, there was something awkward being at the beginning of change, naked rather than he was during the role-play he was used to with Courtney. Still, he settled with grinning up at her, opting not to fake a bark until he was capable of the real thing. His human voice was forfeit, after all, and trying to use it now would be pointless and wasted.

Like the dog he was soon to be, Dylan let himself be fed, someone cooked chicken breasts with a few veggies, something both his forms could stomach. It wasn't bad, all things considered, though he somehow found the relatively bland food more appealing than he was expecting. Could his taste buds have changed so much already? At least eating without hands wasn't too much trouble, something he had practiced in the weeks leading up to his injection. It was a little embarrassing, though like everything else in being a mostly human, naked man acting

like a dog, something he forced himself to get used to until he looked more like the dog he longed to be in body.

Using the toilet in lieu of the outside, Courtney was, sadly, not up for playing with him, and with that, Dylan resigned himself to going to bed for the night. In truth, he wanted to rest for a few hours and see where that took the changes. Getting into his doggie bed, the sensation of his ears heating up prompted him to reach up and touch them, realizing they were not quite in the human state he was expecting. Such was exciting, though he didn't bother to get up and check in the mirror yet, figuring there was little for him to see. It was better for him to sleep, elated at the realization he would wake up and experience the next bit of changes.

Sleep did come for him rather quickly, perhaps something about his circadian rhythms that had shifted, or a general fatigue from the changes in general. A few times, itching over his chest was enough for him to rouse and scratch, and Dylan was sure he touched a patch of skin that was far more sensitive than perhaps it should have been. It was almost akin to touching one of his nipples, making Dylan think he was in the process of growing more pairs. But as tired as he had become, Dylan soon found himself falling asleep once more, ready to awaken to the next day of the rest of his canine life.

To his dismay, Dylan awoke rather early that morning, long before Courtney's alarm went off. Rather than waking her like a dog might, he took the time to use the bathroom, still a little embarrassed about having to do so in a hybrid state. It was far preferable to doing it outside, and something he decided to relish while he could. Still, the sharpness in his nails was certainly noticed when he went to wipe, and the realization reminded him about some of the less palatable aspects of being a dog. Would he have to lick his ass clean when he'd fully changed? Or, hopefully, would he even care?

Going back to lie down and wait for his new master to wake up, Dylan recalled what they had to do today. There would be a few more trips to the in-store store, needing another series of injections to progress the changes beyond the superficial. He couldn't fit in a crate yet, though, with his human intelligence, his temperament would allow for him to go in with just a leash and collar. It was a little daunting to think about the changes to his muscles, something that might leave him pained and sore for the next few days. All part of the change in the end, he figured, and worth it for the life he held in such high regard.

After a tasty breakfast, Courtney put on his leash to take him to the vet, and Dylan got in the back, a little nervous about being seen naked. He still had to wear a collar and leash even though he wasn't on all fours yet, but it would at least reduce the embarrassment of being seen in such a compromising state. Not that such would matter when he was a dog. Hell, he probably wouldn't even remember any times he was shamed for his decision, much less care if he did so.



He was not the only person to have done so, but it was not so common a thing that he wouldn't gather a few stares.

Thankfully, no one was around outside to see him as they went into the vet, Dylan trying to hurry though not tugging on his leash too much. At least within the vet's office, there was no one to judge him, the vet still treated him as a dog from having other patients in his circumstances. As much as he figured it would make him comfortable, Dylan felt rather annoyed, being ignored only to be scratched behind the ears once or twice, something that didn't register well with him yet. Surely, it too would pass with his mind occupied with either canine distractions or a single-minded desire to be good for his master. But for now, it was neither here nor there, making him wish to get it over it. Maybe they could treat him like a human, at least for a little longer. But then again, what would be the point when all was said and done?

The vet's soothing words were welcome when it was time to get the shot, and Dylan stood still and obedient as the needle went in. It would be determinantal to his health should he miss a dose, the process is already active in his system and impossible to reverse at this point. And Dylan found himself longing for the change to at least make him more physically a dog, to dismiss that cognitive dissonance that was ailing him today. This change would start with the musculature structures, though there were still many soft tissue changes to come. There was no way the pain could entirely be numbed, but Dylan hoped it would at least be quick and relatively painless in the long run. For now, all it did was tingle a bit as the two of them moved back to the car to go home.

As they did, Courtney reached into her pocket and offered him a treat she had gotten from the vet, and Dylan sniffed it for a moment, realizing it was one for dogs. Not sure if he was ready for that, Dylan regarded it with hesitation, Courtney at least allowing him the time to think it over. Bracing himself, Dylan took the treat with his tongue and bit into it, finding the flavor a little more offensive than he had hoped. Still, he swallowed it, trying not to cough as Courtney reached out to rub his ears, something that this time made him feel better. He was used to her touch, after all, even if his outer ears lacked canine sensitivity, and he was thankful it was with her he would be living for the rest of his life as a dog. There was no chance he would regret this decision, and even if he did, there was no going back...

The first thing he did upon having some privacy was to look in the mirror to see what the latest onset of changes was doing to him. Likely not much, given the lack of time passes and the subtleness of the changes in general. But even a small change in his hair was noticeable, brown hair starting to shorten and alter in consistency towards Shepherd fur. A grimace crossed his face at that, realizing he would never have to comb his hair anymore, leaving it be as a dog's was. Not that he could have the hands to do so anyway, but the lack of grooming activities was a welcome facet of being a dog. It was something he was not willing to entertain while still human and

role-playing his future but was now a truth since he'd taken the next step and been injected to change.

It was not all great, he soon realized, not able to brush his teeth anymore, either. The taste of his breath and the flavor of the treat was still on his breath, and even if Dylan wanted to brush his teeth, he'd thrown out his toothbrush as a sign of removing his humanity. It was something he had to get used to, but not something that appealed to him the more he thought about it. Surely, as a dog, he wouldn't care about a dirty mouth, right?

Another quick glance at his naked flesh brought his memory back to the lumps on his chest, and he reached down, seeing the reddened lumps of what would have been mistaken as insect bites had he not known he would soon develop canine nipples. There was only one extra pair for now, though he was well aware they would not be the only new additions to his chest. And there was an obvious covering of fur around them, making him long to scratch at them. Dylan resisted the urge for now, not wanting to turn himself on over something that left him a little confused. They were sensitive, for sure, but they were not something he could easily play with with his eventual canine paws. It left Dylan wondering what the point was in even teasing them, even if it would feel go. Fuck, the whole point in turning into a dog was so he wouldn't have to think about shit like this so much!

In the end, there was little point in holding back, and with some eagerness, he started rubbing his new pair of nipples, careful of his pointed claws as he did so. They were rather pleasant, not much more than his human pair, in truth, though there was some novelty in possessing them, even that his cock was starting to come to erection. He wanted to touch himself, though it was rather pleasant to feel the indirect sensation of teasing his nipples. They were tiny shocks, though rapid enough they continued to build, making him whine out in bliss and thankful Courtney had left for work for the afternoon.

Yet, a sudden ache running through his hands was enough to bring him pause, as though they were stiffening a little. Dylan wasn't sure what had caused it, staring at his fingers for a few moments in confusion and worried. Going back to touching his nipples once more, the ache of stiffness was still present, enough that he was more than a little alarmed. Did that mean the muscle changes were coming, and that he was going to start to lose his hands? So soon into the change? Wasn't that set to happen He knew it would have to happen eventually, but...there was so much of his transformation he wanted to experience with his hands yet, damnit!

With that, Dylan sat down hard on the toilet, not sure how to feel about the whole thing. Sure, he was to lose most of his autonomy being a dog, and he thought he had prepared for that. But there was no denying that even in his roleplay sessions, his hands were still there to get him out of an awkward situation. But to lose them entirely before the rest of his human body was

almost too much for him to think about, making all of his dreams and excitement for the changes moot. Fuck, why had he decided to go through with this whole thing in the first place?!

Tears were running down his face at this point, not only for the foolish choice he made but in the end, it was the best choice for him. There was nothing to look forward to in his human life, that was true. And roleplaying a dog was the first thing that had given him any sense of purpose. But his owner wasn't even home half the time, always off working, and there was little for him to do with his day while waiting. Sure, it would be fine enough when he was a dog and content to sleep, but for now...

Hell, even if he was worried about losing his hands and his lack of anything to do, there wasn't really much he would need them for, not really. He'd already decided to deny himself TV and video games, figuring there was no point when they wouldn't hold interest for his canine instincts. All there was to do was to sleep, something he would not find solace in, or to check his changes, ones that were coming so gradually he was sure to miss them happening in real-time. At least when he'd changed and his thoughts had simplified, he wouldn't mind being here all day, comfortable and warm and able to sleep. There were dozens of canine stimuli that Courtney could set up for him while she was at work, things they had talked about once he was done changing to prevent his boredom.

In the end, Dylan figured there was nothing better to do than to move back to his bed and wait until evening, as painfully slow as that would likely be. Yet, he was not there for more than half an hour when a tingling in his cock drew his attention downward. It was a low, static hum over his penis that may have been the catalyst for its eventual changes. That one notion gave him a semblance of excitement, the idea of having a canine penis and feeling what it was like high on the list of things he figured he would enjoy as a dog. He had an idea of what it would look like, of course, but having it on his own person was a powerfully attractive notion to the point he couldn't help but reach down to try to touch it. It was no more sensitive than normal, he found, though figured there was little point not to touch himself, even if there was little arousal over his current state of things. Boredom was a powerful motivator, after all, and mental images of canine cock were enough for him to get into the mood.

The pains and aches in his fingers were still present in small doses, though at least his masturbatory acts weren't impacted enough for him to want to stop. And, given there was little reason for him to hold back, Dylan stroked himself off quickly, feeling his testicles tense and his modest cock spill his load over his bed. It was too quick for him to think of getting a tissue or such, and the scent, while more potent to him, was likely not to be unnoticed either. It gave him little pleasure, not being in the mood so much. But more than that was the embarrassment of doing such, and he got up, trying to clean his bed with tissues and sprays as best he could. One of the few remaining things he would let himself do in human fashion, but it was a moot point in

the end, he figured, saved for licking it up himself, something he would eventually not mind doing so much.

At least the release was enough to fatigue him a little, and Dylan found himself able to sleep, broken as it was. The tingling in his cock persisted, but there was a part of him that figured it was best to wait to check after allowing it to change if that was the next thing to alter. And, as dawn as he felt this afternoon, there was something exciting about the change to his maleness, the notion of being able to go down on himself whenever he wanted to was powerfully appealing. Even though it was getting dark by this point, Dylan was able to look down at his penis, a little disappointed by the initial impression. It was noticeably smaller, unfortunate though not entirely unexpected. The head was a little redder, too, and more pointed. And was his foreskin always that deep? Maybe on its way to becoming a sheath?

The notion of his penis altering was enough to bring him to arousal once more, despite it only having been a couple of hours since he'd nudded. And given he was alone here now, there was no reason for him not to jerk off as much as he wanted. This time, he did have the foresight to grab a tissue, and he went to town, enjoying the slight alterations to the sensation that signaled his penis would be a canine's as well. It wasn't any more sensitive than his humanity, and it certainly felt good to touch, as much as anything. There was a part of him that thought it might be better, somewhat, but that was a rather silly thing all in all, he figured. And he wanted to get the best out of it as possible, while he still could. Given his lust for the changes, it would not take long, and given the shorter refractory period in canines, it was a welcome change.

Yet, within a few moments of falling over the end, the sound of the front door opening made him stop, though not fast enough for Courtney to walk in, a smile on her face that turned into a look of disgust. Dylan found himself flush with shame at that, something he should be allowed to do with no one batting an eye if he was a dog. But the way she looked at him...surely, she still considered him a dog, and was likely just shocked from witnessing a sexual act with her disgust over such things. That didn't make the sting of it any worse. Dylan stopped, looking away from her face in shame and hoping that his cock would soon go down and that she might forget his shame soon.

At least she was quick to forgive him, moving over to pet him behind the ears and making him relax a little. Dylan felt his tongue panting a little in reflex, something he was used to doing to try to mimic the dog he longed to be. He couldn't be sure, but it seemed his tongue was a little longer, and it felt good to pant like it was cooling him down. To his delight, the sensation of his ears being scratched was more pleasant, too, as though the skin was more sensitive. Perhaps it was simply the notion of being treated more like a dog, but in the moment, it did make him feel better about things.

“Hey boy, did you need to go outside?” Courtney asked then, and Dylan found himself actually pondering the question. He didn’t really have to use the bathroom, and when he did, he certainly could just go to the toilet for now. But it was a chance to act more like a dog, and he realized that, while not an urgent need, he could go if he tried.

So, with that, he moved to the door, hunched over since a four-legged stance was out of the question. It was after dark, at least, and he wouldn’t be seen by anyone, so he could do his business in peace. Part of him wondered if he should sniff around for a good spot, but his olfactory abilities hadn’t taken a significant jump and there was nothing in particular for him to discover. So, making his way to the side of the house, Dylan pondered things for a moment before raising his leg, cock bobbing as he relaxed his bladder and let go. The stream went wild, and some of it got on his leg, though Dylan forced himself to finish in canine fashion. It was a little gross, he knew, but thankfully he could just go inside and clean himself. For now, at least. As a dog, he would have to lick himself clean if he made a mess, but with the position of his penis, raising his leg would be the right angle to piss with, right? Another facet of canine life that made him reflect on his decision, and leave him hoping that doing such would not be as distasteful as viewed by human standards.

Moving back to the house and passing Courtney, hoping she didn’t notice, Dylan moved to the bathroom and got cleaned up, before coming out for dinner. It was still the same bland chicken and veggies, though Dylan was happy that he didn’t need to eat dog food yet before his taste buds had altered. And, besides, Courtney had promised to cook for him as much as she was able, Dylan thankfully eating better than most dogs. And, after dinner, he was able to sit by her on the couch as she watched TV and played on her laptop, feeling relaxed and content even more than he had in his roleplay with her before. Soon, it would be perfectly natural for him to do such, just like her true canine companion.

Eventually, Courtney moved to head to bed, and Dylan followed, getting on her bed and preparing to sleep at her feet. It was something he had always wanted to do and found himself hoping she might be amicable to the idea. Yet, Courtney was quick to tell him “No, not yet buddy, sorry,” almost swiping at him to leave. Dylan felt a little dejected, though not as much as he figured he would. It was a gamble, he knew, and something he was sure would come eventually. And as much as he liked his doggy bed, he did want to share the comfort of the bed with her, at the foot of it like the dog he was. And even though they had agreed to treat him like a dog, Dylan was sure it would be hard with much of his body in a still-human state. That wouldn’t be the case in a little more than a week, he figured!

Even on his dog bed, sleep came easy, despite his earlier nap. His body was starting to get a little sore, though not enough to impact his rest. Most of the changes were superficial though part of the process would allow him to get ready for future rounds and changes. Dylan was

thankful for that, knowing the next round of changes would be painful, as much as they wouldn't be able to numb it. Still, thoughts of what it would be like to be a dog were ever-present in his mind to the point they seemed to show up in his dreams, as well. There was something very compelling about the idea of chasing, and running after sticks and balls and squirrels, without a care in the world. There was something almost comforting about the images, though the few times he awoke each night, the idea that he could be so far gone mentally that canine actions would be appealing. Then again, that was the point, right? He was, hopefully, going to be happy in the new life he had chosen for himself, regardless of any regrets he had now. And yet...

Waking up long before Courtney once more, Dylan made his way to the bathroom, realizing that any trip could be his last as a human. Trying not to think about that reality too much, Dylan was soon distracted by the pain in his joints, as though they were stiff and a little unresponsive. Such was a prelude to the changes a later injection would provide, joints and tendons adjusting before the major muscle and bone shifts. Not really sure what shape they were in, Dylan moved forward as carefully as he could, not wanting to wake up his master and bring awareness to his bathroom habits. She would have to take care of them for him, going forward, but that would be something his canine self would hardly be concerned with. At least, Dylan hoped so.

The sensation of the floor on his feet gave him pause as well, as though something was stuck on the bottoms something that he could not shake off as much as he tried. Reaching down to touch them, he was a little surprised to find a series of raised bumps over his toes and the balls of his foot, not needing to check the other to know it was in the same state. The lumps were calloused, and felt more like spurs or bunions, though Dylan knew better. It felt off to walk on them, a little off and forcing him to walk on his heels, ironic given what his eventual stance would be like. Dylan made a note to look at them more carefully as he made it to the bathroom, the padding sounds hard to hide though likely not enough to wake his master.

Turning on the light, Dylan went to relieve himself, careful about his claws as he finished up. That stiffness in his fingers was ever present as well, though for now, at least, didn't seem to have gotten any worse. In fact, it was hard for him to really tell what had happened to him in the interim during sleep. It was likely mostly internal, given the intensity of the aches and his trouble walking even to the bathroom. Though that was not the case, as soon as Dylan went to sit down, glimpsed his cock, a gasp escaping his lips as he did so. There was a warmth around it, and given his relaxed state and need to piss, Dylan was privy to the sight of his penis coming out of an actual sheath, one that seemed to have merged with the skin of his groin and hitching it up slightly. It was smaller, as well, and a little more reddened and pointed as it slid from its new home. Not all the way changed to a canine cock but well on its way, and a little more than arousing, if he was being honest with himself.

Still, he had to piss, and the state of his cock presented a problem. He could go outside, of course, but then he still had to take a shit as well, and that was not something he was ready for. Positioning his cock downward was impossible without tugging his cock out kinking it so he couldn't piss. And he didn't want to make a mess, either. In the end, he decided to go in the bathtub, turning the water enough to wash it away as he stood on his hands and knees and let himself go. Some of it did get on his arms, but it was better than his failed attempt to lift his leg last time, and this time he had the water to access to clean himself. At least it didn't seem to wake up his master, as much as she would have cared about such. And it was better than sitting on the toilet and pissing upward like his cock was in a position to do.

Finishing his dump, it was obvious to Dylan this would be one of the last times for him to use a bathroom, already a rather precarious affair. It prompted him to take a closer look at himself in the mirror, and though it wasn't obvious at first, the fur over his back had spread upward, and even around his hips and the thing sticking out of his back. His tail nub wasn't any longer, a sense of disappointment but something that would come to pass sooner or later regardless. And reaching up to tease his ears, their tips were nice and pointed, not much better at picking up sound but well on their way to their eventual canine alterations.

And then there was his feet, something Dylan had almost forgotten about though managed with everything else going on. Reach down, the pattern was somewhat familiar, almost in a paw pad shape already overnight. It was a surface-level change, which made sense. But having both the tips of his toes thickened as well as the bases was a little sudden, as much as he figured. How soon would his hands get their own pads? Didn't he want them in the end as well? It was a minor change in the grand scheme of things, he figured. And it would help him walk outside, something he would need to do in the next few days. But *damn*, for now, they were so uncomfortable to walk on!

Sighing, Dylan made his way back to bed, having spent more time in the bathroom than he was hoping for. It was almost time for Courtney to get up, and she did so, thankfully an early riser even on days she didn't have to work. Something key for a dog owner, and not something he wanted to have to wake her up for, at least not before he was canine enough that it was cute. Not having autonomy while still looking mostly human had its demerits, indeed.

After breakfast, Courtney offered to take him for a walk in the woods, somewhere he wouldn't be seen by anyone else and could start to come to terms with his canine heritage. Dylan allowed himself to fake bark at that, liking both the idea as well as spending more time with his master. It took her a painfully long time to get ready, even without having a shower or anything, given they were going for a walk. There was nothing Dylan to do but to wait, and wonder what out there would pique his interest now that his senses and mind were starting to alter. Eventually,

she was ready, putting a leash on his collar and guiding him out the door, as awkward as it was to do with while on two legs. Hands and knees would hardly do outside, after all!

Outside and beyond the confines of their yard where no one could see them, Dylan allowed himself to relax, certain he wouldn't be seen out here. Thankfully, with the coarse skin on his feet, the ground didn't bother him as much as he thought it might. It was a little embarrassing to be pulled on a leash while he was standing, outside at least. They had done similar things in the bedroom, of course, but in the open air, it was more than a little unnerving. Still, without the scents of people around for some miles, there was little chance of him being seen in a compromising position. Not that he would be seen as anything but a dog in the end, and it was best for him to settle into that reality, as gradual as it was.

Sniffing around the foliage for a few minutes, Dylan felt the urge to pee and was compelled to find the perfect spot to do so, needing to mark his presence for any other animals that might come across him. Careful to raise his leg, the lack of balance made him decide to get down and place his hands on the ground to balance himself. He still had to raise his leg in such a way as to allow his penis to slide from its sheath before he managed to urinate. It was hardly a comfortable way to manage, but it was the best he could do, and the relief was immediate, Dylan even being compelled to kick the ground behind him, covering his urine in dirt and leaves.

“Good boy!” Courtney praised, and Dylan felt his backside wriggle in elation. As much as he loved being treated as a dog, it was something else to act the part in full and still receive praise for it. Least of all pissing outside, a low bar for his humanity but all that was required of him as a dog!

Getting back to his exploration, Dylan's sense of smell slowly lit up, having been overwhelmed by the myriad of odors but finally able to parse through the olfactory noise. He could smell everything, his nose being among the most acute in the animal kingdom. Well, not yet, perhaps, but it was far more attuned to acquiring scent molecules than any human, and Dylan found himself fixated on all that was made known to him. It was hard to wade through the information, putting human images to what he was detecting. Without a proper suite of canine instincts, he could not make heads or tails of most of the smells. So many things had evaded his human nose for all his years, and trying to identify them in a meaningful way was trying. But Dylan was determined and decided to make a game of it, gleaning what information he could and piecing things together.

Standing still for a moment, Dylan breathed deeply, looking for the things that made sense. He could detect urine, for one, from a variety of sources. Larger animals, ones that had to be deer or bear, and ones smaller than him yet similar in quality. Perhaps foxes? With one fact identified, Dylan then tried to hone in on the number of spots the scents seemed to be emanating



from. There was only one distinct animal as the source of the urine smell, though if it was a fox it had marked its scent in three spots he could detect. He had to think the scent would fade after a day or so. But did that mean the fox was still around here somewhere? Dylan felt he wanted to know!

As overwhelmed as he was by the plethora of scents, Dylan found himself bounding forward, catching on the leash too late and nearly taking Courtney with him. “Woah boy!” She called out, and Dylan, feeling a little shamed, pulled back, waiting for her to walk him. Rather than take him forward, Courtney instead undid the leash, and Dylan stood there, a little confused. Of course, he would be allowed off-leash if they were safe in the woods! Not like he was a dog in mind or would run away from her...

With that, Dylan took off with a surge of energy that defied his human years. He was vaguely aware of the branches and brambles that cut at his bare-skinned legs, though was inclined to ignore them. He had it under good authority that the changes remaking his skin would mend the wounds as much as they annoyed him now. As part of the process, he would be largely immune to most diseases, unlikely to get sick from a few scratches in the woods. So as much as his feet could stand the underbrush, Dylan moved forward, wanting to seek out the scents and all traces of them!

While he could not locate the fox, or what he presumed was such, he was able to identify several more spots where the fox had traveled. And he was eager to move through the bush, not caring about the leaves against his legs. There was an intense itching around them, and for a moment, Dylan was sure he had stepped in poison ivy or something else unsavory. But reaching down reported a series of soft, shot hairs, patches he hadn't noticed before but were certainly there now. The thought of his own fur made him delighted, more interested in the fox from the thought of what his own fur might look like. Either way, his intense focus was more on the fox than the hairs growing over his body. He had to find him!

Of course, his crashing around the woods scared away any chance of finding something. Even as a German Shepherd, he was sure his domesticated heritage would alert any animals and cause them to flee. That did not deter the stirrings of instinct that left him excited to chase and hunt, sniffing down any animals that he might be compelled to investigate further. Pushing branches and trees out of the way, Dylan was somewhat excited to note his canine nails were helpful, though it was hardly their primary task. But it was the scents around him that drew his focus, wanting nothing more than to investigate each and every one to his canine heart's content!

Eventually, the sound of Courtney calling for him brought him back to reality, Dylan having lost track of time. It had been the most stimulating thing he'd done in the past few days, after all, and walks were something that dogs relished. He was certainly able to see why, and

though he figured even this level of exploration might bore the human him, once his mind was flooded with canine instincts, he would be entertained for life. It was just one of the many reasons he cherished being a dog, the simplicity of it being powerfully attractive. Living in the now, being delighted by the natural world as he was, was something that evaded most humans for the entirety of their lives. If Dylan needed a reminder of why he had chosen this life, he needed only to remember that simple truth.

Better yet was the glow on Courtney's face as she clicked the leash back on his collar. She seemed genuinely happy for him, elated that he was able to delve into canine urges in the way he had always talked to her about. He would not tell her how much it meant to him, they had already decided that words would muddy the relationship after he had received his injection. But it brought him a greater affirmation for his choice that Dylan couldn't wait to change further and show Courtney his best canine self.

Getting back to the house, Courtney was quick to offer him a treat, something Dylan took eagerly. It was almost enough to distract him from the growth of fur over his legs, something he had largely overlooked in his excitement. The patches of light brown were thick enough that he couldn't see the skin in several patches, and it was something he was eager to rub against them, a little careful of his sharper nails as he did so. It felt somewhat pleasant to scratch at them, his skin firm enough that he didn't need to worry. And there was almost a hope that such might spread it further, wanting a proper dog's coat more than perhaps any of the other changes.

Sitting there mostly naked and not sure what to do, Courtney made a surprising comment, one that made Dylan's ears perk up. "Sorry for the other day. It's your body, and I won't judge what you do with it when I'm not around. Dogs do what they do, and I can get over it. Besides, I'm sure you want to enjoy your cock while you can. I know you wanted to give everything else up, but, you should get to enjoy that," she said, getting up. "I'll go to the bedroom to give you the privacy, ok, boy?"

Doing his best impression of a canine head tilt, Dylan took a moment to mull over the words. They didn't make much sense, in truth. She wasn't supposed to be giving him any credit as a human, and if she wanted to scold him for jerking off in front of her, then that was her right as his owner. And yet...maybe he was being a little *too* into things at the sacrifice of his own pleasure. It did turn him on to be a dog, his decision to do so as much a fetish as a more suitable life for his proclivities. So why shouldn't he enjoy it in a very human way, before sliding into his canine methods of tending to his needs?

Yet, as he went to do so, a note of sadness crossed his mind as Dylan looked at his member, not able to draw the proper motivation to tend to things. It would likely be one of the last times he could jerk off this way, making it somewhat bittersweet. But as with all facets of

losing his humanity, Dylan had resolved himself not to think about them, jumping in head first to a canine lifestyle. These last threads, masturbation with hands, using a toilet, and walking on two legs couldn't be so easily done away with until the time came, and each carried that air of regret. His best solace was that his heavily canine-influenced mind wouldn't care in the end, anyway.

With that in mind, it didn't take much to get him in the mood, of course, just owning a partial dog's dick was enough to bring it to arousal. It was fascinating to watch it rising from his sheath, the tip red and pointed, albeit smaller than his humanity. The way his sheath hung on his groin was fascinating, and feeling it slide from the tip of its home was sensual on its own. Still, the canine shape of it, as much as it was always a point of arousal, was a little hard for him to get used to. Even its color wouldn't stay the same in his eyes, Dylan was sure dogs had red color blindness. Canine vision was better than he'd learned about as a child, though there was no denying he'd have to get used to vision on a different spectrum.

His self reflection was hardly a deterrent for his arousal, thankfully, as his cock came to full arousal. Smaller than his human self, it mattered little with all the pleasure it promised him. And the tip was powerfully sensitive, making him whine in a way that sounded decidedly canine. Eager to tug his rod, Dylan's curious fingers worked into the sheath itself, wanting to feel the base and all he had to give. The action itself was powerfully sensitive, making him whine again as more of his sheath parted to allow his canine hood to shine. And with that, a rapid swelling around the base pulled his sheath downward almost painfully. Dylan yelped once more, backing up as though shocked by his own cock. Surely, he knew how his cock would shape up, but to feel it happening before him was entirely different, he was soon to discover.

Even as jarred as he was by the sight of it, the pressure within his sheath was quickly reaching the breaking point. It seemed his knot was a source of great pleasure for dogs, its insertion tying a male to his bitch and triggering orgasm while his sperm was caught inside. And with his knot this swollen, it took little effort to bring him the rest of the way. Curious as to any differences in the experience of release, Dylan let himself get into it, gently squeezing his knot while carefully stroking the shaft and fingering the base of his sheath. He had to be careful of course, thicker nails and stiff fingers were not the best suited for such a task. Still, they would do the trick, even with a member far removed from his familiar one. No longer concerned about the size of it, his relatively larger hands were put to good use, all facets that would be lost as the changes took him. And one he was eager to embrace as he fell over the edge.

Dylan was careful not to make much sound as he came, a small quantity of canine cum to get onto his chest and groin. A part of him chastised himself for not getting tissue, though he could at least get up and use a warm washcloth to clean up. He figured his tongue was not ready for the task, nor was his flexibility, but that would soon change in the ensuing days. It felt

amazing, at least, the warm afterglow leaving him fatigued but pleased. As much as he was shocked by actually owning a canine cock, it had felt every bit as good as he'd hoped. And yet...

Thinking this to be the last time he could cum from such a technique, Dylan could feel the twinge of sadness returning, of regret for what he was doing to himself. What he had so willingly allowed, thinking that no human future would suit him better. And with his changed body, he couldn't even jerk himself the way he enjoyed. Sure, it was a powerful turn-on to be changing into a dog, but without the hands to pleasure himself, what was the point? In the end, he would have the flexibility to tend to things with his muzzle, and part of him figured that would suffice. But that would only come by the end of the change, he was sure. And how much of his human mind could really exist in a dog's body, really?

Dylan sighed. It was too late for regrets. Honestly, there was something almost torturous about the change taking several days over several injections. Having all the time in the world to think about what he was giving up and regret at each stage of his human life was not what he signed up for. And yet, what had he been expecting? Surely, not for every experience to be magical and wonderful. That was to come, he knew, as his instincts allowed little room for regret. But before that...the worst was yet to come. In many ways, he would be an invalid, with muscle and bone changes leaving him unable to move for at least a few days of the change. And leave too much time for regret...

While it was hard to keep his thoughts away from his uncertain future, Dylan was at least able to enjoy dinner and lie down to sleep for the evening. The act seemed to excite the growth of fur over his body, patches on his chest and belly that he was sure hadn't been there earlier today. He was eager to rub them, even to accentuate his post-orgasmic afterglow. He hadn't realized how much he wanted to be covered with fur, even his previous conflict forgotten with how much he loved to touch. It drew back to some of his earliest memories of petting dogs and wishing with all he had to feel such fur on his own skin. And within the next couple of days, it would be his.

Thankfully, sleep came easy, tired from an eventful day. And the dreams were pleasant, as much as he could recall them. Outside had been a wonderful influence on his senses, and he was sure some lingering scents had conjured canine instincts to imagine what was out there. It was enough he woke with his leg twitching, as much as it could in a human configuration. He would have chuckled, something he'd witnessed dogs doing before, and finding it amusing he was compelled to do the same. Finally something about canine life that didn't offend his humanity. At least, for now.

One other irritation kept him on the brink of being awake, though was not quite enough to rouse him. His skin was itching, as though he had sat on a nest of ants. He reflexively

scratched as much as he could, influencing his dreams slightly as he ran through the woods. Still, it was not enough to fully rouse him, thinking happily that he was to get his fur coat. The places he was scratching had not possessed fur before now, he was certain, but it left him all the more excited to find out when he awoke.

Dylan roused rather slowly, a feeling of contentment that had escaped him in recent days. It felt good to have been outside yesterday, and even if he was mostly human at this point, there were certain delights that appealed to him already. He wished Courtney didn't have to work today, but that was OK. The most difficult changes were to come, and having a day to relax before them was welcome. Knowing much of the superficial changes were to be finished before tomorrow, he was more than excited to experience his fur coat coming in. And the moment he touched his chest, Dylan was elated, sure there was fur there and wanting to experience all his fur coat had to offer.

Yet, something was wrong, rubbing his skin and not finding the soft texture of fur he was used to. That now familiar roughness against his skin was a cause of alarm, and Dylan looked down, knowing what to expect but alarmed by it the same. It seemed that overnight, the skin had firmed up to the same consistency as those on his toes. He wanted to rub at them, but there was little he could do to feel with them. It was not only the tips of his fingers that were covered, of course, with the same raised skin over his palms, at least not as thick. The skin was noticeably brown compared to his pale skin, much like he would have expected from seeing his feet. And yet...

Dylan found himself, not for the first time, chastising himself for not thinking about the implications of being in mid-change with most of his human facilities intact. Sure, he wanted paw pads for the ground when he ran but, and he knew soft tissue changes were supposed to come first, but...A whine escaped his lips, not wanting to talk like a human but not sure how to articulate his anguish. It had to happen, and in a few days, he wouldn't even think to care about it. In fact, he would welcome it, especially if he could run out into the woods on all fours as he had dreamed of the day before. And he resolved himself when the changes started that he had given up all his humanity. Anything left was a bonus, or less than that, an inconvenience to the canine formed he desired. He didn't need his fingers to feel anymore, nor should even want to, especially with the promise that padded feet would grant him. Damn, this hybrid form was maddening, indeed!

Still, even in the low light of the early dawn, Dylan was privy to how much hair had grown over his body overnight. Far from just his back and hips, pepperings of black and brown fur were covering his shoulders, chest, and lower legs. It did not cover his skin totally, only creating sparse patches of canine fur over skin that was pinker than its human equivalent. He longed to feel it and lamented he couldn't, but it was a minor issue given the end goal. It wasn't

for him to pet, after all, but for others to pet him! Being covered in it, having his coat was the fulfillment of a deep-seated fantasy, and was something he embraced eagerly, especially if he couldn't enjoy it physically from a human standpoint. And he wasn't supposed to be human anymore, right?

Having to use the bathroom was even more of a chore this time, in no small fact due to his inability to grip the toilet paper. Accidentally bushing the coarse skin over his anus was a little alarming, though it wouldn't be an issue for him much longer, for better or for worse. He was regular, at least, which did bode well for his changes until after tomorrow. He tried not to think about things he couldn't control, and he wouldn't be the only patient to require aid during a medical procedure. One of his own making weighed on him a little heavier, but it would be done soon, and the results would give him a better life, one not only more fulfilling but living out a much-desired dream. He simply had to keep focusing on the goal and not the journey, as long as it seemed to be taking without little else to focus on.

With the shape of his cock, Dylan was a little ashamed that the best way he could think to urinate was in the shower. Part of him wanted to wake up Courtney to ask to go out, but he wasn't quite changed enough yet to comfortably use the backyard, even at this house. So he leaned down in the shower, turned on the water, and urinated in a way that didn't hit the side too much. The angle at which his canine cock aimed from his sheath was a little awkward, but he managed it, not getting any pee in his fur, or water, for that matter. He could smell his urine, of course, something that would stick to his canine senses for a while even as the water washed it away. It also made him well aware of the sharpness of his nails, something he was sure was thicker than even last night. The changes were so gradual, and this was only the beginning before he went to get his next injection tomorrow.

Waking a little later than Dylan preferred, Courtney made him breakfast before rushing out the door to get to work. At least she would be off for the next few days to make sure he adjusted to the more difficult changes. He didn't want to do so alone regardless, and he really missed her when she wasn't around. His concern still came from a human standpoint, the canine instincts not really having set in yet. And it would be a long day without her, an itchy one with all the hairs covering his body in a relentless wave. He wasn't sure if the superficial changes were supposed to finish before tomorrow, or if it was just a recommended interval to wait between getting injections. But with the rate it was coming in, Dylan had to wonder if that might legitly be the case before the day was out!

As much as he'd been worried about it, the persistent itching of fur did continue into the day, even as Dylan did his best to try and sleep it off. There was so little for him to do in the day without his master to play with him or let him out. And even with the toll the changes were taking on his body, Dylan oddly didn't feel as fatigued as he figured he would. He wanted to ask

Courtney for some of those canine distractions, but part of their agreement was that he couldn't talk any longer. He didn't want to break the illusion, given that he literally would be her dog within the next week. So, he was left to sleep for now, not really sure what to do with his day the change being slow enough that he couldn't experience it in real time. With the changes to come over the next couple of days, there was some appeal in getting his rest where he could, right?