

## One Dog's Paw is Another Dog's Treasure

You turn off your car in the dead of night, full moon above and high in the sky as you take steps up the smooth driveway. There's a wonder in your mind of how tonight might go, your friend Gabriel living in such a quiet suburban neighborhood. All he wanted to do was hang out on this Saturday night and shoot the shit. Drink a few beers, have some nice conversations, and get to see what this new dog was about.

That's how Gabriel laid it out. You recall his words as you stand in front of his ornately wood and glass front door - "This German Shepherd... you just gotta see him. I really think you'll like him." It was weird to you how excited he was over the phone to show you, but your friend had always been a little eccentric. The two of you were straight, it was a simple, pure, platonic friendship. Well, you knew *\*you\** were straight at the very least.

A case of beer in your hand, you brought your balled fist against the door, rapping upon it as the thing swung open immediately, the froth-covered lips of your companion staring at you, one eye's pupil larger than the other.

He nearly dived for your pack of mild alcohol, ripping it from your palm with the ferocity of a beast full of adrenaline, licking his lips. "Finally! Finally you're here man! I couldn't hold it any longer!"

"Couldn't... hold it?" you said with a freaked out look on your face. Your expression worsened as a quick glance of Gabriel's eyes went upwards, in the direction of the moon directly behind you, staring at it like a woman's teat.

He nodded. "Get in here."

You swore you heard a growl as your back was harshly grasped, pulled indoors with a kind of power and strength unfelt until now. Soaring through the lukewarm and rather \*scented\* air, your body landed against the hardwood floor of the living room in view of an open kitchen, a rug softening the fall slightly.

"What the fuck!?" you yelled out, jerking your head over to your friend in the darkened hall of which you just stood in. The entrance was closed, and the shadows concealed much, especially from how low the lights were around you. Your vision settled, and what looked back at you with purple eyes, was a being on all fours.

It was Gabriel, but his bones had shifted, legs and arms popping as a transom window showed off that big moon in the perfect angle. A muzzle grew in, stretching forward, teeth bared with sharp fangs leaking excited drool. A tail breached out from his pants, scattering scrap denim along the floor, a moan that elicited pleasure, like the release of pressure was joyous to experience.

In feral snarls, the hybrid human stared at you in an alerted stance, giving a wet smile at your appearance. "Do you know... how hard it is... to hold that back? God. It's," another heavy rumble, Gabriel's neck extending further as differing shades of brown fur crept along his body like a melding carpet. "It's amazing. You're really going to love this my friend."

Gabriel rose to his feet, standing much taller in such a short span of time. The joints in his inflating feet popped again and again, the toes and their nails moving towards the shape of canine paws. The pink, puffy pads growing in, like individual miniature pillows. The bumps and rigids distracting you, the only human in the room, from noticing you had spent... so long staring at the changes of your friend's feet, that his transformation had nearly concluded. An excited, bipedal German Shepherd huffed out steam, the knot of his cock already edging the brim of his fuzzy sheath. Two tennis ball sized testicles dangling downwards in a sack covered with steamily scented pubic fur. The air trails could almost be seen as the aroma wafted over to your nostrils, spicing your sense of smell.

"F-fuck. What are you?!" you asked, trying to ignore the biological engine of your cock revving up. Simply smelling him from here was... erotic.

Without an answer given to you, the dogman rushed to a nearby counter, showing a simple, red-colored dog collar. Jangling from metal hoops was a golden tag that could, even in the dim light, be read as "Gab's Paw-Slut."

Did that mean... *you*?

Before that question could be answered, Gabriel was already towering over you. In his spindly fingers was the collar, already having found itself an appropriately red leash to match. It was all connected. All it needed was a neck to find, for it to be complete.

The more you stared at the German Shepherd, the more you examined... every part was a little more alluring than the last. While you could appreciate the body of a man, you were never attracted to it, until now. Where you might imagine the breasts of a girl, your mouth salivated for the stone hard pectorals this canine possessed. The size of his feet, a kink you never found that interesting, was more important than even his heftier package. Then, you completed the deal.

Like a leading line heading upwards on a painting, his feet took your gaze to his cock, then to his gut, his chest, and thick neck. Lastly, his eyes, ones basking in a glow of deep, dark purple. You smiled, letting your tongue slowly come out while Gab reached down to fasten the collar around your gullet. Even while he moved, your eyes still

believed him to be staring until the hypnotic image broke. Like two overlapping layers of your last memory while hypnotized, and the current sight. All until refocusing, the entrancing visual wiping away, and the now was revealed, and understood.

Gabriel took the leash's end hard in his paw, wrapping around his hand several times as you could already feel the stranglehold. *And* the new shifts happening to you. From behind what your collar hid, light and dark brown furs that spread out like a forest fire, each part of your body it touched, began a change. Already, your head was coated without much you could do. The brain in your skull rewiring, dog ears with thick fluff poking out from the holes, your tongue happily lulling out. Well, it already *was*, you were just the happiest pup even before your collar!

Though, the tongue you had now was getting longer, wetter, and you were all the more willing to put that tongue *anywhere*. Gabriel would be more than helpful in providing direction.

With a yank, your extending muzzle was pulled forward, canine lips now pursed against the dog-cock of your friend, warm perspiration moistening it from a mixture of pre and sweat. You lapped, kissed, no matter how meaty it all tasted. Your black nose sniffed, huffing in the musk, taking in all of your new owner, as much as you could; like it was life... or death. A tail popped out from your pants, shoes tearing as claws and nails shred them, exposing from torn socks that had your very own puffy paws!

The only noises in the room were of your pants, Gabriel's growls, and the occasional bark the both of you let out, whines from your snout of how you wanted something... different than just a simple cock, one popping out a spasm of pre onto your fuzzy head here and there. Your friend however, was more than understanding of your predicament.

Hidden underneath couch cushions were two rubber dog masks, things to wrap around your head to give yourself that \*feeling\* of being a canine, the pressure and strictness of it pressing against your head and fur. The ears on your head flicked upon hearing the zipper seal, and the both of you were just silly pups. Masks you did not necessarily need, but what made it all the more better.

Slack was given to your leash, the German Shepherd leaning back against a nearby table as he placed his right paw up, directly in front of your face. **This** is what you needed. Your body had changed without you noticing it, your own dog cock near orgasm, the knot wanting to come out so badly. Balls hefty, your height a little higher, muscles on your chest, with those purple orbs on your master's head turning your own eyes brightly violet.

'Never say no. Always give in.' That's what those eyes told you.

Yet... there was just that slightest sliver of humanity trying to get between your eager tongue, and this unlicked foot right in front of you. Words you wanted to silence slipping out. "I... you... you wanted to show me your dog." Gabriel was letting you speak, enjoying the fool you were making yourself look like. "W-why... why are we dog-"

"Shut up paw-slut. Just be a good boy and take in a deep sniff. Go on. Do it."

Your wrists arched downwards like a begging pooch, feeling the fuzzy sole between the bottom ball and the dewclaw tickle your nostrils. The drenched tongue dangling from your mouth needed no time, sneaking in licks as you did. The smell was indescribable to human noses. It was unreal even to you now. Freshly cut grass mixed with a tree-shaped air freshener for your car. A tinge of \*heat\* like hot sauce, but one that had a vinegary essence.

You wanted more. "F-fuck, mas... fuck Gab, fuck..." every curse was laden with another huff, another burst of pleasure as the soft texture pushed in with every prod of your snout digging after it like a runaway chew toy. "You smell GOOD!"

Before anymore could be said, your collar was jerked, the leash tugging you even further into the rough pawpads your tongue cleaned handedly. "Dogs don't talk you dumb..." Gabriel gave a giggle, realizing his statement, barking out the rest of his orders in more doggy woofs and ruffs.

The mind in your head fractured, body and brain attuned to servicing the paws of your new owner. "Yes Mas-" you were only able to get out before you gave a scared yelp, an 'arf.' The leash was harshly pulled to make you choke, and a hard shove delivered even more foot shut you up, converting all other words and sounds to what you were. A good dog. A good boy.

You stayed there, on your ass, tail wagging as your own feet did tippy taps, the nails clacking on the wooden floor. Both of your cocks were spewing forth orgasms like erupting volcanoes, the knots snapping out as trails of seed slid to the floor and on each other. Specks of Gabriel's cum marking your feet, matting the fur there with his scent.

The night was young, and your bodies were virile. One orgasm was the foreplay, the tenth around the 6am mark would be the real sex. But Gabriel paws would always be right there for you to enjoy. Never in your life did you ever imagine wanting a foot so... badly.

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You awoke, vision turning away from blackness as the daylight of the afternoon sun invaded past the windows, bugs outside buzzing around. In front of you, was simply



a human paw... *foot* – Gabriel's. The experience was a blur, and it was all so hard to remember.

But one aspect of the change stayed. With a smile on your lips, your tongue slurped against the furless sole, and you were happy. A sudden gasp of the other male told you he was going to be quite elated too as well.

Full moons were going to get a lot more interesting, along with the rest of your new, reinvigorated life.