

... \*grrrfhh\*...Ruff.

...woof...

Hah-arf... Heh-rrrugggh...

He-ruff-llo? Hello?... Can you hearrgrh me okay? Good dog. Woof! ...Grrh, Good. Ahh...ruff, that's good – I can talk, phew! Wroof! Arf! Needs some grrrh-getting used to again... \*whine\*... Woof wruff right! Wow – so how is it that we ended up here? \*whine\* Grrh... Well, I'll start by telling you who I am – wurff – was... or will be? Anyway, my name doesn't matter – but I was a normal human male, just hit my twenties, dark-haired, wiry and tall – and I was out clubbing. I had just seen the most stunning girl across the dance floor, stood alone and looking anxious. I wasn't *too* drunk but like me, she wasn't showing the same reckless abandon on offer from the remainder of the jolting and bouncing crowd either. I whirred over to her, stopping by the bar for a plastic cup of water. Hoping I'd judged the situation right, I stood by her side and gestured, pushing the cup of water into her vision. She looked at me, with eyes that flickered around the room slightly as she did, then took the water and sipped. Then a smile, but no words – she just kept staring and glancing toward the exit for a hair second. I tried to ask her how the night was going, if she felt ok, if she wanted me to leave... or if she was deaf? She just smiled every so often, kept checking the exit and looked a bit...worried. Even so, she had grabbed my hand tight.

As I sat with her and drank in the atmosphere, watching bodies vibrate and fling around the room, while music pounded – reverberating through the floor and forcing my leg to shake, I couldn't stop turning my eyes toward her, she was undeniably turning me on. You can probably imagine how I felt and well, I'll leave it to you to imagine what she looked like. But even with my trousers starting to feel really uncomfortable, to be honest I was more the sort that gets exploited, there was no way I was going to try and take advantage of this girl. Just then, she tapped my shoulder with her free hand and as my eyes spun to lock gaze with hers, she said "Come on, boy" and motioned toward the exit once more. Without thinking, I began to stand while paying no attention to my tight trousers and, still holding hands, followed her through the sound and heat into the open air. She began to talk as if we had been conversing all night, every now and then just stopping abruptly and ordering me to "get in this taxi" or "go up the stairs, go on", until I found myself at the door to her apartment. I hadn't thought about it yet at all, but now, upon reflection – it had seemed so easy to just keep listening to her speak and obey her. At this point, I had put it down to – you probably know, the fact that I was ridiculously horny.

I watched her walk through the door and waited for her to call me through before following into the cosy lounge. "Sit", she said. And I did. On the floor, like a dog. Her cheeks filled with air and laughter burst out me as I realised what I'd done. I quickly took my palms from the floor and used my heels to bounce backward and onto the sofa in one motion, hoping I'd re-seated myself quickly enough to avoid further embarrassment. She covered her mouth with three fingers and her eyes softened. She carried on talking and talking, every so often pausing to order me around for a moment – even poking fun at my earlier mistake by

ordering me to “roll over”! Obviously, I obeyed happily and even panted a little for effect. You should try it! It’s not easy to actually make it look authentic. It was just after this that I sat down and placed my hands on my knees, noticing some fine tawny-brown fur, patchy and sprouting on the back of my hands. My fingers seemed a little shorter too – and tight, like they were being pulled slightly and wanted to clench.

The whites of my eyes showing, I held my hands out toward her and looked hesitantly at her calm, beautiful face. Her eyes widened and her mouth fell agape, before the former narrowed and the latter closed into a grin – mocking me. I tilted my head to one side and raised my eyebrows in puzzlement. She reached out her hand toward my face, raised her arm a little higher and let it fall onto my head. And again. She was patting my head while grinning, as I looked in astonishment at my thickening hand-fur! It felt warm and soothing and I noted that my head began rocking into the rhythmic motion of her petting. Just as I felt my cock filling with desire and pushing against my clothes, I felt her hand brush my ears – my ears, which then twitched instinctively. But her hand was patting the top of my head, not the side... “Remove your clothes”, she commanded. I didn’t have long to dwell on my ears as – as much guided by her words as by my cock, I stood and tore off all of my clothes. She relaxed back into the groove of the sofa and stared, first at my head and then down to my naked waist, again beginning a grin. I followed her glance and gulped, letting out a high-pitched whine, as I saw my velvety fur-covered balls dangling from a lower spot than normal and my raging red rocket-shaped penis, bulging at its base. As I whined and watched, it retreated until it was no longer visible, encased in a fur covered sheath that lay flat against my bare stomach, almost up to my belly button. I couldn’t believe it, my hands shot up to my head and pawed around until coming into contact with two pointed ears, which felt brilliant to twitch and rub. To be honest, my hands were just paws by now too – my fingers had shortened and clenched into nubs, with protruding claws poking from them and were covered in brown and black fur. My palms were tough black pads. Any dexterity I possessed began and ended at my wrist. You might wonder how I hadn’t felt or noticed any of these changes happening until this point. I’m not sure. Though, *you* might not have noticed either.

The slender and smooth-bodied female sat there, still grinning and looking me over. Then she spoke. “From the moment you first heard me, you lost your freedom of choice”, she slowly began to tease her top up and over her shoulders. “From the first moment you listened and heard my words – think of those words as your collar.” I gawked as she removed her lower clothing until she was led on the sofa, lingerie-clad only. I felt a pressure build around my waist as my red bulging cock pushed out from its sheath and stood proudly in the air. My worries over her words had been pushed aside by the mad desire now forcing me forward. “Stay!” ...I couldn’t move. My dog cock was pounding and tingling, my mind was flashing through reel after reel of sexual images, but that word was a compulsion. I could *not* move. She thrust an authoritarian glare directly into my eyes, craned her lips open slowly and said “Stand”, while making a ‘come hither’ motion with her finger. I felt my head moving closer to her beckoning, while my feet stayed rooted to the ground. I felt myself being pushed forward, but it felt like my back was doing the pushing, all the while unable to look away from the female. My arms seemed to raise up at right angles to my chest, just in time for my paws to meet the floor as I leant further. I thought for a moment about my legs and whether they were even meant to bend this way, considering my feet hadn’t moved throughout this process. She nodded and broke her glare, allowing me to look down and backward at my four-legged body. I was covered in fur now, thick and bushy orangey-brown,

black patches and dappled white on my belly. My hind legs were shorter, leaner and with long ankles supported by padded paws. I tried to twist and turn my front... legs, for a moment, before I realised they were now just that – legs. Looking up at her, she had descended from the sofa to the floor and was now turning her head to look at me over her shoulder, while presenting her rear to me. My breathing quickened and I felt my hind quarters being thwacked by something, turning to see my brush-like long tail, flailing from side to side of its own volition. My attention snapped back to my pulsing manhood, as I was raring to mount the female in front of me and plunge myself deep in her. My pelvis was twitching with small spasms at the thought of releasing the pressure in my tight furry sack and my ever-aching bulge. But my feet were still rooted in place. ‘Woof!’ I surprised myself with a throaty bark, in anger and frustration.

“Sit” she demanded, and I did – exactly like a dog. “See, even the urges driving you – you cannot act on them yourself. You have no choice. Frustrated and powerless. Now, release - come on boy!” My back legs became unstuck and I sprang from my haunches, my cock shivering a moment in the draft as I mounted the female and used my taught canine legs to guide my rocket-shaped cock into her vagina. Six inches of me glided in and out of her, even faster as my legs really began jack-hammering my furry pelvis in pneumatic motion. I felt a stretching sensation melt across my face and began sniffing in smells that intensified the feelings of swelling pleasure in my groin yet further. I began panting furiously, my lengthened tongue lolling out from my open muzzle. Seeing my glistening black nose at the tip of my dog snout and my whiskers dancing around as I panted and thrust deeper, I knew that I now looked just like any German Shepherd dog does. I didn’t care as the concurrent waves of pleasure overwhelmed me and I furiously pushed my cock as deep as it could go, forcing the fully engorged bulge deep into my female. At that moment, I felt a feeling like blowing up a balloon in my dog cock! I came, shooting hot canine sperm and with a relieved howling bark that eased into a soft growl as relaxation washed over me.

As my thoughts returned and the lust abated to allow them back in, I knew what this meant – just like you probably do. I was stuck, joined to the girl I’d met in the club by my swollen penis bulge. She spoke up and confirmed it, floating the suggestion that, as we now had ample time to wait, she would do some explaining. I was somewhere between ecstasy and fainting as I basked in the afterglow of pleasure, while trying to reconcile the fact I was trapped in a dog’s body. So I listened. She explained that she had somehow been turned into a dog a long time ago and that she lived that way for years, among humans – being embarrassed of her barking and whining. But it did not escape her that now, every time she barked, someone always listened – as if they were compelled to; and eventually, she slowly changed back into a human as the years passed, without having aged a day. Her voice quivered a touch as she explained that everything had gone back to normal, she was completely human again – all apart from her words. She had still only been able to speak like a dog, in barks and growls and howls. So she had decided to remain quiet. You probably wouldn’t believe it, but for the fact that if in my position, you’d have been sat there in a coat of fur, tail wagging. ‘But I’m a – a dog...and I can still talk?’ I said in a questioning tone, while licking my paw between words. “Yes, for now – I hadn’t finished. I found that by spending time with people, I could begin to use their words – though unfortunately, they would lose them soon after...” she explained, “I was able take back more and more words from each person I spent time with.”

It clicked, I knew what was coming and noticed that I could now move from my mounted position. I withdrew and scabbled toward the door, my clawed paws clattering on the laminate flooring between the rug and the door to freedom. I awkwardly jumped up and balanced against the door with my front paws, trying to wrest the door knob open with my powerful muzzle. I heard a sigh from behind me, followed by “Sit! Stay!... That’s right, still. Good doggy” and before I could react, I was sat upright, front paws on the floor, tongue panting and tail wagging. It sickened me, I could even *feel* the fact that I was happy at being called a ‘good doggy’, despite feeling utter panic deeper down. I began to beg. I know, right? I began to beg, with my paws out in front of me and a sad canine whine escaping my muzzle. ‘But you can already talk, look! You don’t need to take my voice!’ I pleaded with her. She exhaled and calmly retorted, “I’m sorry, I’ve waited so very long and finally, just one more and I’ll have all of my words back”. She stood up as I continued to plead with her in an unbroken ream of ‘sorry’, ‘please’ and ‘no’, until she said it.

“Speak!”, and my words ceased. I barked immediately, a large, loud dog’s bark. Twice. And without thinking, I returned to my begging and pleading. But no words came out. I just grumbled, barked, whined, howled and woofed. I started trying to position the jaws of my muzzle in certain ways to make words, but when I ran the breath over my vocal chords, all I could do was make the noises that *you* might, if *you* were a dog. The girl who had collared me with words didn’t even say anything else, she just put her clothes on and left me, a dog, in an empty apartment. At least after she left, I could move of my own free will again – but only as a dog would. I didn’t want to wait for years like she did.

So, that’s the story of how we ended up here – and you’ve listened well. Good doggy. At least you know how it all works.

Now.

**Speak!**