

Think: Dog

“Dog for a Day! For an incredible price, take one small pill and be transformed!

You choose how far to change – simply by thinking!

Warning: Further change may exponentially increase subsequent transformation speed as judgement becomes impaired.

Mellow summer air drifted lazily in through a window ajar above the headboard, as Max and Lucy snoozed through their final alarm. The ringing and jangling sounds grew sharper – until Max curled up, retreating further under the warm covers and Lucy woke with an exaggerated stretch-yawn, dragging herself from comfort. She stood by the wardrobe, her blonde hair draped over one shoulder and turned to her boyfriend – locking keen blue eyes on him, “Come on, boy! Wakey wakey”.

Max stirred, about six feet tall and wire-frame, with messy brown hair and soft eyes to match – “Grrr-okay”. Lucy had been with Max for around three years now and had been great friends with him for another five before that. They’d recently moved in together and things couldn’t be better. Back at the start of their relationship, they had agreed upon a kind of amnesty day – where they could say out loud and without judgement – anything. Anything that they’d cooped up or glazed over for the five years of being best friends. It’d been a great idea and revealed some unthinkable things - things like Max’s fetish. More of a fantasy maybe, as he’d never tried it – but he wanted to be treated like a dog. Still though, after three years they hadn’t seen it through. Max being unable to really lose himself to the moment in such a way and Lucy being unwilling to push him into it, it remained a thought. The two dressed together, Lucy poking fun at Max’s sparse fluffy treasure trail as usual.

After Lucy had kissed him and rushed out to work, Max began thinking about the day ahead of him in the office. He worked as an investment banker, sniffing out the best deals and fetching the best returns possible on client investments. It was a little dull but it paid well and he found entertainment in bringing his quirky brand of behaviour to bear upon his more serious colleagues – then watching the outcome. He stared down as he buttoned the lowest part of his shirt up and stopped for a moment, grinning as his abdomen hair seemed thicker than normal. “Ha, what does Luce think she’s on about?” he thought.

Walking to work, Max reflected on how much he enjoyed the walk and how much of a waste it would be to drive or catch a bus. Turning to check the road, he briefly wondered if he’d put on weight, as his collar seemed strangely tight. Rather than loosening it however, he shrugged it off, in fairness – it almost felt good. Max arrived at work, bang on time and lost in his thoughts while running up the stairs to his floor. As he opened the thick doors, his boss stood waiting for him.

“Max! Good to see you made it in on time, follow me”, he lead Max toward a nearby meeting room and beckoned him in before slam-shutting the door behind him. “Sit”, and Max did – feeling a slight chill as he did, “You’ve been doing a good job Max, sniffing out those deals like a prize hound!” Max felt a small unrest in his lower back, “...but we have audit in today and I don’t want any trouble from you with any of your ‘comments’, you understand?”

“Yes”, Max responded – almost too enthusiastically. He lowered his tone and reassured the boss that he would reign it in for today.

“Good! Well, back to work then – go on, get!” Max ironically scurried out of the room and toward his desk. The boss’ name was Mr Bardolf and he had quite a friendly yet authoritarian way about him that had earned Max’s respect.

Sitting down at his desk, Max suddenly felt an injection of pleasure – radiating from his head. He turned with his mouth open and tongue drooping to see what he already knew. Megan, his touchy-feely colleague, wisped

by, having patted him on the head again – she always did it. Max often begrudgingly enjoyed her patronising form of endearment, but never to this extent. He felt the restlessness in his lower back again, as if he wanted to shake his muscles out or something.

“Are you okay, Maxwell?” Megan queried, as Max’s mouth still hadn’t hoisted shut.

“Uhhg-oh, Yeah! Just a bit tired really, could have done another snooze on the alarm”

“Urgh, I know! I feel dog-tired ha-ha!” She seemed to wink at him, but Max concentrated on keeping his mouth shut and not fidgeting in his seat before turning to the computer screen.

An hour or two passed by with Max quietly daydream-working, before he came across a problem. The taxed dividend on the GoodOg account, a key investor, just didn’t seem to add up – he stared and tilted his head to one side inquisitively. As he did, he felt a tiny pin-prick at the top of both ears and began running his fingers over them to check all was OK. He thought he could feel minute little upstanding hairs, a tuft of them, in the same spot on both ears. “Woof-ever”, he thought. “Wait, I mean...whatever”, he clarified.

“Maxwell Carragher?” A grey-suited, brunette lady with expensive glasses stood with a clipboard.

Max swung round excitedly at hearing his name, “Yea-?”

“My name is Sally, and I’m one of the auditors approved to carry out checks throughout this branch of the institution. I’ve heard from your colleagues that you’re a rather lively one – won’t you be a good boy and show me your productivity log?”

Max felt uncomfortable as his lower back and pelvis began to twitch in his seat and a pressure built just above his rear. The more he thought about responding, the harder it became to think altogether. Afraid of what might come out of him should he speak, Max opened his spreadsheet up on the screen – all the while, twitching rhythmically from side to side in the swivel-chair.

“I see, gosh” exclaimed the chromatic-clad lady, “To have someone of this pedigree!” Max felt another twinge atop his ears, like someone had pinched and pulled them at the tip. His tongue felt trapped in his increasingly warm, stuffy mouth. He felt that he might faint if he didn’t take action – and run.

While running to the closest toilets, Max’s tongue flapped out of his mouth. A torrent of fresh cooling air filled and flowed around his mouth and before he knew it – he was panting furiously. The pressure built around the base of Max’s spine as he bounded through a push door and immediately into the near cubicle. Quickly, he placed his hands onto the walls and keeled forward, consciously forcing his breathing to slow. Regaining control, the pressure above his rear halted its rise until becoming a constant tightness. The panting stopped, but his tongue seemed longer. He curled it so that he could close his mouth and felt a quick piercing pain on his lower left lip – caused by his own enlarged, sharper canine tooth. Max clung to his calmness as he slowly craned his arms backward to his rear and felt a definite lump running vertically from his coccyx, under his belt and to his lower-left butt cheek. At this point, he had formed a good idea of what it might be and let a small canine whine escape his throat, before pulling the new black and white fur-coated appendage free of its confines.

Max wracked his mind, mulling over what could be the cause of his changes whilst nervously fondling his short tail in disbelief. Stopping as he noticed his own audible doggish whining, he reached an epiphany. Anytime he had behaved like a dog might, or even thought about anything to do with dogs – a strange feeling had followed. Hell, even when others had spoken to him and mentioned anything to do with dogs, he’d got momentarily stuck on canine-focussed thoughts. “Woof”, a small involuntary release. “Shit, I have to clear my head and get back home”, he shouted internally. Stuffing his half-length tail back into his now-tight trousers, Max turned to leave the cubicle. He did a double take as he had tried to flick the stall lock open but missed gripping it entirely. Noticing his thumbs had become much shorter, he clumsily utilised his palm to wrestle the lock open – thinking about how a dog might use a paw. His new tail shot down his right trouser, brushing up against his bare leg, startling him as if in response to these thoughts.

Eyes tracking upward from the obvious outline of his long bushy tail, visible through his trousers – the door swung back to reveal Max’s own reflection in the bathroom mirror. The top of his ears had become subtly pointed and tipped with soft-black fur; a single sharpened tooth poked out from his upper jaw, indenting his bottom lip; and his thumbs had now reduced to half their normal size – unable to oppose his fingers or move around much at all. Complete panic. Max’s tail, all on its own, strained to find a place to tremble firmly between his legs. Stood scanning himself in terror, he noticed his thumbs retreating further, going numb and travelling up beyond his wrists – shrinking into dewclaws. He was transfixed up until noting the bushy-thick fur that had begun to sprout over the same wrists, black on top and melting through dappled grey into white on the underside. He barked as if to shake himself awake, his ears further pointed – fur spreading, and his tail bashed around in his trousers, attempting to wag.

He regained control and put his paws... *twinge* ... Hands into his pockets to hide their appearance, then calmly walked out of the toilets and toward the stairwell. He could feel his tail straining against the trouser fabric at its base *twinge* and ignored it, looking toward his desk but deciding against bothering to log off the computer and grab his coat. Two nearby colleagues threw a rubber ball between them to slack off of work *twinge* “Ruff”, Max let out a hushed bark under his breath and increased his pace, trying not to think of jumping and chasing the ball. He could feel himself worrying about the changes that were, no doubt, happening as he walked and *twinge* pondered those that had already afflicted him. Reaching the bottom of the stairs and bounding past the reception area, Max caught a fleeting glimpse of himself in the revolving doors. He looked shorter, had a light coating of same-colour fur on his face which might have been mistaken for stubble and his ears were placed further up his head. Though, by the time he’d thought about all of this - *twinge* - they were probably right on top of his head. “Grrrrghgrrrrr-this isn’t fair!” He growled, and sped up – sprinting.

Upon reaching the front door to his apartment complex, having dodged multiple puzzled glares that he’d hoped had been born of wondering why he was in fancy dress during the daylight; Max shoulder barged the entrance door – luckily left unlocked. He tried to forget that he’d cocked his leg near a lamp post on his way home and narrowly prevented himself attempting to mark his territory. Approaching his own door, Max fumbled to fish the keys from his pocket, dragging them up his side and balancing them on his now fully-padded right paw. He hesitated for a moment, before reluctantly leaning his furry face down and grasping the correct key in his mouth. Knowing what this would do – he hurried to guide the key to the lock and spent around four minutes attempting to conjure the complex motor skills that would see him home. The process got easier as time passed, his mouth seeming to become longer and more angular – he rushed inside and planted himself on the floor. Concentrating on not panting after the exertion, he retracted his tongue and noticed that it would now fit more easily within his maw. All of his teeth were sharper and more spread out – in fact, he only noticed as he expertly guided his nose toward an exotic scent nearby, that he could see the glistening wet black nose in front of his own eyes. It was outstretched at the tip of Max’s new greyish-furred and whiskered muzzle. These thoughts all seemed to happen in the back of his head, as his body was definitely concentrating on traversing the floor on all-fours and thoroughly sniffing every crevice.

Once he had identified the source of every intriguing smell in the lounge area, he let out a small triumphant bark – somehow snapping him back to his human thought. He found himself there, on his hands and knees, staring at his own muzzle and just beyond that, his fused-finger and clawed paws. He felt his ears twitch to far-off sounds, from the top of his head and thought “at least I still have knees” while shaking his hind quarters from side to side keeping time with his tail. He went to stand and found that his now much looser clothes all fell off, with the exception of his shirt and boxers. Standing had become difficult – he was forced to lean forward slightly or risk losing his balance; Max’s arms embarrassingly splayed out in front of him – limp, when he stood, as they were now fixed in position for walking like a dog. Glancing down at his feet which had now

fallen free of his shoes, he saw that the toes were fused, thinned and had black claws as if his nails had simply curled and folded under themselves. He sprang slightly against the laminate, as he noticed the padded feel of these paws and the sight of his heels having migrated upward – feet lengthening all the while.

Trying not to become too enthralled by the changes again, he tried to say “I know this isn’t real”. “Eeeyy rhhoww ruuffff woof wuff!” His voice shocked him as it was much deeper, sounded perfectly in pitch for a large dog and more importantly – wouldn’t form words! Max theorised for a moment that this was due in part to the formation of his muzzle, but also attributed to the fact that his brain had been steadily changing along with his body. He could feel it, even see, smell it... Walking on four legs, bounding, jumping, eating from a bowl, sniffing, barking... STOP. His brain was definitely along for the ride – it had been getting more and more difficult to stop himself drifting into doggish thought patterns. Maybe TV? It was worth a shot to take his mind off the dog’s desires building within him. He located the remote, awkwardly pawed and gnawed it until he somehow hit the power button – and retreated to the sofa, trying to sit as much like a human would as he could – without sitting on his big bushy, hyperactive tail.

Sitting with a dog-like puffed chest, and having to angle his neck forward to look at the screen – he realised that he couldn’t make much sense of the viewing. It wasn’t like he was watching University Challenge either... he just couldn’t fathom much of the screen’s content or sound. It was made increasingly difficult by the fluffy black and white tail slapping back and forth between his legs and tickling his still bare-skin inner thighs. His legs, however, were not hanging over the edge of the seat – but had curled and pulled up such that his back set of paws were suspended in the air above his heels; heels that had dug into the sofa to keep him propped upright. His knees would have been pointed toward the ceiling, but he didn’t really have knees anymore – just a kind of arched joint in his leg, very close to his waist. That tail! Max lost it – thrusting forward to catch the taunting tail. And soon he was spinning in quick circles, quadrupedally chasing his own tail – not quite sure of if he knew it was futile or just knew it was fun. The fur grew out.

Thinking that about an hour must have passed, but being unable to read the clock to check, a heavily panting Max stopped and shook himself all over like only a dog could. He let his hind quarters plummet and sat on his haunches comfortably. While balancing using the front paws, his back right paw flung its way up to Max’s ear in response to a slight itch, and scratched vigorously. Max tilted his head and peered down around his large gaping muzzle. All of the playful biting and chasing to catch his tail had torn his boxers free from his body and the small part of Max’s brain that remained human studied the changes to his maleness. A small woof of lamentation as he saw that his penis was entirely encased and held tightly to his stomach by a grey-fur covered sheath, his balls held further back at the very base of this sheath and dangling mostly out of sight as he sat.

Suddenly, Max felt intense hunger and without needing to think of where the food was, his nose led him to the fridge. He tried to stand up, but fell against the fridge door – using his pads to steady himself. He fell back onto four paws and pushed his muzzle up under the groove that a human would have pulled at, prising it back. He then let his nose dictate his actions entirely, hopping up to tear and shred any packaging that stood between him and feeding. After sating himself, he noticed he still had his work shirt on over his canine body, though it was splattered with all manner of food from his frenzied attempt at wolfing down the fridge contents. Max the dog gnawed at the fabric and tore most of it away with his sharp fangs, until only the collar was left, buttoned and ruffling his neck fur, just out of reach of his snout. A slight clip of clarity struck him and Max wondered how far gone he was, how much of a dog he had become – he decided to act on this curiosity before it lapsed and made for the full-length bedroom mirror.

There, reflected back at him, stood a large black, white and grey husky dog – fluffy, curled tail wagging around, perfectly formed hind quarters leading up to a proud puffy chest and upstanding neck. Pointed black ears, a long muzzle with tongue lolling out and a set of sharp teeth, the upper left canine poking a tad longer than the

rest. There, stood Max – only his eyes remaining in any way human. He lifted his four paws one after the other, checking that the dog in the mirror copied him. He felt very calm as he knew very few human things – that his name is Max, that he was the husky in the mirror and that for all he knew those were the thoughts of a dog too. His ears perked up and he snapped toward his right, a noise – at the door, Lucy! He ran like a dog excited to greet its owner, toward the front door and sat waiting. Lucy would see the collar of his shirt still on him, she would know that it's him and she would be able to help! Max's tail wagged furiously, a doggy grin pervaded his face, and his pointed penis may have even poked out of his sheath a little, creating a small shiver in his lower area as the air hit it. The door opened inward.

"Hello there boy!" Max, unable to control himself, jumped up at Lucy and tried to lick her. The human pushed him down, "Now let me get through, I need to sit down..." Lucy walked past Max, filling him with horror – it seemed that she didn't recognise him, or even wonder *why* there was a big husky dog in their apartment. Max heard Lucy gasp from the kitchen that he'd raided, "Naughty dog! Bad boy!" She came rushing and pointing, speaking words in a tone that Max understood to be expressing her anger. His ears flattened, tail became motionless and he placed his head on his paws – looking up at Lucy with apologetic eyes. He did all this without thinking, and as soon as she gained a more neutral expression and went to pat his head, he rolled over on to his back, allowing Lucy to tickle his belly. This felt indescribably good. He was panting and twitching around, while his tail pounded against the floor and his penis covertly extended from his dog-sheath.

Lucy abruptly stopped the belly rub and walked into the living room, sitting on the sofa. Max followed dutifully, and went to jump onto the couch before being met by the palm of Lucy's hand, "Dogs aren't allowed up on here!" Max slunk back down and around to her legs, placing his head snugly in her lap and looking up to her with his doggy brows raised. She began to pet him slowly while sounding like she was explaining something. "You're a good boy, yes. Uhhh, so I suppose I should tell you what's going on – if you can still understand me? No? Well, I've been thinking about your fetish and how we've never got around to trying it – AND that you still mention it every now and then... I suppose, I think you just need to lose control a little and stop worrying, Max" Max let out a muffled bark, "Yeah, so I looked online and found this company that sell safe forms of those illegal genetic mutation drugs that were on the news a couple years ago. It sounded perfect, a drug that turns you into an animal the more you think about being one. I *know* you like acting like a dog in your daily life for the fun of it, so I spiked you this morning. The company is totally safe though, don't worry, they're registered and everything. It's called GoodOg!" Max barked and his tail went crazy, he thought Lucy sounded concerned about something – but was happy that she knew he was a good dog. But – if she knew that Max was the husky she was petting, why wasn't she surprised?

Lucy stood and Max lost his trail of thought, becoming excited and hoping she might play with him. He jumped up on his doggy hind legs, tail sweeping the floor and began trying to lick Lucy again.

"SIT!" Max found himself sat on his haunches, tail still flying back and forth, but the rest of him – patiently sat there. He wondered why, he wanted to play and move around and lick. He went to stand...

"STAY" But he could not, his rear was glued to the floor – it was out of his control. He watched Lucy walk out into the other room, wanting to follow but entirely stuck, trapped in an obedient trance. His human remains fought briefly back to the surface of his thoughts – "Why can't I move?! How has she done this? I can't be controlled! I do whatever / decide!" Lucy returned into the room with a bag of dog treats and Max felt himself salivate at the smell. His human remnant was still fighting, promising that whatever she tried to make him do next, he would NOT.

"Maxwell! Good doggy, you want a treat? Then, SPEAK!" Max fought hard, bit down with his muzzle as hard as he could to stifle the burning desire to bark. For some reason, the sound that Lucy had made – made him NEED to bark. His head jolted forward and his muzzle sprang open like a backward mouse trap, adding volume to the mighty bark that erupted from him. "Good boy, Max, good dog!" Lucy chucked the treat at Max's front paws

and said "Release". Suddenly, Max was able to move and hoovered up the crunchy treat gluttonously – kicking himself inside that he'd succumb to whatever was happening.

"Okay, it seems like you're completely a dog! That's good, Max. Now don't fret – this'll wear off tomorrow, so for now, let's enjoy it – follow me" Lucy began to walk toward the bedroom, but turned in the doorframe to see Max sat in the centre of the room, ears flattened and making tiny woof sounds mixed in amongst a constant throaty whine.

"HEEL!" Max the dog's ears perked up, he announced "Woof, rruuff woof!" and began to excitedly pad his way to beside his master's leg.