

A RUFF YEAR

JANUARY 2019 REQUEST STORY

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DJEETA -> NOVA SCOTIA DUCK TOLLING RETRIEVER

“Captain? A little help with this if you wouldn’t mind?” A dreamy, sweet voice posed a question towards the captain of the Grandcypher as she waggled a tiny finger in the air. The speaker was none other than Vajra, one of the Twelve Divine Generals that represented the year of the dog. She was a small girl, only in her early teens, but she had the power to back up her title. Dog-like ears atop her head flicked in response to each sound in the ship’s loading bay as her finger came down on several giant bags that rested in the room’s center. Vajra had a bad habit of picking up large supplies of the local dog food on whichever island they were currently visiting, and it seemed they’d be ringing in the new year with an exceptionally large load.

“Apologies, Captain. She means well, but she needs to understand you have limited space on the ship as well.”

“Hey!”

The second speaker was a dog much larger than Vajra or even Djeeta, his hulking form wrapped around the food bags. His name was Garjana, a dog that accompanied Vajra everywhere. He was her guardian, a powerful beast that would risk life and limb for his master. The two shared a bond that was not only strong but also touching, and Djeeta herself was somewhat envious. She’d always wanted a pet -- did Vyrn count?

Speaking of, her near-constant companions were off being entertained by the exploits of Mary up on the deck, so they weren’t at the captain’s side for the moment. It was nice to have a break now and again, but when she’d taken Vajra’s request to spend a little time together she hadn’t expected it to involve so much heavy lifting. **“Don’t worry about it. There isn’t too much, so it shouldn’t take us too long, right?”** It was fortunate for her crew that their captain was always so generous -- not that Djeeta saw herself as superior for it, but rather she had so much love to give and so little time to share it. She liked everyone in her crew even if they *were* a little odd at times.

“Good girl! Here’s a treat for all you hard work!” Vajra ran over to the blonde captain and stood promptly on her tiptoes, sliding something into the woman’s mouth. Djeeta was shocked for a moment but didn’t imagine her crew would feed her anything harmful, so she chewed and swallowed. It was unusually textured and had a faint beef texture... It wasn’t bad, but it wasn’t *good*. **“The owner of the dog food shop gave it to me!”**

...Was she just fed dog food? “**Vajra...**” Djeeta sighed as she wandered over to the first bag of dog food and wrapped her arms around it, painfully hoisting it over her shoulder before moving to the lift that would carry them all to the living quarters upstairs. It went easy enough, but she could feel herself getting sweatier and sweatier from the physical exertion. She returned to the pile, noting Vajra had gone up to ready the lift while leaving her alone with Garjana who merely remained laying down. She bent down to pick up a second bag when the sensation of something wet pushing against her panties caused her to jump.

“**GARJANA!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?**” Spinning around, it was the dog that had been taking a deep whiff of her ass. Not only was Djeeta embarrassed, but she was ashamed that an animal of all things had gone past her guard.

“**I... I apologize!**” The dog lowered his head in shame, apparently just as confused about his actions as the human was. “**For a moment I thought I could smell something familiar, and so I... Please don’t tell Vajra.**” She was *totally* telling Vajra. Wordlessly about to do so, she turned to head towards the stairs only to be frozen in place as she felt something tugging at the base of her back. It wasn’t her skirt itself, rather...

“**GARJANA!**” Bright pink once more, she found the animal holding onto her by something. *Something...* but not her skirt. Inside of his mouth she could see it. A long, golden furred... “**Tail!?**” The captain couldn’t help but blurt out her realization, prompting Garjana to let go and sit patiently once more. He didn’t respond to her verbally, instead electing to stare silently as the girl twirled around trying to check out her own ass. A hand ran up and beneath her skirt, gripping the base of her tailbone to find that the furry appendage was, in fact, a part of her body. It was long, golden, and had a white tip, and it *certainly* didn’t belong on a human. But she was no Erune either!

A shudder ran down her spine, body temperature rising in tandem with her anxiety as a sudden burst of energy came paired with confusion. Coppery red fur began to sprout from the tips of her ears as she began to spin trying to get a good look at her new appendage. Once, twice, three times. A moment of clarity stopped her from going round a fourth time. Garjana had backed off a little and merely observed with his head resting upon his paws.

Djeeta grew warmer and warmer, but she wasn’t sweating for some reason. Instead she could feel her tongue pushing at the back of her mouth, flopping around clumsily against her teeth. It almost felt swollen... flatter? But before she could explore the differences it poked out from beneath her lips, taking in the cool air. She could see it dangling there with her own two eyes, and could seem to wrangle it back into her mouth. In fact she felt cooler somehow as she began to involuntarily pant. The hot breath she expelled took on an unusual odor not unlike the treat Vajra had stuffed in her lips only a few moments prior.

It was fortunate that she’d discovered a way to cool down her body, since patches of copper fur had begun to grow across her body. There was no pattern to where they sprouted in the least, and while some would shoot up around her butt cheeks more would grow across her tummy. But the blanks were quickly being filled in and her human skin was quickly being absorbed into a mass of fur. There was, of course, the problem of her clothes, but it was Garjana that had come to the rescue and began ripping them off with his mouth, the girl falling out of each piece loosely. It was then that Djeeta realized she was *shrinking*.

Garjana was sniffing at her ass again after regaining her composure, now completely nude and almost approximately half of her normal size, but unlike before Djeeta didn’t seem too phased by it. Rather, she stared down at her heaving chest as it began to lose its feminine definition. Nipples had long since been hidden by her fur, so of course she hadn’t noticed that they’d disappeared completely only to reappear in a set of ten that poked up starting from just above her pelvis to just under where her chest should have been.

But she had no breasts now, those were gone.

She wanted to scream. She still had the sense to know that this was wrong, to know that she was changing into an animal, but the only sound she made was a hearty whimper from her throat. She'd forgotten how to speak, and as her nose grew wet, brown, and began to push out into a muzzle, she came to the conclusion she might never speak again. Her tongue playfully licked up at her new nose, taking in its new texture even as her maw finally elongated to better accommodate its new size as white fur formed a band from the top of her head to her nose. Whiskers shot out of either side. Teeth grew sharp and pointed, and she almost looked like an anthropomorphic canine woman by the end of it.

Her hair took on the same copper luster as the rest of her body, its length shortening to match her fur's length. Djeeta's ears, having changed all the while, now dangled off to either side.

With another whine the captain could feel her final defiance as a human begin to change. She'd remained upright only because her limbs had been left otherwise unchanged, and subconsciously she knew if she fell to all fours she would have lost this battle. Her fingers and toes began to change in tandem with one another. She did her best to resist it as she felt her fingers beginning to change structurally. Her pinky withdrew back into her body entirely as furry digits became nubbier and nubbier with each passing moment until rounded tips were decorated by thin, sharp, curved claws that were made of what was once her human fingernails. While most of her body was covered in fur, pads formed on the bottom of her paws that were soft and entirely furless. The same changes occurred to her feet and, without the knowledge of how to balance on her hinds with the shape of her new paws, her front pair defiantly hit the floor of the ship's loading bay with a sharp yelp of defeat.

The mental changes that came next were almost instantaneous. The burst of energy she'd felt when the transformation began came back in full force, and she took a step forward excitedly in tandem with the feeling of her hind knees popping backwards to accommodate the pointed hocks above her paws. She looked around wistfully as her vision distorted and lost all of its color, and the new wet nose upon her face became more sensitive. Djeeta was immediately overwhelmed by all sorts of smells, many that made her want to run over and see what they were right away!

And so she found herself at Garjana's butt after several moments of clumsily adjusting to walking on all fours and a changing muscle structure that finally had her looking more dog than person in figure. Wet nose poked itself beneath his tail, taking in a scent that would tell her all she needed to know about the big dog. Boy dog. Healthy dog. Alpha dog. Her copper tail wagged with enthusiasm. She knew this dog! He took care of her!

Overcome with a sudden itch upon her floppy ear she dropped her butt to the ground, of course unaware that her reproductive biology had shifted to be inherently canine somewhere throughout the transformation. She leaned her fuzzy head back and her hind foot came up to scratch it. She panted happily. All the meanwhile, Garjana licked at her face with interest.

"Garjana? Djeeta? So this is where you ran off to." The voice of a young, female human set Djeeta's heart racing after several moments of impatiently waiting to see whom the footsteps walking down the stairs were. Seeing the face of her master filled her with glee, and she bounded forward as if she'd always had the body she was now occupying, jumping on her hinds so that she could lick Vajra's face. Master was the best. Master always fed her, and played with her, and let her sleep on her bed. But Master's life was dangerous, and so with Garjana she would also always protect Master!

Vajra simply patted the new retriever on the head, a gesture Djeeta had been seeking. **"Good girl, good girl."** Seeing her Master reach into a small pouch she was carrying she couldn't help but feel even more excited! It smelled like a treat! The Erune tossed it quite a ways, but Djeeta knew just how powerful and fast she was. She ran, she jumped, she caught it, and wolfed it down readily! She returned to Vajra immediately and sat, expecting another.

"Not right now, Djeeta. I need to move the rest of your food bags upstairs."

Djeeta whined

“Okay fine, one more.”

Master was the best!