

Part 1

A Ruff Time

Smacking and rolling his lips to the beat of each step, Edward traced down the middle of his road. He playfully dodged between the white lines where they broke and avoided the street lights glare, imagining they might be search lights of some shady military outfit. Arms struggling not to weave and swish at the cool air, the tall fluffy-haired boy was all amped up after his boxing class and looking forward to getting home for a late snack... and probably a wank. He felt a twitch in his shorts.

“Nice moves Teddy!”

He froze still in place, awkwardly adjusting his arms to his side and turning to the source of the interruption. A twinge of embarrassment already inflamed his cheeks as he grinned at the girl from five-doors down.

“Practising for the squad?”

One side of his grin drooped in confusion. He didn’t play football and Tera knew it – she was in his class for fuck sake. So annoying – but definitely very hot.

“Erm... do I look like I play football?”

“Nope. But with steps like that you could make it as a cheerleader.” She sneered.

“Ha. Ha.” He approached, confusion replaced with red-faced defiance. She was always teasing him like this and he still didn’t know what it meant. Usually he would just laugh it off and avoid her chiding remarks, but today – something was pushing him to take the bait.

Edward stood eye to eye with the brash blonde girl, as she stood on the high curb and raised an eyebrow. He teased back, pointing at her short skirt. *So hot.*

“And what about you? Out at night, dressed all provocative and *spying* on me like that?”

Tera’s raised brow twisted in mock-pity as she immediately fired back. “Not even my skirt is as short as those shorts, Teddy.”

“They’re for boxing practise!”

“Right... And do any of your boxing buddies get you *this* flustered?” She pointed at an obvious raised outline in Edward’s shorts, illuminated by the street light. His eyes followed her gesture to the image of his stiff penis tenting his skimpy shorts, hands not far behind to salvage some modesty. “I hope not.”

“That’s just a crease... where my phone is!” Edward blurted out, clutching his unruly crotch. Fucking search lights, he thought.

“Uh huh. It’s okay Teddy, you’re just like all the other boys, aren’t you? Just a horny little dog.” She poked his forehead, turned and walked across her lawn, leaving the hunched over boy in disbelief.

“Fucking GRRGH!” He growled under his breath, lost for words. Annoying, snarky, unreasonable, sexy... Bitch! His anger quickly directed toward his stiff manhood as he balled a fist and held it back, shaking. He knew punching himself in the dick wasn’t the answer. But his dick really *had* betrayed him. He let out a huge held breath and began walking.

Edward plodded into his bedroom, slamming the door shut behind him. He’d eaten, watched some TV and taken a shower – all of which had been great for keeping the embarrassment at bay. He collapsed in rag-doll fashion onto his duvet, letting his face sink into it and vision go dark. As if on cue, images of Tera’s smirk flooded his mind’s eye. Then the rest of her... her hair, her breasts... and smooth legs under that skirt. STOP! Edward heard himself begin growling again, faintly, as he felt the familiar rush of blood to his groin.

“Just. Not *her*.” He said aloud to himself. The humiliation was too fresh. Yeah, she was attractive – and he still definitely needed a wank, but not over her. Not after today.

Flipping himself onto his back, his head on the pillow – he closed his eyes. He pictured an orgy-like scene, similar to something out of *Eyes Wide Shut*, viscerally in his head. Both women and men, writhing around and stroking each other. He slipped his hand under the waist band of his boxers – the only clothing he still had on, brushing the top of his swollen glans.

The thoughts grew more vivid and began to jumble as he stroked the underside of his hard shaft, base to tip. His cock jumped on its own, eager for release and tenting the fabric. The swelling tension was wracking Edward's mind as he struggled to concentrate on any particular facet of his fantasy. Deep in his throat, he heard himself whine a little in pleasure – and went with it, clawing his boxers off to reveal a rigid, pulsing dick.

He kept his eyes shut, his muscles growing tighter in anticipation as he felt a dribble of pre trace its way from his cock-end. He moved his hand down and massaged his scrotum a little, prolonging the sensation. He smelled his arousal, his hips jittered, and he felt his balls squeeze as it became too much. He breathed in deeply and grasped at his rock-hard shaft to pump out his orgasm.

“Wrrf-what the?!”

He abruptly stopped, peeling his eyes open and craning his neck forward. His fist was bunched up, resting on top of his erect penis. He was painfully hard. Trying to unclench his hand, he looked to his other and saw the same thing had happened. Both hands were sort of... stiff, fingers curled up against his palms and thumbs glued in place at the sides. He tilted his head to the side, staring at his useless hands and strained, audibly whining once more as he tried to prise them open. No luck.

His attention returned to his agonisingly tense cock, bouncing at his waist. He placed both clenched hands on either side of his manhood and began rubbing up and down with his frozen fingers. This seemed to work for a moment, but the naked boy soon got frustrated as it became clear that this wouldn't be enough to tip him over the edge. He tried thrusting into his bunched-up hands, but his arousal only heightened with no promise of release – drawing further attention to his inadequate technique.

Edward sat up, using his failing hands to prop himself and scoured the room for something to sate his desire. He twisted and caught a glimpse of the pillow he had been lying his head on. Really? He hadn't fucked a pillow since he was fourteen and still going through puberty. Though, he did remember it had felt quite good. His cock tingled in appreciation of the idea and he shot to all fours, shovelling the soft pillow underneath his waist like a dog digging in the garden. He carefully lowered himself and slotted his dick between the pillow and the bed, before letting his hips go wild. Like pistons, they fired back and forth for a couple dozen thrusts before slowing to a more powerful, deliberate motion.

Something felt trapped in his mouth as Edward reached his peak and the searing pleasure swelled in his groin. He obliged and arched his head back, letting his tongue fall forward from his mouth while he pumped his load into the pillow. Something else nagged in his throat as he convulsed with relief. He tried to clear it, to his surprise letting loose a raucous bark.

“WROOF!”

Edward’s eyes narrowed as his hips grew still and he looked down at himself. Naked, panting with his fists clenched and fucking a pillow. What the hell was he doing? And why did he just *bark*?!

Part 2

A Bark and a Hard Place

“Isn’t this the kind of conversation you have with your parents, Ted?”

Nathan grimaced and stared intensely at Edward, his gaze questioning whether his friend was being serious. Edward squirmed throughout the moment of silence as other students flew by in every direction across the grassy plaza.

“Nate... man – do you really think I want to talk to anyone about this kind of crap? You know it’s real for me to even bring it up!”

The black-haired boy’s expression softened, his eyes wincing a little at the prospect of what he was about to discuss.

“So – you’re saying you’ve been feeling weird and horny... ever since last night?”

“Yeah – well... more like weird *when* horny.”

“Hmm-okay. So – like, *really* horny then? Ted, bro, I get that all the time – it’s sort of what happens at our age so just chill and - ...”

“No!” Ted felt his cheeks reddening and choked on his words a little. “More like... animalistic?”

“Haha!! Fucking like rabbits then – that sorta thing?”

“Like a dog maybe.” Edward mumbled to himself.

“Huh?” Nathan wiped a bit of moisture from his eye as he composed himself.

“Nothing – it’s like... this morning for example... I...” Edward cut himself short. On balance, he thought its probably best not to mention that he had woken up with morning glory and automatically crawled out of bed onto all fours, even trying to lick his own cock before snapping out of it.

“This morning, I woke up with a hard-on and it wouldn’t quit. It was... primal. I just had to... y’know. It was like I had no choice.”

“That’s all? Ted – seriously bro, you are overthinking this. It’s just hormones, right? Shit! I remember when my parents had just bought new curtains and...”

Edward lost track of his friend's anecdote but nodded along politely. The truth of the morning was far grimmer anyway. He had managed to force himself to two feet, only to find his hands clenching up – just like the night before. After deciding to 'wank it off' again using the pillow, he found that the more he humped it – the more he kept making strange growling noises. Afraid of someone hearing and nowhere close to finishing, he pulled himself away from his bed with some reluctance. In the end, he resorted to something he'd never done before.

A cold shower. It worked, the shock dampening down his raging erection. And only after it had fully subsided was he able to flex his fingers freely again.

"...so, I was left scrubbing these fucking curtains – with *warm* water too! You can guess how that turned out and my mum was pissed!... Hey, Ted?" Nathan waved a hand in front of his friend's vacant eyes, watching as Edward's short tongue drooped over his lower lip. "TED?!"

"Wrgh-hm-what?" The dazed boy closed his mouth and looked puzzled.

"Were you even listening? And what's with the panting? Guess I know what you mean by weird now, huh."

"Sorry, yeah – your mum's curtains..."

Edward glanced back to where his gaze had been transfixed a moment earlier. By the entrance to the library, Gina Riley's breasts. No wonder he was panting. He could feel himself slipping again – his trousers grew tighter.

"Point is – you need to get laid, bro."

"But..." Ted forcibly closed his open maw again. "But I've already had sex."

"Doesn't mean you don't need more – look at you! Basically *drooling* over Gina's tits. I mean, they're nice tits – but what you're doing? That's ugly."

Edward was shocked that it was clearly so obvious.

"Yeah man – I need to get some." He agreed, thinking that right now, barking in someone's face while fucking them was the exact opposite of what he needed. "I guess I just don't feel in the right headspace to..."

“Good talk! Got to go! Catch you later bro.” Nathan cut in and began a hasty retreat, gesturing covertly that whatever was scaring him away was behind Edward. He closed his eyes and braced for what would come next.

“Don’t worry Nate – I’ll catch up with you later after I’m done with Teddy!” Tera shouted over Edward’s shoulder, toward Nathan who swore with both hands at the girl while walking backward.

“Hey Tera – now isn’t a good time...”

“Shut up Teddy and follow me.”

Before Edward could finish, or even sigh at her interruption, the girl had grabbed his shirt collar and began leading him to the relative quiet behind the library. Groups of students jeered and whistled at the public display, to Edward’s embarrassment.

Pinning the tall boy against the red-brick wall, Tera placed her palm to his right cheek and then ran a single finger down his neck, over his collar-bone and to his chest. Edward was paralysed with a mixture of anger and confusion – and perhaps a bit of arousal. Her fingertip travelled across his pectoral muscle and circled his erect nipple as she spoke.

“Best that we’re alone for this kind of chat, yeah?”

Edward closed his eyes and tensed his hips, trying to deny the pleasure he was feeling. He felt Tera’s finger curve seductively as it smoothly migrated farther down – reaching his abs and stopping just above his pubic mound.

“Look at me, Teddy.”

Edward opened his eyes.

“Better. So, you *have* to tell me – did you...?”

Pulling at his shirt to untuck it from his trousers, her hand slunk under and made contact with the bare skin of his stomach. He felt her finger find its mark just under his belly button, beginning to descend again – ruffling his treasure trail as it went.

“Did... I what?” Edwards breaths were coming faster as he felt the tickle of Tera’s finger stroking his stomach hair.

“I don’t think you’d have been able to resist it.”

Edward moaned and felt his cock quickly harden in his trousers against his will. He held a breath in and braced his back firmly against the wall behind him as Tera's finger jumped from the rim of his trousers to grasp his inflating member through the fabric.

"This feeling. So horny, aren't you?"

Edward exhaled and his cock spasmed in her hand as if to answer. He felt powerless as his mind started to slip again. He could feel it happening. His fists clenching automatically. His throat readying itself for something other than speech.

"Grrgh- ... Wha-rggh. Wh-hrrghff." It was becoming too difficult to speak as he fought against the impulse to thrust into Tera's grip.

"Let me guess how it went down for you last night... You got harder... and harder..."

She squeezed the boy's cock-bulge, delicately.

"Just like this..."

She squeezed again with her palm, as her index finger stroked the apex of Edward's tent.

"And you *needed* release."

The petting became more forceful, up and down the length of Edward's solid cock. He had already tilted his head backward to meet the wall and started whining, rocking his pelvis forward to meet her rhythmic massage.

"Harder. Then harder still... until..."

Edward's body tensed up, his thighs shaking with ardour as he dry-humped Tera's hand.

"Until... 'Woof!'"

She withdrew her hand, leaving the whining boy humping the air. "Am I right?"

Edward opened his eyes, looking down to see his clenched hands, curled forward like paws at his chest, and his hips still humping the air. Tera had taken a step back and was stood surveying his plight, her signature sneer pointed toward him.

"Or was it more of a howl? Ha HA!! No... no – considering it's you Teddy, it was definitely just a little 'woof', wasn't it?"

Edward concentrated hard and used the building anger at his humiliation to fuel a gargantuan effort. He slowly stopped dry humping his own trousers, losing a bit of momentum with each thrust and then lowered his stiffened hands to his waist. He braced his throat to speak and cleared it with a few growls.

“Grrrgghh-wrrff-fucking-gr-argh! What the grr-fuck Tera? What did you do to me?”

“I *knew* it. A little ‘woof’. I wish I’d heard it.”

“Tell me!”

“Pfft! HAHA!! I’m sorry Teddy, but I can’t take you seriously while you’re wagging your butt around like that!”

Edward examined himself. He still felt the idling arousal in his groin, though he’d managed to subdue it a little. His hands were still behaving like paws, no surprise there – but he hadn’t even noticed the swaying that started at his behind and jostled his whole body. Exerting all his willpower and focusing a livid glare on Tera, he fought his backside until the ‘wagging’ was barely noticeable. Tera’s smile faded.

“I prefer you when you’re horny. You make such a good dog with your fluffy hair.”

“FUCKING...” Edward tried to reign in his rage while fighting the nagging desire to wiggle his butt.

“Explain... please.”

“Fine.”

“Phew... Thank you.” Edward’s efforts dissipated, allowing his butt to wag freely again as he listened. Tera glanced at his rump and smiled as she spoke.

“The whole world runs on rules, yeah? Think about it. School... society and countries. But those rules can be broken. This is more than that – it’s like... physics and maths and stuff? That’s just a load of rules that all of reality *has* to follow.”

“Okay. And?” Edward looked incredulous, not even caring that his head tilted to the side.

“And... I just made a new rule. One that only applies to you.”

“Like – ‘Edward is a dog’? That’s not a rule. You’re full of shit.”

“The proof should be pretty clear by now. And you’re right, the rule was ‘the hornier Edward gets, the more he’s forced to behave like a dog’. Fun, right?”

Edward's eyes widened as it sunk in. It made sense. His cock was only just becoming soft again now – and his hands were unclenching too, just like before. It made perfect sense. But it was so unfair.

“Why me, Tera?! What the fuck have I done to you?”

“I already said – you make a good dog. You reminded me of one anyway and... to be honest, I find it kind of... hot.”

For the first time ever, Edward saw Tera's sneer melt away as her cheeks turned a rosy hue. This made sense too, in a screwed-up way.

“Well that's great – but **fuck** you Tera. You can't just decide you want to fuck me doggystyle and have it your way!”

The girl's face sharpened again as her moment of tenderness quickly passed.

“**Fuck** me, Teddy? You should pay more attention. You're in no position to tell me what I can't do!” She spat back in anger and reached into the pocket of her blazer. Edward saw a faint glow through the stitching of her pocket seams as she held onto something inside.

“How about we add a new rule then?! What about ‘every time Edward cums, he transforms bit by bit into an actual dog’?” She mockingly ruminated aloud as she tapped Edward's forehead, other hand still stuffed into her glowing blazer-pocket.

“No! That's not fair! I just meant...”

“Too late Teddy! How about another? ‘The more Edward behaves like a dog, the hornier he will become’. Yeah, that's really fun.”

“But...”

She tapped the deflated boy on his forehead once more and turned away from him, finally retrieving her hand from her pocket.

“But Tera – there's no way I can win with those rules...”

“No shit. Better try not to cum, Teddy.” She turned the corner in theatrical fashion, winking at him as she disappeared behind the red bricks. “Good boy.”

Edward's rump wagged a little in response, causing his semi-hard cock to tingle.

Part 3

Vicious Cycle of Instincts

Edward struggled through the next few classes. The danger of being asked to stand up in front of the other students was going to be the least of his troubles if he got hard under the desk. The mental battle was constant – every wayward thought, desire or careless canine action threatening to spiral out of control. For the first time ever, he actively paid attention and engaged with the lectures, scared to let his mind drift.

For the most part, he had things under control. The sexy statistics teacher, a weird paradox in and of itself, flicked her hair back at one point – which was enough to elicit a quiver in the tip of Edward’s cock. This led to a restlessness in his rump, which caused his ball sack to noticeably tighten. Soon his mouth fell open – tongue panting, and his cock grew harder – pushing its way down a trouser leg. It took a hushed ‘woof’ sound to alert him to his wavering focus. He quickly stabbed the back of his clenching hand with a pencil to snap himself out of it.

The flustered boy couldn’t believe what Tera had done to him, but he had things under control... for the most part.

Grabbing his phone from his pocket, Edward tapped out a message to Nathan. ‘Meet me behind library – 15 mins.’ He was going to need help – so he’d just have to explain things fully to Nate and hope for the best.

Turning to red brick corner and hearing the din of students chattering fall to a hush behind the sturdy building, Edward glanced toward where Tera had cornered him earlier. The memories came flooding back, instantly triggering a shamefully prompt erection. He remembered the humiliation of dry humping her hand as he growled – his hips starting to mimic the motion on their own. An urge similar to needing to stretch out a muscle overcame him, but he found himself being forced to the ground for relief from it. On his hands and knees, he continued to hump the air – his sensitive shaft grazing bunched-up trouser fabric.

“So – why the back of the library, Ted?” A voice registered from just around the corner. “You going to fuck me too or...”

Nathan came to a halt as the image of his friend on all fours, humping the air, came into focus.

“Ted?! The *fuck* are you doing, bro?”

The pure, unfiltered, white-hot embarrassment from hearing his friend’s shock at finding him like this gave Edward the adrenaline rush he needed. His heart thumped in his chest and he climbed back to two feet, legs wobbly. Cock obviously hard in his pants, he held up his paw-hands as if to ask Nate to bear with him and gulped.

“Wrooff...” No good, he was too horny to speak, and barking like a dog sent another shockwave of pleasure through his trembling hips. He precariously approached Nathan, who still stood gawking at the ridiculous sight, and mimed slapping himself in the face before pointing with a paw-hand at his friend.

“You want me to punch you? This better not be getting you off, Ted.” Nathan didn’t hold back. He wound up and lamped Edward, hard, knuckle to cheek.

“*Shit* Nate, you were meant to *slap* me!” Edward sighed in relief as words came out and clutched his stinging face.

“You mimed a punch!”

“That was ‘cos I had paws!”

“You *what*?!”

“Never mind! Nate... thanks.” Edward shot a sincere glance at Nathan, who harrumphed and folded his arms at the gratitude.

“For what? You were acting like a dick, so I punched you. *Anyway*, you need to tell me what this is about Ted.”

“Tera.” Edward said the name with disdain and flinched as he almost expected the cycle of horniness to kick start again at the mere mention of her.

“I could guess. What did she do to you back here?”

“I don’t grr-really... know”, Edward pushed the words out past an instinctive growl as he recalled their encounter once more. “Some kind of curse or something. There’s a glowing... *thing* in her pocket that she’s using.”

“*Seriously?*”

“I know. She said it was like a rule, that only applied to me – and the more horny I am, the more I have to act like a dog. But-...”

“No. I mean... you *seriously* want me to believe this magical bullshit Ted?”

“Honestly! And she said if I cum then I’ll transform into a dog!”

“Nah. Ted, bro... you gotta understand. First, you’re trying to talk to me about your dick this morning and how horny you feel and shit... Now you’re asking me to meet you behind the library and when I get here, you’re... I don’t even know what the fuck you were doing. To be fair – I don’t want to know.”

“Nate – what are you...?”

“I’m *saying*... I get it. I know you’re into both, but that’s not my thing Ted. I’ll catch up with you later. Just cool off, bro, yeah?”

“Yeah...” Edward’s expression drooped as he was faced with the accusation. In truth, he wasn’t attracted to Nate at all. Lucky too, given the timing. But he could understand his friend jumping to conclusions. It was definitely difficult to believe that he’d been cursed to act like a horny dog by some college girl.

Watching Nate sling his bag over his shoulder and turn his back, Edward resolved that he would need to deal with this on his own.

His balls aching with desire, Edward climbed into bed. He was physically and mentally exhausted from the trials of the day. Who could have guessed that not cumming would be so difficult? He had made it home to the safety of his bedroom with only a few minor mishaps that he’d quickly extinguished. He skipped boxing practise though – *way* too much flesh on display to tempt him and those shorts were too skimpy.

He led on his back, feeling the constriction of his boxers on his near-permanent semi. He began growling and quickly took his boxers off in frustration. Trying to close his eyes, he was disturbed by an ambient rocking motion creeping through his pelvis. He involuntarily tensed his dick as it brushed back and forth against the weight of the duvet. Turning to his side, he found the same problem – his cock made contact with the mattress and did everything in its power to scrape back and forth over it. Even the faint bounce of his now-hardened member in time with his heartbeat was tickling his tip over the bedding in ways that were driving him wild. The boy could feel his behind wagging, further worsening the problem.

In a rage, he pushed the bedding away from him and returned to his back, dick bouncing lustfully in the cool dark air. It was no use, he would have to sleep naked and without covers – it was obvious that if his cock was allowed to brush up against *anything*, he would be forced to cum. Whining plaintively in the dark and pressing his paw-hands to his chest for warmth – he began to drift off.

A vast swathe of green grass, shade rolling across it with the patterns of the wind. Blue, frothy-white sky stretching above and into the distance. Rosewood benches dotted along granite paths which twisted between swaying trees. Edward felt calm and relaxed. There was no nagging desire in the back of his mind and no concern for any 'rules' here. He let the wind buffet him, ruffling through his fluffy hair and walked forward, feet dipping between the dense blades of green beneath. He felt free, like he might just pick a direction and run. And run. And not stop.

People ambled slowly by, dressed in all kinds of silly clothes – some tight, some loose, some short and some long – catching in the wind. A few were chatting in groups as they meandered down the granite pathways. Fewer still ventured out into the cushiony green that Edward bounded across. He wondered why. Perhaps he could work it out if he investigated a little. He pointed his nose toward a few path-walkers and swiftly dashed past on the granite, sniffing at them as he did. Hmm. Now the ones on the grass. He leapt past, angling his head to sniff at them too.

He barely noticed how much taller these people seemed compared to him, but swiftly dismissed the thought as his nose caught something that made him halt dead-still. How had he not noticed before? The ones on the grass, like him – they were walking dogs. Excitement jangled around inside his

limber frame as he darted toward the different dogs. He sniffed at them all as they yapped and panted back at him, some being pulled back by their leash as they tried to run with him.

One dog in particular made him slow and turn, without thinking, to get another taste of her scent. As he breathed her in, the sky turned darker – navy through grey to black. The grass beneath his feet began to melt away. The chattering and yapping ceased. The wind fell silent and still. He drew closer – approaching from behind. The dog’s tail lifted, like a flag marking his destination. A worry sparked in the back of his mind, and then fizzled as he sniffed again. Rising up, he mounted the dog – biting at her furry nape and thrust himself into her moist opening. He hadn’t even realised he was hard. A few pounding thrusts later, he felt a barbed sense of relief as he came. His humping softened, and he felt wistfully lightheaded as the dog beneath him, too, faded to black.

Awakening, Edward stretched his arm up into the sunlight beaming through the crack in his curtains. For a split second, he felt delightfully comfy and warm – until he fidgeted slightly. He was back under his duvet, having rotated and crawled under it in his sleep. It was damp and a bit sticky around his stomach.

“No... no, no – No!”

Knowing immediately what had happened, the drowsy boy was overcome with horror. He began telling himself it would be fine, it was only a dream. He didn’t wank or anything.

Then he felt it. Fur brushing across his inner thigh as a new and alien muscle contracted at the base of his spine. He propped up the duvet – a patch of his sticky cum had stained the sheets and pooled on his stomach. Further down, beyond his traitorous cock – mercifully flaccid, the frayed and furry tip of Edward’s new tail twitched around, tickling him as he flexed it.

Part 4

Like Wet Dog

As anyone who's ever had one would attest to – a wet dream is *not* a proper release. It is purely and unfortunately practical and does *nothing* to satisfy your desire. As far as feeling horny goes, it doesn't even count as having cum. Edward lamented the fact that Tera's curse seemed to disagree as he pinched his fluffy tail, hesitating at the feeling of his new appendage being touched. So, it was true. It wasn't all just in his head. He had cum in his sleep and now had a real, actual tail – attached to his spine! He grabbed it firmly and pulled, gentle at first, then hard enough that it prompted a very canine yelp from his throat.

"Definitely mine", he said aloud. Any thoughts he had entertained about just getting it chopped off were stifled by the realisation that it was a genuine part of his own body. As he stroked down its length with the grain of his tufty, brown fur – he began to panic. How could he be sure this was the only change?! He shot from the bed and span around in front of the full-body length mirror on his wardrobe.

Visually scouring every ounce of his naked form, Edward was surprised to see that his tail obligingly lifted as the notion of checking his butt cheeks occurred to him. It behaved like he'd always had it – like any other limb, it just seemed... natural. The fur had sprouted in reddish-brown, with flecks of black on the topside along the tail's length – stopping just beyond where it met his lower back. He swished it around like a helicopter, tracking it playfully with his eyes. He was almost proud of his mastery over this new body part.

He indulged a while longer, twisting in the mirror, and wagging his tail. It felt good – sort of similar to a smile that you can't help but embrace, but also slightly... erotic. Edward froze. He faced forward and looked at his genitals. His foreskin was pulling back slightly, and he could see his testicles churning in their sack. He pinched his arm painfully and reminded himself of the reality he was facing. The 'rules' were still in effect and wagging his tail like a dog was only going to start things off again. He needed to get to college – it might at least distract him from this new plaything.

Snatching a pair of boxers from a drawer, he slid them on – realising as they got half way up his legs, that his tail might make some things more difficult. He looked down as his scrunched up furry tip

was protruding out, sandwiched to his inner thigh and tickling his balls – no good. Not willing to be defeated - he reached to a shelf above his desk, grabbing some scissors. He cut a ragged hole underneath the elastane waist band at their rear and pulled his underwear on again, carefully feeding his tail through the opening. Not the most comfortable, but it would keep his tail from tickling his penis at least. He donned some trousers and a shirt, shook himself and proceeded to the doorway – feeling confident in his solution.

Edward stopped mid-stride, reaching for the handle.

“Fuck sake.”

He reflected that the sense of achievement had caused his tail to bash around happily in his trouser-leg, and now he was stood with a steadily inflating penis and a conspicuous wriggling lump at the seat of his pants that *anyone* would notice. He hadn’t even left his room yet and he was already losing the fight against the horny canine inside his mind. Reaching for some sticky tape, he worried that his confidence might be misplaced.

Edward took stock. He’d made it through to the end of lunch, only the afternoon to go, though his lust had been steadily ramping up throughout the day – together with the doggish mannerisms that fuelled it. When going to pee, he’d automatically cocked his leg and then struggled to get the stream out as his cock hardened in response, ending up late for a lecture. Things were becoming more difficult to manage. He hated walking around with his tail tied to one leg and had taken to a constant rumbling growl that peaked each time he took a step forward on the side his tail was taped to.

Nathan and Edward had crossed paths a few times, each acknowledging the other with a nod but not stopping to chat after yesterday’s freight exchange. Tera was nowhere to be seen. Probably for the best.

He slowly lowered his behind onto a nearby bench, ensuring that his tail found a relatively snug place in the groove of his buttocks before placing his full weight down. A misjudged tail-stubbing incident earlier on had taught him the importance of this. He rustled through his bag, retrieving the folded timetable and scanning it for the afternoon’s schedule.

“Really?!” He felt a cold tingle run over his shoulders and his leg began to nervously bounce on the ball of his foot. “Grrf-fucking *house* football. Of all the days... wrff.”

The college traditionally ran an annual football tournament, where every student had to represent their assigned 'house' in at least one game. More stupid *rules*. Edward gritted his teeth and forced his leg still; his mind was already awash with the impossible task he'd have hiding his tail in a pair of shorts. He relaxed his jaw and consoled himself. It's fine, he thought. He would just go and tell the coach that he'd forgotten his kit – he could sign up for the next game instead. And by then he'd either be back to normal... or be a dog and not be eligible to compete anyway, he wryly reconciled.

"Great plan", he beamed – his tail straining to wag against his leg in concurrence.

"Easy. Go in nice and early, bit of humility, show enthusiasm for the team. Football coaches love that shit. Then I go home. Done." Edward muttered to himself, tapping out a beat on his thigh impatiently as he made for the changing rooms.

He opened the heavy door to the boys' – a familiar mix of limescale, damp, body odour and chlorine filling his nostrils.

"Coach?!"

He sidled around the corner, dodging the long changing bench, and passed the offshoot entrance to the communal showers. He filled his lungs to shout again.

"Eager to hit the pitch, eh, Barter?"

Edward span at the gruff mention of his surname to see Coach having appeared behind him. He wondered for a second why no coach he'd ever met seemed capable of using first names. Manlier he supposed? Or maybe more chummy – like a nick name? He shrugged.

"Yes, Coach... but..." Edward paused to inject some disappointment into his tone, then continued, "I forgot my kit and I've already checked with lost property – there's nothing in my size..."

"That's a damn shame Barter. But don't sound so down over it – we've got subs and we could use you in next week's team, eh?"

"Is that alright?" Edward didn't even have to fake a smile. This was easy. All according to plan. "I'd love to play the game next w-..."

The sound of the heavy door clanging open and a rabble of rowdy boys filtering into the cavernous, tiled room echoed down the hall. Edward lost his concentration.

“Good. You know the drill – that’s all I need to hear! Sounds like the boys are here anyway. Are we done, Barter?”

“Y-yes Coach.” Edward stuttered as Coach nodded and stormed off, shouting macho inspirational jargon over the ambient racket. Exhale. Everything was going smoothly, he thought – now to head back out...

“Ah! Adrian! You...” Edward flinched at the sight of one his would-be teammates, striding into the thoroughfare, completely naked.

“Hey Barter – you not playing? Shame.”

“Yeah, I forgot... my...” Edward couldn’t help but peer at the boy’s ample dick. Cut, straight and shaven. And that smooth, muscular torso – he probably waxed too...

“Your kit? No worries, bro. I’ve got this game covered. Catch you later.”

The chunky jock boy peeled off into the shower room just before reaching Edward, who’d forgotten where he was standing and continued to stare. He pulled his panting tongue back into his mouth and made a hurried pace toward the exit. Why did fucking hot, muscular Adrian have his stupid before-match shower ritual?! Why today? His butt looks so round and firm and...

“Ruff-rrh.”

STOP thinking about his butt... How many kickbacks did he do to get it like that? So pert and... imagine sniffing that... STOP. Edward’s pace quickened down the through-hall as he retracted his tongue into his stuffy mouth for the second time and ignored the violent wagging in the seat of his pants. He cornered into the main changing area and was overwhelmed.

Upwards of twenty well-built boys in various stages of undress populated the room, bantering and bashing into one another. Their burly physiques rippling and their scents filling the damp air. Edward’s eyes darted about, registering around eight dicks of every shape and even more great, beefy bubble-butts. He wrestled his glare to the floor and hung his head to hide the eager panting that he could no longer hope to control. It was at least ten metres across the room, through a thick gauze of male musk. His cock was straining in his boxers, dampening a patch near the pocket of his

trousers with copious precum, while his riotous tail was threatening to free itself from the sticky-tape restraint.

He tried to breathe slowly and imagine something else. The door was right there – just a few steps away... and then he could relax and sniff some butts. NO! His tail lost it, shaking his entire body as it begged him to play with the other boys and get a good whiff of them.

Edward put the brakes on his escape plan. He knew he'd be on all fours, barking and humping some guy's leg before he made it to that door – it wasn't worth the risk.

With some reluctance, panting and hunched forward, Edward span on his heels and bolted back into the tiled corridor – aiming for the showers. Just as he reached them, clenched paw-hands covering the moist tent in his trousers, Adrian appeared – blocking the doorway. The jock was wet all over, his plump pecs glistening, moisture dripping from his manhood and... Edward almost crashed into him.

“Jesus *fuck* Barter! Watch yourself there.”

“Wruff!”

“You what?”

“Grrgh-wrrf – nothing! Wrrf...”

Adrian creased his brow and walked by, as Edward scurried to hide in the corner of the showers, mostly obscured by a waist-level modesty wall as he fell forward onto his hands and knees. All he could do was hope that no-one else was planning on a pre-match shower, as his hips bucked and drove his throbbing cock against the inside of his boxers.

He imagined sniffing the jock boy's butts. Pictured himself sitting neatly at their feet like a good dog. Being petted and scratched behind the ears. Sticking his nose up under their sweaty ball-sacks and drinking in their scent. Panting and licking at their maleness. The pressure in his cock and sack grew to outrageous levels and it took all of his willpower just to hold back the gravelly barks and growls that swelled in his throat. He could hear the boys stampeding past the showers toward the pitch and prayed no-one would see him like this. Still, he couldn't stop humping the air.

The room fell silent, but for the rustling of Edward's clothes as he furiously undulated his hips back and forth. His instincts had driven him to despair and he had already admitted defeat. Any effort he could muster was now to be spent on obtaining release – as quickly as possible. Somewhere deep

down, he tried to tell himself it was a tactical wank, to calm him down so he could escape – but that was far from the truth. He was at the mercy of his ravenous cock.

Without any grace, he rolled onto his back and began savagely clawing at his waistband, pushing his trousers down inch by inch, to gain access to his cock. He couldn't undo his belt with his clenched hands and pushing it down over his straining member was painful – but necessary. As soon as it was free of his trousers, the thick, pulsing dick sprang up and slapped his abdomen so hard it could have winded him. His tail broke free from his leg and curled up tensed, dusting his impossibly tight scrotum with its fur.

Paw-hands on either side of his maleness and pelvis thrusting wildly, he pumped himself to climax as best he could, splashing his own face with warm, white cum.

“Awwrruuuffff wrufff wrrrff ruff... aghh...”

An exhausted, panting Edward caught himself licking up the cum that had splashed near his mouth, stopping immediately as his horniness subsided and his senses began to return to him. His tail enjoyed a moment of rest, his thoughts cleared, and he brought himself slowly to two feet. The breathless boy mentally surveyed himself, trousers round his ankles and drenched in his own seed.

“What am I supposed to do?” He questioned out loud, leaning down to pull his trousers back up.

But he couldn't. His hands were numb and would not unclench this time. Bringing them to his face for a closer look, he saw that they weren't even clenched at all. They simply weren't hands. He caught sight of the thin, black-padded and clawed paws that now capped his forearms – just as a fine coating of brownish fur burst through his skin and covered them.

Part 5

Can Paws Open Doors?

After a minute or two spent fighting back tears and desperately trying to flex his non-existent fingers, Edward took a number of deep breaths and examined his priorities. Number one: *do not* get caught half-naked, half-dog with a hard-on in the boys' changing room. He kicked off his trousers – he could no longer pull them up anyway, let alone operate a belt – and crept toward the exit, grabbing a towel in his mouth on route. Perhaps he could use it to cover his privates and hide his tail... somehow – or maybe it'd be easier to cover his face and just accept that he'd see reports of an anonymous indecent dog-man on the evening news? An angry growl started as the cycle began anew with a tingle at his cock-base, probably because he was using his mouth to pick things up – just like a dog might.

Reaching the exit, the growling got louder as he assessed the spherical door-knob, before checking his new paws and wondering whether they'd be able to work it. Don't these kinds of doors usually have handles?! It didn't matter now – he began to tussle with the knob, placing a paw pad on each side and attempting to conjure enough grip to rotate it. Hearing a click in the locking mechanism, his tail began to wag all by itself. Slowly... carefully... he angled his clumsy paws forward a little and tried to pull. His tail drooped as the pads lost traction and slipped free from the knob, which rotated and locked once more.

Edward went through this same routine almost a dozen times, even trying to fit his human jaw around the door-knob to no avail, before collapsing in frustration – back turned to the impossible barrier. He'd been getting steadily more turned on by the repeated action of his tail wagging when he'd thought he was almost free.

A moment of moping later, he heard the same click from the door. Who was it? How could he let them see him like this?! He scurried a few feet away to the changing bench and put his paws over his face in futility. An agonisingly long second later, he peered back from his slumped position to see a familiar face emerge from behind the barricade.

"Nate!"

He sprang from the floor and greeted his friend, tail whipping his sides with happiness and dick visibly hardening. The elated boy brought his black pads to his friend's chest, pawing at him affectionately.

Nathan was just about to question the state of his half-naked and partially deformed friend when Edward began lapping at his face with his tongue. He spat and recoiled, leaving Edward dispirited.

"Ptthhht-ugh! Stop it Ted!"

"Wwwrrrruff- sorry, I couldn't help it – I'm so happy to see you. You can't imagine."

"I don't need to", Nathan motioned his head down at Edward's inflated phallus, stood proud and dribbling. "And what about these... paws?"

Edward's expression soured as he let his paws fall loosely to his sides.

"I already told you before... and this too...", he cocked his tail to the side, hoisting it aloft for Nate to view.

"Fucking *hell*. Tera did this to you?"

"Uh-huh-rrrrff."

Edward was fighting his building arousal and desire to bark at every turn. He reflected on how much more difficult it was to avoid behaving like a dog when you have paws and a tail.

"I'm sorry... for not believing you Ted."

Edward's sour expression brightened a little.

"It's wrrrf-alright, I wouldn't believe it either if not for..." He held his stiff, furry paws up and interrupted himself by whining – then sunk back down to the bench.

Without thinking, Nathan patted the top of his head once – hesitated, and then did so again.

"It's good, bro. We're definitely gonna make Tera change you back."

"One – he did it to himself. And two – I'd like to see you try", Tera taunted as she slunk into the changing room, door slamming behind her. She was dressed in a seductively tight black top; her signature short skirt and a red baseball cap with a picture of a feather on it. Flung over her shoulder was a conspicuous orange shoulder bag that she immediately unburdened herself of.

Edward began a low-pitch growl at her arrival, even snapping with his human teeth.

"Tera – whatever *this* was, it's got to stop." Nate sternly asserted.

"Says who? Look at fluffy little Teddy there – he makes *such* a good dog. Don't you, boy? Huh?"

Edward's tail began to wag, and his bulbous dick strained harder. He hated himself for enjoying her condescension, whining as he fought back his obedient impulse to bark in agreement.

"And it looks like he's gotten started on the next bit too!" Tera pointed mockingly at Edward's bouncing maleness. "So exciting! I wonder when he'll get his cute whiskery muzzle?"

Edward whined louder, now battling his paws as they forced their way toward his groin.

"Screw this. Come on Ted, she's fucked in the head. We need to go find a doctor or something."

"Ha HA! Really, Nate?! Does it look like a *doctor* can help him? You're funny... and you know what? *You're* not going anywhere..." Tera sneered as she reached a hand into her pocket.

Edward saw the same glow he'd seen before, emanating faintly from the pocket stitching, and tried to warn his friend.

"Wrrf! Grrghh-rrff-Nate! Don't let her-rrrgh touch you-rrf!"

Tera nimbly tapped Nathan's hand before he could retreat and spoke in a deadpan voice, "First off, 'if Nathan tries to leave without my permission, he will undress instead until he's wearing nothing'. That'll do."

"What? That's stupid - you don't control *me*, Tera."

With a defiant glare locked on the girl, Nathan pulled his shirt up and over his head and lowered his trousers - kicking them off fully.

"See?" Nathan asked, chest puffed out and wearing only his boxers and socks.

Tera cracked up, her laughter bursting past her lips. She returned to her deadpan scowl.

"Yep - I see... Door's over there, Nate."

Nathan broke his stare and looked at the door, supremely confused.

"Uhh-right... yeah. Come on Ted, we're leaving."

Edward's glance tracked from a smug-looking Tera, to his stunned friend.

"Wrrf? Nate?"

Nathan removed both of his socks and promptly pulled down his boxers, face contorting with the befuddlement of someone that just put their phone away in the fridge.

"Uhhm – why did..."

"There we go!" Tera praised the naked boy, clapping in condescension.

Edward, now panting with the exertion of keeping his paws away from his privates, looked at his beguiled friend with pity, paying particular attention to his plump rear. He was relieved that Nate didn't exactly do it for him – but was undeniably tempted to sniff that butt.

"I don't know why I... I don't understand." Nate looked himself up and down.

"There's nothing left to take off, Nate – door's just there... You leaving or what?"

"But... that leads straight into the college and I'm... naked."

"Well observed. So, you'll stay, yeah?"

Nathan reached for his discarded clothes - eager to dress himself and try for the door again. "Do I have a choice?" He muttered rhetorically.

"Always. Although... 'for every piece of clothing Nathan puts on, he will become ten times as horny'."

Tera skipped forward and poked Nate's shoulder, nimbly twirling back as he recoiled.

"I prefer you boys hard... like Teddy over there – what a picture!"

Nate straightened up, boxers in hand, and lifted a leg to put them on.

"And... Nate?" Tera waited for Nate to respond to his name with a look, before abruptly hoisting her black top from her waist to her chin – flashing her perfect pert breasts. "...Just to get you started."

Nate's mouth hung open as he froze in place on one foot. He blinked and regained his composure, a slight rush building at the base of his shaft, and continued pulling up his boxers.

"Fuck off Tera - you're flattering yourself if you think that-..."

Nate's words caught in his throat as his boxers slid into place and blood rushed to his groin. The pressure built all at once, as if someone had pressed fast forward on his erection – stretching his boxers to a point in seconds.

"If I think thaaat..."

"If... you think..." Nate trailed off while nervously poking his unruly dick as if it didn't belong to him.

"I *think*, Nate... that your cock is just a toy for me to play with – you horny pup."

Nate, now trembling at the reality of the situation, looked up from his engorged manhood.

"What do you want, Tera?"

"To have some fun with you boys, obviously. Right, Teddy?"

Momentarily distracted, Edward's concentration broke, allowing his paws to shoot to his crotch and begin a frenzied attempt at jacking himself off.

"Wrof! Rrrff – no-o-o!"

Edward barked as his black pads scrubbed his shaft, voice quaking while his whole body shook with the force of his frenetic wanking. Nate's face contorted in horror at the sight of his friend's devolving attempts to pleasure himself.

"Teddy gets it!... Anyway – let's make things a bit more exciting for you as well. What about... 'Any part of Nathan's body that isn't covered by his clothes will sprout fur... oh! Apart from his dick, obviously', yeah? Wouldn't want you looking like a freak with a furry cock."

Tera walked forward, extending her reach to poke Nathan with the hand that wasn't tucked away in her pocket.

Nate quickly moved his torso back and grabbed Tera's wrist, holding her at bay.

"What now, Tera?!"

"Hm? I just said, didn't I? You'll grow fur on any part of you that isn't covered by clothes... okay?"

"But, I stopped you from..."

"Poking you? Yep. But this works just fine too. It's any skin-to-skin contact really... We could even kiss. What do you think?" Tera puckered her lips in jest, her eyes flashing wide as she looked down.

"Ooh look! It's starting!"

Nate tracked her line of sight to his forearm, which had started to develop a dusty coating of grey fur in patches along its length. He released Tera's wrist and sprang backward, shaking his arm as if there was a spider crawling on it. Holding it still again, he saw the fur remained – now growing in thicker.

“Shit! You fucking-... - argh!”

His thoughts raced as he remembered the ‘rules’. Ten times as horny for every piece of clothing he puts on... but fur grows anywhere that he isn’t wearing anything...

In a pure panic, Nate scooped up his trousers and rushed to put them on. Being horny can’t be too much of an issue compared to becoming a goddamn wolf-man, he rationalised. The second his trousers were pulled up, he doubled forward clutching at his groin. His cock strained so hard he thought it might burst and he suddenly felt a fountain of precum jet up and seep through his pants.

This was no joke. He scanned the floor for his shirt, feeling dizzy from the rush of pleasure now infecting his whole body. Locating it with an ever-more furry forearm, he thought fast and wrapped it around his head – better a furry torso than face, plus he wasn’t exactly *wearing* the shirt.

“Still counts”, Tera verbally prodded, arms folded as she watched the panicking boy flail.

The next wave of pleasure brought Nate to his knees, legs giving way to pins and needles while his cock felt like it might erupt at any second. His desire not to be humiliated was quickly being eroded by the urgent need for release. He began to rub his flat palm over the massive bulge in his trousers while moaning his ecstasy through the shirt that covered his face. Patches of grey and white fur began to sprinkle across his torso.

“Let’s up the stakes... ‘If Nate cums in the next sixty seconds, he’ll be forced to bark like a dog in place of every fourth word he speaks’ ... Oh!” Tera’s voice climbed an octave with joy, “That’s a really good one! Clock’s ticking...”

Nate pulled his hand away from his crotch and sat shaking on his knees, fur still creeping across his torso and back. He thought about Edward, though he couldn’t see anything through the shirt that covered his face. He thought about how he didn’t want to be forced to bark... He thought about the fact that his cock was swelling, even without him touching it – the point of no return was close. How long had passed? He desperately wanted to cum. But he didn’t want to give Tera the satisfaction of making him into a dog too.

A slight movement – the underside of his super-sensitive cock-head caressed his boxers, bringing his orgasm even closer. A hot, thick load of his juices could be felt surging through his tubes toward the base of his shaft. How long left?!!

“Forty-five seconds to go Nate – you’re doing well... ha ha!”

“AGHH!”

Nate let loose a scream of frustration. At this rate, there was no chance. He had to reduce his arousal somehow... maybe... his clothes! Flinging his shirt from his head and dancing out of his trousers and boxers, he stood naked, arms stretched up in the air to prevent him touching himself. He waited, claspng his eyes shut with the effort of holding back his cum.

“What? Why isn’t it stopping?!” He screamed, blinking his eyes open.

“Who said it would? I bet if you put those boxers back on again, it’d only get ten times worse...”

Nate, somewhere between fainting and jizzing, span around looking like a frightened animal – searching for something to help. He locked on to Edward, now just thrusting at the air on his hands and knees – unable to touch himself.

“Ted!... TED!!”

The tortured dog-boy looked at his friend with sad eyes and let out a pained bark, his hips still rutting with the air against his will.

“Arf.”

“I know – it’s bad... but concentrate – *how* is she – doing this to us?!” Nate spoke in quick bursts, twitching with lust as thickets of grey-white fur grew in all over his legs and face.

“Twenty seconds...” Tera stood tapping her finger on her opposite elbow.

Edward opened his mouth and narrowed his eyes with effort, trying to hold still while his dick kept thrusting.

“Woorrrff-rrraff. Rrrrgghher po-...cket – wuff!”

“Her... pocket?” Nate looked at Tera, focusing in on a small lump in her jeans pocket.

“Enough.” Tera unfolded her arms, took off her feather-branded baseball cap and hopped over to Nate. He watched her with gritted teeth as he fought back his orgasm, there must only be seconds left.

“I think this’ll suit you *ten times* better.” Tera quipped, as she roughly hooked the cap onto his head.

Nate’s groin shot forward, his whole body becoming rigid as he rose onto the tips of his toes. His fingers stretched out and clicked, his head flung back and left his mouth wide open. His cock vibrated and spattered out a rainstorm of cum droplets, dousing the floor in front of him, before winding up and pulsing violently seven more times – a thick, magma-flow of sticky white cum dribbling out with each aftershock. Tera waited for the enraptured boy’s cock to soften and his moans to die down before speaking.

“Only one second left, just like a movie – so close.” She taunted while wiping a wayward string of cum from her shoulder.

Nate stared at the sticky mess covering the room and leading back to his dick. He held his arms in front of him and saw that he was almost entirely covered in soft grey and white patterned fur, apart from his penis. Even his balls were wrapped in a wispy grey fuzz. He felt his face, flinching as the grains of the fur on his palms and cheeks opposed one another. He whimpered quietly, afraid to talk.

“Aww, the furry boy’s gone all quiet!”

“Shut up!” Nate couldn’t help himself – he despised Tera for what she’d done to him.

“That’s better! Every fourth word, remember? I want to *hear* it.”

Nate shook his head, lips clamped shut.

“You want me to just make up a new rule?”

Nate’s eyes opened wider as he shook his head faster.

“I can’t hear you.”

“No.” He quietly answered.

“Okay. So, in that case – just answer this question and I’ll let you go... ready?” Tera smirked. “Are you and Teddy just a couple of horny dogs?”

Nate looked at Edward, now searching for release – lying belly-down on the floor and humping the damp tiles. He braced himself and began to pass air over his vocal chords. Just one syllable. All he needed to say is ‘no’. He got his tongue into position, pursed his lips and...

“Woof.”

Tera's mouth stretched to a sinister grin.

"That's what I thought."

Part 6

Barking Boy

“You fucking bitch, -woof-! You need to -woof- us back now! -Woof- call the police!” Nate spat out a torrent of barking abuse at Tera, to her amusement.

“Ha! That’s too cute. What did you call me again?”

“Woof!”

“HA HA!”

He’d forgotten he was due a bark and had tried to respond with such conviction – it was too funny for Tera. She squeezed her eyes shut and clutched her stomach laughing at Nate’s confusion. Despite this, Nate saw his opportunity and crept forward, aiming for Tera’s pocket. If he could just restrain her and get hold of whatever was in there, maybe this nightmare would end. He leapt forward just as Tera’s eyes opened again.

“If Nathan touches me, he’ll be frozen in place until I say!”

The second Nate’s fuzzy palm grabbed onto Tera’s arm, every muscle in his body seized up and locked into place. He squirmed and tried to move but found himself utterly stuck. Tera breathed a sigh of relief as she unhooked the furry thief’s fingers from her arm.

“Nice try, Nate. But that’s your one chance wasted. If you try and steal what’s in my pocket, you’ll be frozen like this – every time. Oh, and Teddy has paws – so he isn’t much of a threat.” She giggled, feeling at ease again as she glanced toward Edward. He was putting his paws to work, dragging himself forward – dick to the floor, and lapping up the results of Nate’s rapturous orgasm.

“Speaking of Teddy – he’s in a sorry state over there... Let’s help him out, yeah?” Tera raised her finger and pressed it firmly on the tip of Nate’s nose, holding it there.

“As long as Nathan is unable to move, his body will produce the scent of a bitch in heat – from every pore...”

Nate angled his eyes, the only thing he could still move, to see a faint glow in Tera’s pocket as he felt her lift her finger off his nose. He waited but didn’t feel any different. Tera glanced behind him as he heard a rustling sound getting closer.

Edward had picked himself up off the tiles and was sniffing along the floor toward Nate's frozen frame, his dick leaving small pools of pre in his wake. Nate's eyes shot around in their sockets. He felt a tickle at his ankle as Edward began sniffing his foot and moved up his leg.

"I know what might make for better viewing... Sound. 'While Nathan is unable to move, he is still able to move all of the muscles in his face'." Tera announced, flicking Nate's fluffy shoulder nonchalantly as she clutched the glow in her pocket. Nate took a deep breath in through his mouth.

"Thank god! Ted! -Woof- do it!... Wait - -woof- meant to say..."

Nate slowed down his speech, feeling the animal at his heel sniffing further up his leg. He knew the next word was going to be a bark, so he needed to fill the space with a pointless word, like 'um'?

"-Woof-! Don't do it, -woof-! I mean... Ted. -Woof- sake!"

His barking and pleading had no effect on Edward, who had been working himself up for so long that nothing remained of his human mind. He was simply a dog, sniffing out a scent that instructed him to do one thing only: fuck.

Edward leant his torso against his friend's frozen leg, paws splayed out on either side of it, and curled his tail up under him – beginning to drive his rock-hard cock against the furry calf muscle. It didn't take long, with the combination of the scent and something comparatively pleasant to hump when pitted against changing room floor tiles. Edward was soon barking out his pleasure as he squirted streams of cum into Nate's leg fur. Nate felt the rhythm slowing after a couple of particularly raucous thrusts and knew what had happened.

"Aww jesus -woof-. Ted, I can't -woof- believe... are you -woof- okay?"

The half-naked dog-boy caught his breath and backed up, careful not to stub his tail, as he surveyed the white sticky mess on Nate's leg. His human mind reunited with his body in the wake of his release. He quickly pieced together what had happened and grimaced.

"Umm yeah. I'm okay, I think – sorry about your leg..." he stopped mid-apology as he felt a feeling of freshness envelope his face, like he'd just inhaled an entire menthol mint.

It took a second longer and another deep inhalation for it to hit him – his eyes crossed downward to see his nose turning black and damp. He pawed at his face for a second, forgetting his pads wouldn't be much use in feeling out the changes. The darkened puffy flesh pushed forward an inch or two, taking up a more prominent position in his vision and allowing him to admire it more clearly, before

stopping. His jaw ached for a brief moment as it stretched and his lips darkened, twitching instinctively as short whiskers began to poke out around his mouth. To Edward's surprise, a fine coat of brown fur sprouted and signalled the end of the changes, leaving him with a squat, half-length muzzle and black nose. The fur covered his whole neck and lower half of his face, like a particularly wild beard – his eyebrows also bushed out somewhat to match.

"Whoa... it's..." Edward forgot to be pleased that he could still form words with the short muzzle, inhaling deeply as he explored the magnitude of his new sense of smell.

"It's just incredible!"

"Starting to get a taste for the life of a dog, Teddy?"

Tera, who had been quietly observing, spoke with a hint of hopefulness. Edward remembered where he was and bore his teeth at her – all of which had sharpened to a point, adorning the length of his jaws. He was just about to begin a verbal onslaught, when his nose began to flex on its own, ruffling the furred skin of his snout.

"It's... it's... what is that... smell? It's so good... I need to..."

Edward paused and looked down at himself. His dick had started its rise again already – this was impossible! Why?! He looked around and then paused. No. It couldn't be. Realising he was still sat crouched on the floor like a dog, his head was only a foot away from Nate's butt. He carefully leant in and did the unthinkable... took a long, deep sniff between Nate's buttocks. His eyes glazed over as he felt his cock balloon in size. He was enthralled.

"Nate! Your butt smells like..."

"A bitch -woof- in heat?" Nate interrupted.

"I was going to say heaven, but maybe that's the same thing for me now...?" Edward reasoned with a shameful look on his canine face. "Nate – honestly, I can't cover my nose with these paws and I don't know if I can resist... you... or, at least, that scent!"

"That's enough of that, you two!" Tera intervened. "'Nathan can move'... Go and take a shower, Nate – now. And use shampoo – that smell has probably soaked into your fur by now."

“So...wrrf-good...” Edward sniffed at Nate’s inner thigh where the scent was strongest, drool dripping over the blackened rim of his lower jaw while he panted.

“But -woof-, I thought you -woof- *wanted* Ted to -woof- become a dog?” Nate looked incredulously toward Tera as he batted away his mesmerised friend’s advances.

“Actually, I said I wanted to have some *fun*. Besides, I don’t want to let you two off so easily. Now stop arguing – or I’ll freeze you on all fours and he can fuck you for as long as he likes, yeah?”

“Woof.” In his fright at the prospect, Nate forgot to say ‘um’ before apologising.

“Good boy. Ha hmm.” Tera watched as Nate, wearing only his fur, drifted off to the showers – with Edward crawling on his hands and knees behind, sniffing at his rear. “Teddy! Get back here!”

Edward completely ignored Tera, as he followed his nose blindly, cock hard yet again.

“I didn’t want to have to do something this mundane, but...” Tera sighed as she mumbled her regret and jogged toward the captivated dog-boy, still doing his best to thrust his short snout into Nate’s butt. She stuffed her hand into her pocket.

“If anyone speaks to Edward as if speaking to a dog, he must obey’.”

A glow emanated from her pocket as she petted Edward’s fluffy brown head.

“So dull, but maybe its about time... Come on Teddy! Come on, boy! Heel!”

Edward, who’s mind had been clouded with nothing but the pursuit of his friend’s scent, felt something fizzle in his head. He tilted it in response to the strange sensation and quickly found his body moving on its own, turning about face and padding over to Tera’s feet.

“Good boy Teddy – now stay. Let’s wait for Nate to wash his dirty fur, then we can give you back the controls, huh? It’s no fun if you can’t struggle, is it? No.”

She spoke with a playful tone Edward hadn’t heard from her ‘til now, as if speaking to a pet. She even ruffled his human hair and scratched the fur on his cheek affectionately. He felt the dull fizzle in his head again, his mind succumbing and snuffing out all thoughts but those of obedience. He could feel his arousal, still at feverish levels – but he couldn’t even conjure up the willpower to hump something. He *needed* to stay, just like he was told.

Just then, the post-match shouts of a football team clearly fresh from victory rang out nearby. The changing rooms would soon be flooded with jocks and unwanted attention. Tera looked at the

naked boy, sat at her feet sporting a tail, paws and short muzzle. She couldn't just abandon him here – she wasn't done with him yet. Though, there might be questions and she knew she wouldn't be able to touch each and every one of the football lads and place rules on them in time. Lucky that she'd come prepared, she thought, and smirked.

Nate rushed through to the main changing room, soggy fur dripping water and bubbles everywhere.

"Tera! The football -woof- are coming back! -Woof- the hell do -woof- do?!"

"Calm yourself, barking boy. I can hear the football *lads*. Though it's not really my problem, is it? I can just walk out of here... yeah?"

"That's not -woof-!" Nate shook himself. "Fuck! ... *ahem* – that's not... -woof- fair!"

"I understood you the first time, but I appreciate the *woof*... oops... *effort*", Tera teased.

"Stop fucking -woof- around!"

"Fine. I've got a proposal. Teddy – you paying attention too?"

Edward's sedated mind came rushing back to the surface as he heard her tone. She was speaking to him like he was a human? Because... he *was* a human, he confirmed to himself silently. The accumulated pressure of his arousal hit him like a truck as he took the reins of his body once more, the memory of Nate's intoxicating female scent fresh in his nostrils.

"Wrf-yes..."

"Okay", Tera was satisfied her bluff had paid off and Nate wouldn't hesitate to think she'd happily abandon them both. She spoke quickly, producing two leashes – complete with collars from her orange shoulder bag.

"I can make a rule to get you poor doggies out of this mess, but you'll have to wear your collars. What do you think?"

"Do we -woof- have a choice?"

Tera sniggered as the question seemed familiar. She held up the collars.

"Always. You can *choose* to be discovered like this... I've heard scientific labs and government testing can be a pretty cosy life, yeah?"

Squatting as much like a dog as his human legs would allow him to, Edward looked up at his damp fur-covered friend.

“-Woof- Ted, can you -woof- stop doing that?”

Edward’s expression morphed from briefly puzzled to indignant as he realised he was absent-mindedly rubbing his paws against his erect dick.

“Grrgh-No!... Nate – wrrf – I can’t. That’s... Arf! Kind of the problem... so wrf-at this point – I think it’s better if wrrrff-we... grr-uff! Just... Wroff! Waff!”

The wanking dog-boy’s words fragmented into barks and growls, eyes glazing over as he continued to massage his dick with both paws, pace quickening. Nate pondered for a moment – it was down to him to decide...

“-Woof-!... Fine. Give us -woof- the damned collars, -woof-.”

“Such eager boys...” Tera handed one collar to Nate and paused, “Don’t worry Teddy, I’ll help you with yours. But first – ‘as long as Edward and Nathan are wearing dog collars, they will appear to everyone else as regular dogs’.”

Tera poked both boys, going as far as to scratch underneath Edward’s muzzle briefly as she readied his collar.

“So, you planned -woof- all this? Already -woof- had these collars -woof- ready and everything? Woof- you’re unbelievable...” Nate exclaimed, clipping his collar into place around his grey-furred neck as the noise of the inbound football team drew louder and closer. He shuddered as he felt his dick fill with blood and felt relieved that he hadn’t been very horny, as clearly the collar counted as a piece of clothing for Tera’s horny multiplication rule.

“Yep – didn’t you notice your name tag on that collar? Says ‘Nate’, doesn’t it?”

“You -woof- what?!” Nate blurted out, trying to pull his collar loose to get a second look.

“Joking!! Stop messing around or you’ll break it...” Tera dryly announced, prompting a nervous laughter from Nate. Chanting could be heard just metres away from the entrance.

She wrestled with the reluctant dog-boy that Edward had become as he wriggled away from the collar and only seemed interested in pawing at his privates.

“Damn it Teddy! Be a... good boy and put your... collar on!” She spoke in between failed attempts to collar the restless creature. The gruff, booming voice of Coach could be heard leading the group through the changing room door.

“Shit! I’ll -woof- hold him!” Nate dropped to his knees and clamped his arms around Edward’s torso, steadying him as Tera finally slipped the collar into place.

“Tera Tompkins!” Coach stood, with an iron scowl on his face, at the front of a group of baying jocks, “You want to tell me why the *heck* there’s a *girl and two dogs* in the *boys’* changing room?!”

Both Nate and Tera breathed a sigh of relief.

“Actually, I was just leaving.”

“Damn right! Now get moving before-...!”

“WROOF!”

Coach’s booming mandate was cut short by a tremendous bark from Edward, now leashed but still pawing at his crotch.

“Tompkins... is that dog... okay?” Coach enquired, in a more hushed quizzical tone.

“He’s fine, just has an itch.”

Coach took a step forward and squinted a little, focusing on the German Shepherd’s erect canine penis, jutting out from its furry sheath. He looked a little disgusted and muttered under his breath.

“That is one dirty mutt...”

Tera swiftly yanked at Edward’s leash, causing him to yelp and raise onto all-fours, pelvis still juddering back and forth. Nate stood up, hands covering his privates. Even though the collar disguise was working and everyone else clearly just saw two normal dogs, it pained him to be naked in front of this many men. He was absolutely ready to leave.

“Down! Bad dog!” Tera smacked Nate on the nose, to his surprise. “*Down!*”

Nate fell onto his hands and knees, looking toward the bemused football lads and Coach. He reminded himself that dogs don’t usually walk around on two legs and pictured how strange it must have looked as he followed Tera and Edward out of the changing room incognito.

Edward's head was hung low, his tail trembling as the constant rhythm of his bucking hips jostled him forward into the campus corridors.

"Tera, -woof- why didn't I -woof- freeze like before -woof- when you smacked -woof- my nose?" Nate whispered – stifling his barks as best he could, once they had rounded the corner.

"Pay attention. You only freeze when *you* touch *me*... silly dog – now hush!"

Coach let a few seconds pass in stunned silence after the bizarre trio had exited the changing room, then resumed his booming discourse.

"Well that was all kinds of *strange* – but don't let it distract-..."

"Coach..." The gruff man was interrupted once more, this time by Adrian – who'd already crept into the showers for a post-match soak.

"What is it?"

"There's a pair of trousers in here..."

"Damn it – I was just talking about the importance of not being distracted by-..."

"They look like the ones Barter was wearing when he ran into me."

Part 7

Leashed

Being led around the school corridors on all-fours, wearing nothing but a shirt and every single person wanting to stroke him – it was driving Edward insane. He could smell everything in high definition with his moist, black nose – a cacophony of delicious food, tart artificial perfumes... pungent body odours. In fact, with his head at waist height, the scent of all these humans' genitals was overpowering. Warm, wet vaginas for him to plunge into; sweaty ball sacks for him to balance on the ridge of his snout and sniff; meaty cock-shafts for him to lick at... The smells were so vivid, he could easily picture each person beneath their clothes and it was driving him mad.

Most of his fellow students backed off from stroking Edward once they noticed the dog's throbbing erection. They quickly decided to pet the placid grey Husky instead. Nate was even starting to enjoy himself a bit, loving the feel of his fur being ruffled by so many hands.

Only Tera, Nate and Edward themselves could see the truth of the situation – that the Husky was just a naked human, covered in soft fur, crawling on hands and knees; and the Shepherd was an insatiably horny boy with a tail, paws for hands and a squat muzzle. The ruse wasn't entirely perfect – as the fact that an otherwise pristine-looking Husky dog didn't have a long, bushy tail seemed to bother quite a few people. Soon, Tera became tired of their concerns and decided to move things along. She had plans for her doggies, and she was especially excited to see them through where Edward was concerned.

The trio approached the campus boundary, crossing a grassy verge and all in very different states of mind. Nate was strangely relaxed, having lapped up the petting – even playing along and rolling over to have his soft white-furred belly rubbed. Tera could barely contain her excitement – everything was going swimmingly, she'd escaped the school grounds with two leashed boys in her custody. Meanwhile, Edward was frenetic.

Wearing a collar, being petted, having dozens of students speaking to him like he was a dog and triggering Tera's obedience rule... it had left his mind entirely broken – unsure of who or what he was anymore. The only constant was the horniness that drove his aching hips to continue thrusting, even without anything nearby to hump. Of course, the dog in him did all it could to fuck everything in sight.

“Down Teddy! Bad dog!”

Edward’s mind fizzled into obedience once more as he was forced down from Tera’s leg. He’d been so close that time, too! Just a few more thrusts and he might have cum. Somewhere deep inside, his human thoughts paradoxically cheered on his doggyish behaviour. He knew that, even though it would transform him ever-more into the whimpering horny beast he was trapped inside, ejaculating was now his only opportunity to feel free of these horny, canine compulsions – if only for a few minutes. His desires unified – he sprang forward and mounted Nate without warning, immediately hammering his cock without precision against his friend’s buttocks.

“What?! -Woof- get off, Ted!” Nate cried, reflexively climbing to two feet to escape his friend’s advances.

“Nate – for fuck sake – get back *down!*” Tera snapped, somewhat under her breath.

“-Woof- but...”

“*Shh!!* We’re in public – dogs don’t walk on two legs! You want to get seen?! Or, how about... ‘if Nathan doesn’t get down on all fours-...”

“No! Please... -woof- look...”

Nate, holding his furry hands up with a fearful expression, lowered himself to the ground and crawled a few steps forward, hoping Tera would spare him another ‘rule’. She simpered at his gesture.

“Good boy.”

“Thank you...” Nate knew he was due a bark and decided now would be an ideal time to gain some favour with his captor. He continued, “-woof-...”

“Hm ha – you *are* quite cute, Nate. I can see you’re trying, but you still have a while to go before you’re inhabiting the role as well as Teddy...”

Tera giggled as, perfectly on cue, Edward mounted the Husky-furred boy’s rear again, thrusting three or four times as Nate hung his head in defeat, before letting loose a flurry of triumphant breathy barks.

“Whrooof! Whuff-hua-wruff! Whrrrrfff... ahhh... grr-god... finally!”

Edward spoke his first human word in quite some time and dismounted Nate, resisting the vestiges of canine behaviour that begged him to sniff and lick at Nate's cum-covered rump. All at once, a feeling of pent-up energy welled up at both ends of his body. His head felt warm and loose – like he'd just gotten over a bad cold, while his legs and feet were in dire need of a long, indulgent stretch.

He obliged, arching his back and letting his hips lower to the ground as he stretched out his legs behind him, muscles quaking with delight. Tilting his head up to the sky, he pushed his black nose as far forward as his neck would propel it – teasing out the knots in his shoulders with a few shrugs as he did.

While the boy stretched, so too did his ears – elongating and forming a blunt point at their peaks. A familiar brown fuzz, albeit a lighter shade, grew in to cover the erect, triangular ears as they migrated up Edward's head and sat amidst his fluffy brown hair. At the same time, his legs were thinning and becoming more sinewy – feet shrinking into clawed padded-paws to match his forearms. A brush of brown and black fur washed up his new lean legs, thicker around his thighs and lower back, until it met with his bushy tail.

Edward only noticed the changes as he finished stretching and attempted to resume his posture on paws and knees, fumbling his way to the ground instead. He no longer had knees – rather, his back legs were now the perfect length to adopt a truly quadrupedal stance. He glanced round at his hind quarters – he was now just a normal dog from the waist down.

“Welcome back, Teddy! Such big and cute ears!”

“Yeah... *great* to -woof- see you, Ted.” Nate looked over his shoulder, reaching a hand back and despairing as his friend's sticky fluids caught in his nice, grey fur.

Edward winced with the deafening volume of their speech as he formulated his reply.

“Fuck you *both*.”

Tera formed a barbed riposte in her mind, before stopping herself short of saying it. ‘Both?’ This sudden anger at Nate was unexpected... but seemed like it could be fun. She resolved to stay quiet and see how it played out.

“-Woof- what?!... I mean -woof- I understand you're -woof- angry with Tera -woof- but...”

“Oh – *stop* barking, Nate. You idiot!”

“...You know -woof-... I can’t...”

“So what?! You want me to feel sorry for you? You don’t have a fucking clue. I’ve probably got a few minutes max before I *wag* my tail or *lick* my paw... get *fucking* horny... and then start barking and humping shit again!”

“Ted... -woof- I...”

“And then I just have to **wait**! Can you imagine that?! I just fucking wait, trapped in my own deformed body, feeling horny as shit – until I can cum. Then... guess what? I lose *another* part of my humanity and get to have about five minutes of speaking English before it starts all over again...”

Edward abruptly stopped, tears welling up in his eyes and catching in the fur of his short muzzle as they fell. Nate stared in shock at his friend’s outburst. He wondered what he should say, his voice quivering slightly as he hesitated.

“Ted, I -woof- wouldn’t even be -woof- covered in fur -woof- if I hadn’t -woof- tried to help -woof- you...”

“*Maybe*... but maybe neither one of us would be at the end of a fucking leash if you’d just believed me to begin with!”

“You can’t -woof- blame-...”

“**Why** can’t I blame you!? Grrghgh-you’re all too happy to help with Tera’s sick game now!”

His jowls pulling taught, Edward snarled and growled as he bore the sharp teeth of his muzzle in anger. His tears had stopped now – a fierce glare replacing his damp sombre eyes.

“What do -woof- you mean?!”

“Grggh-ruff-grr! You *restrained* me back there while she put a collar on me!”

“But-...”

“You *know* what that would do to me-wrrf! More dog, more horny – more... arff- fucking... dog! Wrruff-walking on a leash is a pretty dog-specific thing, you vacant prick!”

“-Woof-! It was our -woof- only way out! -Woof- and you weren’t -woof-... yourself... I had -woof- no choice...”

Edward’s snarl evaporated.

“I’m scared Nate... We need help! I’m enough parts dog that it’s becoming impossible to avoid behaving like one!” A pained whine rose in Edward’s throat to punctuate his words, “I think... Soon – I might-rrf never be *myself* again... I wrff-want someone to notice us. It’s the only way.”

Nate shot a sceptical look back.

“Tera -woof- can’t keep us -woof- like this forever...”

The muzzled boy’s jaws contorted with anger again as a deep, guttural growl rumbled out from his throat.

“Grrgh-arf! She shouldn’t be wrff-allowed to do this to us at all! You’re too naïve! Wruuff!”

Letting his anger overcome him, Edward engaged his springy new back legs, jolting forward and clamping his razor-lined muzzle onto Nate’s furry shoulder, tearing away a chunk of fur. Nate shrunk backward and fell onto his flank as the snarling dog-boy continued to growl at him, bloodied grey fluff adorning his snapping jaws.

“Stop it, you two! Teddy – Bad dog! Sit!” Tera finally intervened as the altercation had grown violent, tugging at Edward’s leash.

Edward’s snarl faded as he licked the strands of fur from his muzzle and stumbled sideways. His pointed ears flattened to his head.

His mind was fizzling into nothing again – just like before. He wondered if he could fight it – he was more cognizant than he had been earlier, with his balls freshly emptied. He felt his lean back legs trembling. It was as if he could visualise his human influence as a huge bubble in his mind. Tera’s words, speaking to him like a simple dog, had brought a sharp needle right to its border. He willed the point backward and locked his legs in place, whining with the exertion.

“I said *sit!*”

Her stern tone drove the needle forward, piercing his human thoughts and as they popped out of existence and his back legs buckled. He fell to his haunches – tail brushing the floor and panting. His cock, which had been become semi-aroused during the argument, began to rise and harden.

“That’s better – good boy!” Tera patted Edward’s head between his velvety ears.

“Wroof! Waff!” Edward barked obediently, now rock hard.

Nate looked relieved, eyes relaxing a little from being plastered open in fear. He was glad to see his vicious canine friend back under control.

“-Woof- I thought he -woof- might tear my -woof- throat out... Thanks... -woof- Tera...”

“Don’t thank me yet, barking boy. Teddy has a point – don’t you think?”

Nate’s brow curled with confusion beneath his thick grey fur.

“About what?”

“Well... you don’t have a clue what he’s going through, do you?”

“-Woof-...”

“Let’s give you a taste...”

“No! Tera – no! -Woof-! I’ve been a -woof- good dog!”

“*Shh!* Come on, now. I admit you’ve made things easier than Teddy – but I’m not in the game of making things all *fair* and *equal*...”

“B-but -woof- why do you -woof- want to make -woof- me... like him -woof- then?” Nate nervously looked sideways at the panting half-dog, sat obediently.

“To be honest – I’m just sick of those obnoxious butt-cheeks staring me in the face while you’re crawling on your leash... It’s that simple.”

“What?”

“Yep. Now let’s see... ‘Whenever Nate barks, his tail will lengthen an inch until fully-grown’... and ‘Every time Nate’s tail wags, he will bark with joy’. That should work fine!”

Tera advanced toward Nate, reeling him in by his leash, and slapped his furry rump. The glow in her pocket could be seen faintly in the outdoor sun.

Nate felt his muscles tighten up in anticipation as he placed his hand at his coccyx... Nothing. He left it there and waited, looking up to meet Tera’s blank stare.

“But...” , he began.

“But what?”

“-Woof- I don’t have -woof- a tail...”

“Are you sure?”

Nate tuned out her rhetoric, as before he'd even finished speaking – something prodded at his furry palm. Squared at his coccyx, he felt a small nub raise up and force its way forth. He pinched the burgeoning appendage between his finger and thumb, his grip widening as it expanded, and plied it back and forth. A restlessness built around his lower back and upper buttocks, causing him to quickly let go of the two-inch protrusion, recalling Tera's new tail-wagging 'rule'. He needed to be careful not to wag it... or speak.

“You catch on quick, Nate. But you'll be barking again soon enough – don't worry.”

Tera turned to Edward.

“Ready to re-join us, Teddy? I hope you've simmered down.”

Deep inside the muzzled boy's body, human thoughts stirred and surged to the surface again. As soon as he was back in control, Edward was immediately greeted by the pressure in his manhood and set about forcing his rebellious body to stop panting and wagging its tail.

“Wrrf-when do we ruff-find out the point of all this, Tera?”

“I've been clear on that from the start, Teddy...” Tera leant down and grabbed Edward's tail at its base, waving it around like a feather-duster as she spoke, “Fun. That's really all there is to it. Just *fun...*”

Tera stopped, letting Edward's tail fall limp as she tracked his focus over her shoulder. Nate quickly lowered his hands and hid them behind him, eyes darting to the floor.

“You think I'm stupid, Nate?... Hand signals?!”

Nate looked her in the eye meekly and shook his head side to side.

“Liar! 'Any time Nate's hands are not in contact with the ground, they will slowly shrink and become more like paws'. I'm not stupid.” She flicked his forehead. “But you will be if you don't stop pushing your luck. Dumb dog.”

Nate suddenly felt a numbness in his palms, facing them up to get a look as a number of tough, pink and black splotches rose up and calloused through his fur. He thrust his mutating hands to the ground, squirming slightly with the alien feeling of pads on concrete. Suddenly it occurred to him

that he'd need to lift them up to take steps – this wasn't fair at all! Burning up with injustice, he spoke without thinking.

“What -woof- about walking?!”

Nate winced as he felt the nub at his backside grow another inch, long enough that he could now feel it resting between his butt-cheeks. It wriggled faintly. Stop! He *had* to keep it still.

“Not my problem. We've wasted enough time. Let's go.”

Tera tugged at both boys' leashes and made a stride down the road toward the tree-lined street where she and Edward lived. The muzzled boy rose to his four paws and nimbly trotted in front – he couldn't afford to resist if he was going to maintain enough humanity to attract someone's attention. He had to pick his moment.

Meanwhile, a silent Nate crawled forward reluctantly, grimacing as each step puffed his tough paw pads out further. He could feel his fingers becoming stiff and hung his head down, watching dark claws sharpen at their ends as they receded.

Part 8

Police and Pillow Humping

Cornering onto the familiar tree-lined street where Edward and Tera lived, Nate felt hopeless. His hands were no more, having steadily become inflexible padded-paws, only useful for walking and digging. The worst part had been the sensation of his thumb migrating up his wrist and becoming paralysed as it shrivelled into a vestigial dew-claw. His tiny tail nestled deeper between his butt-cheeks, signalling his anxiety.

Edward had reached a state of inner calm – refusing to allow himself to dwell on his canine predicament or his hard cock, and thus slowing the horny cycle to a crawl. He had four legs, a bushy tail, pointy ears and a whiskered muzzle. He knew this was his last chance to escape from Tera... somehow. He knew she could just take control of him by speaking to him like he was an animal – and he didn't want to be forced to 'sit' again, his neck fur raising on end at the thought of the humiliation he'd endured.

He thought hard – Nate was no use, especially now he had paws too. He needed to get *someone's* attention. No sooner had he reached this conclusion than he squinted to see a figure approaching on the same side of the road down his street. He couldn't quite make it out, instinctively sniffing the air with his nose to get a better idea... It was a man... young-ish... sweat... and coffee? The figure approached closer.

A policeman! Yes! Edward stopped himself barking with excitement and struggled to keep his tail still. He couldn't let Tera suspect anything. This was his one shot. He waited and kept his pace.

The trio converged with the police officer on the pavement, only a metre from each other. Now or never, Edward told himself. He concentrated hard – this *needed* to come out in English! He pulled forward at the length of his leash and shouted.

“Grrrrh-Officer! Help! Wrrf-this girl is wroof-holding me prisoner! Wruff!”

The policeman stumbled off the curb in shock. He straightened himself up, stood in the road and staring at Edward. Tera quickly choked the shouting boy with a firm pull on his leash.

It didn't matter – he'd done it, hadn't he? No-one was just going to ignore a talking dog.

“Is that *your* dog, young lady?”

“Yes... officer.” Tera replied, now holding Edward by the collar.

“You need to get that animal under control, or it’ll fall under the remit of dangerous dog legislation and may need to be put down!” The policeman spoke with a quaver in his voice, still clearly shaken.

“I don’t know what’s gotten into him, he-...”

This wasn’t right, Edward thought. He needed to try again. He lunged forward, shouting once more.

“Wrruff! **You have to help wrrf-me!**”

The policeman flinched and took a step back from the barking beast.

“That’s it – you restrain that dog!” He reached for a notepad in his chest pocket, “I’m going to need to take down your details for further investigation, miss. That animal clearly poses a danger.”

Edward’s ears drooped flat as Tera reeled off her details to the officer. She easily convinced him to let her to take the dog home, considering she only lived thirty seconds down the road. He searched his mind – that should have worked. He definitely spoke human words. He looked toward Nate for confirmation.

“Wrrf-I spoke human, rff-right?”

Nate glumly nodded, hoping Tera wouldn’t see him do so out of the corner of her vision.

“Sorry again, Officer...?”

“Officer Brady.”

“Please, Officer Brady – come around later and I’ll show you how well-behaved Teddy is. I promise he’s a good dog really.”

Tera simpered and clutched at the officer’s hand, squeezing slightly as if to punctuate her plea.

“Well okay, miss. But I still need to file this report with the station. You just get that animal back home for now.”

She nodded in compliance and stuck her hand in her pocket as the officer turned to walk away.

“The closer Officer Brady gets to the police station, the more he will transform into a filthy pig’.”
The tell-tale glow emanated from her pocket as she whispered. “No way he’ll be filing that report. Stupid pig.”

The two leashed boys watched the officer disappear down the street and shared a look of pity.

“Did you think the collar wouldn’t work for speech, Teddy? You should know that’s a risk I wouldn’t take. To everyone but us three, you’re just a barking animal... Anyway, let’s get you doggies home.”

Inside Tera’s hallway, Edward could smell a thick waft of sandalwood, cocoa and vanilla. Seemed like she was burning incense – and the lights were all dimmed. He’d already noticed the drive was empty on the way in, so her parents must be away. Whatever she was planning, she had set the scene before coming to capture him and Nate at the campus. The ambient sweet smells only distracted his mind for a moment before he returned to the constant pressure in his swollen cock. He knew he was getting close to going full-dog again and needing to cum before he could reset. The fact he’d desperately barked at his house five-doors-down, hoping to get someone’s attention, hadn’t helped. Each futile bark had tipped his canine libido further into a frenzy.

The two dog-boys were led into a side room where the blinds were drawn shut and plump mattresses lined the floor. Wall-mounted lights flickered as if emulating candles, while the ribbon of incense twisted all around the room with the air-current.

“Okay – here we are. The main event.” Tera unlatched the leashes from both boys’ collars. “Now – I’m sorry Nate... With hindsight, I should have lured that policeman back here and made him into a bitch for you. I was just too angry to think of that at the time, so... how about this pillow?”

Nate stared at Tera incredulously as she lifted a firm rectangular pillow and threw it into the corner of the room.

“Don’t look at me like that... you’ll thank me in just a moment... now let’s see – right now, you bark happily when your tail wags and every time you bark it grows longer...hmm. What about ‘when Nathan’s tail is fully grown, he will become a thousand times more horny – but he cannot cum until his body fully transforms into a dog?’”

Nate's eyes narrowed as he analysed the rule in his head.

"I know, I know. You're thinking I've forgotten something. 'Every time Nathan thrusts into his *favourite* pillow... he will transform further into a dog'. Better?"

Tera tapped Nate's nose and the whites of his eyes widened as he pieced together what this meant.

"There you go – you see? You'll be begging to hump that pillow soon enough... now let's start things off..."

She knelt down next to Nate and unclipped his collar, removing it. He flinched, but before he could move at all, she immediately clasped the collar tight around his furry neck once more. A familiar surge of desire shot through him as his muscles tightened, his scrotum clenched, and his dick flew to full mast. Squeezing his eyes shut through the injection of pleasure, Nate was unable to react as Tera unclipped and re-applied his collar once more, making him shiver and shake with lust.

With his pelvis jammed in a forward position, Nate pawed at his rigid cock – finding little use in his rough pads as he writhed in ecstatic agony.

"Pillow's over there, Nate. Go enjoy yourself – I'm looking forward to that tail, yeah?"

Knowing exactly what it would do, Tera scratched Nate's head for a couple of seconds until his stunted tail twitched and came to life.

"Wruff!!"

Nate was surprised by the volume of his own bark as it came out louder than usual. He felt happy to announce his pleasure to the room and barked again before reminding himself of the new rules. He flung a paw round to his rump and held his now longer, thicker tail still. It struggled to wag, but he knew that if he wasn't careful, a vicious cycle of wagging and barking would start, forcing it to grow. And if that happened – he reasoned, fondling his dick with his free paw – he'd be a thousand times hornier and pillow-humping away his humanity might not seem so bad.

Tail trapped under one paw, Nate took a tentative step toward the pillow – which seemed to be growing more tempting by the second.

"Now for Teddy. I've got something *so* special for you, fluffy little doggy."

"I don't wrrrf-want anything from you Ter-ruff!"

"I don't think you know what you want. Just *sit*."

Edward didn't bother resisting as he felt his thoughts fizzle and the familiar compulsion rise up within him. He sat onto his haunches and barked in compliance, his human penis flexing with excitement as he tucked his paws neatly in front of him.

"Good dog – but first, I want to make sure you're ready for your special gift..."

Tera lowered herself and led next to the obedient dog-boy, stroking along the side of his soft muzzle and petting above his haunches, across his lean brown-furred thighs. Edward panted in response, his absent mind allowing his canine body to turn and lick affectionately at the girl who'd imprisoned him.

She ran her hand along the grain of his thigh fur, allowing it to fall free at the point where the boy's knee used to be. With a circular motion, she weaved her touch back around and all at once, wrapped her fingers around Edward's engorged maleness, squeezing gently. The dog-boy whimpered with the pain of his pent-up seed, ready to spill.

Tera knew it would only take a few strokes and purposely moved tantalisingly slow – up and down the rigid shaft, tickling the sensitive tip on each up stroke and lightly massaging his firm ball-sack each time she reached the base.

"Is this what you want, Teddy? *Feel* how your cock responds to my touch..."

"Worrruuff – wrrff!"

Though Edward was far too horny to form words, his human mind had resurfaced and did nothing to fight against Tera's petting. He flashed back to the time behind the library, how she'd worked him up effortlessly without even removing his clothes. But *this* was on a whole different level – dog 'rules' or not... he was undeniably at her mercy. He felt his whole body clench up at the point of no return.

"I can feel your cock spasming, aching to squirt out your humanity – all over me. Do it. Accept that you're just a horny dog – cum for me, Teddy!"

Tera began pumping Edward's iron shaft as it jolted. He barked and convulsed, feeling his legs go weak as he struggled to breathe through the mind-shattering orgasm that wracked his brain and body. His cock took full control, forcing his hind quarters to thrust forth with each shot of cum that exploded from his swollen, throbbing manhood.

It began before he even had the chance to catch his breath. His dick started to feel alien as it softened, more tender than before and trapped at a strange angle – flat up against his stomach. A feeling of warmth enveloped his whole shaft, feeling like his penis had been zipped up in a cosy sleeping bag. His balls felt indescribably altered as they loosened and began to dangle once more – like they were the same... but something had changed within.

With his first full breath after the most rapturous orgasm he'd ever experienced, Edward tilted his head to examine his groin. It was peppered with creamy-brown fur, the skin of his scrotum was darker and his cock was nowhere to be seen. He gulped, flexing his pelvic floor muscles and saw the fuzzy-furred sheath that was held tight to his abdomen twitch. He knew the thing that had made him a man was now encased within. He knew he now had the genitals of a dog.

Understandably distracted by this monumental change in his physiology, Edward had neglected to realise that the rest of his body had further shifted toward canine proportions too. Brown and black fur had sprouted all along his back and flanks, his chest taking on a more puffed out appearance while his abdomen tucked in. His torso and belly were covered in a cream and brown silky fluff that would feel incredible to stroke, while his arms had locked forward at the shoulders – just another pair of legs now.

Tera wasted no time and began to rub his soft belly immediately after prodding his new sheath with delight.

“Tera... look and tell me honestly... Am I just a dog now?”

“Almost, Teddy. Your muzzle is still a bit on the short side. But just so you know... I've thought of you as a dog all along anyway.”

Edward lowered his head onto his front paws, belly meeting the floor as he led down in defeat.

“At least take this collar off me... it's itchy...”

“But dogs have to wear their-...”

“Please.”

Tera thought for a moment, before deciding that it couldn't hurt – Edward was nearly indistinguishable from a large German Shepherd dog at this point anyway. She unclipped the collar.

“Thank you.”

Edward's voice was monotone, glum and gravelly – his nearly-canine vocal chords lending themselves poorly to human speech. He looked over at Nate, reluctantly but inevitably thrusting back and forth into his pillow.

"What about him?"

"Oh, Nate? Looks like he's been busy too – starting to get a nice black nose from all that thrusting... and his tail isn't even fully grown yet!" Tera raised her voice to shout in Nate's direction, "You should live up to your nickname and let loose that tail, *barking boy!*"

"Hmph. So, we never had a chance, huh?" Edward lamented.

"Oh, Teddy. Don't act so down... I said I had something special for you, didn't I?"

Tera reached into her pocket and brought out a half-palm sized stone, setting it on a side-table. Edward watched closely as it shimmered with refracted light but maintained a pure transparency. The central stone was encapsulated with a mesh of cobalt-hue metal. It was like nothing he'd ever seen.

"So that's what was in your pocket... What is it?"

"A rule-stone. Does exactly what you'd imagine. You've already seen it first hand, of course. And now it's time to really have some *fun.*"

Tera placed her hand onto the stone, placing her other hand against her own forehead.

"Tera will now transform fully into a female dog in heat, and she will only change back when she orgasms – but she will keep her ability to talk throughout'. I'm not above the rules either, Teddy..."

The stone began glowing as the refracting light span around at its centre and Tera began to sprout white fur across her face.

"What do you think, Teddy?" She asked, as the fur grew in thicker and a black splotch began to spread outward from the tip of her nose. Edward looked on in disbelief that she would do this to herself, and then rose to four paws as her motivation became clear.

"Seriously?! This was your endgame? You just wanted to-..."

"Fuck you doggy-style, yeah. But authenticity is important, and I was lucky enough to have the means, so-..."

She spoke casually as she shed her clothing, revealing ten breasts adorning the length of her torso. The white fur was growing in patches all over her fair flesh, spreading and merging to form a full coat.

“Damn it Tera! And all that teasing? Taking the piss out of me?”

“I like you, Teddy. Always have... and now I get to *have* you.”

Her face stretched out into a muzzle as she flashed a sultry, toothy smile.

“But... why didn’t you just say? Hell... if you’d told me about the stone, I probably would have been up for spending an afternoon with you – fucking like dogs... or anything really!”

“What do you mean?” She looked confused, as she held her fresh paws limp and folded forward at her chest.

“I’ve always liked you too, Tera – but you seemed so... frosty and hostile, I didn’t know how to say it.”

“Really? Then you can’t be angry with me – you know what it’s like!” The dog-girl exclaimed defensively as she fell forward onto her front legs, tail pushing out and waving through the air at her rear.

“But you did this to me against my wrrf-will...”

Edward felt his nose sniff involuntarily as Tera’s scent tickled it and lit a flame in the back of his mind.

“So? Isn’t that even hotter? I saw how hard you got behind the library. How quickly you came when I *commanded* you to cum for me... Let’s run with that. *Fuck me, Teddy.*”

The white Labrador turned to face away from the conflicted dog boy, presenting her oestrus-engorged lips to him as she cocked her tail to the side and swished it to waft her thick scent.

“Wroff wrrff-ruff! Grrgh-but... why did it have rrrf-to be like this? Wruff!”

The overpowering smell and the sight of her dripping wet opening before him quickly overpowered any sense of human etiquette as Edward padded forward, groin heavy with lust. Just the feeling of his brand-new red rocket-shaped dog cock extending from his sheath ramped up his arousal and got him barking under his breath.

“Yes Teddy! Mount me and fuck me like the horny dog you are!”

Tera's encouragement was entirely unnecessary as Edward, already blinded by the compulsion of her canine charms, reared up and plunged his tapered tip deep into the white dog-girl. It only took a few moments for his legs to find their rhythm and start to jack-hammer his bulging beast deeper and deeper. Her juices lathered his slick cock while he drove in and out, but still he felt some resistance as he strained to push his bulbous knot past her puffy lips and fully immerse himself in her warmth. With three gargantuan piston-like thrusts and using his paws to pull his bitch back onto his raging hips, his whole length finally entered her – locking him into place. He growled and slammed into her hind quarters with erratic micro-thrusts. His climax was seconds away.

“Tera?!” A voice rang out from outside the front of the house, followed by someone banging at the door.

Part 9

Who's At The Door?

"I don't need to tell you to ignore it, do I, Teddy?"

Tera's muzzle approximated a smile as she was viciously rocked by Edward's animalistic pounding. The door knocked again and then silence. Edward continued fucking her, nipping at her nape with his sharp fangs and curling his paws back to clamp her to his pneumatic cock.

"Tera?! I've let myself in through the window... I know you're in – I can hear the dogs barking!"

"Shit. Who the fuck is that and why would they let themselves in?! Fucking *barking boy!*"

Nate had been intermittently barking as he humped the pillow and battled the impulse to wag his ever-growing tail.

"Tera?! Where are you?! I've got Barter's trousers and I know he was with you earlier – I tried his house, but his dad said he wasn't in! Come on!"

Edward's ears perked up at the mention of his name... he recognised the voice, somewhere deep down in his mind – buried beneath all the fucking and barking. He continued ramming his cock into his bitch.

Tera weighed up the situation and knew she would need to respond.

"Okay! I'm busy! Just leave them in the hall and I'll get them back to him!"

The handle to the dimly lit side-room turned and the door creaked open, revealing Adrian as he peered his head through.

"There you are! I-... **what the FUCK?!**"

The stocky jock let the door swing the rest of the way open and dropped Edward's trousers on the floor as he surveyed the dank room. He was greeted by two dogs fucking on a mattress in the middle of the room, while a third dog wearing a collar slowly humped a pillow in the corner, clutching its tail with one paw. The smell of canine sex overwhelmed the sandalwood incense that misted up the air.

Tera felt her veins flood with panic as she instinctively shot a glance at the rule-stone. She went to lunge for it, but found she was unable to move. Held back by the tight grip of Edward's paws and his enormous cock anchoring her to his pelvis as he pumped out his final few thrusts.

Adrian stared with a morbid curiosity as the German Shepherd howled and barked in climax, skewering the white Labrador bitch with its thick rod. The jock had forgotten to wonder where Tera's voice had come from amidst the shock and disgust of the scene before him.

"Wrrrrffff-ruff – wrrrof! Wrrf-Adrian!"

"Huh? Did you just..."

Adrian's face creased up as he felt lightheaded – that dog had just spoken!

Edward knew he didn't have long in-between emptying his balls, regaining his human mind and then losing the ability to talk for good as his body completed the transformation into a dog. He forced his sentence out as best he could, feeling his muzzle start to stretch forward as he spoke.

"It's me – Edward! Grrgh-get the... wrf-stone! On the table – ruff!"

Hearing the beast on her back giving the game away, Tera made a snap decision to intervene.

"Good dog – Edward, good boy – *shh!*"

Edward's attempts to speak melted into a contented panting as his thoughts fizzled into obedience, but the damage was done. Adrian had heard both dogs speak.

"Tera?! Is that you in there?"

Tera was out of her depth. She hadn't planned for this and didn't know how to answer.

"And Barter?!... is a dog... A dog that's fucking you?! And you're a dog too?! What in the *fuck* is going on here?! So then – who's that?!"

Adrian pointed at the collared Husky dog, humping a pillow – his tail almost full-length.

"That's Nate."

"Who the fuck is Nate?"

"Never mind. He's Edward's friend."

Adrian shook his head, blinking his eyes shut then open and refocusing on the white Lab.

“I’m talking to a dog... with Tera’s voice... this is insane. And you, Barter – some kind of fetish this is!”

“Yeah – things got a bit out of hand, so if you could just pass me the stone from that table...” Tera calmly instructed.

“Oh right, yeah.”

“**Wroof! Grrrrgghhhgh.**” Edward could no longer form words, but he decided he could still get his point across just fine.

“Whoa there! Barter doesn’t seem too happy about *that* idea... you good there, Ed?”

“**Grggghgrrghrrrr-ruff!**”

“That is one angry dog... especially considering he just got through fucking you. Why is he so pissed?”

“Just ignore him, Adrian. He gets like this when he’s a dog... pass me the stone.”

Tera tried to move again, but couldn’t, still tied to Edward by his inflated knot.

“**Ruff! Wruff!**”

Adrian searched Edward’s snarling, growling face for answers as he barked.

“Hold up. Let me work this out... bark for yes and stay quiet for no, okay? Errm – say hello like those dogs on youtube if you understand me...”

‘Yes Adrian!’ Edward thought to himself in celebration of the handsome jock’s intellect, albeit not thrilled about being forced to do party tricks. He begrudgingly obliged.

“Eh-rrooh... ruff!”

“Shit... so those videos are fake – they’re just people changed into dogs?!” Adrian announced his revelation.

“Just give me the stone!” Tera barked.

“Calm it Lassie – let me get Barter’s take... So, I’m guessing you don’t want me to give that gem-thing to Tera?”

“Wruff!”

“Okay. Because... it belongs to you?”

“...”

“No. Right... Because... she’s a witch?”

“Rrrf.” Edward barked under his breath in semi-concurrence.

“Warmer huh? ... shot in the dark here – because she used it to turn you into a dog?”

“Wrooof!!”

“Wow. Okay, then. Looks like you’re not getting that stone, Lassie. But what do I do with it then, Barter?”

“Fuck off, Adrian – just give me the stone and stop taking orders from a dog!” Tera spat with vitriol as her calm demeanour further cracked.

“Aaand that’s *exactly* why I’m not giving you the stone...” Adrian looked to Edward for answers, “Barter?”

Edward searched his mind – how could he communicate the way in which the stone worked? His attempt at saying ‘hello’ had already demonstrated that his muzzle wasn’t going to suffice.

A-ha! Nate. Edward loosed a few soft barks and pawed at his neck, then pointed with his other paw at the dog humping the pillow.

“You want me to take off his... collar?”

“Wruff!”

Perfect, Adrian was on a roll – as long as Nate could still talk, he could explain the rule-stone and how it works the moment the collar came off. He didn’t look too far gone – black nose, tail, paws, triangular ears... covered in fur, but his muzzle hadn’t stretched out yet. Edward prayed for Nate to still be cognizant as Adrian approached and unclipped the collar.

The second the muscular jock lifted the collar over Nate’s head, the illusion rule faded and Adrian fell backward as the Husky appeared in its true form. Just a furry naked boy, with paws, dog-ears and a tail. Nate didn’t stop humping the pillow.

“Uhhm – Nate, was it? So, what’s Barter trying to tell me?”

Nate hesitated, knowing he would have to bark at least a few times in order to reply. With a paw, the furry boy clumsily reached to his backside, estimating the length of his tail. It was already so long – just a few more barks and he’d be a thousand times hornier. He couldn’t even imagine what that would do to him – he’d have to speak quickly.

With some difficulty, he turned to face Adrian – depriving his raging cock of the pillow it had grown so fond of. He looked at Edward, tied to Tera, and steeled his resolve.

“...”

“Well, what is it – furry guy? Why’s everyone so cagey about this gem-thing?!”

Nate held up his paw pad, gesturing for Adrian to wait for a moment. He thought as deeply as he could while his cock bobbed around, spilling pre and demanding more pillow-action. He’d have to bark way too many times to explain how the rule-stone works to Adrian – his tail would finish growing and he’d probably happily fuck the pillow until he was eating from a bowl. But he could surely make a single rule before succumbing to his libido, couldn’t he?

So – he could change himself back?! Tera had just placed a rule on herself by touching her forehead. But maybe there’s some special method to it? It was too risky, he thought. Ted would know what to do! Maybe if he could change Ted back? Yes! That’s the safest way.

Nate gestured toward the stone, making an exaggerated ‘come here’ motion with his paws. Adrian’s eyes followed his body language across to the cobalt-webbed gem.

“So now *this* guy wants the gem! You good with that, Barter?”

“Wroof!”

“Don’t you dare give that half-breed *freak* the stone! Give it here – **now!**” Tera screamed in a shrill tone, her heart thumping with dread.

“Bitch *please* be quiet! Your attitude is something else...”

Adrian scooped up the rule-stone and held it up, staring into its whirring clear-crystal centre as he walked over to Nate.

“Here you go, dog.”

Tera suddenly felt the knot tying her to Edward's groin loosen. She suppressed a grin and hoped he wouldn't notice his dick softening inside her. She needed to bide her time 'til the right moment and steal the stone back.

Nate balanced the rule-stone on his upturned black pads – using both paws to sandwich it in his grip – and took a deep breath.

“The moment Edward -woof- touches me, the -woof- effect of every -woof- rule placed on -woof- him will be -woof- reversed!”

He watched an incandescent glow erupt from within the stone and bathe his paws in delicate light. It was working! But he could feel his tail pushing out further in response to the barking.

Adrian bit his lip and screwed his face up, watching incredulously as the half-Husky boy stared deeply into the glowing gem, grey-speckled tail growing longer and beginning to wag behind him.

“WOOF!” Nate let loose a huge bark and fumbled the stone – dropping it to the ground as it stopped glowing. He panicked and tried to paw at his rump, missing his tail as it swished around and forced him to bark. “WOOF!” The wagging intensified. “WOOF!” He couldn't catch it. “WOOF!” He didn't want to catch it. “WOOF!” Barking is fun. “WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!”

He stopped and fell silent. The pupils of his eyes dilated, forming huge black saucers.

“You okay, dog?” Adrian checked with concern.

Nate felt it. His cock had already been straining throughout – his mind already working overtime in the background on how best to pleasure himself. *The pillow*. He had fought through it until now. *The pillow*. He had tried his best – tried to save his friend. *The pillow*. He'd held back the wagging... and the barking. *The pillow!* But now he knew... his tail had finished growing. His heart palpitated – blood gushing to his groin. He **needed** to fuck... that... *PILLOW!*

“Uhh... Nate, was it? You good?” Adrian checked again.

The half-Husky spared a brief hollow glance at the jock before collapsing onto the pillow in the corner of the room, hunching forward, pressing it tightly to his pelvis with his grey paws, and fucking it like a mindless animal.

“Wow... so – what the fuck now?” Adrian threw his hands in the air, shrugging as he openly questioned the room and watched Nate’s features become a hint more canine with each frantic, desperate thrust.

Edward observed his friend and pitied his predicament, knowing roughly what it must feel like. But hopefully, it wouldn’t be for nothing – he just needed to touch Nate and this nightmare would be over. He tested his tether with Tera, noticing that he’d softened and began to withdraw.

Before he could fully exit her warm opening, the bitch twisted – bearing her sharp teeth and bit into his front-left paw.

“Grrghhg-arf!” Edward growled and barked at the sudden stabbing pain.

Before he could react, the devious white Lab had shot out from his reach and scabbled over to where the stone dropped. She quickly placed a paw on it.

“Every time Adrian takes a breath, he will transform further into a female dog’!”

The stone whirred to life once more, shining dimly, as Tera pounced at Adrian – grazing his leg with her claws.

“The fuck?!” The jock kicked the white Lab hard, causing her to yelp as she rolled away into the corner of the room, landing next to Nate and his beloved pillow.

Edward watched in trepidation as Adrian’s muscular bulk began to deflate before his eyes. It was mesmerising – like some weirdly erotic body horror CGI.

“Jesus fucking CHRIST! What’s happening to me?!”

Adrian screamed, as his deep bass-y voice began to crack and climb higher in pitch. He looked at his arms, flexing a bicep to no applause as the muscles he’d trained so hard to achieve began to thin and flatten. His chest began to swell, as burgeoning breasts inflated into existence – nipples visible through his top.

The ex-jock was hyperventilating with fear, spurring his changes on further. Tera, the wind knocked out of her, simply observed from the corner next to Nate, as Adrian made the connection and

unzipped his fly. His ample beefy manhood had already started to shrivel – now sucking itself back in at the base as a thick pair of labia enveloped the area where it had hung.

“Stop this, Tera! I’ll do anything! Just *stop* this!” The newly forged girl begged as her pubic bush began to darken and grow thicker.

“Should have given me the stone, Adrian! Now... you’ll make a great bitch for Nate to fuck... once he’s done with that pillow! ...Ha!” Tera, still a bit winded, forced out her taunting riposte between breaths.

Edward shook his head and glanced around the room – this was bad. He needed to touch Nate – *NOW*. He sprang from his haunches toward the half-Husky.

“Good dog Teddy – bet you thought you boys had this all wrapped up, didn’t you boy?! Good doggy – *SIT!*”

Edward’s impetus melted into nothing and he was soon sat back on his haunches, panting and drooling – for all intents and purposes, nothing but a regular German Shepherd dog, doing exactly as its owner had commanded.

“Don’t worry Teddy – I’ll let you fuck me ‘til I howl and then rub your belly once I have my hands back. I just need to get things back under control here first... Good dog.”

Tera surveyed the room – looking at each boy in turn, Edward sat in an obedient trance – pawing the floor in front of him, Nate right next to her – tongue lolling out and dangling past his chin as he fucked his pillow, and Adrian – tears snaking down her cheeks as she grappled at her new breasts. The trembling girl had now fully undressed to better track the changes as they stole her masculinity.

“Aww don’t look so upset so quickly – you’re no way near done yet!” Tera jeered.

The weeping girl could barely focus her eyes on the white Labrador, as they filled with salty moisture. She ran her hand down from her ample breasts to her groin, as if doing a physical double-take, and groaned in agony at the absence of her dick and balls. Her hips widened, her jawline

softened, and her shoulders narrowed – she now instinctively covered both nipples with a forearm as she stood daintily against the wall. The groaning began to shift in tone.

Adrian, now fully female and entirely nude, stood with her finger pressed between her labia, slowly and sensually rotating it across her clitoris. Her other hand, which had been covering her nipples, now abandoned any notion of modesty and groped at her chest – fingertip circling rings around her areolae. She moaned and shook with pleasure, her abdomen quivering as she drove herself toward orgasm.

At the very moment she released cleavage in favour of sticking two fingers inside her fresh, dripping pussy – eight more nipples began to swell along the length of her torso, quickly sprouting a fine black fur around them. The girl was too caught up in the pursuit of her first female climax to notice the changes now blanketing her entire body. Black fur bristled into being all over. That pretty face stretched out as her teeth sharpened. Her ears grew flat and folded forward, hanging at the sides of her head.

Her first clue came as she felt her digits begin to seize up inside her vagina – she'd been gently stroking the warm walls of her sex and was beyond frustrated as her rhythm was disrupted.

Withdrawing her fingers, she opened her eyes and returned from the all-encompassing passion in her mind's eye to see the beginnings of hairy, dirty paws. The sight brought her crashing back to reality as her other paw slowed its circular motions over her moist lips. She was meant to be a human boy – not *this*!

Tera, still nursing a small limp, slowly rose to all-fours – ready to venture from the corner and reclaim the stone permanently. Her mind flitted from thought to thought – what would she do to Adrian next? What punishment would she enact? How good would it feel to finally be fucked to orgasm by Teddy?

She'd won! She couldn't help but plaster a shit-eating grin across her canine muzzle as she stepped a paw forward toward victory. Her mind was so absorbed in the fantasy of her domination over these three boys – she didn't even notice the humping Husky behind her.

Almost completely a dog and mere seconds away from soaking the dick-battered pillow with his thick load, Nate engaged the last vestige of his human will and reached out with a limp paw. Shakily, as he was jiggled back and forth by his own bucking hips, he lined it up and swiped at Tera's tail – grazing the tip with a claw. She padded slowly out of reach toward the stone.

Nate felt his dick ballooning in size – knot inflating as his shaft grew iron hard and the furry orbs at its base contracted and shuffled in their sack. The tickle of his dog-juice rippled up the inside of his member as the first jet of semen tore out and painted the pillow. He thrust into the release – devoid of any human thought, now purely a dog.

And froze... His hips twitched, trying to thrust as the rest of his load dribbled forth from him. Even the peristalsis that shot his seed forth had frozen – his orgasm misfiring as he clenched into position, unable to move.

Hunching forward and being forced to the ground against her will as her pelvis re-structured, Adrian's brief liaison with her new genitalia was side-lined by a terror that now had her heart pounding in her chest. Feeling a tail squirming and forcing its way out from her lower back, she screamed and wretched in panic.

"Barter! Do something! Please! I don't want to... be a rfff-bitch!"

Edward's eyes blinked. Someone said his name... and spoke to him like he was human... Why? He's sat on his haunches like he was told to – paws nice and neat. Tail wagging. Tongue panting. So why? Why talk like he's a human? Because... *because*... he... *is* a ...human?

"Too late, Adrian! You're almost there now – just give in and get on all fours like the rest of us!" Tera goaded as she limped closer to the stone.

The room came into focus – Adrian... Oh god. Poor Adrian – half dog, with eight breasts and trying to fight being forced to the ground... Tera – heading for the stone – *NO!* Need to stop her from... *sniff* What's that... *sniff* ...heavenly smell?! *Sniff sniff* Smells like... *sniff* Nate!

Edward's nose locked onto the frozen pillow-humping Husky's scent – his dick stiffening in less than a second. It was just like a bitch in heat – just like before in the changing room! And with his long

muzzle, and puffy, damp black nose – it was *absolutely* irresistible! Edward bounded toward Nate and mounted him without a second thought, while Adrian wailed her fear in the background.

There it was – wrapped in its cobalt-metal mesh and crystal clear at its centre. The stone. The key to her dreams. She would never let it out of her sight again – she’d been cocky, but no more. She couldn’t afford to risk it. This stone... it was the only way she could be happy. The only way she knew to get what she wanted. She reached out a paw toward it...

“Bad dog, Tera.” Edward firmly reprimanded the white Labrador as he clipped the collar he’d previously worn around her neck.

“**What?!**” Tera screeched, lunging for the stone in a frenzy.

Edward simply held the flailing dog back by her collar, taking in a long, deep breath as he looked down at himself and saw skin. Bare, naked skin. His own penis and balls. *His* feet. *His* hands. He was human again.

“**NO!!...** *Good boy, Teddy! Good dog! Sit! Sit! Let me go!*”

“That isn’t going to work Tera... it’s over.”

“But... but why? How?!” She span around, still in Edward’s firm grip and saw Nate the grey Husky – frozen in place, mid-thrust.

“Wrooff!” He triumphantly barked, the sound coming out a bit muffled as he struggled to open his jaw.

Edward held Tera at arm’s length as he leant down and picked up the stone, firmly grasping it in his palm and savouring the feeling of touch without pads.

“Nate touched you – causing him to freeze and give off the scent of a bitch in heat. Adrian shouted to me for help, as if I was a human, and snapped me out of the obedience trance. I couldn’t resist Nate’s scent, so I touched him... well, mounted him... and became human again.”

Tera’s eyes peeled wide as she added it all up in her head.

“That last one was actually Nate’s rule, but it sounds more poetic if I say you were beaten while playing by your own rules, right?”

The white Labrador went limp, her eyes drooping down as they glistened with regret.

“I... I’m sorry – I was just...”

“Sorry doesn’t cut it, Tera.”

“I know! But I was just... so lonely.”

“...”

“I watched you walk past my window every night... tapping out your little rhythms and dancing – having *fun* all on your own... I was jealous.”

“What do you mean?”

“I never could... just have fun on my own...”

“So, you had to trap other people in your sick games? Force them play by your rules? Tera... why didn’t you just say? I would have kept you company.”

Edward loosened his grip on the white Labrador as she coughed meekly. He waited for a moment, but no response came as her eyes stayed glued to the floor. He sighed and let go of her collar, hoisting the rule-stone up level with his eyes, between a finger and thumb.

Epilogue

Burying The Past

Edward had wasted no time after regaining his human form. He immediately reversed the rule placed on Adrian, gifting the stocky jock his burly physique back and allowing him to stand on two legs once more. No man had ever spent so much time lovingly caressing their penis as he did the moment it grew back – and that’s saying something. Of course, Adrian did later suggest that he wouldn’t have minded another shot at finding out what the female orgasm felt like. Edward laughed it off like it was a joke – to the jock’s dismay.

Next was Nate, who was returned to his human body and endured a lengthy naked hug from his friend. He could have sworn their dicks touched and everything, though he barely cared after what they’d been through – their encounters had gotten far more experimental than that while down on four paws.

In a slightly spiteful but symbolic move, Edward couldn’t help but place one final rule on Nate – that ‘once a year, one of Nathan’s words will be randomly replaced with a bark’. Nate argued it at first – but conceded the point once Edward explained that it would be a harmless reminder, for him to trust his friends and help them *as soon* as they ask. He probably wouldn’t have done it if he’d known that, fifteen years later, Nate would bark in the middle of the biggest job interview of his life – scuppering his chances. *Hindsight.*

Meanwhile, Tera posed a problem for Edward. He had always liked her, and now he knew she liked him – but he couldn’t forgive her for what she’d done. He placed a few rules on her, ensuring that she would never again make any rules of her own with the stone – or risk being trapped in the body of a sloth, which is probably no *fun* at all, he reasoned.

He arranged it so that she would live as his dog for a whole year – her speech would be imperceptible to all but him – after which, she would regain her human form. He called it atonement, but secretly knew from her heartfelt admissions, that it wouldn’t be too far from what she’d truly wanted. Once she was a human girl again, they could re-examine their relationship. Edward wasn’t blind to the fact that he’d had his own part to play in the unfortunate series of events that led them to this. He looked forward to opening up to her and meeting the real Tera.

As for the rule-stone, Edward walked it up to the tallest hill in his county and found an unmarked place to hide it. In ceremonious fashion, he placed one final rule upon himself – that ‘Edward will have paws until he has buried the stone and if he ever digs it up again, his hands will become paws permanently’. He used his stiff pads to bury the stone deep – shovelling dirt onto it through his legs, like any dog might; then wistfully watched as his hands returned to him, mud caked under his fingernails.

~ END ~