

BOUND HOUND

MARCH 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



At a glance it had seemed like a simple enough task. Jeanne D'Arc was ever the helpful sort, her good nature sometimes taken advantage of by other Servants within Chaldea's walls. In fact the Caster Mephistopheles had taken advantage of that very kindness himself, requesting the saint procure a bag of trinkets from his room to return to him in the cafeteria at her earliest convenience. She couldn't fathom why he was incapable of grabbing these items himself but likewise didn't openly question the favor. After all, there was really nothing for her to lose but a little of the day's time; not to mention his room was so close to her own that it couldn't even be considered out of the way.

Fingers typed in the temporary password she'd been given for the door, and Ruler made haste to enter. It was a very dark space with a more rustic design to the point that flicking on the light didn't even spring the overhead bulbs to life, instead illuminating several torches along the walls. How was such a thing possible? She supposed her client was a Caster so such things were simple for him. She *supposed* at any rate.

But try as she might she could not identify the bag he'd mentioned. It wasn't on his desk nor on the many shelves that lined the walls between torchlight. There were plenty of trinkets though. Rare gemstones, jarred eyeballs, plenty that was pretty and plenty that was equally disturbing. Jeanne made a mental note not to enter a Caster's study alone again in the future.

The bag wasn't there, yet her eyes kept wandering. It was almost like they were being guided to a singular object upon Mephistopheles' desk. A collar? One of steel, with a chain broken by what looked to be flame. Scorch marks had eaten at the collar itself in equal measure, and there

was nothing particularly stylish about it. It certainly didn't match her *own* sense of style... but it might look good on her sister? Her mind was merely attempting to find a reason to adorn the accessory against her conscious will. It was enchanted, meant to push any women that saw it to want to wear it.

The enchantment was born of a curse as well so Magic Resistance did not afford the Ruler any safety. In fact, because she was conscious of her own resistance it didn't even cross her mind that her actions that followed might have been guided by an enchantment's will. Because she not only took hold of the collar in her hand, but snapped it around her neck 'to see if it would look good on her Alter self'. After all they looked the same! That was how she'd justified putting it on.

But that sealed the deal.

Or *unsealed* it one might say. The enchantment unwound and the true effects of the collar took effect now that it was bound to a host. Jeanne didn't have much of a choice now: she was about to go on the collar's wild ride whether she liked it or not. That wild ride? Began with a burning sensation as heat bit into the neck around the collar itself. A gargled noise escaped her throat when it first kicked in, fire and pain taking the saint wholly off guard. "**Guhrwhat!?**"

The heat rapidly grew more widespread, and while she'd first thought it little more than an internal affair, there was authentic blaze emanating from her skin. It bit at not only her clothes but her armor pieces as well, leaving the woman both almost naked and with her long blonde hair unbound in Mephistopheles' room, that collar chomping down tightly on her neck.

It was so hot. It had been unpleasant at first but she seemed to be warming up to the sensation gradually. Her breaths became steamy and erratic as thoughts that did not belong with her pure and chaste mentality sought to seep into the very core of her being. But heat aside? There were much more alarming happenings taking place around her body.

There was no subtlety to how it began. Seeping into the healthy skin around the collar upon his neck was a dramatic discoloration. It grew dark and yet it was no mere tan that was robbing her of her humanity but a black as rich as charcoal. It was no tone one could ever possibly find upon a human, no. It looked more like a glistening black of corruption that almost suggested the heat within had charred her to that point. But Jeanne didn't even notice that until it bled into her breasts. And why did she take notice of her breasts in the first place?

She gulped. It was taking all of her willpower not to fondle herself than and there. Hands quivered only a few inches away as a carnal impulse seemed to build that overwrote all of her concerns. She was naked. Her skin was becoming a weird color for crying out loud! But all she wanted to do was touch that charcoal flesh and knead the pleasures free. The longer the Ruler resisted the more her tits ached and the closer her fingers grew, but... No? Her hands were in the same place, so how had they gotten closer, the clothing that remained bound to it beginning to fall off of its own volition?

So focused on her fingertips the real reason escaped her initial. Her breasts were becoming engorged with added weight. As the blackness claimed her nipples, they stood erect against her palms now that a cup size had been added to her needy sacks. "**I can't...**" It seemed like she'd retained the strength to resist, but fingers soon slid into the fatty flesh and tweaked her nipples. "**...not touch them!**" The holy woman attempted her best to apologize to God internally as she succumbed, but the lit fire in her loins would only take her farther away from God's light.

The darkness bled into her face, cheeks burned crimson with a depraved lust that hadn't been properly resisted as her porcelain holiness was overcome. There was a dramatic shift in her facial features as it continued, her innocent visage stained with much more dramatic proportions befitting of the whorish body she was otherwise obtaining. As she continued to play with her tits Jeanne had found herself licking her lips more and more, and that was only emphasized as they became larger and thicker. Her tongue, strangely enough, grew a little *rougher* on the surface in a way that was more befitting of a wild animal than a human.

As her nose conformed, Ruler was suddenly hyper-aware of all the scents in the room around her. Incense that had lingered from a previous lighting, the smell of sweat from worn clothes in a nearby cupboard. But a scent more overwhelming was the one she could waft from between her own legs. Her pussy had grown juicier and juicier, and one of the hands that had been bouncing her breasts around was navigating downward as its shape seemed to... *distort*.

Jeanne's breaths had devolved into little more than needy snarls and growls, the need to communicate in a human tongue dismissed by her instinctual desire to pleasure herself through all of the heat. By the time her fingers had reached to touch the folds of her pussy lips, they were very clearly peculiarly designed. Dyed black like the rest of her flesh, hairs had begun to spring up around fingers that were rapidly thickening and drawing together. Nails hardened and extended, drawing to irrefutable claw-like points as only three digits remained. The hairs completely covered each hand with a wild and hot fur of black, the trend

shooting up either arm and tearing off the rest of her sleeves and armor as the first claw dipped through remnants of her panties and into her pussy. Jeanne snarled with pleasure.

But it was clear that with the size of her paws little more than a single digit could fit within her snatch, and this became a rapid point of frustration even as her posture dipped from leaning against a bookshelf standing to leaning against it after dropping onto all fours. Toes had thickened much like her hands and completely obliterated the remains of her footwear, but as fur draped itself across canine toes they were revealed to be significantly larger and more daunting by design, either foot possessing four claws as opposed to the three of her hands. Fur traveled to her knees, yet charcoal thighs remained completely bare as a clear appeal point to those that might wish to violate her. This remained to be for the best, because both her ass and thighs, much like her breasts, were pumped up with additional weight that complimented her more muscular design.

“Nothing... fits... I need... *pant pant...* a man...!” The reality that she could not properly masturbate with her body as it was set in and left the fallen saint teetering on the edge of a depraved need for release. Her body burned even hotter than it had previously, so much that literal flames seemed to flicker from the corners of her eyes once her white sclera burned black and blue eyes took on a fiery, monstrous read. Her snarls practically turned to whines as powerful legs attempted to bend back and play with her pussy her forearm paws had, but it just led to more frustration.

The rattling of the burned chain dangling from her new collar became almost distractingly loud for what seemed like no reason, yet triangular ears emerging from the top of her head quickly lent credence to a cause. The final traits that made her a hound had finally appeared, from fuzzy ears to the wild and untamed tail that wagged back and forth behind her. Her hair? Stained the very same black as the rest of her fur, mane wild and unkempt.

At the end, as she sat like a dog trying to get herself off in a room that was not hers, Jeanne had a moment of clarity. **“What am I...? No, this isn't right! I would neverrrrrrawr!?”** But in that moment she almost managed to find it. By digging one of her claws far enough up her snatch she was able to hit her most sensitive zone and finally climax, the pleasure burying that small voice of resistance that was once her humanity. The hellhound then collapsed, exhausted, but her heat did not wane. For a monster like her, satisfaction only paved way to craving more satisfaction.

Now that she'd masturbated she wanted to fuck for real, and those fuzzy ears of hers? She could hear footsteps. Someone was getting closer and closer to the room, the musk of a man a scent that became more potent as the steps drew nearer. The hound's tail wagged as she got down into a pouncing position, liquid still dripping from her pussy. And when it opened?

She pounced.