

“Are you sure about this Trevor?” I asked as I faced you, collar in hand. “You really want to be just a dog? My pet?”

“Yes! I know it’s strange, but I really want this... Come on Peter, put it on me!” You said, full of antic energy, eager but anxious to get it done.

“Alright, if you say so...” I say hesitantly, putting the pink leather strap around your neck, securing it in place. The effects were almost immediate. Fur sprouted all over your naked body, your arms reforming into front legs, and legs into hind legs, forcing you down on all fours. Your hands morphed into a pair of paws as they hit the ground, your face elongating into a muzzle, ears perking up to two triangles on top of your head, finishing your transformation from human to dog. I stared at you in wonder, mouth agape.

“Wow! It really worked! I mean, we knew that it would, but seeing it is something else! How do you feel?”

That was a hard question. Everything felt so different. I looked like a giant to you, despite your form being that of a medium sized dog, I was still much bigger than you now, proportionally to our previous size difference. Smells were much more vibrant, much more precise. Air ruffled your fur, causing shivers all over your body. You were suddenly very conscious of your new tail, and of the absence of a protruding member between your hind legs. It was done, you were a German Shepard Bitch. You tried to communicate, and let out a bark by instinct, surprising even yourself.

“That’s crazy! I guess you are my pet instead of my roommate, at least for now...”

You sat on your haunches, once again surprising yourself with how natural that felt. I came over and gave your head a good rub, scratching you vigorously behind the ears. The feeling was orgasmic, as if scratching an itch that had bothered you for ages, filling your whole canine body with endorphins and oxytocin.

“Oh, you like that, don’t you, hum... girl?” It was obvious that I was still feeling a bit awkward with my new status as your master, but it still felt good to be treated like a pet, in a satisfyingly humiliating way. It was what you had wanted after all, to have your status degraded, from human to animal, from roommate to pet, from man to bitch. You lolled out your tongue, panting in a satisfied way, happy with your current state. It really was what you had always fantasized about.

“I guess we could go for a walk... What do you say?” You let out an affirmative bark, excitement coursing through you. This would be taking this experience to another level. Having your roommate see you as a dog was one thing, but walking outside? With tons of other people, unaware of the fact that you are a human man currently trapped as a female dog, seeing you only for the animal you now were? It was the ultimate experience, one that no amount of roleplay or costumes could have allowed you to emulate in the past.

I grabbed the leash we had bought for you at the pet store earlier. It had been quite the thrill, shopping for your own toys, bowls, and accessories. But that had been back then when you were a man. Now you were truly living your fantasy, not simply imagining it as you usually did. It was a beautiful fall day. The cold breeze felt soothing on your fur, cooling you down as you trotted along briskly next to me, tongue lolling out of your snout. It was wonderful, people’s eyes glancing over you without any second thought, seeing nothing but a dog on a walk with his owner. You felt like property, you were property technically.

Then you got to the dog park, and it was on a whole other level. It was one thing to pass by and interact in limited fashion with humans, but to do so with other dogs was entirely with them. While people mostly ignored you, dogs were hyper aware of your presence, and evidently wanted to interact with you, to smell you to get to know you. And while you could rely on pure instincts for the small things, like walking, barking and such, this was a whole other game, and you were quickly overwhelmed.

On my end I could quickly see that you were somewhat freaking out about the other dogs that were rapidly gathering around you, crowding you and trying to get your sent, so I pulled on your leash, getting you away from them. That's when we both heard a voice, visibly addressing me.

"He's not a social one, is he?" A cute blonde had addressed me, clearly seeing that we were both out of our element.

"She... And yeah, it is our first time at the dog park..." I replied, stammering. I wasn't the most confident man around girls.

"I can see that." She giggled, giving me a smile. "What is she called?"

"Her name is Trev... Trixie... Yeah, she is called Trixie!" I say, quickly thinking up of a new name for you.

"Such a cute name! She really seems like a nice girl. Hey, if you want to socialize her a bit more progressively, I have my own German Shepard. We can do meet ups one on one if you'd like." She said, giving me a smile. I smile back, agreeing enthusiastically.

"Oh yeah, for sure! That would be awesome! I'm Peter by the way."

"I'm Gwen, nice to meet you!"

Gwen and I exchanged information, and we were off home. You had felt oddly powerless during the whole exchange, having me and the woman talking to each other pretty much as if you weren't there, leaving you as a silent observer the whole time that we spoke. It further cemented your status as someone who wasn't human, wasn't worthy of even participating in actual conversations.

"I'm sorry Trevor." I said as we got back home. "But you are going to have to stay like this for a little while longer. This is too much of a great opportunity for me. I never get to meet girls like this, you understand?" You barked in response. "I knew you would get it." I smiled and ruffled your head a bit. In truth you really didn't mind staying like this for a bit longer. The whole experience was thrilling, as you had expected, so staying like this for a bit longer wouldn't be an issue at all.

We went through the motions after that. You watched TV next to me on the couch. Drank from a bowl. Ate chow from a bowl. The next morning, I left for work, still groggy and half asleep, meaning that I refilled your things and left without leaving you with anything to do all day, just like a true pet waiting for their owner to come home. It was long, and boring. You tried to entertain yourself, but we had limited space in the apartment that we rented together, so you ended up with nothing to do all day. You tried reading a book, but your paws were clumsy, your claws tearing at the paper. And it was hard to focus on the words. You could still read, but it took longer, like you had to make sense of each word individually on the pages, which was more frustrating than anything, so you abandoned the project, instead turning to something else to do while you waited. Time became a blur, and you couldn't say exactly how long I had been gone for. Minutes? Hours? Days? The whole concept of time was getting hard to comprehend,

and you were starting to feel like something was happening to your mind, like this magical collar was affecting more than just your body, and basic instincts.

Your reflections were interrupted by the key turning in the lock, and I came in through the door. You barked happily, tail wagging from joy.

“Hi there! Are you ready for our double date? Come on!” You jumped in excitement, filled with frantic energy. After being cooped up all day you needed to go outside, needed to move.

Gwen didn’t live far, so we walked there. It felt good to stretch your legs and taste the crisp autumn air on your tongue. Then, we were there. You could immediately smell the other dog, before I even rang the doorbell. And somehow, you knew right away that the dog in question was male. Gwen answered the door with a smile.

“Peter! So nice to see you, come in, come in!” Gwen was all smiles as we walked into her home. Immediately barking could be heard. It was loud and assertive, but not quite aggressive. It resonated through the home with resonating intonation. “Hey there Trixie, Buster is really excited to see you...” She turned to me, asking. “She isn’t in season, is she? Buster hasn’t been neutered; sorry I should have asked yesterday...”

I was a bit confused by the question, a little new to all of this, but quickly understood the meaning of her question.

“No, she shouldn’t be.”

Gwen escorted us through the home to the backyard door, where Buster was waiting for us, barking excitedly. Gwen encouraged me to lead you to the door, addressing you as we stood on the other side of the door. He was also a German Shepard, but much larger than you were, more imposing. You felt wary of him, but not scared perse, just cautious.

“Now girl, don’t be scared, Buster here can look intimidating, but he is just really happy to see you.” With that, she opened the door, and I led you outside. At once, Buster was all over you, not in an aggressive way, but definitely invasive and prodding. You yelped as you felt his cold and wet nose slip under your tail, sniffing at your butt. “She really must not have socialized with other dogs a lot since her youth... Poor thing looks like she doesn’t know what to do.” And it was true. You didn’t know how to interact with this other dog, now your equal. You could also see that I was myself starting to feel nervous. What if she found out that this was all a scam, that you weren’t a real dog. You decided to try and encourage me to act like a proper dog.

“Come on Trixie don’t be shy! Buster just wants to get to know you, and you should get to know him too, *like a good dog.*” When you heard those words, something clicked in your mind, like you had unlocked a knew piece of knowledge, a new instinct. Your demeanor became more natural, more fluid with the bigger dog. You spun around and got under the other dog’s tail, sniffing, and registering his scent. You knew the whole process should have grossed you out, but it simply felt natural. You turned to us, happy to have finally been able to interact with the other dog properly, and I congratulated you.

“Amazing! You did a great job Trixie; you are such a Good Girl!”

You cocked your head. You understood the meaning of what I had said, and recognized a few words here and there, but it seemed like you couldn't understand me anymore! Gwen turned to me, a smile on her face.

“ See! I told you that she could do it!”

Once again, pure gibberish. It seemed that you had gained the ability to communicate and interact with animals, but in doing so lost the ability to understand human languages, at least, no more than a regular dog would. This was oddly terrifying, losing such a huge part of your humanity, but again, so tantalizing, so humiliating, so arousing! This, this was what your fetish of being nothing more than a dog was really about, and it scared you how much you wanted it to happen to you again, to lose more of yourself to this your new animal self.

You spent the rest of the session playing along with Brutus, indulging in your newfound belonging to the canine species. From the corner of your eyes, you could see that Gwen and I were getting along as well, chatting, laughing, and having a good time.

From there things seemed to go quickly. We fell into a routine, one walk before work, one walk after work, some play time outside, then bed. Every so often we would meet up with Buster and Gwen, sometimes at their place, sometimes at the park, since our place didn't have a yard, it wasn't ideal. It all felt like a blur, time becoming a vague concept for you, more of a pattern of events rather than a measured scale. You also noticed more compulsions being added on, pushing back on your humanity, and making feel and act more like a common dog. At first, you refused to relieve yourself in front of anyone but me, finding it too demeaning and humiliating, but soon, after some insistence from my part, you were doing it like any other dog at the dog park, in front of dozens of people, crouching and letting yourself loose, feeling no shame at all. At one point I had forgotten to bring water on to our walk, and when I refused to drink from the fountain, you edged me on, saying that any dog would be plenty happy with that water to refresh themselves. From then on, you found yourself much less picky about what you drank or ate. I even had to start closing the bathroom door, lest you start lapping up water directly from the toilet bowl.

Then came the talk. I sat you down and tried to explain some things to you, but the meaning of it all was lost on you, much too complex for your simplified mind. You felt that this was important, a decision of some sort, but you had fallen too deep to respond, or even understand what I was trying to convey to you.

Then came the boxes. Everything that was not essential went into a box. And soon, everything that was essential went in as well. You lamented the loss of your favorite chew toy, hoping that you would see it one day again.

Then the truck, a big truck, and big men came into your home, taking away everything. You barked and barked at them. I tried explaining to you that they meant no harm, but it was no use, they were invaders and they needed to be scared off. You were so agitated that I had to take you to Buster's house, where you finally relaxed, playing along with your best friend, forgetting all about the bad men and their big bad trucks. But soon they came to Gwen's house as well! But instead of taking stuff like they did at our place; they were dropping stuff off... our stuff! You were confused, your canine brain having trouble comprehending the situation, or what was happening.

Then the evening came, and we didn't come back home. You slept downstairs, with Buster, while I slept upstairs with Gwen. Then morning, then night, then morning again. Soon the cycle began repeating again, and you got accustomed to your new daily routine. Daytime was much less boring now that you had a friend to hang out with! You were getting along quite well with Buster, just like I was getting along well with Gwen. A bit too well. One day, you awoke feeling a burning, in your nether regions, a heat. Gwen and I didn't quite catch on to it before leaving for work that morning, leaving you alone with Buster for the full day.

It was a primal instinct. You wanted, no, needed to mate! Buster caught on to it, smelling your pungent pheromones, circling around you, taking in big whiffs of your hindquarters. You presented yourself to him, by instinct, raising your tail, and lowering your head, signaling your submissiveness. You saw his red phallus sticking out from his crotch, and he jumped on top of your back, gripping the nape of your neck with his maw. It only took a few moments. A prod, a second prod, and you were penetrated. Within a couple of thrust, he had planted his seed in you, a knot forming to secure it within your canal. And it was over. He dismounted, and you stood rear to rear while the knot deflated. You repeated the whole process multiple times that day, up to the point where we returned from work, finding the both of you knotted together. You knew you should have felt humiliated and degraded at being caught like this, being fucked by a dog, but it only felt normal, natural. You were following your instincts, and that was it.

Soon it was evident that you were pregnant with pups. That fact made you happy, happier than you had ever been in your human life, like you had found the meaning of it all, your true purpose. At that point you reflected a bit on the situation, and how you had gotten there. Had I kept you as a dog for my own purposes? For malicious intentions? Or simply because I was unable to turn you back? That fact was, you would never know, and honestly, you didn't care. You were content to your station, as a pet and a mother, and you rested without any thoughts or worries, next to your mate, your alpha, Buster, while I slept with Gwen, both happy with our lives and how things turned out.