

Dog Inside

George and Nina had been together for some time now; George thought it was about five years or so – Nina knew it to be five years, three months and twelve days. And this disparity aptly summed up their approach to one another. Standing six foot on the dot, with dark, messy hair and a dumb grin – George’s loyalty and *laissez-faire* love of mischief and adventure marked him out more than any physical feature. Nina – a little shorter and white blonde with green eyes that glint – remained the more focussed and driven of the pair. Each balanced the other and they were content, though *she* did lament his impulsive nature, only every so often – wishing she could reign him in. Hoping that he might learn to listen to her and... be a little more... obedient isn’t necessarily the correct word, she’d fallen for him for a reason of course, but she wanted to get him on a shorter leash.

Nina’s birthday had come around, and given they’d been through a rough patch recently, George resolved to do something special obviously – but also productive, she’d appreciate that. For all of his whimsy, George did listen to Nina; he’d heard her mention a particular show that her friends, one-by-one had nearly all gone to by this point. It was a hypnosis show – ‘an intimate and bespoke limited event for couples that will broaden the mind and break down the barriers of what is possible in a relationship’ – not his thing really. Even so, Nina had been parroting the rave reviews of her various friends who’d attended, so he bought tickets and was adamant he’d take it seriously. For her.

The beetle black cab whirred to a halt outside the venue, with a dapper George hopping out and around to the opposite door. He pulled on the handle and, with a suave gesture of his brow, offered his hand to the fancifully gowned Nina. “Madame”, he delicately guided her from the carriage, “we have arrived”.

“Monsieur, thank...”, she stopped mid-giggle as they both spun around to behold a shabby dry-wall building with peeling paint and tumbledown lettering announcing the show itself. George grimaced, looking to Nina for confirmation that he’d booked the right tickets and that this was okay. She hoisted her aghast expression back into check and forced a smile, “this should be fun! Let’s get inside”.

As they entered through the dimly lit, cornering hallway – they stopped at a reddish neon hued desk sat next to some shabby velvet curtains that they assumed led to the auditorium. The man sat behind was dressed in an ostentatious robe that clashed with the surrounding drab – he beckoned for the tickets. “Welcome, welcome my dears – you have your tickets, yes? Superb, please – go through, just there. I believe you are the last to arrive, so I’ll be through in just a moment”.

“Thanks... uh, I don’t mean to be rude” George stuttered, “did the budget all go on your robe?”

“Ha ha! Not rude at all, boy – I presume you are joking at the expense of the outside décor? Yes, it’s a little shambolic, though I am sure you look like the sort who would know – it’s what’s inside that counts. No?”

“Err, yeah I agree actually – sorry. Wait, did you say you’d be through in a moment – are you...the hypnotist?”

“As I said – no problem at all – and yes, I am him. Now go on – go through and sit”, the flamboyant man waved his hand toward the curtain and George began on his way without thinking. Nina stopped to thank the man and quickly followed.

She found George stopped still on the other side of the veil, eyes to the ceiling in awe as the scenery had taken a turn for the better. Resplendent and regal dashes of red-gold adorned the multi-tiered auditorium, snarling statues and other ornery trinkets sat dotted around the grand room, imparting a gothic yet enticing ambience. It surely was a vast distinction from the state of the entrance – looking like the exuberant theatre a rich and mad medieval King might choose to watch his jester perform in. The couple stepped forward from their stupor and drifted toward their seats, imbibing the sights and noting how few others there were in the audience. “I guess the advert did say it would be intimate, right?”

“Yep”, Nina replied gleefully, “Well, I like it this way – it means he’ll spend enough time with each couple”.

“Huh? You mean we have to participate?!”

“Georgey! Didn’t you even read the programme? Ha! Well, we’re here now so you won’t be able to get out of it!”

“No! I didn’t mean...” Just then a crash of cymbals and a shrill trumpet sounded, the room darkening as the two hushed in their seats. The trumpet faded and gave way to the sound of a chorus of

maracas being gently shaken in unison and overlapping until they could be mistaken for a rolling tide breaking on sand and shale.

“Hello! Welcome! Ahem”. The percussion fell to silence, all but the sound of the ‘tide’, as the robed man from the desk sidled out and onto the spot-lit stage. “I am Dr Interius! Interius for short, though I accept that isn’t much help... and this robe, this auditorium, these words, my name – they all betray my true purpose I’m afraid”. Interius paused, allowing an expectant and inquisitive quiet to descend over the crowd.

“What does he mean?”

“I don’t know”

“What a strange way to begin the...”

“Inside!! I am only really interested, not in what you portray to your neighbours in the street or parade in front of your colleagues at work, but in what is inside – what truly creates a person. And in turn, what truths form together between two beings to create a whole. That is why I and you are here – *non*? To see what I might bring out in each of you. So, enough posturing – let us begin”, the maracas ceased.

Pointing at a couple in the front row, Interius asked them to stand and began to question them extensively, though with a concise precision, on their lives, their love and their problems. George was intrigued and glanced sideways to see that Nina was gripped by the psychoanalysis; he wondered too though what he’d let himself in for, as he watched the couple airing their dirty laundry publicly. At least it’s a small crowd and there’s no-one here that we know, he thought. Through the clinical questioning, it became apparent that the standing couple were very happy together, but that the woman had some reservations about the man’s arrogance. She described how he was so sweet and caring and shared his insecurities in private, but in company – he made an ass of himself, making others the butt of his jokes and never backing down from an argument, even when wrong.

“How embarrassing”, George whispered, empathising with the man’s plight as Interius beckoned the offending man on stage. George watched as the man lived up to his partner’s tales, strutting onto the stage and firing indignant bluster back at the accusations, until Interius said “stop”. And he did.

With a look of surprise on his face, suddenly seeming like a naughty child in front of a teacher, the man adopted very different body language. His partner in the front row stared in amazement as Interius praised him and explained how he shouldn't need to behave in such a way. Interius didactically prescribed his lessons for a moment longer, before saying "continue". And the man did – as if he'd never been interrupted, he began again mid-flow with nay-saying and proclamations of nonsense. He went to point at Interius accusingly and tell him to mind his own business, when the words caught in his throat, his fists clenched and to the astonishment of each person in the audience, a huge braying sound burst forth from his mouth. George turned to Nina, "but he didn't even hypnotise him, did he?! He thinks he has hooves!", Nina's head just shook in disbelief while a small grin pervaded her expression. The donkey-man looked mortified, and seemed unable to unclench his fists or speak in anything other than 'hee' and 'haw'.

Interius released the man from his affliction and turned to the woman in the front row. "From here on, if his arrogance and bluster become too much to bear, simply ask him kindly to 'continue'", he said, as the donkey-man silently returned to his chair, flexing his fingers and afraid to say anything for fear of what might come out. From thereon, Interius held court. He questioned and listened to each couple, identifying their issues, before giving one or both of them a dose of the same animalistic medicine. A cowardly cockerel-man, a purring and affectionate cat-woman, a duo of bunnies whom he returned to their human minds just as one had mounted the other. Nina sat staring, her face awash with fascination.

"Ok ok, it's pretty funny but it's been hours! I don't know how much more counselling I can sit through!" George exclaimed a little too loud as his restlessness got the better of him.

"Shh! George!" Nina scolded him, "don't be so impolite!"

They bickered, unaware as the room fell silent and Interius' gaze fixed upon them. "A-ha. Perhaps you two should take the stage next?" Nina and George felt a shiver up their spines as if someone had been secretly stood behind them.

"Umm, ok. Sorry, by the way. For George."

"That's ok – it's no problem at all. What's your name?"

"Nina"

“Thank you, Nina. Please... stand”, Nina stood. “You too, George”. He slowly craned himself to his feet – feeling the concentration of the crowd upon him. “So, Nina – It seems you have something to say?”

“Yes. I suppose it’s just, he can be quite impulsive – which is great! Sometimes. But he’s quite uncontrollable and... he doesn’t realise the impact it has on me when he just goes off making decisions on his own the way he does.”

“Hmm”, Interius ruminated aloud. “Fine. George, can you make your way up to the stage please?”

“I’d rather not to be honest”, George mumbled only just audibly, staying rooted where he stood.

Interius let out a small sigh and kneeled slightly – he patted his hands on his thighs three times and shouted enthusiastically, “come on!” George was about to quiz him on what exactly he was playing at, when he noticed he’d already taken his first few steps toward the stage without even thinking. The puzzlement lasted long enough that George stayed quiet all the way to the stage, before stopping next to Interius – still confused.

Playfully patting him once on the head, Interius inquired as to whether George had anything he wished to add to Nina’s statement. “Yeah, if we’re doing this – basically, I like to be spontaneous and just do things when I feel like it... I don’t know why that is such a problem really.”

“I see. So, you can’t fathom how Nina might want to be included in your plans – how she might feel if you run off in your own direction all the time, without thinking of her?”

“What? That’s not really what I... this is stupid. Sorry, I mean – it’s not for me. I’m leaving” George turned away from the robed man and began walking toward the exit, to Nina’s disappointment. She tilted her head down and shuffled from her seat to follow George, hoping he wasn’t upset.

“Heel!”

George had almost reached the velvet curtain at the back, when his ears pricked up. A shiver jolted through his cheeks, which widened his mouth so that his tongue could loll out. His fingers curled in on themselves and he raised onto the balls of his feet with his next two steps, then stopped. He felt an excitement building – like fizzy liquid frothing through his veins, and a pleasurable numbness overcame his limbs as he sank onto the floor. George was standing on all fours. His behind began to tremble at first, before rhythmically wagging from side to side. The whole process didn’t last more

than two seconds from everyone else's perspective, before George the dog span and sprang back toward the stage, arriving at Interius' feet – still on his hands and knees, still panting and still wagging.

“Good boy, George!” Interius exclaimed, “it seems you *can* do what you're told!”

It was only then that the sensation receded and George catapulted to his feet, stood tall and face red with chagrin. “When did you...?”

“Sit!”

George descended once more onto his haunches, hands neatly on the ground in front of him like a front set of paws. He shook his head, trying to snap out of it and motioned his mouth to shout.

“Speak!”

George barked. Then thrust his mouth shut. His thoughts were racing – he just barked like a dog. Is he playing along? Is it some kind of stage fright or did he imagine it? He hesitantly opened his maw again and, glancing with concern over at Nina – still stood in the audience and transfixed, he attempted to call her name.

“Rrrooff!” It was real, George had just barked again. He hadn't intended to, but he did.

“Good doggy!” Interius watched as the dog-boy involuntarily wagged an imaginary tail in delight at being praised. “Now”, he said, turning to Nina, “this is perhaps an improvement, yes? If you need to keep this one under control, he should prove a little more willing to listen now. Ha! Now go on George, you can leave now. Release.” George felt his control returning, though he remained still and silent for a moment, just in case he humiliated himself further. “Nina, would you call him over please? I must get on with the show. Thank you”

“Whoa-ok, yep. Uhh, George?” The dog-boy turned to look at Nina, carefully ascended to two feet and began walking to her, his head drooping slightly.

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The sun pierced through the blinds of George and Nina's bedroom, hitting their eyelids and slowly forcing them awake. They hadn't done much after the show the previous night. George had been left

reeling from his canine experience, though he had managed to confirm he was able to speak in human words once again. Nina felt a little guilty about the situation after seeing a lacklustre George moping about, so she gave in to the call of daylight and set about preparing a breakfast in bed for them both. Eating and discussing the night's events, George was, at least, pleased to hear that it had been an enjoyable birthday treat and, as the lazy day progressed, the tinge of embarrassment faded and the couple got back to normality. Today was Nina's actual birthday date, after all.

Clouds stretched in the sky and filtered orange as evening arrived. The couple sipped languorously on wine in the garden when George's phone buzzed. It was an invitation to hang out with his friends. Could he justify it? It was Nina's birthday – but they'd spent all day together and she'd had her birthday treat yesterday. Surely it would be fine, he decided. "I'm just gonna head round and see the boys, Nina – I'll be back later. I'll try not to wake you..."

"On my birthday? Really?!"

"Come on, we've spent plenty of time together and..."

"No, George. I don't think that's ok. Can't you see them some other time?"

"Well, I just feel like I need to go relax and..."

"Not be with me? George, why won't you listen?!" The situation had devolved predictably into a typical argument between the two, neither willing to budge. It would come down to George to either compromise or remain intransigent. Perhaps spurred by recent events and wanting to regain some control, he quickly chose the latter and began packing his bag. Protesting in all the tried and tested ways, Nina was at a loss as she watched him swing the rucksack over his shoulder and grasp the door handle.

"I'll see you in a bit", George stated without emotion. Nina felt her rage reach a boiling point – it was her birthday! Then she remembered last night.

"George? HEEL!"

George's bag fell from his shoulder as he let go of the door and dropped to the ground on all fours. He felt the fizzing sensation again - unbound, excited energy twanged through and around his body. Beginning to pant, a fog swiftly descended upon his thoughts while his behind twitched left and right. There was something else too – a small pang of desire. Nina watched, a tentative smile

roaming across her lips, as George the dog-boy about-faced and eagerly bounded over to her feet. Coming to a halt, he regained a grip on his mind and rose to his feet. “Good doggy! Ha-ha.”

Attempting to stem the spread of anger apparent in his face so as not to elicit another ‘command’, George stifled a growl and sought answers. “Grrgh-ruh- so that’s it then? You’re just planning to use that fucking hypnosis whenever you don’t get your way?”

“Hey! It’s not like that, I just wanted you to come back so we could have a conversation and...”

“Well I don’t want to talk!”

“George...fine! You can just be a good boy and- Speak!”

The fog returned and George felt a compulsion, strong and all-consuming. He clamped his mouth shut, an instinctive growl rumbling in his throat as he fought. “Wwrooof! Ruff arf! Grgh”, and he had lost – a shattered piece of him inside momentarily gave up - as, even knowing he wouldn’t be able to form words, he began pleading and arguing against this treatment. It all escaped as gravelly barks and whines before he noticed the returning desire – he felt... aroused. Nina gave a gloating harrumph and walked to the other room, knowing that George would have to follow if he wanted to talk again.

Standing in the front room pitying himself, George scanned back over what had just happened and wondered, above all else, why he was feeling so horny. Just then he felt something uncomfortable at the rim of his trousers – it felt like his penis was being constricted by the waist band. Then, pulling up his t-shirt, he was not ready for the enlarging red tip poking up toward him. A low-pitch whine immediately followed while George flung his top off and pushed down his pants. Soft brown fur covered the sheath that now encased his dog cock, which was continuing to engorge and grow. His fuzzy balls began to pull up in their sack, held tight near the base of his sheath. In disbelief, George poked the red protrusion and recoiled as he felt a tingle of pleasure – letting him know for certain that this was his cock. No, he’d acquired the genitals of a large dog. Eyes glazing over, he almost didn’t notice a bulge appear near the exit to his sheath before his knot popped out, huge and thick. He focussed – his dick stretching eight inches or so from his sheath, fully erect, red and pulsing. Lust was creeping into his mind and in a panic, he called out to Nina, “Bark! Ruff!”

“Complain as much as you want. You...” But George, having realised he was still unable to talk normally, had rushed through to the other room – dog cock proudly erect, on show and dribbling a little pre-cum. “You... What?! Is... that? George what did you...?” He barked desperately and

gestured at his pulsing penis, trying to ignore the building urges that radiated from his twitching manhood. “Oh, yeah umm, you can talk? Back to normal?... Release!”

“Woof-ugh... ughm, finally – what the hell is going on?! I’ve got a dog’s dick!”

“I can see that...”

Nina’s pupils dilated as she stared at the red flesh. She cupped George’s furry ball-sack and caressed upward, running her fingers with the grain of the tawny-brown hair until she reached the edge of his sheath. “Nina, maybe you shouldn’t... just...” He moaned with a slight growl and tilted his head back. Her fingers slipped over the edge and onto his exposed cock, which felt incredible. He’d never felt this sensitive a touch before, as two fingers traced their way up the underside of his canine shaft and around the sides of the pointed tip. Leaning forward, Nina took the dog’s penis in her mouth and wrapped her lips firmly, undulating up and down over the throbbing piece of flesh. George felt ecstasy; his body vibrated in time with waves of tingling, overwhelming pleasure. He felt his excitement build and build until suddenly - cool air hit his shaft. Looking down to see Nina ripping her clothes from her body and turning her hind quarters to him, he didn’t need to think as he fell to his hands and knees and plunged himself into her. George started in and out, with the sensations quickly becoming very intense – soon he was losing control, in and out up to the knot with each thrust.

“Come on dog-boy, deeper.” And with that motivation, he lost all restraint – hooking his hands around her thighs and jack-hammering his bitch. With some resistance, his bulging knot slid into her vagina and ballooned. She began to moan loudly and he felt her getting tighter as he grew, until with a final almighty thrust – the pressure was released and his cock began shooting jets of hot dog seed inside her. Each shot was accompanied by a swell of pleasure and relaxation. Catching her breath and letting her head rest into her inside elbows, Nina complimented George’s technique. He simply exhaled and draped his torso forward, over her rear and onto her back.

Minutes later, he stirred and attempted to slowly pull out, but was stopped by a peculiar tugging feeling. Was he still erect? He pulled again. “Oww... George! Bad dog! Wait for your knot to go down.” He couldn’t believe she’d called him a bad dog, but accepted it’s joking tone. He would have to wait then, for his penis to deflate – how inconvenient, but it had been worthwhile. Flashing back to the orgasm he’d just had and deciding that it was probably the best he’d ever experienced, he felt the fleeting stroke of something brush past his under-thigh. And again, along with a feeling he

couldn't assign meaning to. A new reflex that he'd never felt before. Still stuck and turning to look over his shoulder with suspicion, he tensed his muscles near his lower spine and just below – then with a moment's practice, a bushy brown tail wagged around in the air behind him. It soon disappeared between his legs again as reality sunk in, tickling Nina's inside thighs as it did.

"I think I've got a..."

"A tail? Yeah, it's tickling my thigh right now."

"Woof! Sorry...err, wait a sec." George struggled to override his instincts and retract his new fluffy appendage, leaning it against the side of his right leg, though it still twitched and moved around of its own volition. Just then, his penis slipped out of Nina's vagina with a small sound and he sat back onto his legs, twisting and swivelling to get a better look at his tail. It looked like it belonged to a German Shepherd. He didn't register Nina's look of confusion.

"You just barked."

"What? No, I didn't", he exclaimed, now grasping the fur of his tail in awe.

"You did. I'm serious – and you don't even realise? I thought I said 'release' or whatever."

"Yeah-ruff. You did. Anyway, look! I have a fucking tail!" George gestured, holding his hyper-active tail up in Nina's direction, a small canine whine eking out of his throat as he did.

Nina pointed, "There! You barked like a dog again. And now you're whining like a distressed doggy... aww." She refocused, "Do you honestly not realise what you're doing?"

"Well... grrroof! *bark*"

"There!"

"Grrrhugh... okay. Yes. That was a big one - I sure as hell noticed that. Woof. What does it mean – with the tail too, am I going to turn into a dog?!"

Nina looked with pitying eyes at a dishevelled George, his trembling tail tucked between his legs and thin patches of barely visible brown fur around his face. "I don't know George, but that sex was incredible. We should probably get some sleep and check on you in the morning", she reasoned, her thoughts flashing back to the doggy style sex.

"Okay, you're-rrr ruh-right." He said it in a somber tone, but his tail gave him away – wagging back and forth as he enjoyed Nina's complimenting his sexual prowess. The patchy facial fur seemed to

thicken slightly as his tail swatted about. They both made their way to bed. George struggled to find a comfortable place for his tail while lying on his back, so he settled on his side.

George woke with a start – he'd slept naked to avoid restraining his sheath and tail. Remembering his dreams had mostly consisted of running, barking and such - he sighed, pushed the covers off and turned over, careful of his tail, to see that Nina was out of bed already. He thought and realised he already knew this – he could hear that she wasn't even in the house. Wait – he could *hear* that? How could he be sure? He listened. Definitely.

“Wroof!” He winced as he deafened himself. The volume had been turned all the way up. He quickly motioned to feel around his ears, but had to move further up to locate them – soft, pointed and topping his head. He went to grip them and feel out what had happened. Then it occurred to him, his hands were unusually tight; they were inflexible and didn't feel right. He brought them in front of his face and with dread, gazed transfixed at the stubby, tough black-padded and clawed paws now attached to his arms. “Nina!!!” he screamed, kicking the bed sheets away to see that the tawny fur had spread from his genitals to cover his belly and thighs, melting into a creamy white colour, and his feet had also been replaced with doggish paws.

After an indeterminable time spent in panic, George remembered that Nina must have gone to work. She probably hadn't bothered to wake him – after all there was no chance of him going to his job like this. He stopped and scanned himself. His legs seemed shorter overall and he hadn't even noticed the wet, black nose right in front of his eyes, poking out noticeably farther than normal. He crawled from the bed and tried to stand, finding that it was difficult to balance on his new back paws. It seemed more comfortable to lean forward anyway and with a slight growl, he submitted to a quadrupedal position on the floor. Upon getting his bearings, a slight tingle hit his balls and moved into his sheath – his canine instincts forcing sexual needs to the front of his mind. His red shaft began to emerge from his sheath and he briefly looked down – still mesmerised by the sight, before faking out and crawling to the bathroom. Each step seemed to shorten and curve his legs even more, which may have been worrisome if not for the fact that it made four-legged traversal that much easier. Soon, the fur had spread down from his cock and thighs to meet his paws, covering his whole legs – which had thinned to perfectly resemble those of a dog.

Reaching the bathroom, he propped himself up on his back legs, leaning on the sink edge with his front paws, enabling him to look in the wall-mirror. His face was now covered in fur, nose looking just like a dog's and his sharpened canine teeth visible, pointing out from beneath his lips – which had thinned and darkened. The dark hair on his head had become shorter, a lighter shade and much softer. With those up-standing ears atop his head, he looked exactly like a dog, but for his human eyes and shorter muzzle. Muzzle?! Yes, it was forming, slowly pushing out – George clocked his nose stretching further from his face; parts of his brain began to light up that previously hadn't existed as myriad scents swirled into his snout and were deftly categorised. Leftover food-covered plates by the sink, the putrid kitchen bin, an earthen-fruity scent of summer breeze wafting from the trees that lined the street outside... a thick doggy smell, unmistakable as such, but more nuanced than George had ever noticed before. It was his own body odour, of course. He yelped and let out a small husky woof as his sensitive penis made contact with the cold porcelain of the sink, looking down to see it had become fully erect, standing tall and twitching in time with his heartbeat. Primal thoughts of release entered his mind, his pelvis tensing with little involuntary spasms of anticipation and tail wagging all the while. The changes seemed to be happening alarmingly fast now and he wondered if it was due to him dwelling on his dog-like appearance and desires. He needed to distract himself.

Dropping down from the sink, it became apparent that his arms, now covered in fur too, had locked in position at the elbow joints – limiting his dexterity to that of a dog. He made his way downstairs, backwards and one step at a time due to his inexperience with his four-legged form, automatically wagging his tail with joy at his accomplishment when he reached the bottom. He found opening doors to be a near-insurmountable chore with his dog-paws, confining him to the kitchen which connected to the hallway via an archway. Naturally, his new nose soon led him to raid the fridge like a feral animal. At this point, he barely cared anyway, but the human part of him easily justified any action that might draw his mind away from the surging need in his groin, ever-present and growing in intensity. For hours, he moved sporadically from one activity to the next, with dwindling purpose – he would try to practice human speech for a moment or work on rotating the door-knob that cordoned off the lounge, only to wind up chasing his tail in circles or licking himself in odd places. By early evening, his thoughts had become so jumbled that he was almost living out a stream of consciousness – though his human mind was still present beneath and in despair of this predicament. The urges built up throughout, to the point of a tightening pain in his groin, as his cock would intermittently retreat, before rocketing out from its sheath with a renewed lust soon-after. He'd led on his front, eyes glued to the door, waiting for Nina – when finally, the unconscious mini-

thrusts of his pelvis, teasing his rock-hard dog's cock against the carpet, became too much. George snapped.

He lunged for the lounge, clawing at the door in desperation and claspng his full-length muzzle around the door knob. It was made more difficult by the interruptions of his bucking hips causing him to lose balance, but eventually he made it through and bounded to the sofa, mounting a pillow. He'd lost himself, growling and panting in frustration while his pelvis humped rhythmically at inhuman speeds. He vaguely remembered hearing the front door open, but all his senses, heightened though they'd become, were muffled by desire.

"It stinks of dog in here... Huh? What! George?! What on earth are you doing?! No- uhh... down boy!" Nina flew through the door and into view, her shock at George's changes deferred in her anger at the fact of a dog humping her expensive pillows. Her shrieking brought a snap of clarity to George's foggy brain and his humping slowed but didn't stop.

"Argghhff ruff woof", George's initial attempt at speech failed miserably. He concentrated and with pronounced effort, began slowly and deliberately forming words – only just managing. His muzzle just did not work the same way as a human mouth. "Ree-rah, arf the urges were too strong – I *bark* couldn't stop *whine*", he struggled through the sentence, still thrusting slowly into the pillow.

"The urges? Your canine instincts are too much for you to control... I understand. I'm sorry. You seemed fine this morning, if I'd known - I wouldn't have left you alone today." She stared up and down the shameful dog, tail between his legs, noting the alterations, "Look at you. You're covered in fur... with paws... and a muzzle?" She grinned, "those pointy ears are cute though".

George tilted his head and watched Nina's expression turn from anger to amazement and, upon seeing a smile form on her face, he instantly transitioned into doggy mischief mode. Pouncing from the sofa, he began to lick at Nina, jumping up and pawing at her chest while emitting small playful woof sounds. She tripped to the floor under his weight, still smiling and ruffling his fur, until he circled her and she felt him nip at her shoulder and nape. "Ouch...hey!" She cautioned him, but his mind had been overtaken by desire once again as her scent filtered through his black nose, sparking his still-unsatisfied urges. The dog tore at Nina's clothes with his teeth, careful not to wound her as she struggled, mounting his front legs on her back – again gently placing his teeth on her nape and

pushing her forward with determination. His dog cock was iron-stiff, oozing precum and flexing with delight as his fuzzy ball-sack churned and tightened. He motioned to force his entry.

“George... wait – stop! No! Bad dog – we need to do something about...ugh.” Nina was being overpowered by the lustful beast on her back. She felt his pulsing hard and moist manhood at the entry to her vagina. “Argh – George! SIT!”

George felt pure and acute frustration; despite every fibre of his being willing him to continue mating this female – urging him to finally release his seed and the pressure that had plagued him for hours – he could not disobey. He withdrew, sat back onto his haunches, tail bashing around frenziedly behind him and fore-paws on the floor in front. His cock was still raging and the command had done nothing to decrease the sensations, the urges and the need for release. He simply found himself unable to act on them. “Good boy. Phew... good dog. STAY!” George whined and barked, baying for mercy, he needed to empty his doggy sack. He adopted a begging pose for a moment – quickly returning to his sitting position as he did not wish to disobey.

“I... wroof... *whine* harff ar-roo-ruff cum!”

“You... have to...cum? Yep I can see that – you were getting quite out of control there... Okay, I can see we need to get your instincts in check. So... roll over!” George rolled onto his back immediately, cock in the air, front paws folded up near his chest and tail still brushing back and forth. Nina moved closer slowly, “Stay, good dog”, and placed her index finger on the tip of the pointed penis, causing it to jolt and bounce with desire. She moved her hand to his head, scratching and rubbing his ears – he closed his eyes in bliss. With her other hand, she rubbed his belly in circles. George’s tail thwacked against the floor and his left-back leg shook in response to the belly rubs. He didn’t even care that Nina giggled as she watched him succumb entirely to his animalistic nature. She moved her hands back to his cock, grasping it and using the flowing pre-cum as lubricant to stroke up and down the rigid shaft – paying particular attention to the tip and the knot with each repetition. George felt the pressure building, his cock tensed and convulsed, balls tightening and back leg now pounding the floor. His head flung back, muzzle to the sky as it flew agape, and he howled aloud in pleasure. He came with five or six thick streams of dog juice as the intense sensitivity of Nina continuing to stroke him through climax forced his whole furry body to writhe around. His howl subsided to a low growl of contentment. “Good doggy. How does that feel? Huh?”

Taking a moment, George tried to respond – giving all of his effort to forming words now that his mind was temporarily free of sexual compulsion. “Wrruff, ruff woof arf, grghrgh-waff!” He didn’t stand a chance. He was still in there – he knew that he wanted to thank Nina, to ask what they were going to do about all this, to describe to her what he was feeling. But nothing came out; he was restricted to the vocabulary of a dog. The physical changes had fully completed – and the dog brain was in the driving seat mentally too. Outwardly, he seemed to be a happy, care-free canine, doused in his own seed and licking himself clean. Inside, his human mind watched through the greyscale vision of his dog form and wondered what might happen – whether there would be any way back from this? Nina watched him go about his doggy business, she couldn’t see any hint that he was still cognizant.

“George?” He knew his name and stopped to look at her. “If you are still in there... umm, twirl in a circle then lie down on your belly. Okay?” This is what it had come to, his human mind lamented as he was now only able to communicate through tricks. It was important that Nina knew he was still *him* though, so he complied – twirling playfully and lying on his front, even adding an eager bark. He was still able to influence his dog body, but ultimately *it* seemed to have the final say. “Good d- I mean, well done! George, you’re still there! Okay, we need to sort this out before your urges return. We need to get back to Interius – he will know how to fix this.” George’s tail wagged in concurrence as he liked the idea and hoped for any chance to regain control of his human self.

The couple stood outside the shabby dry-brick building again, staring through into the neon red corridor. Nina had attached a leash to George’s neck, he looked entirely like a dog now anyway – so she thought she’d complete the picture. Meanwhile, dog-George had relished the opportunity to bark and sniff at every object as he experienced the great outdoors from this fresh perspective. Human George had been struggling with the concept of walking down the street completely naked until he convinced himself about half-way through the journey that his fur was a type of clothing – and no-one would recognise him in any event. They entered, carefully sidling past the empty desk and through the velvet curtain, into the ornate auditorium once more. Looking around, it seemed empty and the lights were dim – George began to whine as they considered leaving.

“A-ha! The disobedient dog-boy and his controlling partner! How are you both?” Interius announced himself with a question from the stands. The couple span to face him. “I see that the changes have run their course – remarkably fast too – how do you find it, Nina?”

“Interius... yes, thank you for your help – but, I never meant for it to go this far. Is there any way to reverse the process?”

“Hmm”, the robed man shot a glance at George, whose ears perked up as he growled. “Reverse it? Why would you want to do that? This *is* what you wanted – I sensed it inside you both. And – of course – it’s what’s inside that counts – ay George?” A knowing smile infiltrated his expression. Interius knew that George’s human mind was still buried beneath his dog instincts, unable to act without the dog’s consent.

“Even so, we have changed our minds – please change him back, will you?”

“How was it?”

“Huh? What?”

“The sex with that dog there.”

“What?! That’s none of your business!”

“A-ha! So you did fuck your pet boyfriend? Fantastic. It seems my work is done.”

“How can you say...?”

“All I do for people, is help them to live in harmony by bringing out their innermost animal desires, funny how a relationship can improve when you strip back all of that human nonsense, isn’t it? Oh, and... George? Don’t worry, boy – she won’t be able to resist it for much longer either. Now leave.”

“What do you mean? Never mind, come on George!” Nina tugged at his leash and made for the exit. As he padded by her side, George looked up and saw a small patch of black and white-dappled fur sprouting on her neck.

“Woof!” He panted and barked excitedly at the prospect.