

You've Been Good Boyed!

By: Firingwall

The sound of an air horn, followed by another, and then another, and even another after that, blared. The noise was loud and almost ear-piercing.

“SUP BROS AND BROETTES!” A golden retriever anthro in a tight, sleeveless shirt popped up into frame. The setting appeared to be the inside of a van, windows tinted. The area seemed to be vibrating, the focus occasionally off before coming back.

The dog grinned and threw up some hand/paw signs. “Time for another radical episode of...” Words appeared in front of him briefly, in a goofy font: **YOU'VE BEEN GOOD BOYED!**

“I'm the one, your special best boy, Leo!” The golden retriever let out a pippy, cute bark. “I'm here with my fellow best boy crew, Shawn...” A “sup” could be heard offscreen. “...and Lizzie!” A female springer with long, dyed purple hair slipped up beside Leo briefly, waving, before dipping back out.

“We’re lookin’ to give out another **radical** Good Boy treatment today!” Leo looked off screen to where Lizzie went. “Liz, who is gettin’ it now?”

The camera turned slowly, though shaken a bit when a low bump was heard, almost as if they went over a pothole. Lizzie could be seen a row over, peering through their tinted windows. Just as the camera fell on her, her stubby tail began to wag.

“OH! Oh oh oh oh!” Her tail wagged even harder. “That girl, right there, bro!” She looked at Leo, jabbing her finger against the glass. “She's standin’ outside some store lookin’ totally bored!”

Leo glanced outside, pressing his snout to the glass. His tail began to wag as well. “Well, not for long, broette! AWOOOOOOOOOO!” Lizzie and Shawn, off-camera, both howled as well. “Let's give her a taste of true “good boy” fun!”

“Read that, read that...” Rachel Groves sighed, stuffing her phone back to her pocket. “Great time to be caught up on everything, Rach.”

She looked back at the bookstore she was in front of. “Hope he's finished soon. Don't wanna fall asleep here...” Her husband, JD, had hurried back in to buy another book. Apparently, it was super important or something. She didn't really care. She never really got into light novels like he did.

The long, blue-haired woman yawned as she leaned into the bench, stretching her feet out. She readjusted the bag beside her, making sure it wouldn't slip off. *So bored.*

Just as her eyes were about to close, her will to fight a power nap losing, a loud screech snapped her back to reality. A white van had been passing by when it stopped so fast that it felt like it would flip like in The Dark Knight. It backed right back up to her and stopped.

Before she could react to that suspicious behavior, the side door slid open. “Sup broette!” Three anthro dogs popped out, one of which held a video camera. They rushed up beside her, the one who spoke, a golden retriever, hollering, “Time to get Good Boyed!”

The sudden rush of the tail-wagging folk made her stiffen. They were on her in an instant, the lady springer taking her hands and pulling her playfully to her feet. She looked between each of them, her mind racing. *Wait... what... what is...*

“Name's Leo, honey!” The golden retriever barked. He put an arm around her shoulder, pulling her closer. Her cheeks reddened. “What's your name?”

The camera dog leaned in further. Rachel's inner camerawoman twitched. He was getting far too close with that. He was probably getting a close-up of her cheek.

It was a weird thing to think about given the circumstances. However, despite the shock and the invasion of personal space, she oddly did not feel in danger. All she felt was confusion.

Hesitantly, she answered, “Ummm... I'm Rachel Groves?”

“Rachel Groves!” Leo stepped back, clasping his paws together. The camera pulled back as well, turning to him as he spoke into it. “This is our Good Boy of the Day, everybuddy! Let's give her... the *collar!*”

The three dog people barked, tails wagging faster now. *Okay... what's going on? Is this some kind of prank show or Wait! Where'd she go?*

The springer woman had slipped out of sight, quickly dipping behind her the second her eyes were elsewhere. Rachel looked around but didn't do it well enough.

With surprising stealth, the dog woman pulled a blue collar from her plaid skirt pocket and slipped it around Rachel's neck. The lady noticed just as the item was snapped into place. She managed to shush the dog away, but it was too late.

The moment the collar was on, Rachel's neck felt itchy. She reached around and untucked her long blue locks that were caught up behind the collar. Her hand brushed against it a few times doing so, but she didn't think to take it off.

Even with fixing her hair, the itchiness didn't go away. In fact, she felt warmer around the neck.

Out of sight, hairs had started popping up out from behind and then around the collar. They were dirty white, an occasional pitch of black from time to time. The fuzz slowly spread out from there, crawling and cloaking her neck from top to bottom.

Uuuugh, this collar is itchy... Rachel went up to scratch around it, fingers going through the fuzz. *What the...* “Hey, what's with all of **this hair... whoa... What's up with my voice?**”

“Good Boys need Good Boy voices, bro!” The golden retriever said without missing a beat. He had such a prideful, confident look on his face.

“**Well...**” Rachel tried to answer him, the words struggling to come out. What could she really say to that? “**I can't argue with your logic. Good Boys need the best Good Boy voice, but I don't think I'm-**”

“Nah-ah!” Leo declared. He brought a finger up to her face, wagging it in it. She tensed up, the straps of her top digging into her broader shoulders. “Don't do that!”

“**D-do what?**” She fidgeted. *Urrrgh, now my shoulders itch! Stupid collar. Probably should take it off.* She wouldn't.

“Think! Good Boys don't do much of that!” Leo explained, shaking his head.

“**What? That doesn't make sense!**” Rachel huffed. Her long blue hair was shrinking, rising from her chest and back up to her neck. Yet, even with it brushing against her skin and fur, tickling her, she cared not. “**I'm not a Good Boy or a dog or whatever! I don't think-**”

“No thinking!” The springer girl suddenly plopped her paw over Rachel's mouth. She wagged a fuzzy finger in her face too, leaning in with a big grin. “Good Boys don't need to think about boring stuff. Good Boys only need to think about either being or how to be even better Good Boys!”

Rachel grumbled, trying to talk through her paw. The springer pulled her hand away and poked her right on the nose. Like that, a coal black spot appeared on its tip. The darkness rapidly cloaked her nose, turning colder and bumpy. Eventually, it swelled and stretched, turning into a dog snoot much like her visitors’.

“**D-don't do that,**” Rachel mumbled, rubbing her nose, white fur sprouting around and spreading out from it. “**Thatsh shnut vherrie ficesh!**”

Words slurred and slopped out of her maw incomprehensibly. There was numbness in her jaws, along with sensation that nothing fit quite right. She tried rubbing her face then to see if she could get feeling in it, but there was nothing.

Then, her hand was shoved away. Her face had lurched forward with a mighty thrust. Jaws and bones cracked and popped, fur rapidly cloaking the rest of her face with the forward momentum. Lips turned black and gummy as teeth sharpened, turning more canine.

All at once, with that push, the sensation came back. Rachel brought her hand back to her face, sensing its touch on it. With it, she outlined and felt her new muzzle in all of its glory.

Eyes narrowing, she took out her phone and checked herself in it. “**Whoa...**” Her mug moved perfectly with the words. “**That's... wow.**” She stroked her muzzle from its base to its tip. “**This is cute!**”

Her heart fluttered at that. *Wait... cute? I mean, a dog muzzle is always cute to have, but this all-*

“**DARN STRAIGHT!**” The golden retriever smacked her on the back, dislodging the thought from her mind. His tail continued its gusto wagging. “Good Boys are cute but also sweet and very handsome!”

Handsome... Rachel tilted to the side. *Handsome... Good Boys are... handsome.* Her head slouched forward, a heaviness felt upon it. Things felt off, harder than usual to focus but that thought.

Things simplified further in her mind as her head shifted. More pops and cracks followed as her noggin's shape dog-ified. Not only that, but her ears moved up and stretched, bending back down in a floppy, pointed manner. White fur with dark spots sprouted on them.

With a final pop, Rachel could think a bit clearer. “**Whooooa...**” she mumbled, still woozy, “**My head... my head feels all weiiiiird...**”

“But it isn't weird!” the springer said, slipping up close. “It's totally Good Boy approved!” She took the hand that Rachel still held her phone in and lifted it to her face again.

Rachel didn't see herself. All she saw was a handsome dalmatian guy looking back on the screen. A handsome dalmatian with short, scruffy black hair with streaks of blue running through it, the last trace of her old visage.

She tilted her head side to side, lifting her muzzle up and down with it, getting all the angles she could on herself. *Not bad*. She hadn't been a dalmatian before.

Still, regardless of how she felt, there was a problem. “**Well, I'm all for random TFing,**” She pocketed her phone. “**And I do look handsome, but I don't think was appropriate or ri-**”

“See that!” Leo cheered, turning to his cameradog, “She loves it! Leo...” The springer nudged him. “Ahem, Leo and Lizzie always find the right ones for the Good Boy treatment!”

“**Ummm, I don't think you're listen-**”

Leo spun around and stepped up close to her. Rachel gulped, taking a step back. The dog lifted one of his paws and placed it on her head. Gently, he gave the dome a few good pats. “Ain't that right? Rachel Groves is a Good Boy, ain't ya?”

A cold shiver went up Rachel's spine. Her pupils dilated with each pat. The dog grinned more. “You're a very Gooooooooood Boy, right?”

The turning dalmatian began to smile herself. Panting followed, a pink tongue slipping out and hanging. “**Y-yeah...**” She nodded. “**Rachel... Rachel is a Good Boy...**”

“You're a Good Boy?” Lizzie walked up beside her.

Rachel's hips shook, swaying from side to side. “**Rachel is a Good Boy.**” They swung more until a sudden rip was heard. Behind her, the top back part of her jeans tore, a dalmatian tail having broken through. It wagged just as eagerly as the others' tails.

Lizzie nodded, stroking her chin. “Rachel is a Good Boy... buuuuuut, maybe not a perfect Good Boy yet!”

Rahcel's new tail instantly froze. Her jaw dropped, and her tongue snapped back in her maw. It felt as if her heart just broke, like all of her self-worth had been tossed in the trash.

Rachel gasped louder than she ever had in her life and in an actual serious manner. She slapped her hands against her jowls. Her hands rippled, sprouting with fur and pads. Nails shoved out into stubby claws, completing her paws.

“I-I-I'm not?!” It was all she could say. Surely, they were mistaken!

“Yeah!” Lizzie said, pointing at Rachel's head. “You've been Good Boyed, but...” Her hand slowly traced her body downward, going to her torso and then to her feet. “...not all the way! You're totally not lookin' all over Good Boyed, ya know?”

Rachel looked down at herself. She felt it instantly. Besides seeing her new handpaws and feeling her tail, everything else was still her. There was the same body and legs as always.

“Awwwww...” Her head sunk, body leaning forward, **“I wanna be a Good Boy...”** White fur flowed up her arms and down her shoulders, moving across her body. **“...‘cause I am a Good Boy! I know it!”**

“Hmmm... Lizzie might be right.” Rachel's head instantly jerked back over to Leo. The Golden Retriever had a curious, suspicious look in his eye. He was looking over her too, stroking his chin. “Maybe you are a Good Boy, but maybe you aren't.”

“How do I prove I'm a Good Boy?” The developing Dalmatian yipped panickingly.

“Well... say it! You didn't seem so sure before.”

“Rachel is a Good Boy!” There was a body twitch and spasm, Rachel's breathing growing deeper. Her arms pulsed as if they were flexed, their muscle mass looking more defined and dense. Her torso broadened with each breath, matching her shoulders for a wider shape.

“Say it again!” Lizzie barked.

“Rachel is a really Gooooood Boy!” She barked right back, her tongue happily flopping out again. Fur washed down her exposed navel, disappearing into her pants. Her chest rose and fell with each quick breath, her breasts jiggling a little. The movement slowed as her mounds pulled back, dropping from their hefty D to a more typical B-cup size.

“One more time!” Lizzie and Leo yipped directly into Rachel's ears.

“**Rachel is a GOOD BOY!**” The dalmatian barked louder than ever before. It almost covered the snapping of her spaghetti straps on her top, her body broadening one last time. Her chest pulled and stretched out, removing any trace of her breasts.

However, the area was still puffy. Her breasts had merely toughened and turned square, forming an impressive set of pecs. Their shape was highlighted in full detail with how much her top hugged them.

“Yeah!” Leo said with a nod, “Now I see it! You're looking like a Good Boy!”

Then Leo, Lizzie, and even the cameradog all leaned in one last time, snouts only inches away from Rachel's head. They asked in unison, their tone smug and amused. “You are a Good Boy, ain't ya?”

“**Yeah yeah yeah!**” Rachel panted, “**Rachel is a Good Boy!**” She was a Good Boy! They were a Good Boy. It was so obvious to them now. Why would they try to deny it? They were being silly earlier, especially with all of that “thinking”.

Their tail was wagging so much that it was almost a blur. Their entire body was shivering with delight with their full realization. As such, it only continued to morph into the shape they desired... no, the form they believed it should be.

Their lower half caught up with their top half. Their hips and thighs lost all their curvature and softness, flattening and thickening into a more traditionally masculine physique. Their bubble butt tightened, pulling back and flattening into a more athletic shape. Even their height increased, putting them a head height taller than the retriever.

The entire time, their jeans felt tighter and tighter, followed by their sandals. It was a subtle feeling but only became noticeable when two snaps were heard. Looking down, Rachel could see the straps on her sandals breaking between her toes. Her feet had grown, lengthening and turning fuzzier until they were proper paws.

“**Awwww, there goes my shoes!**” Rachel frowned, their tail stopping. They really liked them too.

“Don't worry!” Lizzie said, kneeling down. “Good Boys don't need shoes or sandals, duh!” She carefully pulled the broken pieces off Rachel's four-toed paws. “Good Boys just need their good paws, right?”

The dalmatian looked down and wiggled their toes. They could feel the rough texture of the sidewalk on their pads, the scraping of their claws along it. They took a few steps forward and back, getting a further feel for it. Their balance and pose felt just right.

Rachel looked back at the dogs with a grin, black spots popping up all over her body now. **“Riiiiight! Good Boys just need good paws! Totally makes sooooooooOOOOHHHH!”**

Their eyes went cross as a very warm, pleasurable feeling struck. *Ooooh, Good Boys feel like this, don't they?* The top button on their jeans broke open, their zipper pulling down. ***Good Boys feel goooooood too.*** The crotch began to bulge, soon looking like fruit was stuffed into their underwear. ***Good Boys are verrrrry Good Boys!***

There was one final tear. Their top couldn't take it anymore. It split open in the back and ripped off, exposing their body. Their chiseled abs and toned pecs were on full display, showing off a body most athletes strived and toiled to achieve.

“Awwww yeah!” Lizzie panted, her pupils dilating and tongue drooping out. She stared firmly at Rachel's newly improved bod, drooling. “Now you're a true Good Boy! All Good Boys are big!” Her eyes went further down. “Big *everywhere!*”

“Y-yeah,” Rachel chuckled, ogling themselves as well. “**Good Boys are big everywhere!**” They felt their pecs, gently squeezing and caressing them. “**Big muscles!**” Their hand started moving south. “**And big bum-**”

Leo quickly snapped up their mitt. “Let's keep this YouTube safe, bro!” He pushed the paw to the side. “You're right though. Good Boys have all of that! They also have good names!”

“Yeah, Good Boys have Good Boy names!” The springer mimicked.

Good Boy names? Rachel didn't really sound like a Good Boy name, did it? It was a good girl name, but they weren't a good girl! They were a **Good Boy!** They were a bulgy, big, fuzzy Good Boy and should have a name that fits!

Though, when Rachel tried to think about some names, nothing came to mind. ***Good Boys have Good Boy Names! Good Boys are big! Good Boys deserve pets! I am a Good Boy! I am best Good Boy!*** All of those thoughts, while extremely important and right, didn't help their situation, did it?

“Ya know, you're more of a Rex than a Rachel, I say!” Lizzie came to the dalmatian's rescue. It was as if she sensed their problem! Then again, they both knew Good Boys didn't think much about anything other than being Good Boys.

Either way, “Rachel” was happy. He didn't need to think, especially about figuring out names, cliched ones or not! “**Yeah yeah yeah! Rex is totally Rex!**” All Rex needed to think about was being the best Good Boy he could be.

“Then let's give it up for Rex!” Leo declared, turning to the camera. “Rex is our Good Boy of the video!” All the dogs barked and howled with delight, Rex eagerly joining in!

“**Yeahyeah!**” Rex slipped in front of Leo, pushing himself up near the camera, even if the video would clearly not get all of him in it. “**Rex is a Good Boy! Rex is best boy!**” He shoved his muscular chest out and flexed his arms. “**Get my Best Good Boy side!**”

“Ooooh, all of you is your best side!” The springer sighed, rubbing her face and fidgeting.

“Phew! Sorry about that!” A new voice called out just as the cameradog started to back away to better position himself. Everyone turned to the voice, coming from the bookstore entrance. “Took forever for the guy to find the book in the back!”

A man with messy, somewhat curly blond hair and glasses stepped out. He waved a book in his hand towards their direction, his eyes down and not looking at them right away. “But, I got it and now we...”

He finally turned and saw the dogs. He looked surprised but only momentary. His brow furrowed. “Umm... what?”

Even with all of his new Good Boy thoughts, wants, and interests, Rex's heart soared at the sight of his most favorite, beloved person. “**JD!**” the Dalmatian barked, his tail wagging away as he hurried over. “**Guess what? I'm a Good Boy! Your best boy!**”

The dog wrapped his arms around his husband tightly, nuzzling his muzzle against his face. He gave him a big lick as well, careful not to knock the glasses off. He still remembered that important thing.

JD's cheeks were bright red as he looked over his new partner. His surprise returned but again, it was only momentary. He let out a sigh and shook his head. “I can't really look away without you transforming into something new, can I?”

“**Nope!**” Rex declared, kissing him now.

At that moment, JD looked past him and towards the other dogs. “Hey, did you do-”

“Oh!” Leo turned back to the camera as his tail stiffened. “It’s time for us to jam! This has been another hyped episode of You’ve Been Good Boyed!, my handsome bros and broettes! See ya on the flipside next time!”

The three dogs all rushed back towards the opened white van. They hopped inside, the door closing shut with a loud thud. The tires peeled out and soon, the van was zipping down the road before vanishing around the block.

“Well... that happened.” JD looked back at Rex, who still hugged and nuzzled him. How could the dalmatian not? He was a super cute, handsome dog who always treated his hubby, love, and master well. “So, what do we do now?”

Rex frowned, tapping his head. ***Do something? Errrr, hard to think about what to do. Good Boys do whatever they're told... ummm, what do Good Boys want?***

An idea came to mind. “**Oh! Let's go for a walk!**” Rex could feel his butt wiggle. That seemed right! “**I'm a Good Boy who deserves walkies and treaties and patties!**”

Another idea popped into his mind, one that warmed him a bit below. “**Then... then you can take me home and pet and rub me all over! Your Good Boy deserves all the love you can give him! Lots of love.**”

“Well... I guess we could walk and I can rub your head.” JD looked at the book he was holding and at the bag still on the bench. “Though, I did want to read some of the stuff we got.”

“**Oh oh oh oh oh! Can I lean and snuggle up next to you as you read? You can rub my belly and chest!**”

“Sure, I guess I can do that since you're... a Good Boy, right?” He seemed to struggle to say that, not sure if it was the right thing to say given Rex's mindset.

However, Rex just barked and hugged him harder. He was a Good Boy. He wanted to be the best one he could be and hearing his love already call him that... It just made him feel so wonderful. It was certainly a step up from being bored only a few minutes ago, wasn't it?

THE END