

The Bestest Girl!

Bruce Collins was a rather manly man. A big banker who traveled from big buildings to large lounges in many different cities across the country. He had a nearly bald head, squarish jaw, and a rather chiseled chest too. Two arms dense with muscles, the veins on them appearing with every flex. A gut that extended outwards but did not mismatch the body it belonged on. And he didn't skip leg day either.

Yet, with every position, leadership role, the responsibilities put on him grew more and more irritating. All day with work, no time to play, it made Brucey one playful pup. Quite literally so.

He hadn't remembered being so homoerotic before graduating college. It wasn't exactly like work was getting to him, he'd never admit that. But the line of depravity for him deepened with every passing month. He learned he was bisexual initially, then he figured he crossed the final line with feet. But it went further and further, until the present where he hasn't regretted a single thing. A big man like him, in a rubber dog mask, with a collar around his neck jerking with a yank of the leash it was attached to. A treat on his shiny muzzle, and some man smaller than him treating him like a "big sheppie!"

The words *good boy*, and occasionally... *good **girl*** exhilarated him. He spent long hours in board meetings and the stupid voice calls. What made them so bearable was



the idea of someone like him, so powerful, so mighty, right on his hands and knees begging to be punished, to get back what he gave everyday. Men, women, whoever, he *did* not care.

Today was no different. It was the weekend, seven at night. A three-piece suit wrinkled from a day of office work and various meetings, lunches, the whole she-bang. Now was pleasure, now was satisfaction, and if Bruce had a tail, he'd be wagging it as his SUV-XL parked alongside a lovely house in a more riches borough of the city. One that the banker imagined had plants everywhere and health-focused corner stores that'd use vegan oil or some shit.

Getting out of the black automobile, he closed the door and took in a deep breath, smiling. Veronica was the name of the woman he'd be seeing today. Online she twisted his nipples in just the right way. The black haired woman happily abiding to every request he had as long as each demand of hers was followed. A beautiful back and forth where he gave his pride and in return was given such carnal cravings.

However, doing such elicit activities online can result in unintended outcomes. Veronica thought Bruce was the perfect candidate for her new project. In a secret part of society that only conspiracy theorists were correct about, and correct in a way where you throw hundreds of darts at a board to get a bullseye, she was a witch. Magics, potions, all real and very helpful in modern society.



Her German Shepherd, one with a strong name — Alexander, was the bestest of boys. And only the bestest of boys deserve the bestest of girls. Veronica had Bruce around her finger as if he were nothing more than a single strand of her hair. It was her in reality that made the banker *want* to be called a girl even if he felt no attachment to the gender or the sex outside of sexual connotations. Well... that'd change here soon.

Bruce stood on a gray porch, raising his balled fist to knock on the door before the entrance opened and his hand hit the air.

"Well hello there *Belle*." The man felt the valves of his heart strung like a harp as he heard his pet name. Hell, if she kept the heat up, he'd buy a goddamn pair of fake tits and go... much further. "Did you bring your equipment?"

In Bruce's other hand was a black duffle bag full of paraphernalia that'd be normal to this sort of thing. Of course, Veronica got off to all this as well, and she'd have whatever the banker didn't. "All here..." his deep voice had trouble saying the word in person. It was their first time together like this.

"All here... what?" A smile crept onto her face. This man was nearly two feet taller and could crush her with the size of his muscles.



"All here *master*."

Zero hesitation after a command. She liked that. That grin of hers widened and a warm, selfish wave washed over her. "Good girl."

Bruce's body straightened like a respected drill sergeant appeared near him. Those words had *very much* affected him recently, more than he could ever imagine. Probably because the texts and images he had received were coated in hexing spell, slowly altering an already willing mind to accept things that could just be inches past the red line of his turn offs. His bottom lip quivered.

"Oh!" The secret witch clapped her hands together. "Don't worry! You can talk freely here hon."

Her voice was so soft and homely. A caring guide like some forest nymph who would take care of every need. The being that'd escort him from anywhere he'd be lost and bring him bliss.

There wasn't a need for any more introductions. They'd talked over the phone about today for a whole week. The buildup for them both was reaching a level of unimaginable excitement that they shared.



In under five minutes Bruce was in a red tinted room, rose pink lights along the borders of the walls and ceiling as everything had a crimson glow. A bed wide enough for an elephant to sleep on would be their play place. His rubber mask wasn't on yet, but he rested on the mattress with his knees, a black leather harness with circular steel hoops bringing it all together. His underwear was the only article of clothing he wore and his already sopping erection tried to rip through the cotton. The subtle mental adjustments to his brain intensified his arousal tenfold.

When she walked into the private bedroom, she did so with an aura of dominance. Her seductive gait as the laced lingerie did little to hide her most sensitive bits. A tight bra keeping her pair of D's from jostling around too much. An onyx leash held in her hand.

"You're not Bruce, you're Belle. Say your name bitch."

The banker smiled with reckless abandonment, his hard cock stretching more as the fabrics tickled his flesh. Placing both hands onto the bed and leaning forward like a dog, Bruce said his new name. "Belle!" The collar he wore had a bone shaped tag that read 'Belle' with a sub line underneath adding, 'The Bestest Girl in the Whole Wide World.'

Thank *God* his father could not see him now.



Veronica's feet lightly brushed against the carpeted floor as she cut the difference between them, softly clipping the leash to Bruce's collar. "Okay my girl, put on your mask. Really... *feel* your new role."

His heart beat a mile a second. The nearly naked banker took the veil and stared down its muzzle as it stared back at him. He thought he was hallucinating a faint glow that shimmered on the rubber. Yet, without wasting another second more, his trapped dick trying its best to inch forward, the mask slid around his head snugly as now the world *felt* different even if its appearance hadn't changed in the slightest.

"Look at you!" Veronica shouted out, the padded walls making sure all would stay within this erotic chamber. "Just like we talked about online, just like how you've always wanted Belle!"

The thick man shook his behind left to right, imitating the look of a tail as he audibly panted, showing his devotion to his owner. A delicate palm came down to hold his chin, scratching with long nails on his neck. He gazed deeply into her eyes, wanting to do whatever she wanted.

Anything she wanted. That's what it meant to be a good girl! That's what it meant to be the *bestest* girl!



The mask felt a tinge tighter, and Bruce gave a small, scarily accurate whine as above his rear, a small bone was extending outwards, tiny hairs trickling across it.

"I have to break your heart now hon." Oh this was going to be good! She did so well at just **breaking** him. His breath intensified, his mind going into overdrive. What was she going to say? Oh *fuck!* "I'm not going to be the one to use you tonight. My very good boy Alexander is."

Just like a dog might, Bruce tilted his head. *This wasn't a part of the deal*, he thought in his mind. He wasn't *into* this!

From behind Veronica appeared the massive German Shepherd, its muscles quite toned for a canine but not to the level of a bodybuilder. If he stood on two legs, he'd be most likely taller than her.

"Up up!" The secret witch said, slapping the bed as the giant pooch climbed on up, now encroaching towards Bruce as the human peddled backwards with his hands and feet.

"Veronica!" he shouted. "What the... w-what..." his head felt, for lack of a better word, *squeezed*. As if everything felt just a little harder to process. "I'm not into this!" He noticed the dog sniffing his foot, which he used to kick at Alexander, the canine barely dodging the attack.



The woman snapped her fingers at him. "Bad! Bad girl! You don't kick your mate." With an eerily strong yank, Bruce was pulled forward, his mask smacking into the dog's body as he fell forward onto his stomach, now in between his mistress and her pet. He hadn't noticed it yet, his growing tail getting large and fluffy. Alexander investigated further, placing a large foot-paw onto the banker's rear as he sniffed his behind, a new instinct within Bruce's mind having him raise his tail high, willing, wanting, wanting *pups*.

Fuck! This stupid bitch is gonna let a dog fuck me?! He wouldn't be having that; not one bit. Bruce put all of his might into pushing himself up, but a quick finger tap from Veronica's hand sapped his energy, and he collapsed. His penis was now pinned against the bed, each pulse having to deal with cotton and the weight of all that was on top of it, its cage of mattress and flesh that aroused him further. "S-stop! You can't let this happen!"

Veronica let out a series of laughs in a fit as she brought a hand to her forehead. "I can't let this happen? This is what you've always wanted Belle."

"That's not my name!"

She smirked. "The collar says otherwise." A whistle towards her dog made him stand and freeze, staring at her, waiting for her command. "Tear his underwear off."



Bruce yelped as sharp teeth pinched at his skin, leaving nothing but red marks. He screamed out from the fabrics pressing against his full mast, finally having relief as with a shred, he was now naked. Droplets of excited precum soaked into the bed, and the banker was overcome with delirium. His heart kept its pace as he looked down, seeing his hands decompress until the fingers had claws, and the palms diminished. No more thumbs, no more fingernails. Just two dog paws covered in a brown-black fur. One scarily similar to the dog that was now licking his anus.

“Ah! No! NO!” he roared, trying his best to take off the mask as it constricted against him, the rubber grating against his ear holes as he shook his head back and forth, the warm canine tongue flicking at his asshole. With every grunt, the man was ironically increasing his changes. A snort, then another, each giving another inch of a muzzle that was sprawling out. The mask was more than skin tight, it was *too* tight! Too fucking tight! TOO-

The entire apparatus popped off, sounds all around him now as he grunted from the strangely appealing action Alexander was doing behind him. Even the harness around his body had fallen from the decrease in size. Bruce brought his eyes to the bridge of his nose, now perceiving the bridge of an orange-brown muzzle, the fur there as thick as the dog’s behind him. Lifting his elbows, his entire body flumped back down



onto the bed as his paws held the snout from both ends, his ass in the air, allowing the German Shepherd the *perfect* angle.

Veronica's laughs became more demonic as she evaporated into a puff of black smoke, the shifting human now terrified as his body began to shrink, giving the intimidating appearance that the dog behind him had even more weight. His tail was wagging like he wanted this, and the nipples appearing around his chest and belly were leaking, filling out into doggy teats. His cock wouldn't stop fucking throbbing! Yet, the throbs concealed just how small his dick was getting. A bead the size of a clitrois high on testorone flicked itself from the pressures and elations Bruce was feeling. His triangular ears bending downwards, browning eyes widening as suddenly he felt the heft of the dog behind him.

He was being mounted.

The tongue in his mouth along with his transformed throat did not allow for any other speech than barks and growls. A howl that could almost sound like a human screaming the word 'no' could be heard. But in the very next second, it changed into excited yaps. The large knotted cock had shoved its way in. Bruce's balls had traveled up and split into an opening, one that Alexander made whole. The dog had thrust deep, and now Bruce was no longer a male. Just like how it happened in the roleplays.



In fact, Bruce was much less like Bruce, and much more like *Belle*.

The new female clenched her body and her teeth, back legs shortening down as she drooled down onto the bed, her head so fuzzy and unclear. Her mate wouldn't stop growling at her vibrations, her incessant movements. With a snap, Alexander's jaws clamped around Belle's shoulders, her collar jingling as the top dog's rams shoved her forward. A leaky spade was her role now. To take in the cum of dogs like the one on her back, and to birth their pups.

How... how did this even happen? A mirror from the side of the room rolled over on wheels by itself like a ghost was pushing it. It allowed Belle to see herself, to see her predicament. It was so... so... hot. She couldn't understand it! She didn't know why it was so fucking natural to be fucked like this by a goddamn dog! But it was *right!* This was natural! She was a dog! The bestest dog!

The bestest girl!

Her barks increased in both ferocity and quantity, biting at the sheets of the mattress as her tail curved from the male's lower body and rested between their forms. Alexander had his arms around her, holding her firmly as his motions escalated. The German Shepherd's knot rubbing at her labia as the red rocket's tip flustered the entrance to her womb. Everything was so warm, so hot. There was sweat all in her fur,



his as well. A deep need to be impregnated was pushed onto her just at the same time her cave walls suckled on the cock that entered her. The wetness of her cunt being natural lube used alongside canine precum to create the amazing feeling they both had. Belle couldn't take it, she didn't want to care anymore. She wasn't human, and that was okay.

Her mind was wiped away in an instance as her cunt flushed out a female orgasm, her howls approaching the volume levels a wolf makes on a full moon. And with his new mate reaching the heavens in terms of pleasure, he plunged his knot deep into her, the tip of his cock firing out ropes of yellowy-white cum that filled her womb. The two shared a cry as they resonated together. A female dog with her mate. A master with his bitch. It was over, almost just as quickly as it had begun.

But what neither of them realized was just how long had passed in reality. Hours of sex passing by in seconds. The aching pussy that made Belle twitched as Alexander turned around, natural instincts compelling him to watch for any dangers as if they were in the wilds. It'd be sometime before that knot would deflate, but once it did, Belle was treated like the princess she was, the male lapping at her cunt to soothe it, clean it, and make his mate feel *good*.

The two dogs settled into their new life with one another, their owner never physically around, but still doing enough to take care of them. The food bowls always



filled, water whenever they needed, a backyard for their needs. They had each other though, and that's all they needed.

Of course, Veronica was never one to shy away from further experimentation. Her next victim, a man who also wanted to be controlled, had quite the similar reaction as Bruce once did. The female German Shepherd being brought up by Veronica on another playdate as obediently as Alexander once did. She jumped up onto the bed, turning around as her heated cunt puffed up in front of the man.

"Go on, fuck her. I thought you said you were just a beast for me to control? To be chained up like some animal." The witch's tone always made every suggestion sound like the best course of action one could take.

The words did their job, and eventually, after a few hours of sex once the human gave in, Belle had two males who desired her. A giant new malamute named Elijah, and her German Shepherd mate Alexander. They'd tag-team her on most nights as their balls were always riling up with seed. And never she minded. Belle wanted to be useful, she wanted to make sure those males had a place to deposit pups. Her womb was the best place for that.

For she was the bestest girl!

