

The Master's Pet

Max's white face reflected in the glass, a dog of black and beige fur wagging its tail as it paced around from left to right inside of its pen. The human male couldn't help but smile, the bangs of his brown hair waving as his head turned to follow the dog. It was like the canine was meant for him as he took in huge whiffs through his nose, every sniff getting the general aroma of the pet store, but also making the idea of purchasing this dog sound all the better.

Behind him, the entire workforce stood tall, at attention. Their hands held behind their back. Some were hiding small furry tails in their pants, claws black and lengthy on their fingertips, fangs sharp and fitting for a canine hidden amongst their grins. The German Shepherd known by them all as Spike was a special kind of dog. One they all wanted to find a good owner! This was a unique day, the day that possibly their favored pooch would find a new home.

A woman, possibly the manager, approached and startled Max from his gaze over Spike. "He's such a stud isn't he?" In her pants, a white, viscous fluid seeped from her cunt as vivid memories of the time she juggled the canine's balls in her mouth. It only made her gush thoroughly from a pussy that was half-way in the shape of a spade.

The crowd agreed with her, spouting out different compliments and obedient cheers. "Spike's the best dog we have!" "It's a treat to be able to give Spike baths!" "He's



the cutest of every dog here!" "He's the King around these parts." "We don't know why anyone hasn't bought him yet!" "Please buy him! Please!!!'

Unbeknownst to the customer, this dog was the manifestation of something otherworldly. The pheromones of his testicles plugged into the nostrils of everyone passing by like a nose ring snapping into a bull's snout, twisting the smellers to his desires. The German Shepherd was not a dumb dog, quite the opposite. The owner of the shop was surprised at how efficient his workers had become with Spike's arrival, each wanting to work 14, 15, even 16 hour days if it meant they could help around the shop. If it meant they could all take turns sucking Spike's rod. There was a tinge of jealousy in knowing he'd be purchased one day, yet... they were happy, because Spike told them to be.

"Wherever Spike is, you can expect some good boys and girls to follow him!" the manager said valiantly. "You might even call us all good boys and girls!"

Every employee made a maniacal set of grunts and shouts that spooked Max out of his stupor, shaking his head as he ignored the noises of deep and rapid sniffing behind him, ironically saving him in the moment from total domination as the others would be authentically doggy within the next forty-eight hours. A boss who would be completely confused at why none of his workers are picking up their phones and he has



nine new canines without a record of how they got there. Or why he'd feel the insistent need to sniff their asses.

"Well," the customer started, turning around to see the wide, smiling faces yearning for his decision, "I think all of you have made this pretty easy! Spike seems like the dog for me."

The strong German Shepherd's ears perk, his sturdy, robust body approaching the glass as he tilts his head, resting on his rear while his tail wags like a stereotypically happy dog. It was a complete farce of a performance in actuality but he convinced everyone watching from his perfect acting. Max felt like this was both the easiest and most important decision of his life.

When the employees finally stopped their joyous clamor, the soon-to-be owner asked the manager of the price. "I don't see one listed. Is he a thousand? Five hundred?"

Spike barked, a ringing in Max's ears was now louder than anything else in the store, the sounds of silence wouldn't be heard with what sounded like metal against metal. Or a medallion in the design of a bone jingling against the metal hoop it was attached to. Suddenly all of the employees took out their wallets, frantically sifting through all possible nooks and crannies for coins, cash, credit cards, dropping everything from IDs to fast food reward badges in order to do a most thorough search.



“Please! Just take our money! We should be paying you to take him from our hands! He’s too much of a treat and we need to make sure he has a good life!” the manager roared out.

Max’s ringing continued even if it lessened, his eyes missing how the dog reached through a small gap with his paw, opening up the door himself. The stunned human only realized that Spike was next to him now because of the wetness of his fingers. He was being licked by the collared canine, and he misread the look in the dog’s eyes. One he understood as – “I can’t wait to be your new dog!”

But in reality, what was truly said was – “I can’t wait for you to be my new plaything.”

Normally, when someone gets a new pet they ride in the back of the car, in some sort of cage or container to keep them safe and somewhat calm. Yet for Max as he was pulling into his driveway, Spike had been in the passenger seat, panting and dragging those smelly balls across the leather. Max’s mind was permanently changed in the smallest of ways yet he still had so much more to go.

The house was a single level residence with white paneling, taking up more space in a horizontal fashion than a vertical one. It was built in the 50’s, and some of the



walls both inside and out were chipping, but with a backyard larger than the house itself, Max figured it would be the best kind of place for someone like Spike.

As they exited the car, the German Shepherd sniffed up and around the concrete pathway to the front door, waiting patiently for his human 'owner' to open the entrance for him. Not that he, as the smart boy he was, couldn't. But rather he didn't want to waste the energy, and in a sense, it made him feel pampered and respected. Like some kind of regal royalty.

The human smiled at him as the dog sat on his rear, head unmoving, tail unwagged. "You excited for your new home buddy?" Max said, trying to cut through the awkwardness. Though, with every breath he took, that want to fill the air would eventually turn into a want to fill his mouth with as much doggy meat as he could fit. At this very moment, Spike's scent was so strong that neighbors down the street were beginning to wonder if their dogs liked them in a *certain* way.

An hour had passed once the two entered. Max had already set up a whole area for Spike, a doggy bed, a big bowl just yearning for both hard and soft food, and some toys liberally placed all around the place. But it seemed that Spike didn't care for most of the toys other than a bone he could slowly eat and lick. The bed went unused as his shaggy, shedding fur rubbed into the couch, his fat balls kneading into the side pillows.



Max took some time to allow his new dog to acclimate himself, but soon enough a whine at the back sliding door told the man what time it was. He moved from his office room into the living room, taking a small second to examine his couch. There were a few wet spots he couldn't remember seeing, and his first instinct was to get on his knees and sniff at them. The scent was pure musk, and a few indescribable aromas seldom humans had ever detected. It caused a spring in his crotch that he didn't notice, and soon enough, the two were in the fenced-in backyard.

The man turned away upon seeing his dog assume the position. It was just a quick number one and it was over in seconds. Yet, Spike wanted to do more than just come out to mark his new territory, he wanted to have some fun with his new... pet. Max hadn't even cared about some of the canine faux pas his dog had already committed, and it'd be difficult to really care at all. The workers back at the store adjusted how he thought of the pooch, and that's not counting the pheromones constantly pulsing from Spike.

"Hey there Spike, wha'cha got there?!" Max said with an excited voice, seeing his good boy procuring a nearby branch from the grass. The dog was almost smiling as he bit into it, pearly white fangs glinting in the low sun.



Spike charged on over, the dog figuring he should play the proper part at least in the beginning. Laying a slobbered up, bark stripped stick at the human's feet, he rushed off, tail quickly wagging as he panted, waiting for that fateful throw.

Max felt a kind of pure happiness in knowing that not only did he have a dog, but he had just such a good boy! Like this was it, this was all he was thinking about. Having a dog, and doing just... typical doggy things with him! He took the stick with ease, bending over far to the ground in order to do so, chucking it as far as he could as it smacked against the fence.

He smiled as he watched Spike go for it, snapping at it like it was some recently fallen small game he was sent out to retrieve. The stick was brought back, and the man repeated his actions. This went on for several cycles, five minutes in total passing as all that was heard were the sounds of pants, a man throwing sticks, and the birds and bugs.

That would've been the end of it, but as Spike dropped the stick at Max's feet one last time, the human male bent over, and suddenly felt a thick pair of front paws on the back of his neck. He lost his balance immediately, falling over with a pitiful yelp as the man was on his back, looking up to the pooch he was just having so much fun with. A dollop of drool seeped from the dog's jowls, landing on his white shirt that was getting dirtied from Spike's paws on top of him.



“Uh... b-b- Spike?” He wanted to call his good boy a rather *bad* dog but the words just couldn’t leave his mouth. Max felt paralyzed as Spike was almost as tall as him, just by a single foot, but the amount of muscle placed on his chest made it impossible to move. And for some reason... he didn’t really want to move.

The German Shepherd turned around, showing his rear to the human’s face, getting up close and personal as Max could very easily see the beginning of the dog’s special star, slightly moist and smelling of... not what he expected. The scent was as alluring as the testicles, and not at all like one would find some kind of disdain for. It was attractive. It made blood burst into his cock, his oh so human cock wishing it could somehow find the will to just... move forward, to place his mouth, his quivering lips, right up against Spike’s asshole.

They each took equal steps in bridging that gap. One inch of Max’s face forward, two inches of Spike’s ass backwards, the fuzzy bristles of the dog’s hind tickling his face as his breath became quickened, heavier, hotter, a small whine that could’ve been mistaken for a growl implored Max to push ahead, finding the anus now touching his own mouth. It was warm, it pulsed, it made the tent in his pants ache as it tried to lurch onward, as if the erection was instructing him on what to do next.



Which... was simple enough. Out came the tongue, and in it went, popping his dog's orifice open, and slithering inside. The taste was irrelevant. He couldn't describe it in a human sense even if he tried. Meaty? It was definitely wet, and no doubt in a more sane mind he must've once had, it would've been one of the most disgusting things he's ever done. But at this moment? It was better than any girlfriend, any boyfriend, any kind of casual sex even with himself and a nice toy. He dared admit it even beat out his right hand.

Max rolled around Spike's anus like a ball spinning around a roulette table, feeling every groove, hearing at how the pants of his dog doubled in rhythm, only encouraging him as every huff of air either through mouth or nose was caked in hefty musks, tainting the air with a place most unsanitary, but this was normal! Every dog gave another dog a...

A... what? He was a man! A human male! A fucking pet owner at that! His arms and hands were back in his control, declaring a mutiny against the taboo of eating out your dog's ass as they pushed Spike off.

The German Shepherd gave a kind of slyish grin, choosing to relent before things got too far. The smart boy would rather play with his food for a little while longer. At least so this human didn't pop into his new life so quickly! The resistance and the



eventual realization were some of the best bits after all! But he wouldn't let Max go without a special souvenir.

Without warning, the dog shoved back once more, slamming his ballsack right into Max's nose, a few strands of fur getting stuck up in the man's nostrils, tangling up with the hairs already there. It was like a kind of fuzzy drug, sparking and bringing alive Max's emotions. The human male wasn't going to remove them, hell even if he wanted to it's not like he could find them all. They were going to stay there, just like the pheromones wafting around his shrinking brain. The two were more or less... inseparable.

The first day went on without much excitement. The constant smells of pubic fur in his nostrils made Max harder than he would've liked, but he wouldn't dare pluck them out. As he sat in his computer chair, doing work on a few projects, his cock was constantly in a half-chub, one hand on his mouse while the other idly played with himself. In his mind, thoughts of earlier wouldn't stop repeating.

That was so wrong of me... he'd say again and again, all the while gently squeezing his cock head. It wasn't right, right? A human and a dog, his lips against Spike's anus... why was it so hot to him now?!



Spike wouldn't do many things a normal dog would. His dog bed continued to be untouched, and he growled at his dog bowl full of the canine version of hardtack. It was only when Max moved the bowl up onto a table that allowed Spike to eat from a chair like a person would when he'd at least *sniff* at the food. But it was only when directed by cute whines for when the man was warmer, and stern growls for when he was cold, did Max eventually make a fat, juicy, pan-fried steak to lather on top of the food in Spike's bowl.

That was supposed to be Max's dinner for the night, but watching his new German Shepherd go at the meal as buttery fats diluted the crunchiness of the harder, industry-grade dog food.

In a single day, Max made out with his dog's ass, smelled his scents left on a couch, and fed him a high quality dinner while he himself ate cereal that night, keeping the other frozen steaks in reserve. Not to mention the pubic fur was so far up his nose now that he'd need some kind of surgical tweezers to get them out. His skin had always had a bit of light body hair colored in a hue of brown, yet as he ate his pitiful cereal while his dog enjoyed a thick meal, the human noticed his body hair color was different in some parts.

And in those parts, they were a tad more shaggy than he remembered...



Well, that didn't exactly matter to him all too much at the moment. He found his gaze brought to how Spike's strong front paws and arms were holding powerfully on the table, eating his dinner with a nominal pace. It made Max even harder in his drawers. He liked the idea of doing things for his dog, of... placating him in some way. It would be difficult for the male to even idealize the concept of being a dog owner now. In fact, in a deep, dark, twisted part of his newly corrupted soul... he wanted to be owned. The collar around his dog's neck seemed like it fit more around his own than the canine's.

It had gotten to the point that the more he watched, the farther his erection went, grinding, stabbing at the front of his underwear, soiling it as it felt so much more leaky than usual. His body went without his permission, walking towards the dog, and past the pooch. At the end of a side hallway was a slightly ajar bathroom door, he had to go and just figure things out. He had to know what was going on.

Upon reaching the toilet, he lowered his near-ruined briefs, letting long strands of web-like precum drizzle across the seat and into the waters. His brown pubes had taken a shiny, *golden* color, but that wasn't what he was interested in, at least not at first. His cock was now a vibrant red, and the pulsing it did both shocked his body and his eyesight. It looked alien, with a veneer of white and a slight hue of purple. Its shape hadn't changed much, only the color. Yet he did not see the beginnings of a sheath were towards the base of his crotch. Despite how hairy it had gotten, Max was more focused on the strangeness of his dick than the new hairs around his groin.



Touching it made him release the breath he had held for so long, the world nearly deafened to his ears. He didn't hear his new dog panting on the other side of the door while the man's own sex-drenched briefs had slid down his pants and around his ankles. It didn't happen immediately, for it was caught on clumps of hair that had grown within the day, creating islands of heat and would be quite itchy as the week went on.

"F-fuck..." Max whispered, rubbing the palm of his hand all over the top of his strange penis. An overbearing need to urinate caused him to aim the thing downwards at the toilet bowl, and he almost felt himself go but stopped at the very last moment.

There was a human gasp that sounded incredibly effeminate, the slip of a wet, slimy tongue going deep into his rear, sliding for a brief second past his anus to lick at the innards of the man's rectum.

Spike had angled his muzzle and was now effectively making out with his asshole, just like how Max had done earlier to his dog! "Spike! N-no! No, no no, no! Ba-bad dog! Baaaa... baaaad... baaaaa..." his words droned on as the German Shepherd did an excellent job at locking Max up, the human male's eyes forced on a particular part of the ceiling as he moaned once, twice, thrice, gripping his own shaft hard, jerking the shaft now moistening with an excess of precum seeping from his tip.



“Good boy! **GOOD** boy!” shouted the violated human in more huskier tones. The tongue against his sphincter licking, sucking almost like it was the nipple to some teat. It made Max weak in the knees, and soon he collapsed, his body just barely able to spin around and rest on the toilet seat.

The German Shepherd wasted zero time, his lips seeking a new target, the human’s mouth. Using his paws, he climbed up until their heads were facing each other. Max knew what the dog wanted, and so while he leaned into it, his canine fuck-buddy was incredibly greedy. Spike slammed into the man’s mouth, the two’s lips pressing and damn near fighting each other. Max brought his hand down to jerk himself off as shots of doggy pre from Spike’s perfectly aimed penis nailed his hand and throbbing cock, adding lube which made the experience all the more enjoyable.

The human’s cock smelled much like his dog’s scent as he could very much taste the remnants of dog food, steak and... possibly the taste of his own ass which he could easily ignore as the man’s tongue grew in size and length, becoming a one-to-one replication of Spike’s wet appendage. While one moaned and the other whined and groaned, the pair’s sounds mixed together in a cacophony of aroused noises.

Max would fall to the floor, his back on cool linoleum as he did not relent the intense masturbation, he felt like he could cum at any time whilst somehow also feeling like he was miles away from it all. Instincts in his head made him feel like it was more



important that Spike got off well before he did. The German Shepherd, with his brown, black, sunny fur, brushed up past his body until he held his crotch and dangling genitals in front of Max's face. The tip of the dog's knotted cock inches from the man's lips.

The man took a breath, never being able to close his mouth as the dog's shaft was pushed inside, making his cheeks bulge. Max wasn't thinking anymore, reacting on pure instinct as his lower body spasmed in tandem with his own cock. Those pulses increased as he could feel the throb of Spike's flesh against his gums. The human's tongue went everywhere around, anywhere it could. A paw from the German Shepherd rested on his head, patting his brown hair several times as if the pooch was letting him know that *he* was a... 'good boy.'

It didn't take long as yellowish pre drizzled out of Max's mouth and down his chin for the final surge to start. An amazing warmth filled his mouth as he moaned for the sticky cum to never stop. It went down his throat, it meekly popped out of his mouth and onto his chest. One of the human's eyes was half-closed while the other was wide open, and his hand stayed still until the last of the gooey ropes entered him.

Only then did he just lay back and touch himself while his dog gave him teasing licks along the cockhead. Every lap letting it push forward until the shape of it turned from like an eraser on the end of a pencil into an arrowhead. One very, very similar to Spike's own genitalia. The beginnings of a reddish rocket as Max screamed in a



half-howl, his entire frame shaking as his rocketing cum flew as high as the bar the shower drapes were affixed too before slamming back down onto his sweaty skin. Spike had gotten clear of the blast area by rushing to the hallway but still got a great view of his newest 'project.'

The human male laid there, the taste of cum and ass on his tongue, dried doggy semen crusted into the hairs around his lips, and sweat caking his body as much as his own special, salty icing did. He took in huge breaths, almost wanting to sleep right then and there.

But despite how morally wrong this day had gone, Max still had... a kind of life. A life of work and human responsibilities even if his cock was looking more like a dog's from every pulse.

Max found the strength to rise, to bring himself up and into the shower. He figured that as much as he'd love to sleep in his silk sheets with spunk caking his skin and the beginnings of fur, his human mind implored him to clean himself. He did so with water yet no soap, nothing that'd clean himself of Spike's scent, something he couldn't get enough of as he fell to his knees several times during his wash, just enamored with the smell of dog. *His dog.*



While the natural fluids of sex could still be smelt on the human, he went to bed that night with skin that was mostly washed, ignoring the flakes of dried semen of course. When he laid down and turned off the lights, he half-expected the German Shepherd to climb up instead of being in his bed, and he was correct! Spike spent little effort, jumping up as he began sniffing Max's half-exposed rear. Instinct told the man to let his fresh underwear down a bit, and as he lifted an arm so he could cuddle with his buddy, the dog decided to spoon him.

It was only natural to be on the bottom after today, even though there were still parts of Max that said this was explicitly unnatural and wrong to do. His heart beat faster and faster as that only made his cock harden further, and the two slept together while Spike's larger cock thrust and signed Max's ass with pre, getting inside the crack and cheeks goo'd up like thick frosting on a fat cake.

It was only then, as he rested between deep sleep and a level of horniness that made it difficult to do so, that Max understood the employees at the pet shop more than ever. He felt like the luckiest man in the world. Later on, early after midnight, a golden tail would begin to sprout from just above his rear, wagging constantly back and forth as it annoyed the dog behind him. Yet at the same time, Spike felt supreme. In only a day, this human went from thinking of him as a mere pet, and now?



The thing that'd rut the piece of meat Max was becoming, and control everything about him.

Sleep eventually claimed them both, one resting much more soundly than the other. Yet, it was the changing human that awoke first, his fully developed tail wagging as soon as his mind took in the memories of the previous day. A good quarter of him had transformed already. That tail, swishing back and forth, his canine genitalia with a fuzzy, flexible sheath, knot, and furry testicles. The sharp fangs of his teeth growing ever sharper and floppy, triangular ears with the similar gold colored fur that had grown along his crotch, parts of his arm, and a few other places in patches.

While all of that could be hidden with some heavier clothing like hoodies or baggy pants, his darkened nose would be quite difficult to hide. Especially as Max's two inch snout carried him up and around, right between the flanks of the German Shepherd. That same scent as before, his nostrils still not refined enough to know if it was Spike's balls or his ass that tantalized the man so much.

His lips once again pushed into the dog's rear, And that greedy tongue came rubbing against the hole of the dog's ass. Yet before he could even begin, a growl made his body shudder and freeze.. His eager tail dived between his frightened legs. Pure instinct had made him react this way.



The German Shepherd was now over him, leaning his body down onto him. Even though the changing human had not shrunk in his sleep he still felt so small compared to the beast above him. "Hey Spike," said Max, his voice loose and quite afraid for a reason he did not completely understand. It was as if his mind, in its new ways, had told him to show respect to the other canine that had dominated him.

It took Max a little while longer than it would usually to get up out of bed. He did not find it odd that he had a tail nor that he liked touching it so much. He wanted to be more like Spike in all the ways he could be. He wanted to smell like him. He wanted to look like him. He wished he could be him. But no matter what, he would never be on the same level as Spike.

Walking around his home now with the nose that he had, he could see what seemed to be scent lines in the air, all of them directed back towards his dog. It was difficult to travel throughout his home without every single place being a reminder of the animal that he now loved so much. Parts of his human mind were still taken aback by all of this and they constantly fought with the new doggish impulses he had. However, they somewhat culminated into a mixture, an unnatural, or natural depending on one's viewpoint, combination that made him wonder if someone like Spike could even be his boyfriend.



Yet of course to him it all felt natural he even had the goods now of the dog. His cock would get hard whenever he would go into the bathroom, remembering how yesterday went. His nose wanted him to go out into the backyard and sniff the places Spike had marked. He was a man finding it very hard to not just let go of all human sensibilities. But even with the things that he had now that made him such a good boy, he would never once there think of mounting Spike for rather he felt he was undeserving of it. It was just the natural order of things after all. And for Spike, it was just natural that he'd watch the man idly touching himself as he walked around the house and do nothing to help him.

Anytime Max would sit down on a chair he'd begin to stroke himself with his hand, its claws and small paw pads growing on the fingertips, the German Shepherd would rush up to him and put on the meanest face a dog could ever do. A snarl his teeth showing his upper lip curling truly making the human more afraid of a canine than he could ever remember his life. But it always worked and it always made Max an obedient underling. It was only Spike's second day inside this house and now he was truly the master while Max was letting a dog dictate when he could cum. Letting a dog dictate when he could even masturbate. Letting a dog dictate his entire life.

He'd never felt more satisfaction. His dog, a good boy that was now the best of Masters, was in control of everything. The collar that was once supposed to go around Spike's neck was forced on around Max's neck. The laser-etched name tag was



rewritten from 'Spike' to 'Max.' A phone number and address replaced with the words 'World's Best Bitch' in a large lettering. As the leather grinded into his skin fur would begin to grow wherever it touched.

For the German Shepherd, a green, spectral collar with sharp thorns revolved around his own neck, eventually manifesting into a solid object that could blend in more naturally.

When it was time to go out for a walk was when Spike knew of another way to humiliate and enjoy the shame he was putting on his human. There was enough free will and reason within Max's dumbing down brain to wear appropriate clothing in order to hide his canine features. He tucked his tail between his legs and down his pants, he wore a beanie despite it being quite hot this summer to hide his ears. And he even wore a face mask so that his growing muzzle and the teeth within would not be seen by anyone.

Though even with these preventative measures, the nice red collar bright and shining to the world was still around his neck. It *only* took a few playful bites and stern growls from his master until Max clipped the leash to the collar around his neck with Spike holding it within his maw.



As they prepared to leave the house, Max held his hand on the knob for the front door, hesitating as he could hear the huffs and snorts of his dog behind him. His neighbors would see him, the people driving their cars nearby would see him, and when they would walk down to the dog park every dog there, every owner there, would see him and Spike. For all the shame there was in the world in knowing that, it felt like the most right thing in the world. It felt like a test that he knew every answer to. It made his cock grow stiff, and with a nudge of the German Shepherds black nose against his back leg, the human finally opened the door and walked outside.

The hot sun could be felt through his hoodie, the scent of cut grass, the exhaust of the vehicles in the air, it was only now that Max realized just how many aromas he could detect. How every animal created their boundaries, their territories, their domains. It was all like borders on a map, his brain was creating the boundaries his nose picked up. A neighbor's Rottweiler three blocks over was perceived by him and he knew not to go over there, especially the backyard where that dog had his home. And it wasn't just that Rottweiler, it was the foxes that had their dens in nearby forests, it was the birds who laid their nests in trees, and it was even his front lawn.

His front lawn.. other dogs had tried to establish their mark on his front lawn! This was his house and by extension this was Spike's house. That had to be rectified, that had to change!



It seemed that the German Shepherd understood that too, and so when Max felt a sudden yank around his throat of his dog pulling him forward, he too registered what the mission was. Spike had made his mark on Max in other ways than something so bestial even if it was the most popular way of doing it. By leaving his fur on the changing human, by having him suck off his canine rod, and by cumming down his throat, no matter what Max would do, all other animals would know that he was Spike's property.

He couldn't believe he was about to do this but as he brought down his sweatpants and brought out his fuzzy cock, he could see the tip just poking out of his golden furred sheath. It allowed his tail to come out and to bask in just how dog-like he was now, which made him wag and wag, just like a happy good boy!

It was by the German Shepherd's natural body language that Max knew not to blow his whole load too quickly. As a few neighbors rushed away from their windows to avoid seeing such debauchery, Spike lifted his leg while Max held his cock and the two made sure that their front lawn belonged to them and only them. For Max, all of that anxiety had gone out just as his fluids did. Going on walks was now his idea of a great time and so with another yank of the leash, Max was walked by Spike throughout the neighborhood.

They'd inspect other dogs' marks, with Max now understanding just how much information something so disgusting for a human would actually be quite insightful for



a dog. It was almost like getting a written letter through his nose. The dog version of 'to whom it may concern' with details about how they were doing, their mood, and whether or not they were wanting a mate at the moment.

Max was too far gone in his mind at this point to realize that any further things he did with such canine curiosity were only pushing him further along into the intelligence and body of a simple Golden Retriever. His legs were starting to morph, the bones shifting and snapping painlessly, it seemed like now for the rest of the walk up until the dog park it was as if he were walking on his tippy toes. His shoes were beginning to feel rough and uncomfortable.

It didn't take long for him to kick off his footwear and socks, leaving them on some random person's front driveway, seeing that they were no longer human feet. The toes had bulged outward in all directions. There were black pads on the other side, in fact, the entire paw was covered in the same fur that was covering many other places on his body. They were both large, squishy, and felt so fun to walk on. Max knew that he did not wake up this morning with feet such as these, but it did not matter to him, and he wished that he could soon be on all fours, so that any dog whether it be Spike or the pooch of some neighbor could easily sniff his ass just as he could sniff theirs as well.

It was roughly ten minutes until they finally reached the local dog park, yet Max could smell how many dogs lay within from what felt like miles away. His doggy balls



churned with seed, his cock popping out by a few inches in anticipation for whatever could happen. Spike had made it known through several different dog-specific ways that Max was not allowed to mount any dogs there, rather only he would be the one mounted.

The human's eyes finally saw what his nose had picked up so long ago. A large throng of fur and pure pheromones, with all of the pent-up energy and horny ruts of what seems to be like hundreds and hundreds of different dogs.

Unbeknownst to Max, many of the humans here we're now already being affected by the scent of Spike's balls. They would pay no mind to the man with so many canine-like features. While in their minds they might see it to be a little odd that Max would be so lewd with their special pets, a fusion of a visage showing Max being more dog-like than he actually was and a few twists of the morals within their brain would make it all seem perfectly normal and natural. And essentially, it was!

The dog park in Max's hometown was one of the largest places of interest, ranging from where one's eye could see and then some. Several authentic acres where dogs could just be what they are. Some immediate sights were of great big strong oak trees, bushes, and gravel paths that looped all around for miles and led into nature trails and wherever else one could walk their dog. Not only that but foliage and shrubbery allowed for many secret hidden spots out of the public's eye. It would be one of these



places within bushes surrounded by trees, the scents of several dogs making their presence known, where Spike would humiliate Max further.

The half-man half-dog hybrid could notice that many of the dogs in the park nearest to him were sniffing at the air, their snouts twisting and turning as they all would look at him, of him. It was not just Spike's magic that affected humans but dogs as well. In the collective unity of every dog closest, including Max of course, each canine had their erections synchronize at the same time.

All this did was bring a heat in the air that made each canine much more worked up, much more aroused. A visible bulge was showing in Max's crotch as he and several other dogs were now shaking their tails and approaching one another, although Max was mostly just following Spike. Many dog owners let go of their leashes as they watched their Huskies, their Great Danes, and all their mutts rush off towards where Spike and Max were heading off to. A conga line of around ten dogs now heading into the same bushes as the man and his owner went into.

Getting through the rough greenery was not an issue; it only took a few seconds before Max was behind the many large shrubs and thick trees in a small woodland that would allow people to hear what was going on but not exactly see what was going on. Spike's magic may have been quite potent but even it would cause an uproar had a giant canine orgy occurred before the entirety of the dog park. It could have been that every



dog owner there, every human passing by, might have joined in the fun as they transformed, the huge mass of barks and whines they'd cry as their pets and other dogs fucked them. But that was not what Spike wanted, at least not yet. There was still too much fun in making each and every human his bitch in a very personal way.

Max's tail wagged as he looked at all of the other dogs that joined them, so many breeds that were just so happy to see him. He was not even given the chance to lower his sweatpants as three muzzles came to lower them for him, sniffing his fuzzy, golden testicles. A slew of wet tongues matted the fur there, and several more dogs attempted to get behind him. The overwhelmed human panted through a muzzle that was not quite as developed as the dogs around him, but it still gave genuine whines and barks and growls that mimicked the other dogs. Max was surprised to see that he felt so much smaller around these dogs. He thought if he had gotten on all fours and had the legs to be on all fours, then they would be almost as large as him. Even still, he was the largest here but not by much, with Spike in a close second that was quickly catching up with the changed human.

Spike relinquished the leash from his maw, but he did not expect Max to run away like a bad boy. He watched as he sat down, his furry rear resting against the ground, as Max was soon enveloped by the horde of canines. The human was pushed down onto by the greedy dogs, his clothes either ripped or dragged off of him, and his skin dashed and dolloped with the pre of excited pups.



"Come on boys, don't be too rough! I'll make sure you all have a good time!!!" Max was into it now. He'd accepted a long time ago that he was nothing more than a whore for dogs. He was on his hands and knees, the throbbing rod of a happy Husky behind him getting ready to shove his cock right up Max's ass. A thick Malamute in front of him trying to find the best angle to allow his 10-inch shaft to go down the human's throat. Already he began to smell of the other dogs, but Spike would make sure that tonight he would only smell like him.

The man who would soon be a Golden Retriever squealed as the tip of the Husky's cock penetrated his anus, the words he was trying to get out to rile up the dogs now turned into a moan that allowed his mouth to open up, right as the Malamute in front of him pushed in. Max's superb canine ears now only heard the noises of slick meat against wet liquids, breaths and pants from the other dogs, their eager whines, as all of their dicks emerged from their sheets.

Max's own cock was now fully erect, his knot being tenderly kissed by a dog he could not see. The human's penis was leaking like a fire hose, each twitch, each pulse, had shot out another thick rope of pre-cum. Soon enough the dogs who could not sexually violate him in any meaningful way began to either fuck each other by humping their peers or licking the nearest cock... or, as the majority did, pop up onto Max's body and frot whatever parts of fat, fur, skin, they could get. These dogs did not see Max's



just another dog, no-no, they saw him as a toy to be used, as their fuck objects. If it was not for Spike's interventions when things got too harrowing, then Max's life could have been in serious, great danger.

It did not take long for each dog like a combined sprinkler system under a great big lawn to fire off one by one as semen flew in all directions. It marked the ground, it landed on many dogs, but most importantly, it drenched Max. The DNA of many dogs had marked his body. He too roared alongside them as his penis throbbed and shot ejaculates into the dirt. The tip of his veiny and dark red dog cock oozing like a salty waterfall.

Max collapsed onto the ground, his body fatigued, and a little broken. The pleasure he had felt in this moment could not be compared to any other time in his human life. This was it, this was perfect. He squirmed on the ground as the other dogs began to lick him, cleaning up each other's messes but only making him smell even worse, well, only worse for humans. Every dog within a ten mile radius would enjoy how he smelled. And Max... never would want to take another shower ever again. It was now, of all times, that Max, with his black nose, understood why a dog would never ever want a bath.

Max and Spike had made it home later that night, the human clothing mostly torn but it was not like there was much that could be used to cover or hide his changes.



More than 75% of his frame and form were that of a Golden Retriever. And so thanks to Spike's testicular magic, a lot of people just saw Max as a funny looking dog. The man still had fingers he could use even if they looked like they were on their way out, and some parts of the skin still needed a bit more fur to cover up. But the next changes would make sure that his body would be, and only be, on all four legs.

Max was quick to ask his master what he wanted to eat that night, the dog finding a few good options throughout the cabinets and refrigerator, but quickly settled on a nice steak just as he had the previous night. But this time with no dog food to sully the taste. Like a good boy, Max was quick to suggest that he should be the one to have dog food that night, nothing but pure dog food. Spike did a snort that the human understood as he got on his knees, the German Shepherd's paw coming up to scratch the human's head and hair, which had become as golden as his fur and in similar texture to it as well.

All this did was reinforce the idea in Max's mind of how normal this should be and how proper he was acting. He wasted no time preparing the meats, the pans, the oven. He was acting like a high class chef even though his fingers had now dwindled by half their size and had bulged outwards by more than a few inches. This truly would be the last night he would ever be able to even use his fingers in such a way.



After what seemed like hours of endless cooking to make sure that his dog was the best dog, his master was the best master, the Golden Retriever-ish man brought out a lovely dinner to his favorite person in the whole wide world.

Adjacent to the table was Spike's old dog bowl, the name scratched out and replaced with Max's own. On top of the table now next to Spike's lovely steak dinner, along with potatoes and various veggies, was a giant bag of average quality dog food. One of the corners was open, and so Spike with a small nudge of his paw, pushed the bag over. Max barked and whacked his tail against a table leg, seeing the entire pouch and its contents dump onto the floor and mostly into his bowl. He plunged down onto it using his new jaws and elongated muzzle to chomp in large bites at all the crunchy, delicious industrially made kibble. Max, a creature more Golden Retriever than human, was more excited to eat his dish than Spike was for his own dinner.

The two were tucked out from today's events, one smelly, cum-stained boy much more tired than the other. Max had thought that he and the German Shepherd would sleep on the same bed, but with a sharp growl, and a pathetic whine from the golden, Max realized that the bed was for his master, and Spike's old dog bed would be for him personally.

The retriever laid down in the small pet bed, his spine cracking and snapping as he adjusted his position, signifying that he would soon never be able to walk on two legs



comfortably ever again. Yet even though it was not as pleasant as his old bed, he enjoyed it more like this. The dog smelled like his master, and so any fur that had grown today or within the last few hours or minutes were rubbed into the bedding so he could continue to always smell like his superior. To push his scent onto anything, only meant he was giving that place Spike's scent. As if he were merely an extension of Spike.

It was the dawn of the final day. When Max awoke and attempted to stand on two legs, he found the experience incredibly difficult. But to him, it was the way he had walked his entire life and so his body was not yet ready to surrender it. As Spike jumped down from the bed and landed next to the man who was four-fifths of a Golden Retriever, Max was surprised to see just how small he was now. Despite standing on two legs, it was like the German Shepherd's muzzle aimed directly at his chest.

"Hey budd-" their similar heights were just perfect in allowing Spike to give his pet a full on, throat fuck with his tongue. The two made out just as dogs do. Max brought his hands around the back of his dog's head, the appendages of his now smaller frame made the brown furred canine perfect to enjoy.

The two good boys cuddled and licked one another for several hours, noon coming around as Spike eventually left the room and headed into the living room. He, of course, barked at Max to follow. It was difficult to call him human, but yes, the human trudged along after him.



The living room was a spacious one for the house that Max, *now Spike*, owned. There was a nice sofa, a coffee table, and a pretty comfortable rug. Spike grabbed one of the pillows that he had humped earlier in the week and brought it in front of the television, his cock already hardening.

Max wasn't allowed to speak, he had gotten that command through the cuddles of this morning, but with his tongue and muzzle nearly fully grown it was not like he could do any kind of talking other than whines and barks and growls and snorts like any other pooch could. He did not ask Spike what he was doing, but by the German Shepherd's commands, the bipedal Golden Retriever played a game of hot and cold that led to him turning on the TV, and opening his laptop.

Max was eventually brought to a website he thought he'd never open in his entire life. It was a place only the most taboo humans would ever view. A pornographic domain full of videos with titles like 'giant Beagle fucks wet Labrador bitch' and 'Bernese with a 6-inch and veiny cock destroys beta Husky.' Even now Max was a little nervous at what this was leading to, but as he played a video and began to watch a high resolution camera come into focus, a bit of drool filled his mouth from what he saw.

A huge Wolfdog rushed up into the behind of a black-brown mutt with a raised tail, sniffing and looking licking at the glands. The Golden Retriever examined their



forms, how their fats were proportioned from their muscles. It attracted him heavily. He then brought his gaze to Spike who was now holding the pillow with his front paws and teasing the wet tip of his cock against the blue fabric, his back arched and ready to fuck.

Max's tongue shoved out of his mouth and danced as he panted, he rushed over as his hands finally touched the floor in a permanent four-legged run. He used his drooly muzzle to bite at one of his own pillows. His cock had already begun to get hard thanks to Spike's own erection, and the golden furred dog brought his pillow right next to Spike. The two dogs of similar sizes side by side as their eyes were glazing over, all attention directed at the television. The best part was about to begin, like a movie at its climax.

Max's pupils dilated as he watched the Wolfdog climb up on the mutt, his vision becoming tunneled as his brain was rewired to find this kind of porn the best porn there was. He didn't even notice that his cock was already teasing the pillow. A whine was quietly seeping from his lips and black nose. His tail raised up, and his legs were already humping.

Max was in his own world. While the dog to his left was still there and was easily heard and smelled, the Golden Retriever's attention was solely on the scene before him. His muzzle opened, his tongue lolling out, and his balls bouncing as the underside of his cock made furious love with the pillow. His pre-cum was staining the fabric, and by



using his paws and front legs, he curved the pillow to evenly rub at the sides of his shaft.

The Wolfdog was going at it, furiously thrusting into that other male canine, the mutt's ears down as his body twitched from the much larger dog within him. The top dog's penis and size almost looked to be double of the one on the bottom.

Max had never seen something so hot in his life. Even though he may have been sucking off his dog for the past couple days, it was only now in this moment that he could truly appreciate the forms of these beasts. He wanted everybody he was attracted to have a tail, he wanted them to have fur, he wanted them to bark when a tongue slid up their ass, he wanted this. He wanted to be a dog.

The last remnants of his skin on his face were being covered up, the former man no more than a horny animal with a brain that was now dumber than Spike's. It only took five minutes of watching this video, and in those five minutes Max would have never been able to do what he did to set up this situation. In fact, a good portion of his new head thought the scene unraveling before him was in the same room as him. The yellow furred dog salivated at the idea that he could just lick them, not understanding that need just be licking the static of a screen.



His hips engaged in a rigorous momentum. He felt himself getting faster and faster as his body demanded it, wanting to achieve that wonderful sensation of his first true canine orgasm. While his biological tendencies told him to breed with a female, his doggy brain thought of any hole that could be penetrated in order to burst his seed free from the tip of his cock.

Unbeknownst to Max, Spike was close as well, the larger German Shepherd tempering his pace to match with his pet's. The longer this went on the more the dumber of the two dogs went from imagining himself on top, to on bottom. The place the Wolfdog had was Spike's place, and the more his thoughts locked in on the concepts, the more Max realized he was simply just a male meant to be topped.

And that's exactly what happened. The dogs on the TV quickened their rate as their noises became more frantic, the anus of the mutt massaging and milking the Wolfdog's meaty rod. Max felt a sudden weight on his back, and a slick, thick, throbbing German Shepherd cock pierced his asshole. Spike was fucking him just like the Wolfdog fucked the mutt, and Max squealed in noises that could only be created by a dog such as him.

The Golden Retriever tried his best to pulse his sphincter to give the best feeling Spike could ever have. He wanted to make him feel special, he wanted Spike to see him as his best bitch, he wanted to give Spike everything. However, for as pleasurable as this



was to Max, this wasn't even in the top ten of most pleasing sexual encounters Spike had experienced. But that did not mean he didn't appreciate his pet's eagerness, and his subservience.

The finale was soon to arrive, the video's run time was finishing up. Only a minute or two remain on what was an almost fifteen minute long recording. Just like the mutt's ass, Max's would be sore, leaky, and with a wide hole that would be in the shape of Spike's shaft. The dogs on the television both began to whine as the Wolfdog barked, which was then repeated by the two dogs in the living room. Max was furiously fucking the pillow in order to cum at the same time as his master, gritting his fangs with a small snarl as if he was biting down on the neck of some small prey. He wanted to cum, he needed to cum, he had to cum at the same time as his master, it was so important!

Then, every dam burst. The mutt on the TV came; the Wolfdog came; Max heard the howl of the German Shepherd behind him as his forearms squeezed at the Golden Retriever's sides, Spike's body clamping down around Max's. The bottom bitch howled with his master as he could feel his anal cavity fill up with the spunk of yellow-white dog cum. The last to come, was of course Max, he felt it was right that even the dogs in the video came before he did. His semen shot out of the top of his dick with good range. It soaked into the blue cotton of the pillow, and as he thrust wildy in the air it was shot onto the carpet and on the entertainment center the TV rested upon.



Wires and synapses in his head clicked, rotated, and exploded. Once what were brain cells that told him how to get up and get dressed in the morning transformed into pleasure centers that increased the euphoria of his orgasm to a point that no human on this Earth had ever experienced. Only the subjects of Spike could get to enjoy this ultimate glee, as a reward for becoming nothing more than a drone to his balls, the manifestation that extended his will. A canine hive mind of pheromones where no was not a choice, and to no surprise, every affected dog loved.

With Max's transformation complete, Spike did not need to communicate as much as he did when the former man walked on two legs. It was the subtle actions he used, his tail in a certain direction, his balls admitting a certain scent, nips at the back of Max's legs. The mess that the Golden Retriever had made would soak and dry into the night as the two dogs slept on the same bed together.

With collars around each of their necks, and Max being used as a stepping stool so Spike could open the door, the two dogs left the residence empty and abandoned, the front entrance open for any animals to rest inside. It did not take long for the property to be seized and resold, the newest owners finding themselves with odd attractions for canines, and their tastes in porn to shift dramatically. As they fingered their holes, or jerked their cocks, the clouded image of a German Shepherd calling them good boys and girls dominated their very souls



But for Max and Spike, the two were inseparable. Spike still needed a minion for certain schemes, and the new underling would happily provide. The dogs joined with a feral pack in the dog park, several of the newest additions being the former employees of the same pet store that Max began his journey in, along with many, many victims of the German Shepherd's genitalia. After all, there had to be a reason this dog park in particular was so popular.

There was one individual whose name was Iggy; there was nothing special to him with his black hair, and his brown eyes. In many ways he was the same in build and shape like Max once was. This was not Iggy's destiny, this was him merely at the wrong place and the wrong time. He was cutting across a dog park he never walked in, going off the trail and into the bushes that Max was once fucked behind. He didn't expect to come across a happy Golden Retriever and his German Shepherd friend. Both dogs agreed with perked ears that this human found them at the right place and at the right time.

Iggy might have been able to get out of this situation with only a mild fetish for dogs, but the words that next left his lips would seal his fate forever.

"Hey! What are you two good boys doing here?"

