

Breathing in the smoky air, Peter took in a large swig of his drink, bringing his buzz to the forefront of his awareness. In New Orleans for the first time, the Slovakian man wanted to take in the culture without some of the more 'exotic' forms of intoxication. And, it seemed the mood was contagious, even if he was inclined not to partake to the point of overindulgence. It really was everything he'd hoped it would be and more!

It was a Tuesday in March, Mardi Gras before Ash Wednesday at the tail end of the festival. Though for Peter, it had been a whirlwind of attractions and tourist spots for his first trip to the US to visit his friend Mike, the scope of which he was barely able to take in. Over the last three days, they'd visited the likes of Jackson Square, St. Louis Cathedral, National WWII Museum, and St. Louis Cemetery, to name a few. To his culinary delight, Mike was able to indulge in some of the famous local cuisines, Gambo, Muffaletta, Po'boy, or sno-balls being the highlights.

The best was saved for last, spending Mardi Gras in the French Quarter. After eating some famous beignets in Cafe Du Monde, they walked across the French Quarter shops, enjoying the sights of the wares. Peter had an ulterior motive for his request, loving supernatural TV shows like *Originals* and wanting to see something more authentic the likes of which had inspired them. He thus wanted to go inside one of the voodoo shops at the end of the French Quarter. Though Mike was skeptical, he agreed to stop at one such old-world witchery establishment before it closed at 11:00 PM, ten minutes from then if they wanted to make it at all.

Inside the shop, they were greeted by a beautiful Creole woman. "Welcome gentlemen, my name is Amara," she said, local accent making Peter shiver. There was something a little annoyed in her demeanor, likely due to the fact they had come in so close to her regular closing time. Peter assumed she might be in a hurry to attend the festival, though she was obligated to allow them to peruse her shop until the designated hour. And, even as rude as it was, Peter couldn't give up the chance to see such an establishment in the flesh!

Still, after five minutes of looking around the shop, it was clear that Peter couldn't find anything worth his time, not even a souvenir. Everything there was simply too silly, boring, or, worst of all, too expensive, a Mardi Gras tourist trap, most likely. "Damn, that's quite a price tag," Mike mused, a little too loudly for Peter's comfort. Still, there was no denying the truth in the sentiment, even if it was a little rude to express.

It seemed their words did reach the proprietor's ears, much to her chagrin. "Well then, if you don't like what I have to sell, you are free to leave," she said, almost hissing the words. It was clear she was getting testy with them, obviously not inclined to stay open late, only to be met with a rude reception.

“You shouldn't be in such a hurry to be rid of potential customers. You treat everyone this bad that comes through your door?” Peter scoffed, feeling entitled not to deal with such an attitude from the woman. After all, he hadn't directed the comment at her, and even if he had, so what?!

“I have better things to do than to serve such rabble,” she snapped, her ire speckling each and every inflection. “Besides, I can't just leave the shop unattended for people to come in and steal from me. You never know who will come in off the streets,” she finished with a sneer, the implication of her words obvious.

Mike, by this point, was more than a little annoyed with the poor customer service. “If you're so worried, just get a guard dog, lady,” he snapped back as if such was so simple.

“Or, hell, a boyfriend,” Peter added, his annoyance with the woman reaching the breaking point. “Hell, you'd be my type. It can't be that hard for you to get a guy,” Peter said, and Mike couldn't stifle a chuckle. Normally, they weren't that offensive to women, but this particular madam had invoked their disapproval. Besides, with everything else going on outside, what was she going to be if the pair heckled her a little?

With those words, Amara's eyes hardened, though soon, a smile crossed her features, as though she found the notion amusing. “Now, there's an idea. It does get very lonely around here,” she said a little coyly. Mike, who had a comeback ready, was taken aback by the notion, not really assuming that she would respond that way and not sure what his reply should be. She wasn't...flirting back, was she?!

Before they could come up with any possible reply, Amara reached behind the counter, pulling out a smooth wooden box. Neither man knew what to expect but were mesmerized to the point the front door closing and locking of its own accord was lost to them. Her sweet tone had drawn them in as she opened the box slowly, the pair raw with anticipation to see what was inside.

“Normally, I wouldn't have the time to train a pair of good boys, but in this case, two simply arrived on my doorstep. What lucky boys!” She said, a smirk across her features that would have had the two men on high alert under normal circumstances. But, a mix of curiosity and desire had them rooted to the spot, wondering what she was going to do with them. Was there a chance of Peter's first trip to the US getting him laid as well? He wasn't going to back out with even a remote possibility before him!

Regardless of their expectations, neither man could be prepared for the box to contain what looked like a variety of dog collars, all of different shapes and sizes. It seemed to be some sort of kink wear, the woman evidently having hobbies simply beyond selling overpriced wares to hapless tourists. “Go ahead! Why don’t you pick one?” Amara offered that hint of slyness in her voice enough to make both men melt.

Without missing a beat, Peter, seemingly intrigued, reached out for one of the collars, a black spiked and studded leather one that first caught his eye. Not really for that sort of thing, Mike hesitated at first, reaching out a hand and holding it back.

“Oh? Not interested? Your friend grabbed one right away. He seems eager for where this night might go,” Amara purred, voice dripping honey.

“It’s not really my style...” Mike said, not wanting to embarrass himself but not wanting to display his more vanilla preferences when it came to bedroom affairs.

“Oh, come on Mike! We can’t pass this up! We’re all adults here, and besides, we’re on vacation. Live a little!” Peter scolded him, and Mike felt the peer pressure getting to him as Peter elbowed him.

“Fine, fine, I’ll bite,” Mike sighed reluctantly, moving towards the box to select a collar.

“I hope you don’t, boy. That’s a nasty habit and not one that I want to have to try to work out of you,” Amara said, almost as though she was talking to herself. Still, the words left Mike a little concerned, as though she was getting *too* into the idea.

Such was quickly forgotten, however, as his eyes settled on a larger brown leather collar. Picking it up and wondering what he was going to do with such a thing, he was not expecting to see Peter fastening his collar to his neck, rather excited to be sporting a black and studded leather collar. “Well, how do I look? As good as any of your other clients?” Peter said, as though mocking the thing.

“You’re the first one I’ve seen wearing that particular collar, but it suits you well. The collars speak to your hidden personality, after all. You were drawn to the one that suited you best,” Amara said, though Peter could hardly understand what she meant by that.

“Personality? Should I get down on all fours and start begging like a doggie?” Peter laughed, wondering what it was she had in mind. It was all in good kinky fun, and the more he got into it, perhaps the more she would put out, as it were. Either way, he was sure it would make a memorable experience!

“Not a bad idea, sugar. Get down and beg for me,” Amara said without missing a beat.

To Mike’s astonishment, no sooner had the command left her lips than Peter dropped to his knees, tucking his hands under his chin. A low whine slipped up the man’s throat, one almost inhuman and making Mike a little nervous. “Wait, what? Dude! Take that kink play somewhere else. I’m really not interested,” Mike declared, taking a hesitant step backward,

Yet, the instant Amara’s gaze settled on him, Mike froze as though her eyes were burning into his soul. “Stay there and hush for now. I’m about to have some fun,” She said, and at Mike’s attempt to defy her, his mouth reflexively snapped shut, throat clenching. Though with some effort, his eyes widened, and with a shudder, he managed to work his jaw. “W-what do you mean by...t-that...” he struggled to say, the act of speaking almost painful. It was as though deep down, he was afraid of her disapproval to the point where he could hardly disobey her. Something that should not matter from a simple shopkeeper, yet not something he could deny.

“Hmmm, the effects aren’t as strong if you aren’t wearing the collar. Well, even holding it is good enough. You’ll stay and watch silently like a good boy while I play with your friend,” Amara said, and Mike did just that, frozen in place and waiting to see what would happen. Even his struggle was for naught as he remained stiff as a statue, unable to defy the power that seemed to be generated by the collar in his hand.

Amara turned her attention back to Peter, reaching down and stroking his hair with her ebony fingers. “Now, Sit, boy!” She said as her next command, and Mike could only watch as Peter, without hesitation, sat on the floor, as though a reflex to her order. He could only hold out hope that Peter was simply teasing, humoring her. But, as he was soon to discover with certainty, that was not to be the case.

With that, Amara came toward Peter, holding out her right hand above his head. She had something palmed, and if Mike didn’t know any better, it seemed to be a piece of dog treat. “Now, here’s a treat for a good boy! Eat up!” She said, and without missing a beat, Peter opened his mouth for her to drop the treat inside. Chewing a mouthful of food, Peter tried to speak as if thinking out loud over the experience. “Hmmm, no bad... weird taste...like...beef? Pretty good though...” Peter managed as though a food critic and not someone who was eating literal dog food.

Yet, Mike’s disgust over what he was doing disappeared the moment he noticed something off about Peter’s face. His nose was starting to brown, a dirty patch that seemed to move to the entire circumference of his nose. The more he chewed, the more Peter’s tongue seemed to slide out of his mouth, thick and drooling and panting from the size of it. It was almost

too large for his mouth now, though that was not to remain the case for long. The sound of a wet crack proceeded the force of his jaw stretching outward, looking for all the world like the start of some sort of muzzle.

It seemed the changes did not go unnoticed by the poor man, though there was little he could do about it. “Whatts thappening?” He tried to articulate, though, with the treat consumed, there was nothing to spit out to prevent any further changes. Every time he tried to speak, it became harder and harder for him to be understood.

“Rrrrr...Whhy...I can't...thpeak...nhormally?” Peter struggled once more, thinking he might have had a violent allergic reaction to the food he'd just consumed. But the sight of Mike's expression made him certain it was more than that. Mike was terrified, as though the very sight before him was inhuman.

“Y-your face!” Mike said with a slightly shaking voice. At that, Peter grabbed his half-changed face in panic, groping its new contours to try and determine what had Mike so afraid. It felt a little strange and alien, longer on his features to the point that if he crossed his eyes, he could see the protrusion.

Wider, blackened nostrils were at the forefront of his awareness, and Peter was in time to reach up and grope his nose, feeling slits sliding up the sides and the skin turning damp and moist. Breathing through the new organ, Peter awoke to a plethora of scents that had once escaped his notice. Things in the tiny room now seemed to possess more nuance, and Peter was shocked to realize that the odors of Mike, of other people, and even of himself were strong enough he was now aware of them. There was something in his own scent, however, that made him nervous. It was almost as though his scent was altering toward something like what he could detect in the room, specifically from the box full of collars as he zeroed in on them.

It was of little matter as Peter could still feel the changes playing over him, getting easier to see in front of his face as he watched. His tongue was panting the entire time, easy to see in front of his face. As his mouth continued to stretch out, he was able to pull it back in, the taste of his breath rather offensive to his sensibilities. A thicker tongue rested around teeth that seemed sharper, more pointed, and even more numerous, tearing painlessly out of gums that felt more numb and rubbery than he recalled.

Yet, the sudden sound of a barking order made him stop in his tracks. “No! Bad Doggy! Leave it!” Amara called out, and Peter, unable to find fault with the words, quickly put his hands to the floor like a child caught doing something wrong. Or perhaps a dog...

Grin on her face, Amara pointed at Peter's eyes, drawing his attention reflexively. "Eyes on me!" She said, and her gaze caught Peter's, looking deep into him as though trying to hypnotize him. Peter felt some trepidation but could not look away, even as his eyes started to water and the colors of the world began to fade from him. Soon, the entire room was lit only in shades, no amount of blinking able to return the vision he was accustomed to. And he hardly could, forced to focus on her eyes and unable to even formulate a reason to resist.

The next tingling of change played over his ears as they rose to the top of his head and formed points, though Peter was not able to touch them to discern their fate. In his efforts, however, Peter was aware that he could move them and that sounds from the parties outside were as clear as day. He could scarcely focus on them with his efforts to pay attention to the woman that had him so enamored.

"Oh, that's perfect! You're going to be a doobby! I've always had a sort of fondness for Dobermans. You see," Amara said, addressing the other man in the room. "I have no idea which dog breeds are associated with each collar. The breed is chosen based on the individual, and the latent magicks guide my targets to their proper bodies. I wonder what your collar has in store for you?" She said to Mike, leaving the poor man to shiver.

Attention back on Peter now, Amara was in time to view his former beard spreading out into a swash of black and brown fur. His short-cropped hair went next, merging with forming sideburns until the soft fur of his muzzle spread to give him his eventual fur coat. It continued growing down his neck, beginning to pepper the inside of his pecs and down his belly. Meanwhile, the contours of his skull were starting to shift, neck thickening to attach it properly. The force of which started tearing the collar of his favorite shirt, and, in tandem with the itching, made it powerfully uncomfortable to keep on. Reaching up, Peter reflexively tried to pull it off, not caring about the item and more concerned with alleviating the pulling and itching. The already worn fabric tore easily, and all remorse for the beloved object was gone, knowing such a thing was not necessary any longer.

It seemed Amara was displeased with the action, wanting to limit the use of his hands, knowing he would no longer have them. "No! Off!" She commanded, and Peter immediately put his hands on the floor once more.

By this point, a barreling chest and shifting internal organs had Peter panting like a dog, likely now unable to articulate human words. With his gaze on his master, however, it was hard to find fault with the changes. Her expression and demeanor were so pleasant. However, the sight of his hands starting to alter, fingers cracking and popping inward was almost enough to avert his gaze. A worried groan escaped his lips, more akin to canine distress than anything a human could muster. Yet, the more his fingers pulled inward, their flexibility taken, Peter seemed

to calm, as though entirely unconcerned with the development. His eyes were focused on his master's gaze, not on the pads swelling from the bottoms of former fingers or his nails starting to thicken and stretch out into blunt nails. By the time that thick webbing had fused the fingers together, what remained of Peter's awareness was almost glad of them, sunken shoulders no longer able to lift them in that way that seemed to displease his master so much.

"Good boy! Now, lie down!" Amara commanded, and Peter put his entire body down on the floor, looking up and eager for the praise. "Now, roll over!" Amara said, and Peter obliged, in time to see the spread of black fur running down his belly as it thinned, removing his beer gut for lean canine muscle. The tingling of what felt like nipples started to play down his chest, his own being compressed into line as his chest completed.

Mike, all the while, was staring in rapt attention and horror, unable to speak or run away, no matter how much he struggled. It was likely Amara had the same intention for him as well, and with a word, could have him clip the collar to himself and start his own changes. But there was nothing he could do in his moment of panic to escape, stuck there to watch his friend lose his humanity.

It was Amara's next words that left him truly frightened. "Well, he certainly won't be able to get his pants off with paws. Why don't *you* pull his pants down and see what happens next?" She commanded, and against his will, Mike was prompted to reach down and tug down his friend's pants, seeing that his underwear, too, was halfway down. Not wanting to view his friend's junk, Mike was nonetheless forced to stare at a cock that had already hitched itself to his groin in typical canine fashion. Within what seemed to be a newly developed canine sheath, Peter could perceive his cock shrinking, the tip growing tapered as the glans shifted, and the erectile tissue at the base swelled into a knot, and, finally, the calcium deposits within formed the basis of a baculum.

By now, Mike had pulled his pants all the way down, seeing that his friend's feet had changed as well, heels stretching thin and toes compressing into the same configuration as his fingers. Blunt nails had formed from the tips, four in all with stubby paw pads on the bottom. His legs, too, were much thinner, and with a series of cracks and snaps within, it was clear that he could no longer stand on two legs in the way he was used to. By this point, fur had spread all the way down to his legs, covering his body in a full coat of black Doberman fur.

Finally, Amara gave what was likely to be her last series of commands before Peter's humanity was lost to him entirely. "Roll again!" She said, and Peter rolled onto his belly, looking up at her with expectant eyes. "Good dog!" She praised, reaching over and patting his head before raising her up and saying, "Up!" Peter quickly stood on his freshly changed, thin dog legs, wobbling from his unstable stance. With that, Peter felt pressure on his backside, anus moving

towards the base of his spine before a small, docked tail pushed out, completing his physical change from human to Doberman.

“What a nice finishing touch! Peter, right? Hmm, that name isn’t fitting for a handsome Doberman like you. What do you think about...hmmm...Orion?” At that, Peter barked once, his own way of approval.

As though wanting to show Mike how far his former friend had fallen, Amara pondered a few moments, then said, “Let’s make this interesting, shall we? Just a little of his mind remains, and all that’s left is to let that fade. So how about we have him...Suck!” She said, the last word a command for Peter to follow. Peter, who had already been sniffing at his own backside, raised his ears for a moment before reaching down with his tongue to start playing over his groin, cock coming to attention like red lipstick. Peter began to explore himself like a tasty treat, bringing himself to further erection the more he slobbered over himself.

Mike watched with disgust as his friend continued to perform fellatio on himself, worse that Peter seemed to be enjoying it. “Stop this! He’d never do something so gay!” Mike called out, finding that he had his words back again.

With that, Amara just smiled. “Really now? It looks like he’s enjoying it. You might even say it’s become more natural for him. But don’t worry. I bet in a few minutes, you’ll come to understand and act just like your former friend here,” she said, that evil streak in her tone making Mike shiver down to his core.

“Well, first of all, we have to get you into that collar. Why don’t you put it on for me?” Amara said, and Mike glared back at first, defiantly. He hesitated, though was unable to avoid feeling the compulsion welling up in his mind. Staring at the thing in his hand, he wanted nothing more than to throw it to the floor and tackle the woman, demanding she change his friend back under threat. But the more Mike stared at the thing, it was physically hurting him not to apply it, and the more he resisted, the more the pain burned into his mind.

In the end, Mike had no choice but to damn himself, already under the woman’s spell by having touched the thing in the first place. It was as though contrasting tongues of flame and ice were assailing him by not obeying her, and she clearly had no intention of letting him go. So, without further fanfare, Mike reflexively put the thing on his neck, clasping it as a rush of magic played over him. Though he found the collar to be a few sizes too large for him, Mike could find no strap to pull it tighter over him, and it sat there, loose on his frame to the point he might be able to pull it over his head if he was inclined.

Seeing to notice, Amara grinned, saying, “I know it’s loose, sugar. But in a few moments, you’ll grow right into it. Now, sit!” She commanded, and like Peter before him, Mike dropped to all fours, shuddering in shock. He had no control over his actions, and that realization filled him with dread.

Seeing the panic in his eyes, Amara laughed, getting into her villainous role. Before Mike could utter so much as a plea, Amara moved her hands to trace down over his back, sending an electric tingling down his spine. With it followed a tightness in his hips, as though they were locking into place, ready to change into that canine configuration he knew Peter now possessed. It soon ebbed, though Mike was sure he would never be standing on two legs again.

“That should keep you on all fours! Now, what’s next...how about you show me how grateful you are? Go ahead, boy, wag that tail!”

At that, Mike blushed, humiliated as his backside started wriggling from side to side, as though eager to meet the command without the appendage. But that was soon not an issue as an ache in his spine proceeded to the formation of a massive, fluffy tail, bursting forth and full of fur. The size of it overwhelmed his underwear, even pushing his pants down from the force of it wagging. With that, he shivered, able to feel the fluff of it brushing against his ass.

“Please, I won’t tell anyone! I’ll do whatever you want!” Mike begged, knowing he was due for a canine fate and thinking of no way else out of his predicament.

“Oh, you’ll be doing whatever I want regardless, sugar,” Amara laughed, kneeling down and tapping under Mike’s belly. “Up!” She commanded, that same domineering tone in her voice that Mike came to dread.

With that, Mike automatically stood up, stance a little odd with the difference in lengths of his arms and legs. Yet, to his horror, he was not to be discomforted for very long as his legs started to compress, their length flowing into his heels. His feet, for their part, started to feel heavy, toes stiffening and aching with the growth of something at the ends of them. Their mass felt thicker, slipping out of his shoes from the decrease in width of his heels, and Mike reflexively kicked them away. He didn’t want to look back at himself but couldn’t resist the urge to see what had become of his feet. A whimper escaped his lips at the sight of a pair of heavy canine paws sitting where his feet once were. To top it off, the tickling of fur played over them, covering his feet and moving up his pants, which were steadily becoming loose on his frame as they continued to shrink.

“Now, roll over!” Amara commanded, and Mike did so without hesitation, still unable to resist her will. As Mike did so, Amara cupped his head in her hands, starting to rub his belly

under his shirt. Her touch brought forth the blooming of fur over his body, tickling down his stomach and even teasing his shaft as his groin hair started to lengthen. Before Mike could protest, Amara's hands were on his shaft, making him moan from the contact.

"Oh, you like that, do you, boy? Go shear, thump that paw against the ground to show how much you do!" Amara chuckled, pressing firmer against his length.

Without further prompting, Mike began thumping his back paw against the ground, shaking of its own accord. It was a canine reaction, but one he was helpless to control as Amara played over his cock, bringing him to an erection against his better inclinations. His human erection was not to stay in its current form, fur covering his foreskin as it pulled down and hitched itself to his groin and belly. Pulled inside for just a moment, it soon revealed itself, smaller, red, and pointed like lipstick in a tube. Mike was disgusted with it, but it felt so good, eyes glazing over as Amara continued to stroke him off, enough to make him leak but not enough to get it off.

Teasingly, Amara pulled off him, looking down at her latest victim with a sense of sadistic glee. "Now, beg!" She commanded, and Mike scrambled onto his canine butt, knees bent and palms tucked under his chin. Laughing, Amara enjoyed the sight of his shoulders popping, facing forward as more fur crept over the bare skin of his chest and torso. Though he had been sweating in fear as he watched Peter starting to change, it seemed his changing skin no longer possessed the ability to do so. The canine hairs rising up over his body were damp, though the magic changing him deemed it necessary to dry the fur, giving him a long, full fluffy coat.

"Ok, now, paw!" Amara commanded, and Mike placed his hands in hers. He wanted to scream, wanted to pull away, knowing what that was to mean for him. But there was nothing to be done for it, and he was destined to lose his hands as well.

"Aww, you poor thing," Amara said, teasing her fingers over the scars on his fingers from a lifetime of labor jobs. "You probably did a lot of hard work with these. Well, you don't have to worry about it anymore, boy. Soon you'll be one of my dumb, drooling pets," She smirked, and the fingers started to contract into his palm, nails thickening into blunt claws and pads forming where she rubbed his fingers. Soon, shorter white fur burst over the skin, removing his scars forever as his hands shrank and wrists stretched compared to his compacting upper arms. His thumbs went with the most struggle, cracking and shrinking into dew claws, and an odd, coarse pad poked confusingly from the front of his former wrists.

Despite himself, Mike couldn't help but focus on the words, especially about being a dumb dog. No worries, no concerns, and only pleasing a master...something about those words seemed surprisingly...nice. *No!* Mike cried out in his head, shaking it in an effort to eliminate the

foreign thoughts. Surely, her magic was changing his thoughts, and one look at Peter confirmed his fears. His eyes possessed a glazed emptiness, just like an animal's. With that, his thoughts of resistance and hope of salvation seemed to ebb, his eventual fate likely sealed.

By this point, the itching of canine fur was powerfully uncomfortable against his skin, making Mike whine. "Now, why don't you stay put while I get those cumbersome things off you! Dogs like you don't wear clothes, you know," Amara said, Mike remaining in place as she removed them. Mike did not want to lose them but was unable to deny the comfort their absence allowed. It was powerfully conflicting to be so relieved yet so terrified. How much more of this was he expected to endure?!

As his clothes were pulled off him, Mike shivered, both from relief and terror over the implication. It seemed the hair had more room to grow, covering his expanding torso in a thick, soft fluffy coat. Like Peter before him. Mike was aware his organs were shifting, anus situated behind his tail as his intestines and stomach altered for a meat-heavy diet. A tingling over his chest gave him the beginnings of extra sets of canine nipples, and the fur continued to move up his neck, running under the collar and making him comforted in a way that defied his understanding. It was already so warm, so thick, so nice...

Noticing her new pet's reaction, Amara ran her hands through the fur, smirking at the effects of her collar's magic. Before he could react, Amara pressed her face against his own, rubbing her nose against the changing man's neck before pulling back with a sadistic grin. "Now, give me a kiss, hon," she commanded, and Mike blushed, embarrassed.

Even in this horrific scenario, Mike couldn't believe he was doing anything intimate with a woman this beautiful. But, of course, he had no way to deny the command as his face started moving in of its own accord. He pursed his lips, placing a human-like kiss on her cheeks. Soon, however, his lips drooped into jowls, and the kiss became wetter and sloppier as Mike began to drool against his will. Embarrassment rushed through his mind once more, though there was nothing to be done about it.

"Ohh, that tickles!" Amara laughed as Mike reflexively slurped across her cheek and lips. She didn't seem to mind, eyes twinkling with a sort of devilish playfulness. The embarrassment Mike felt was soon alleviated, and he started to lick with gusto, really getting into it.

With that, Amara started to stroke his ears, causing them to stretch out. Longer...floppier...heavier...and sensitive enough to hear how much his treacherous heartbeat increased in tempo at the attention he was receiving. The sounds of people passing, which should have been louder to his canine ears, seemed not present, as though most had gone away for the night. Even if he could call out for help, there was no help coming.

“Puppy want a treat?” Amara teased, and Mike desperately wanted to say no. But there was nothing to be done for it, and the growing canine psyche was steadily winning out.

“Pugh! Puhleese!” Mike cries out, forcing the words around his swollen tongue. It took everything he had to mutter out, “Hyyy don’t warrnaww buuhhh uhuh duhhwwggg...” though he was sure that even if she understood the words, they would fall on deaf ears. His voice was becoming deeper, rougher, and clearly inhuman. At the same time, his whimpers slipping between the words were lifting in pitch, sounding more like the dog he was to become.

“Go on, get the treat, boy!” She called out, pulling one from her pocket and tossing it toward him. Without missing a beat, Mike snapped it up, eyes tearing with horror and shame. Yet, to his surprise, the taste wasn't too bad, as though the kiss had changed his taste buds, limiting their sensitivity to simple things like dog treats. It carried a sort of meaty quality to it, one that Mike found oddly satisfying.

“Speak, boy!” Came the next command with a laugh as Mike tried to talk, clearly unable. More and more canine-sounding words came from his lips before devolving entirely into barks and growls. As he did so, fur covered his jowls, running up his face like a beard of sorts before running over the length of his muzzle and up his cheeks like sideburns. They were soon to merge with his hair, which itself was growing out into a wide mop. By the time it was done, Mike possessed a rather fetchingly soft-looking canine coat, the envy of any other Tiberian Mastiff.

Next, Amara stood up, Mike looking up at her with a canine expression of desperation, wanting to do anything to return to his human stance on two legs. Amara, as merciless as she was, was not to grant him his wish. “Paws up here!” She commanded and tapped his shoulders. Mike, ever obedient, reared up on hind legs, realizing with some fear that despite his already tall stature, he had some growing to do, getting heavier and bulkier all the while. A little shocked to realize it wasn't fat, Mike could scarcely fathom the body he was growing into it.

Mike was barely aware of his breed as his head started to slope, squishing his thoughts away. It was getting harder to think as drool dripped from his mouth, as though each drop contained months of his old life at a time. His paws were thumping against her shoulders, and even as he looked at her pleadingly, eyes focusing in one breath and then unfocusing the next.

Seeing the conflicting look on her new pet's face, Amara decided to give her final command while the poor man retained any semblance of his humanity. “Suck,” she said simply, no mercy in her tone.

With that, she took a step back, allowing Mike to thump to the floor. His nose was flattening on his face, growing wetter and breathing in the heady scent of his canine form. To his shock, the most intricate aromas were wafting off his own dick, and Mike was compelled to breathe it in as much as he was to reach down and press his muzzle against his cock, tongue lolling from his mouth. Heavy jowls tickled the tip, and before the human him could even perceive mounting the slightest resistance, his massive hips pumped him forward and forced his open maw onto his member.

His surprised canine cry devolved into a moan of stupid pleasure as the newly formed dog started to wetly, clumsily, lick at himself. Though the warning humanity within knew he was damning himself, it was good...too good...so good...

Amara watched all the while, proud of her power. “Hmmm, Mike is too human a name for you. I think I’ll call such a big fluffy boy...hmmm...Grover. Hehe, yes, perfect!”

The new name echoed in Mike's empty head, replacing his human identity and making him feel almost warm inside. Of course, it would. He liked hearing the name from his master's lips, because, of course, it meant he was a-

“Good boy!” Amara said as though reading his thoughts. She leaned down, caressing his heavy ears while beaming at the stupid look in his eyes. “Good boy, suck the rest of your old life away...”

With that, the last of his shame was washed away by a surge of pleasure, and with a howl of debased relief, Mike came in his own muzzle, forever rendering him a dumb dog. Peter, now Orion, noticed this as well, getting up and sniffing his new pack mate in the anal glands, as was canine etiquette. The moment that Grover pulled off his cock was the moment he turned around, moving behind the other dog as the two of them learned each other's unique new canine scents. Amara left them to sniff each other's anal glands while she closed the register, shutting down for the night to spend training her new guard dogs.

“Alright boys, listen up! Let’s try some simple commands!” Amara said, and both dogs turned with all their attention on her. “Spin!” She said, and both dogs turned around in place, looking back at her with anticipation. Taking the treats out of her pocket, she went to throw them, yelling, “Catch!” as she did so. Orion and Grover did so in turn, grabbing the treats out of the air as she threw them. “Ok, good boys!” She declared, and both dogs wagged their tails in turn. “Now come to momma! Walk tall!” She commanded next, and both dogs got up in tandem, standing on their hind legs and walking toward her.

“Alright, get your dishes!” She said, and the dogs sniffed around the room, understanding the command. They did not seem to know where to look, confusion in their postures. Eventually, the scent of water called them, and they moved toward a bathroom, Amara following them to see where they would go. Orion, without any hesitation, started to drink what was from the toilet bowl, lapping it up as though it was the freshest spring water. Grover, for his part, found a puddle on the floor and started lapping at the same tempo.

“Aww, don’t be such silly doggies! Here, boys!” She said, and both dogs stopped their activities, following her to another room where she got them some fresh water. Both lapped happily in the more proper canine way.

Afterward, the pair was taken outside the shop and allowed to sniff the area. Amara called out with a command of “Guard!”. Eagerly, they sniffed everything, not straying from the perimeter of the shop even without leashes. Even if they fell prey to the whims of canine instincts, they would come back to guard the building, their loyalty to their mistress absolute. Taking their time to make the place their own, both dogs lifted their legs to piss over the building and add their scents to the mix. But she was content to leave them there, knowing they could not deny her will...

A few weeks later, the pair had fallen into canine habits well, with no trace of their former existence in their eyes. Amara loved the companionship, Grover being dumb but rather cuddly and possessive of his owner. Orion, for his part, was a little more intelligent, loyal but defensive, and more than a little horny, licking himself several times a day. With that in mind, and the desire to make some extra money, Amara took her newest acquisitions to a kennel where she could find those in demand of breeding studs. There was a queer sort of pleasure in allowing her former human pets to mate with bitches when they had originally wanted her. She was sure many of the dogs at the kennel were her own creations as well, once former men turned bitches, but they were all dumb mutts at this point with no memory of their humanity, so it mattered very little in the end. It was the first time she had kept pets of her own, but at the idea of making guard dogs, Amara found she couldn’t quite say no.

The dogs they were seemed eager to play with the bitches in heat, Amara smirking as she watched the show. Orion was all the stud, sniffing at a female Doberman and making it look easy. She had been an annoying tourist in his past life, but now the bitch stood firm as the male got on her back and prodded her opening with his relatively thicker canine cock. It only took a few rapid humps for him to hit his mark and a few more until his knot pushed in. He was the perfect stud as with a whine, Amara was sure his seed at hit home, and her previous aggressor was likely pregnant with puppies.

Grover, for his part, got too reckless, moving to the facility and finding a St. Bernard bitch, getting chuckles from all involved as he tried to awkwardly mount. The owner wanted to stop the dumb dog, but with a swish of Amara's influence, she allowed it to happen. The St. Bernard, too, had been a late-night victim, a homeless man who was given a better life as an animal. She was eager for the male, lapping at his jowls in a canine greeting before getting down and raising her hindquarters for Grover's inspection. He was a little awkward with his hump, missing the mark through all the fur, and the onlookers were sure he was going to finish in her hair rather than in her cunt. But, like the determined stud he was, Grover managed to hit home, and Amara was left to laugh at the connection between her former aggressors turned canines. A much better use of chastising men, indeed!