



## The pet

The master returned home after buying the gift, it was a special occasion so he had to choose the best of the best. He spent several hours touring shops and window shopping until he found the most suitable gift, which he knew his pet would like the most. He had it carefully wrapped in a sophisticated box with a golden wrapper, you'd think pets wouldn't notice those details, but "he" was special, "he" wasn't like any other.

Master arrived home satisfied, he called Alex with a whistle and impatiently he showed up at the door. He was a tall, brown dark, fat, bearded, hairy 39-year-old man, he could be described or labeled under the bear's nickname, however he preferred to be called a dog. He didn't bark, he spoke perfectly Spanish, even the adjective "perfectly" fell short, he was an expert in speaking and understanding the human language, which made it more curious that passion and eroticism were his preferred language. He received the master not with a tail movement, barking or drooling but with a deep and romantic kiss and speaking words of love.

The master pulled out of his back a golden box, which Alex opened excitedly, a black necklace with silver spikes and a small bone shaped metal plate engraved with the name of Borko gleamed inside. The master carefully placed it on Alex's neck, now Borko, who looked happy. Thus began the sexual game with the pet assuming his role gasping and barking, immediately after he landed on the couch with his exposed ass for the master to play with.

A couple of spanks corresponded with barks that only encouraged the pet to move his round ass as if he had a tail, and the master to treat him more and more like an animal panting, licking and groping more and more like a beast. The master started to play placing a couple of fingers inside his pet's hole, gaping it until he could receive a 6 inches hairy cock, and then moans, controlled swearing and semen spilled inside. The sexual play developed with an exacerbated intensity, after which they surrendered satisfied and tired.

Borko woke up on the living room couch with his master sleeping at the other end, stood up curious and with a full bladder, he went up to the bathroom to empty it. Holding a playful attitude he went into the bedroom to contemplate himself in the full-length mirror on the door of his closet. With his hair made a mess but satisfied, the fat man looked in the mirror, wearing a shirt that exposed his voluminous hairy chest and some red shorts that gave him a casual sexy look.

Excited gazing at his human body contrasting with his animalistic attitude, his dick began to react again hardening, growing with the sight that returned the reflection. He

really got aroused, so much so that his cock began to hurt from how hard it got, He tried to remove the necklace to calm himself but in the moment he touched it the "magic" started to react.

A stream of electricity ran through his body as the changes started to appear: he looked at his hands that were beginning to flatten, the palms turned dark and rough, and although the room was illuminated it seemed that the lights were diming. Small pads grew on them, rough and rough to the touch, he took them to his face to examine it and began to touch it; his thick beard began to grow, but not in length, it was growing to the other side the cheeks began to fill with that black hair at the same time that he felt a pull on his nose that began to protrude from the face more than it should. He touched it instinctively, the texture was similar to the one on his palms but moist.

The ears lengthened in a strange way, they grew along with the beard on his face, which gradually darkened under that thick bush of hair that invaded him. He coughed with a harsh sound that sounded more like a growl, from the floor below a worried shout: "Are you well?" could be heard, it was the master's voice, Borko tried to answer with a "yes" in the most natural way he could.

A pain in the lower back made him startle and turn the body to try to see what was going on, a bump began to grow just above his butt, a tube of brown skin elongated smooth and hairless with enough speed and strength to tear the clothes, but he couldn't contemplate it for too long because a shiver made him bend the body while some bones inside him were rearranged, growing or contracting themselves with pain.

His hands were now thicker and flatter and his feet, which were relatively small for his height, mutated in a coarse and bulky manner as his entire body was filled with hair as dark as that of his beard and hair.

His proudly fat chest hardened as it darkened, from the arousal he began to drool uncontrollably. He tried to scream for help but his voice didn't come out of his throat, the vocal cords inside him were changing too, he remained silent for a moment. He tried to focus the view to the center of his face, as he noticed a bulge growing there, but he decided to look in the mirror instead to see how an elongated snout adorned his face with a black and rounded nose, he continued drooling and panting, now unable to control it.

A pair of fangs were seen from its new snout, the tail continued to grow, now also filling with that thick black hair, the vocal cords finished their transformation adapting to its new form, and he could produce a strong, powerful and hoarse bark. From the floor below a "What's going on? Could be heard.

He stood up with an exciting pain, he got his fat belly and chest covered with brown hair, a tone similar to his skin, his snout, eyebrows and legs boasted the same color in contrast to the black of the rest of his skin. The tail moved joyfully and restlessly. He felt a lump still very hard inside his underwear but he knew that he must be obedient and that it was not his task to deal with it. He looked at his face in the mirror, a cheerful Rottweiler with his tongue outside was glaring back at him wearing a hairstyle and beard unusual for an animal. He flexed his arms to contemplate his new shape and let out a hoarse, shaped bark.

The master climbed into their bedroom seconds later, he seemed ready with a strap in his hands. When he saw the dog drooling at his bedroom he wasn't surprised, in fact he commented that it had taken longer than he expected. Borko kept Alex's consciousness and autonomy in his mind, he could elaborate complex thoughts however he could no longer express them with words so he simply welcomed the master with a bark and settled obediently and panting on all fours, ready to be strapped to his collar.

The master pulled a ball out of his pocket, ready to take a walk and play with his puppy.