

Valentine's Dog

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Wood, sand and stone... Each was as old as time in its own way. Waves lapped against Ashen Island's black volcanic rocks, smoothing and eroding it to translucent sand. The wood that washed up on that shore had been weather beaten its entire life before being beaten some more. It soaked in the oceanic brine and then dried out beneath the warm sun. The ash palms swayed in the wind, dancing in the spray of the waves crashing against the rocks. It created a perfect backdrop to the art studio. The salty breeze passed through the screen netting that was stretched over what would have been windows on any other building, keeping the area fresh and connected to nature.

In many ways the studio resembled that of a potter's or ceramist's; bamboo and driftwood shelving surrounded three of the hexagonal building's interior walls, filled with countless pieces of art and useful creations. There were smears and streaks of what appeared to be clay or stone across several surfaces like an artist that got carried away and let their paint speckle the surroundings. What made the space unique, however, was that there was no kiln and no floor. The walls were anchored well, but the entire surface of the studio was smooth volcanic rock. Standing in the midst of it all was the artist, Thiago.

Strong, large feet stood braced on the stone, supporting powerful legs and a stocky frame. Long, straight black hair fell down to the middle of Thiago's shoulders. His arms were more muscular than most from working with such heavy objects and his skin was a rich terra-cotta tan like so many of his art works. There were a few smears of clay on his cheeks and arms as well, a flat matte brownish-black to tarnish the natural glow of his skin. Thiago had entered his thirties but still held on to that youthful vigor.

A large, thick slab of sandstone had been situated in the middle of the studio. Thiago's copper colored eyes studied the rock like a scholar reviewing a treatise. His large chest rose and fell, building up momentum and strength. He remained still and steady until the idea crystalized in his mind. Thiago took a step forward, one hand jutting out before him with splayed fingers while the other began to circle around beneath the first. Several layers of the sandstone burst like dandelion seeds in a sudden gust, scattering on an unseen wind before spiraling around what remained of the stone.

The raw, untouched shape of the sandstone eroded rapidly, taking on a new structure clearly meant to evoke the spiraled slopes of the capital city. More material slipped away under Thiago's guidance and the serpent of sand only worked to refine more minute details by etching out lines and grooves. The miniature city remained a soft, minimalist representation with fluid curves on every edge, but the landmarks were forming quickly. Every well known statue and monument got a lump or a blob in the correct size and location.

Thiago slowly bit his bottom lip, sweat beading on his brow and running down to the sparse black stubble that lined his cheeks. He tried to hold onto the image but he let his hands fall as he suddenly exhaled. A faint hiss came as the sand that had been suspended in the air rained down across the stone floor. Thiago stood there, reclaiming his breath, looking out at the sculpture. It looked to be roughly half done. He could finish the rest after lunch. Thiago walked across the studio over to a bamboo table that held a water bottle.

The artist unscrewed the lid and lifted it up, tipping it back. His Adam's apple bobbed as he took several gulps before he exhaled, wiped his lips and looked out across the ocean at the twin moons basking in the daylight. His brow furrowed slightly as he ran back the calendar to figure out what day it was and winced, realizing just how close Valentine's Day was. Maybe the statue could wait until Friday. After all, the client didn't know how long it took him to do his stone weaving and nothing in this world was more important than Wei.

Lifting his hands once more, Thiago closed his copper eyes. He made a small gesture to splay his fingers and a cloud of stone dust ejected itself from his long black hair. Closing his fingers, he drew his hand downward. The smears of clay and stone rolled off of his face and arms, seeping downward before settling on the floor. He rolled his thick shoulders, unencumbered by the driftwood tan vest he wore or the loose olive green pants. With one last creak of his neck, he clapped his hands together to rid himself of the last of the dust before heading into town.

A deep, distant rumble of thunder echoed across the heavens, giving the citizens enough time to spirit themselves into tea shops or bakeries or under the cover of awnings before the pleasant, warm rain began to fall in heavy drops. The gutters ran thick with the sudden precipitation, though every drop that ran down the botanist's roof collected in special gutters that dispelled a curtain of water into planter boxes overflowing with flowers and plants from the rainforest. A little of the overflow ran along smaller bamboo pipes carved with drip holes to irrigate other planters inside the shop, the greenery there requiring far less to sustain.

Waterfalls of miniature vines hung over the sides of the well crafted wood containers while flower blossoms and succulents all looked like explosions captured in a moment of frozen time. The entire shop was a melange of botanical aromas and earthy soil. Two walls and several tables were covered in flowers and plants, though the rear wall held shelves full of glass containers with seeds, cuttings, and liquid extracts. Every inch of the shop showed an amazing amount of experience and wisdom, both of which Wei had been doing his best to accumulate over the last forty five years.

Wei moved with relative ease, though most days he woke up with an ache in the base of his neck that radiated out into his shoulders. Only the faintest of lines etched the corner of his jade green eyes and a spray of silver crested the tips of his black hair like frost. A fine, short mustache and a strip of hair along his chin created a broken circle of facial hair, something that Thiago apparently found incredibly attractive in his mate. Wei couldn't help but smile a little, looking out at the people huddling out of reach of the rain. He hoped they'd learn one day how good it felt on their faces, how it would soak into their memories and leave indelible streaks of joy if they would let it.

A faint ache of another sort caught Wei's attention. While he felt it in his mind, the source was coming from outside his body. The botanist pursed his lips and moved over to a planter where a particular purple blossom was turning brown at the edges. The soil was a rich, dark black, darker than it should have been. Wei lifted the planter up carefully, running his fingers along the drain holes at the bottom. While one of them was alright, the other three seemed compacted. Wei moved his fingers, sensing the flower had not yet become rootbound. Refining

his movements, he snaked his fingers back and forth, guiding roots to push downward, to seek out the blockages. A few hardened bits of soil and tiny pebbles popped free of the drain holes before a backlog of water began to drizzle out.

“Poor young one drowning in there. My apologies.” Wei said, returning the planter to the shelf where the excess water was collected in a groove in the shelf and dribbled down to a planter on the next row. With the catastrophe averted and the plant slowly recovering, Wei looked back out to the streets. The heavy rain had turned to a light mist. A few ventured out, a few more would linger until it let up completely. Wei continued to smile, but this time because he thought back to when he had met Thiago. The younger man had stood in the rain just to talk to him, getting soaked to the bone... Rain truly nourished life and allowed the impossible to blossom.

Silver particles of dust hung suspended in the radiant beams of sunlight that pierced through the shop windows in sharp late afternoon angles. The yellow-gold light complimented the rich warm red wood that made up the shelves and displays of the old shop, even managing to bring out faint worn flecks of gold paint set into the floor that had been part of the magical ward that protected the establishment from would-be thieves. Between the quality of the shop and the nearly daily curiosity of the wares sold there, Azim was almost able to forget sometimes that he was indentured to work there - almost.

The elf was lean and of common height, his wheat colored skin led to an unruly mane of black curls. Narrow rectangular glasses rested on his perfect nose, honey gold eyes distant in thought and imagination. He wore a teal tunic and gray pants, sandals showing off silver painted toenails and perfect arches. While most elves his age adorned themselves with earrings or cuffs, his pointed ears were as plain as his clothes. A rich purple apron completed the ensemble, his only required part of his wardrobe.

Azim paused in his chores to look into the sunlight, seeing the dust hanging there. It never settled on the merchandise, nor fell to collect in the corners of the shop. It simply remained there, aloft. It would swirl around when customers came and went, and twice a year Eegan would clear it all out using a different spell so it didn't collect too much. Azim wondered if anyone else ever noticed things like that. Maybe it was because he had so many decades left of his servitude... plenty of time on his fair hands.

The storefront was in perfect working order, all the enchantments and talismans in place. He'd sold three casks of elixirs intended to instill a sense of loyalty to the king's soldiers. It had taken all of Azim's acting prowess not to make a face at the idea. Anyone that had to be enchanted to be loyal could be disenchanting just as easily. Still, it was good coin and Eegan would be proud of that at least. Azim double checked things before he moved to the back workbench, turning around to face the front door as he worked. If anyone came in, he wanted to be ready. The elf crouched down, sure to bend with his legs and not his back as he hoisted up a crate of new inventory. He set the box down, grimacing a bit as dust drifted off the box, moving only a few inches before stopping mid air. The elf swatted the dust away as best he could before opening up the crate.

“And what are you, my friend?” the elf's smooth, soothing voice asked.

Azim carefully removed what appeared to be an old wineskin. While there were no instructions or labels, Eegan had at least been kind enough not to send anything through that was particularly hazardous... at least in a few years... Azim removed the stopper and waited a few seconds to ensure nothing came out on its own volition. Glancing around, he used his foot to slide a pail closer before tipping the wineskin over. What appeared to be crystal clear water came out... and out... and out. Azim watched the water pour endlessly from the container until it was clear more had emerged than the physical space of the object could hold. He quietly returned the stopper to the wineskin, a small smile on his face as he heard the bell announce the arrival of a new customer.

The elf's eyes rose up gently, taking in the sight of a particularly rustic and... barefoot artisan. Thiago hardly looked like the sort to collect ancient artifacts or magical relics. Even if going barefoot was a choice, his clothes were equally modest and he wore no adornments of any kind. Still, his copper colored eyes identified him as a weaver of stone. Azim moved out of the back, approaching with his best customer service smile on his face. He was preparing to offer exotic paints and glazes for the man when he felt a pleasant warmth radiating from Thiago that felt like it could thaw ice. Azim's breath almost evaporated from his lungs.

"W-Welcome to Trader Eegans. I hope you have had safe journeys on this day." Azim greeted, managing only that much. It had been some time since someone had affected him so. Thiago's smile was unburnished, his eyes curious as he surveyed the shop.

"It was a wonderful walk. The rain always leaves me feeling refreshed, although the ward on the shop helped a bit too. All the mud just sort of sloughed off." Thiago grinned, glancing back with a little bit of a wince at the door. Azim nodded a little at that, though his eyes were locked on the very tall, broad shouldered man. There had been a time, long ago, that he had navigated the world by the auras and feelings that others exuded. He knew that whatever this man's goal was, he had to do his best to assist.

"A wonderful journey must lead to a wonderful objective. What brings you here?" Azim asked. Thiago smiled, looking around a bit uncertainly.

"I was hoping to find some Valentine's Day presents for my love." Thiago admitted a bit sheepishly. Azim nodded sagely, having already felt as much.

"It's a curious place to come for a Valentine's present... Most go for flowers." Azim said, turning to start walking back through the shop, examining the wares.

"He's a plant weaver..." Thiago admitted. Azim let out a low whistle.

"So he can make his own flowers bloom." Azim admitted, "He's not a chocolatier on the side, right?" Azim asked. Thiago blushed a little.

"I'm allergic to chocolate." the artisan admitted. Azim pursed his lips and considered before he walked up to Thiago, reached up and took both cheeks in his elvish hands and looked deep into his soul. Thiago looked mildly surprised but he soon relaxed into it.

"Your love is complete... It goes beyond just love..." Azim murmured.

"He's... my best friend, he's my lover, he's everything to me." Thiago said gently. Azim continued to look inside for a long moment before he let go of the artisan's hand, nodding to himself. He rounded the counter of the shop and crouched down, opening a low drawer. Normally storing something low was a sign of its low value, but in this case it was a strategic choice. Sliding his slender arm back between the various other objects, Azim's seized a small box and withdrew it. Cupping it in his hands, he returned to Thiago and opened it slowly. A soft

gasp left Thiago's lips as he saw what was inside, though his shock blossomed into something far richer.

"Now... I do have to warn you, this is a magical artifact. It is born of true love, but it has some... interesting properties as well." Azim said.

"Interesting how?" Thiago asked cautiously. Azim shrugged gently.

"True love will take its true form." Azim said, "It reveals a person's innermost self." he explained.

"Well that doesn't sound bad..." Thiago said. Azim chuckled.

"It wasn't intended to be, I just have to give you all the proper disclosures." he smirked. Thiago nodded at that, inhaling a bit.

"I suspect it costs more than some flowers or chocolates?" he asked. Azim smirked.

"It does, but I think we can come to an arrangement. Its for a noble cause after all." Azim smiled.

The snow capped peaks of the mountain started to shift to a shade of molten copper as the distant sun set, only adding to the vibrant ruby reds of the forest leaves on the lower slopes. Rivulets of snowmelt ran down narrow crags and channels before toppling down abrupt cliff edges like sand caught in the wind. The view was beautiful, but more importantly it was a blend of the elements of nature that Thiago and Wei were connected to. The house that Thiago had built was modest but did its best to blend their styles. Nearly every wall of the house had long, wide windows. Some were filled with glass, some with screens, and in almost every room was a lush variety of plants.

Wei moved with a fluidic grace as he prepared the dinner table. A nicer than normal cloth had been set out and the dishes were a fine china. While the sunset was beautiful, Wei knew that it wouldn't last forever and he had lit some candles and set them out artfully. A small smile quirked about his lips. He often joked that Thiago was the artist and he was just emotional support for the plants to grow as they would have on their own, but he knew he still had his moments. Wei reached up and ran his hand over his dark hair, making sure it had been pulled back into a neat, short ponytail. With a nod, he returned to the kitchen to check on their food.

The click of the front door was subtle, almost inaudible over the sizzling of the meat in the kitchen. Thiago stepped in, looking earnest and sheepish despite his large size. As his dark, warm eyes surveyed the room he saw his younger self building the home, Wei adding the finishing touches and all the memories they had forged together. What he was about to do seemed so big, but how could he not? Even with the normal fear that somehow this would be too much for Wei, how truly could he do anything aside from try? He inhaled gently to brace himself before stepping forward, a small creak coming from a spot in the floor that had escaped all attempts to repair.

"My love, is that you, or some wandering spirit?" Wei called from the kitchen, setting the meat to the side to cool before he emerged from the kitchen to see Thiago down on one knee, holding out a beautiful platinum ring made of two bands that crossed at the top to make a bisected diamond shape filled with a pale green stone and a light orange stone that worked

together quite well. Wei was almost startled, a hand moving half way to his mouth before it lowered again. “Thaigo...” he whispered.

“Wei, my love, my best friend, my soul mate... I’ve felt the connection since that first day in the rain, and you nurtured my spirit like you do your flowers. I know our fates are interwoven, and I want to forever be your Valentine. Will you do me the honor of becoming my husband?” Thiago asked. Wei nodded meekly at first.

“Yes, of course, yes my love.” Wei said, hoping his heart could take the excitement. Thiago grinned brightly and exuberantly, moving to slip the ring onto Wei’s ring finger. It seemed a little large at first, but he must have just not slid it up properly because after a moment it seemed to fit perfectly. Satisfied with that, he stood up slowly and pulled Wei to him, tilting his head as he kissed the other man. Their lips met, arms tangling around one another. Wei started chuckling and it was only a moment longer before Thiago joined him, their foreheads bracing together as they enjoyed the moment of true happiness.

How was it that food could taste more savory, wine could taste sweeter, that music would sound better than to share it with one’s fiancé? Wei and Thiago had collapsed into bed with smiles on their faces, Thiago’s strong, muscled arms draped over Wei’s side as they basked in each other’s warmth. The distant sound of wind rustling leaves and water cascading down in waterfalls acted as a natural white noise machine and the moons were their nightlight. As each of the glowing orbs climbed higher in the sky, the light began to creep and crawl across the bed. It slipped up the blankets covering their legs, kissing Wei’s bare elbow before it caught on the two colorful stones in the engagement ring.

It had been young puppy love for them to go at it every chance they could, despite their more advanced ages. There had been a romantic comfort in simply falling asleep tangled in one another’s arms, a comfortable embrace... but as the moonlight slipped over Wei, even deep in his dreams, he felt a stirring inside him that he had not felt in some time. It was like tinder taking light, a crackling heat that began to spread outward. At first he rubbed against his pillow, feeling new soft stubble pushing out across his cheeks, spreading back from the goatee he kept well maintained. The bare, golden butter cream skin of his shoulder was starting to grow fuzzy with thousands of new invisible hairs. His nipples hardened and his loins stirred. Wei murmured softly, running his tongue over sharpening teeth.

The botanist’s fingers curled and uncurled, his fingernails starting to snag and graze the sheets as they grew longer and started to curve ever so slightly. Even his relatively modest ass was starting to clench and unclench, the cheeks swelling and rounding slowly. Wei’s stomach growled softly as all the protein he’d consumed during dinner was put to different use, feeding an ever accelerating growth. The middle aged man’s ears began to stretch into points, the ache causing his eyes to snap open. As he looked out at the full moons, his irises began to glow a vibrant molten gold color. The energy poured through his eyes and mouth, racing down his throat before it got a firm grip of his cock. Wei gasped and then moaned as the blood rushed to his member, letting it engorge and firm in mere moments.

Laying there, gripped by the strange metamorphosis, Wei could feel his heart racing. His tongue began to slip out of his mouth, his face both numb and aching at the same time. His

nostrils were darkening, the texture becoming something tougher. New black and silver fur was sprouting across the backside of his ears as they continued to stretch. He held out his hand before him, looking at the fur spreading across the back before he turned it over, seeing his fingerprints and palms swelling. Wei was in utter disbelief. He'd taken the vaccine as a child, his entire family had... To become this was... It was so many things. A small guilty grin crossed Wei's lips as he drew down the sheets, revealing his chest. A new thicket of soft silver hair was growing between his pectorals, his nipples plump and full. He drew the sheets down further and further, seeing the trail that ran down between his abdominal muscles - all of which looked far better than they had mere hours before.

The older man's breath caught in his throat as he drew the sheet down further still and revealed a black fuzzy sheath that had formed around the base of his cock. It was small at the moment, pliable and stretchy, bunched up like an umbrella before the rainstorm. The fur tickled as it crested his balls, sweeping over the curve, engulfing them in an inhuman coloration. It was all happening so fast, it was terrifying and exhilarating. Wei looked at the patches of black fur on his elbows, the natural arm hair along his arms darkening steadily, adding shading to his fair complexion. He knew what he was experiencing was a throwback, a blight on his family legacy, but at the same time it felt so good, and he knew what it could mean.

Throwing caution to the wind, Wei reached down. He carefully grasped his furry sheath, aware of his newfound claws. His paw pads felt strange and alien on his fingers, but the fur felt even stranger. He began tugging and stretching the sheath, feeling the moist silky inside glide up along his hard cock. The more he tugged on it, the more the sheath seemed to comply until it slipped up over his entire length like some sort of fully encased hot dog bun. A small squirt of clear pre erupted from the tip before his cock disappeared inside to marinate. Wei murmured, wincing, eyes clenching shut as his newly rounded ass cheeks began to pry apart, shifting around the curve of his hips just enough to make room for a wriggling mass of flesh to pry itself free.

Suppressing the discomfort and pain, Wei tried to let the moonlight continue to warp him. He flexed his shoulders as fur and muscle ripped across them, ringing his neck like a collar before spilling over his rapidly plumping pecs. His toes popped and snapped as his feet elongated, each toe growing a claw as more paw pads formed on the balls of his feet and his toes. Fur coiled around his legs, climbed up his thighs, blanketed his bubble butt and swept down the newly minted tail nub that was doing its best to expand. Wei was panting, his chest rising and falling.

"Honey?" Thiago croaked, barely conscious. Wei winced at that.

"It's alright love, go back to sleep." Wei said. Not knowing what else to do, he slowly slid backwards. Thiago murmured in his liminal state, feeling his own cock nestling between remarkably soft ass pillows. A small smile crept across his lips as he settled back to sleep. Wei, however, felt that meat so close to his pulsing, throbbing, aching empty ass. His pucker plumped up as the ring swelled and tightened until it was like rubber. His tail stretched from a nub to a short whip and the fur continued to close across the small of his back and his ribs. Wei knew he should be trying to reverse the process, to stop it in its tracks and keep his bloodline clean... but it was too late. This shameful secret was coming out and he wanted it to.

A clawed paw slipped down, fingers closing around the fat, furry sheath. As he pulled on it, it reluctantly pulled free of a now hot, slimy, tomato red member. As Wei drooled and

watched, the mushroom shaped tip stretched almost painfully into a point. The shaft was now tapered and faintly curved, bulging with veins. As the sheathe slipped down all the way to the base, the shaft suddenly bulged outward at the very bottom. Wei looked at his magnificent puppy prick with admiration. It was such a worthy weapon, a tool of the fertile and powerful. Wei ran his claw along the length to collect the musky pre from it, bringing it up to his lips. He parted them and licked the claw clean, shivering as it ignited his changes and made them accelerate again.

The mouth that so savored the musky funk stretched out toward the finger that had fed it. His lower jaw extended, the bones feeling red hot. As they stretched, they made room for his teeth to grow and sharpen. The bridge of his nose popped and tapered, taking on a more elegant curve from his brow to his extending nose. The ears that had already been growing more pointed on his head stung and then went numb, the sound disappearing as flesh filled in. Little more than decoration, his pointed canine ears began to slip upward, his flesh shifting into something tougher beneath as the flesh above was rapidly changing.

The two new canine ears twitched from the top of Wei's head before the white noise of the waterfalls and the tree canopy came rushing back in. Wei's nose turned black and grew moist as he sniffed the air, smelling Thiago's scent. His jaw continued to pop and snap as his muzzle formed into place. More fur bristled across his back, his stomach, his arms and legs until everything closed in. The moonlight had been a warm white, as was the fur on Wei's belly, but the rest was a dark black. His eyes still glowed like the hot embers of a fire. He could feel his spine and ribs all shifting, as well as his elbows and knees... but there was only one way to know, after all.

Wei slowly curled forward, bending and flexing with a range of motion that few humans could master. His eyes locked on his prize as his muzzle opened wide, plunging down around the throbbing length of his dog dick. Wei began to suck and slurp on , his long tongue lashing the meat. He moaned louder and louder as he tasted just how spicy he was, how rank and fertile and manly and-

"Oh my gods!" Thiago gasped, looking at the canine ouroboros before him, sucking himself off. Wei snapped up, ears going flat against his furry head, whiskers stretching out of his cheeks.

"I can explain my love!" Wei said. Thiago opened his mouth but paused, looking down at the glint of the platinum in the moonlight, the white metal still visible on the dog's finger. Thiago could hear Azim's words echoing in his mind.

"Wei, is this... what you truly wished to be?" Thiago asked. Wei was lost in the moment, perplexed.

"You... You don't mind? Many consider it to be a curse, or a stigma." Wei said.

"You're not answering my question, my love..." Thiago said. Wei's tail, now a good two feet long, was tucking between his legs.

"I... I do. My grandparents always talked like it was a bad thing, that our ancient ancestors were werewolves, but turning into a dog always sounded great to me. Then when I met a few in college, well... I became jealous of what I didn't have, what my family had denied me." Wei said, shaking his longer head, "I thought I'd left that all behind me," he admitted.

"True love's true form." Thiago murmured, reaching out to slowly run his hand along Wei's furry cheek, then down his neck, across his shoulder. It was so strange. He was

humanoid, sure, but he was also covered in fur so it was like petting a dog. It was only then that he'd registered what Wei had just been doing. Thiago grinned a bit at that, chuckling.

"You know, if you really needed a blow job, you could have woken me." he added. Wei's ears popped back up at that.

"You really don't mind?" he asked. Thiago shook his head.

"Mind? I want to help!" Thiago said. Wei's long, fluffy tail began to slap against the bed in excitement.

"I can't predict what will happen, you know." Wei said.

"I'm hoping I at least get a few good hot squirts of your cream." Thiago said. Wei moaned at that, his leg starting to twitch before he consciously stopped it.

"No, I mean... There's a chance you'll catch it from me." Wei said. Thiago nodded soberly for a moment, his brow furrowing in thought.

"If it's just a chance... How do we boost the odds?" Thiago asked.

"What?!" Wei gasped..

"I want to be with you, the real you, as your husband. I want everything we have to be shared." Thiago said. Wei rocked a little on the bed, taking in the moment before he suddenly lunged, knocking Thiago back, wrapping furry black arms around his neck before he came down for an awkward muzzle kiss. It wasn't pretty, but it expressed just how relieved he was. As they broke, Thiago reached up to rub Wei's furry chest, "You should bite me." he added. Wei grinned a little, showing off his long rows of sharp teeth.

"There are... more options, actually, especially for a younger stud like you." Wei said with a devious grin. Thiago's eyebrow arched at that.

"Really?" He asked softly. Wei nodded, leaning down to nuzzle Thiago's neck, then his chest, using his longer tongue to lap at Thiago's nipple until it was wet and glistening.

"I could lick your cock until it wasn't human anymore, or let you fuck your humanity out in my ass..." Wei said with a grin, "Or the whole bite thing..." he added as an afterthought. Thiago grinned at that and leaned forward, rubbing his face in Wei's furry shoulder, inhaling his scent. Bracing his knees into the mattress, he used his body weight to push forward until Wei fell on his back with his fiance on top of him. Wei groaned at that, feeling the weight on top of him apply enough pressure to push out through his body and spur his change on a little more. His spine stretched, his tail elongated and his shoulders broadened.

Thiago slipped his hands under Wei's legs, lifting them up and bending them into position so that his quivering tailhole was visible, undulating beckoning in the moonlight. As strong as Thiago's attention to his goal was, though, he couldn't help but to pause and admire just how big Wei's paws were... Large, fuzzy digits tipped with dark black claws, plump and squishy looking paw pads. They were a formidable foundation for any creature... But Thiago wanted more. He reached down, running a finger along the edge of Wei's hole, feeling the texture.

"F-f-fuck!" Wei hissed, his golden eyes clenching shut as a sudden gush of something clear and musky oozed out of his hole and down Thiago's finger. Thiago's eyes widened, especially as he felt a stinging pain sink into his fingertips before a pleasant buzzing replaced it. He watched his fingernails start to stretch and curve into sharp ivory points.

"What is that?" Thiago asked, his heart racing faster. Wei panted, the nostrils on his dark black nose flaring.

“We evolved... to breed... Males, females, didn’t matter... The more that mated with us, the more of us there were in every sense of the word. That’s why... we were vaccinated.” Wei said. Thiago thought again of what Azim had said, feeling the fires in his loin rekindled again as he grinned and slipped forward, taking a hold of Wei’s knees.

“We were destined for this... You and I, to become this, to give in to these pleasures as we become husbands.” Thiago whispered, grinning even more, “I’m going to fuck you wild my love.” Thiago said before he brought the fat head of his large shaft to rub against the tantalizingly wet hole before him. Wei squirmed and whimpered pleasantly, his long black tail now long enough to slip down over the edge of the bed, wagging and twitching happily.

Thiago looked out across the canid body of his fiancée, seeing so many more layers of him. Meek and mild, reserved and yet welcoming to all. He’d harbored this dormant secret, a secret that society shunned and he longed for. That trapped spirit had been freed and revealed in all its glory - and it wanted to fuck. Thiago grinned hard before he thrust forward, sliding in with a shuddering breath. The sensation wasn’t at all what he would have expected. Tight at first, yes, but Wei’s passage had transformed as well. There were bumps and grooves, rings of muscle, and they all began to compress and relax in rhythmical pattern, tugging and pulling Thiago in deeper.

Pulling back about half way, Thiago felt the resistance to be exciting. He thrust in suddenly with power and was rewarded with a wet slap as the mutagenic lubricant splattered across his groin. The dark black hair around Thiago’s cock began to take on a coppery metallic sheen to it, growing thicker and straighter. As the clear liquid ran down across his balls, they began to grow the same fur as well. More than that, though, Wei clenched down tight, his ass gripping Thiago’s cock in a vice lock before the canine gasped. Thiago’s fingers suddenly dug into the fur and flesh on his lover’s knee as he felt something being pumped into him, sliding up his cock. It should have hurt, it should have stung, but it felt like a reverse orgasm.

“We... Wei...” Thiago moaned. Wei said nothing, his tongue hanging out of his mouth. One hand dug into the mattress, the other had latched onto his red puppy prick and he was jerking off eagerly as he contaminated his boyfriend. Thiago wobbled there, unable and unwilling to pull back. He felt ounce after ounce of the clear slime forced up his urethra, seeping through to his testicles, pressing on further and further until it reached his prostate. The sensation there became indescribable as every organ along the way began to shift and change. The cells went into a frenzy of activity; dividing, dividing again, shifting and changing as the DNA was rewritten. New organelles formed, all focused on a new purpose.

Drool began to leak from the corner of Thiago’s lips as his brain received waves of endorphins from the ongoing reverse orgasm. His furry balls began to swell like water balloons, rounding outward and plumping as the testicles inside grew more complex and plentiful... but none of that, none of that at all, held a candle to what happened as Thiago’s already fat cock began to grow longer and longer inside Wei. Unable to fight instinct any longer, Thiago pulled back against the great resistance and slammed in again, starting to fuck faster and harder and deeper.

As the moonlight kissed the little bit of cock that slipped out of Wei’s hungry, rubbery hole, it turned from tan to red. The base swelled outward into new shapes as the flesh grew tight and rubbery as well. Veins bulged, but the true action was nestled deeply inside Wei’s colon. Thiago thrust and thrust, the mushroom shaped tip stretched out pointedly into something that

resembled a hot pepper instead. His urethra expanded, the blood infused tissue already firm before a new bone began to work its way up through the flesh to keep it always hard, always ready. The furry flesh across Thiago's lap began to bunch and billow as his sheathe grew in, retracted as it was.

Wei, too, was drooling as he lay here, feeling his ass pounded properly for the first time in his life as his hand worked an ever lengthening member. He'd been acceptably sized before as a human, but there was a glee to watching his canine cock continue to grow and grow in his hands, oozing with corruptive precum. It surged past ten inches, then twelve, then fourteen. The root had swollen into a knot already, bulbous and determined. The length ached and stung from the friction of his hand and the tip continuously drizzled. Wei curved his overly flexible back, bringing his long muzzle forward and wrapped it around his cock.

A soft growl escaped Wei's throat as he began to suck and slurp himself, getting used to his sharp teeth and his long tongue. He began to coil his tongue around his length as best he could, compressing it like a snake, milking himself of that precum. The salty, spicy, slick goo ran down his throat like syrup. He gulped and drank at it, thrusting his hips up and down to buffet them between his hungry mouth and Thiago's monster member. Wei's dog ears flattened across the top of his head as he felt in such absolute heaven.

The lewd, wet fucking only built up speed as the two went at it eagerly. The seed that Wei had planted inside Thiago had taken root and was growing rapidly. The rusty brown fur spread up his belly and down his legs, slipping along his taint to his hole. The normally subdued brown sphincter began to stretch and broaden, widening and dilating, expressing itself outward as everything inside changed. Like oxidizing metal, even Thiago's long black hair was turning the color of rust. The pigmentation slipped from his scalp down the long tresses, emerging as new soft stubble across his cheeks, chin and lips.

Golden eyes opened briefly as Wei looked up from where he had a muzzle full of his own dick, watching as Thiago's face twisted and writhed in pleasure. His lips stretched wider as his jaw pressed forward. His nose flared as the flesh around his nostrils changed. Wei tried to edge himself, to make the pleasure last as long as he could, but seeing Thiago change that way was too hot. He whimpered, shuddered, fell backwards onto the bed and let out a howl that echoed off every window of the house and leaked out of the screens into the wilderness.

The howl was profound, but it signaled the fever pitch Wei had hit. His long cock began to erupt with jet after jet of thick pearly-white semen that splatted across the white fur on his chest. His ass, already with a surprising grip on Thiago, tugged him in deeper and held him in place. Thiago gasped, his own cock responding by swelling at the base as his first knot formed to lock himself in his partner. Smelling the musky seed Wei was spilling, Thiago came down quickly, wrapping his newly forming muzzle around the wet shaft to pump it dry of its remaining seed. The taste and potency only propelled his own changes further.

Thiago heard the sounds of the room muffle, then fall silent. There was only the thumping of his heart and nothing else. He felt the hot jizz pour down his throat and he felt his own prostate and balls go into overdrive as a golden wash of orgasm spilled out of his brain. As his load began to spray liberally from his manhood into Wei's ass, his lover's howl suddenly came crashing into a new set of ears as they stretched up from the top of his head. New ear canals had rooted through his skull as the old ones had sealed, accommodating the canine teardrop shaped extensions rising up from his beautiful mane.

All across the house, the flowers pushed into blossom, emitting their pollen and fragrance liberally. The stones outside the house rumbled and vibrated with the power of Thiago's own orgasm. Bones popped, ligaments creaked and fur rippled down Thiago's broad back. As the last drops of their mutual orgasms finally were shed, the two were left in their furry, muscled, corrupted bodies.

The canid blight long thought since eliminated had resurfaced in the form of a rusty red dog atop a black and white one... and the two couldn't have been happier. While their knots remained in full force, Thiago still found a way to try and roll onto his side to make Wei more comfortable. Wei, in turn, reached out to stroke and pet Thiago's furry cheek. Thiago said nothing, reaching up to hold Wei's hand there, running his fingers over the platinum ring that sealed them together. Thiago knew deep down that Wei wasn't just his future husband or soul mate, but he was also a man's best friend.

No one could say where the dog statue in the center of town had come from, at least not exactly. It had appeared overnight, forged out of solid sandstone. The natural surface had a fine grit to it which had enabled the equally unlikely moss to sprout and run down the creature's back from between the tall and proud pointed ears to the long, gluggy tail that curled about its left hip. The dog statue sat upright, eyes pointed toward the mountain slopes with one paw raised, as if pointing. A laurel of ivy had been strung around its neck like a collar. It had become the talk of the town, clearly the work of a stone weaver and a plant weaver... except that the town's resident couple was already gone on their honeymoon, ruling them out as suspects.

As strange as the statue was, its mysteries didn't stop with its appearance. Nestled in the lush green grass below the statue was an anatomically correct male manhood, as well as a buried foundation inscribed with an ancient and forgotten script. Azim sat beneath the overhang of a tea shop, smiling slightly to himself as he tested the new plum blend. He sipped as thunder rumbled across the heavens and the oceanic clouds burst, loosing their load of warm rain across those foolish enough not to expect the precipitation. The rising sun caught the raindrops, making each one look like molten metal as it fell, gathering in the grooves of the paving stones that made up the street.

Azim wasn't sure if he'd experience a love as potent or bright as Thiago's was for Wei, at least not again in a human lifetime... but he knew that love had enough room to grow, so he'd help leave the mystery behind for those that would follow the beck and call of the Valentine's dogs. He'd spin the tale, leave bread crumbs, and those who truly wished to uncover the truth would find their way to their sanctum. It seemed a far more noble pursuit than simply selling wares... Who knew, in a few dozen years time maybe Azim would be free enough to follow the path and see what Thiago and Wei's puppies had grown into. Whatever fate waited for him, he was simply glad that love had found a way.