

You wake up gradually, your head hazy from recent events. All you can recall is that you had been in for a job interview for some sort of software firm that promised full-time hours and benefits. You were more than excited when you'd gotten the job, despite some of the bizarre interview questions. Why did they need to ask whether you had family or friends you were in regular contact with?

One thing that does come to mind is your inquiry about your best friend Robin, who had his own interview for this same company last week. Yet since then, you hadn't heard anything back from him. But you hadn't been too worried, at least not at first. It was not uncommon for Robin to be wrapped up in his work for weeks at a time and forget to check his phone.

To your relief, you found out that he had also been hired and was also employed full-time. You were excited to be working alongside him. But as you rose from your seat to go see him, you recalled something sharp sticking into your arm, and then...

As you open your eyes you realize you are in some sort of lab, your foot chained to the floor. You immediately yell to be released. Those sick fucks! What were they doing to you? Was it all some sort of elaborate ruse for human trafficking?!

"Ah, I'm glad you're awake, boy," says one of three men that enter the room. All are clad in white lab coats and wear goggles over their eyes. Other than a slight difference in height, it is nearly impossible to tell them apart.

"We prefer to have our subjects awake for the trial. It makes it easier to gather valuable data on your reactions, after all. And to be honest, I always enjoy the spark of humanity leaving your eyes when the changes set it!"

"Changes? What the fuck are you talking about?!" You yell, pulling at the chain tying your leg to the floor. Yet there is no way you can manage to pull free. You shudder in fear, realizing that you are truly at the mercy of your captors.

"You'll find out soon enough. We prefer to have your reactions come naturally with as little outside information as possible. Unfortunately, we need you in this chamber to keep you safe during the process, but certain variables have to be taken into account before analyzing the data," says one of the men in response.

You try to process the words, wondering what you can glean from that tiny bit of information. Yet none of it makes any sense. You aren't a researcher. You understand the language of computers, not people.

Pain in your arm suddenly grabs your attention. You reach down to feel the area where you'd been injected previously, greeted by skin that feels unusually warm and soft. A quick glance shows you a patch of white hair that wasn't there before. What the hell?

“Let's see how well our serum is working, shall we? Now tell me, are you a good boy?” One of the scientists asks while the others giggle.

“What the hell kind of question is that?” You ask, feeling almost insulted. “Am I a...?” You pause for a moment, the implication of the words playing over your mind. Why wouldn't you be a good boy? You were always a good boy, weren't you?

“Y-yes...I'm a good...boy?” You say, confused by your words. Yet you can't help but feel a swell of happiness from them. You are a good boy!

“There, there, that's it. You are a good boy, aren't you Patches?” The man says, reaching down to touch your ears. You pull back, ashamed of being touched or worse. Yet the sensation of his nimble fingers playing over hairy, stretched ears brings more pleasure than you expect.

The name “Patches” strikes a note in your mind. That wasn't your name! Your name was...wait. Why was it so hard to remember?

“Tell me, my good boy. What's your name? What's the name of our good boy?” The scientist asks, looking down at you with a smile.

“M-my name is...its...P...P-Patches?” You say, confused by the thoughts swirling in your head. Your name couldn't have been Patches. That's the name of a dog, isn't it? But no matter how much you struggle with intrusive thoughts you can't help but feel that it is right.

“Of course it is. That's my good boy. Who's a good boy? Is it you?” He asks as he reaches out to touch your head once more. This time you don't flinch away. You feel him running his hand over hair that's a little softer and thicker than before. But you don't mind this time, especially not with how good it feels!

“I-I am! I'm a...good boy!” You say in a voice that doesn't quite sound like your own. Yet the words ring true in your mind. You are a good boy, aren't you?

“There, that's a good boy. A good boy like you deserves a treat! Here, boy, smell this!” The scientist says as he pulls out a vial, opening the tip and holding it in front of your nose. You

take a deep whiff, noticing the shape in front of your face is thicker and darker than you remember. You shouldn't be able to see your nose in front of your face like this. But you can. And it eagerly drank down the scents wafting off the vial, enrapturing your entire attention.

The smell is powerful, musky, like the scent of a locker room. Despite yourself, you can feel your cock start to get hard in your pants How could a smell do that to you? Yet it is so difficult to concentrate on the why. All you know is that you need more of the alluring aroma!

You like the words and pungent scent perhaps a little too well, to your embarrassment. You try to put your hands over the dripping erection, but it is too late.

“Bad dog. You don't cover up for your masters! Bad!” The scientist says with a sharp tone to his voice.

You want to protest but the words hit you hard, like a slap in the face. A bad dog? No, you are a good dog! You obey your masters! Wait, masters? What is going on?

Slowly, you slide your hands down from your pants, exposing the musky stain. Your cock is tenting hard and to your shock, you feel it itching, as though changing underneath. You want to see it, but you can't do such a thing in front of your masters, could you? But what if they asked?

“There, that's a good boy. A good dog. You're a good dog, aren't you boy?” One of the scientists says while once more rubbing the soft hairs covering your head and running his fingers down your forehead and cheeks.

This isn't right. You aren't a dog! You pull away all of a sudden, baring teeth that are larger and more pointed than you remember. You touch your face with your hand, feeling that it has begun to protrude slightly. Your lips feel strange, a bit moist and rubbery. You can indeed perceive that your teeth are more pointed and that your tongue is a bit flatter as it runs over them. You want to ask for a mirror but are terrified at the reality of the changes to your visage!

As you pull your hands away, you catch sight of them and gasp as you realize they are covered with thick patches of black and white fur. And your nails are thick, discolored and pointed like an animal's claws. You struggle to move them but they feel a little stiff and restricted. It takes you a few moments to realize that your thumb is higher on your wrist than you would like to see. Your fingers are shorter and shrinking little by little as you watch.

An intense itch on your chest makes you realize there are more changes slowly encroaching over you. You lift up your shirt to see more of the black and white hair spreading over a stomach that is getting flatter. To your shock, under your first pair of protruding nipples are a second set just as hard and as eager as the first.

An overwhelming urge pierces your mind as you stare at your stomach. What would it be like to touch it? You long to feel hands over the changing flesh and sensitive nipples you know are there. But another look at your hands and the sight of calloused palms and thickening claws makes you pause. Would those do the trick?

The scientist looks at you grinning. “Does my good boy want belly rubs?” He asks in that same condescending tone he used before.

You stare at him defiantly. You don't want belly rubs! Right? As the hint of his words traces over you your chest prickles all the more and you perceive the urge to lower on your back. Your shirt is looser over your frame and pulling it up feels awkward. And your arms are sore as well, as though your shoulders aren't as wide anymore.

The scientist approaches you in your confused state and reaches one hand to the bottom of your shirt to pull it over your head. Instinctively your growl and are horrified at the canine inflections in your voice. But the minute his warm hand touches your chest waves of pleasure start to radiate over you and you stop. It feels so good being rubbed this way!

You roll over on your back as the scientist starts rubbing the still-changing flesh with gusto. You start rolling around, guiding him towards the areas that seem to bring you the most pleasure. You love feeling his warm hands running up and down your belly, faster and faster as his touch causes more and more fur to grow in. You know you should be scared but the feelings of pleasure seem to override your panic and fear. It just felt too good to be touched like this!

You especially love the sensations of having your nipples rubbed. Feeling the sensitive spots of flesh touched over and over and sending waves of ecstasy over your body is nearly divine! To your absolute delight, you can detect another pair growing under the second, which is soon caressed by your master's skilled hand. As yet another pair forms and your master's palms play over the pulsing flesh, you hear a canine whine escape your lips and you don't even try to stifle it. At the moment it just feels too good to give in!

You feel something wriggling in your pants, just above your ass in the area where your spine should protrude. It moves of its own accord as it starts to get longer, the base itching with the growth of what you assume is more canine fur. Is that a tail? You know you should be

horrified but you can't help yourself. The feeling of being petted is too amazing and your body knows no better way to express that joy!

The scientist stops finally, standing up to admire his handiwork. You blush in embarrassment. How could you have let him do this to you?! He is changing you into a dog, and you are just giving in and allowing it!

“Aww, did my good boy like that? If you continue to be my good dog then I have other treats for you to enjoy,” he says, smiling menacingly. You can't believe he could do this to a human being, and that he seems to be enjoying it!

A thought hits your mind. Surely you aren't his only victim. Had they done something to your friend?

“Rrrhere's Rrrrobin!” You yell, embarrassed by the canine inflections in your voice. You put your developing paw in front of your protruding mouth once more, ashamed of the changes in your body.

“Why, it's just as I said. He is now under our employ. Here he comes now! Here boy!” One of your masters says as another goes to the door and opens it.

You suddenly hear barking along with the click of dull nails on the floor. To your horror a massive black, brown, and white dog bounds in, wagging his tail. Could that really have been Robin once?

A powerful smell washes over you as the dog gets closer and starts panting. To your horror, you see that his cock is erect underneath his massive frame, a very red-looking canine penis pushing out of his furry sheath. He wags his massive tail, his furry balls shaking back and forth as he comes up to you and starts licking your face.

More of that thick doggie musk rolls over you, making you pant from the sheer potency. Your lust-addled mind seems to realize that the scents are mostly wafting off his cock and rear, which you know should disturb you. You aren't gay, you've never been! Why does your friend-turned-dog smell so good to you?

Despite your internal protests, your cock grows even more taut in your pants, leaking pre and adding to the already overpowering musk in the air. You try to yell out, to tell him to stop. Yet his tongue only serves to cover more of your face in his doggie stench. You feel your face

start to stretch out, your nose getting black and wider, and drinking in more of that delicious aroma.

You look up in fear at your master, concern in eyes that are starting to turn brown and wash out the colors in the room. You can't let this happen!

Yet your former friend's eager ministrations are only making you change faster. You can feel your body shrinking slowly, the swashes of fur crawling over your skin. It is hard to tell, but you look kind of like a border collie!

Your master just pats your head and smiles. "It's alright Patches. Robin won't hurt you. He's just gonna make you feel really good. He's your mate, after all. Your alpha. Can't you smell him? He's so happy to see you..." Your master says as he rubs his fingers between ears that are getting wider and more floppy.

The odors in the air are getting more and more intense and you are having a harder time thinking. Why are you so worried? It feels so nice being pleased by your mate like this. You are his beta, after all, it's your job to please him.

The Bernese reaches down with his tongue to start licking at the oozing tip of your cock through the fabric of your pants. You moan, feeling how easy it would be to take off your useless clothes and just be naked as a dog. You struggle out of your pants, pushing at them with the remains of your fingers before they shrink away into the tiny stubs of your canine paws.

Your feet slide out of your shoes and the chain, looking very much the same as your hands. Your heels are stretching back up your leg, forcing your weight onto the balls of your feet as the Bernese shifts his attention to them. You feel his thick tongue playing over your toes as they shrink into your rounded paws. The flesh of your feet and toes grows thick and firm under your alpha's gentle tongue. The more he licks you, the more you feel them shrink, and the more the lovely black and white fur grows in to make your ugly human feet perfect canine paws.

Your hips crack and snap into your flanks and you realize you can't walk on two legs anymore. But you don't care. Your spine is still stretching, giving you a range of flexibility you couldn't previously imagine. You could suck yourself off like this! But you don't need to, not with how eager your mate seems to be.

You lean down and began licking his muzzle, a sign of submission to your alpha. You love the taste of his mouth as your own stretches out into a doggie grin. Your member changes under his long tongue, getting pointed, reddening as the shaft slides out of your new fuzzy

sheath. You can feel your orgasm getting close in his own muzzle but before you can cum he stops.

Tail wagging, the Bernese makes his way behind you and starts sniffing your ass. Trembling, you raise your tail for your mating, wafting the scent of your glands into the waiting muzzle of the larger Bernese. He reaches out his long tongue and starts lapping at your pucker and balls, coating your backside with warm saliva and preparing you for your breeding. All you can do is whine from the pleasure of being attended to by your loving alpha.

“That’s a good boy Patches. Just give in. Be a good dog for your mate!” Says one of the men in a lab coat. You can't understand him now, beyond the fact that he is your master. But that's OK. You don't need to know anything else!

You feel your alpha enter you, your tighter pucker clamping down on his pointed canine cock as your own forms its bulging knot at the base. His phallus causes you some pain but quickly it fades from the satisfaction of pleasing your mate and the micro tremors pulsating over your prostate. You whine as he pushes something larger inside, threatening to tear you with its girth. Yet you try your best to widen your hole, pushing back against the intrusion, wanting to take your alpha as deep inside you as he can. Finally, with a wet pop, you are filled completely.

The changes are overtaking your form now but you feel no fear as your flesh is covered by beautiful black and white fur. The crunch of your chest and shoulders is barely registered as your entire being wraps around that glorious canine cock. You are becoming the embodiment of everything your mate needs and nothing you could imagine can top the sensation.

You are getting so close to cumming now, the pressure on your prostate from the massive knot in your ass threatening to send your cock into orgasm at any moment. You can feel your cock preparing to blow its load and your mind starts to blank from the pleasure. All the fear of losing your humanity is washed away from the prospect of canine bliss greeting you!

“AAARRRRRROOORRRROOOO!” You howl as ropes of canine cream coat the lab floor, the scent rank to your changed nostrils. Yet it is a good smell, one that screams of home, of pack and mate.

Your mate howls too as he explodes into your backside, filling you with warm canine cum. You feel him collapse on top of your back, his paws gripping your sides as he starts to drift off from the effort of the breeding.

Spent, you lie down on the floor with the weight of your mate on top of you. Your master offers you both a cookie and you each eagerly gulp it down, savoring the flavor as the treats crunch in your muzzles.

“There there. Good boys. My good doggies,” your master says as he pats both of your heads. You wag your tails in delight, happy to have each other as mates and loving masters to take care of you.