

You find yourself walking into your best friend's living room, excited to be here, even more so than you usually were. You've had a shitty time at work these past few weeks and you've had no time to see any of your friends. Therefore, you were excited to have been invited here for an evening of rest and relaxation by your best friend. He had been very sly in his invitation, you recalled. As though he had something special planned for your visit, which only served to heighten your anticipation.

He motions for you to join him over on the brown couch cushions, handing you a sweet-smelling, slightly boozy drink. You are about to decline as you normally don't drink. But your friend is insistent and you had a difficult enough time at work lately so you decide what the hell. You take a sip of the drink, the alcohol strong but the drink well mixed enough to drown out most of the offensive taste. You nod to your friend to let him know you approve, not failing to notice the grin on his face.

"It's not roofied, is it?" You ask, jokingly, though the expression on your friend's face makes you wonder just a little bit. He wouldn't actually do that to you, would he?

He just smiles and tells you to relax, that you've earned it. You nod a little sadly, regretting how busy you've been at work, though happy you are finally able to relax. He hands you a Switch controller and the two of you start gaming.

You win the first few rounds of Smash Bros, happy that your weeks without practice haven't made you rusty. Finally, you start to feel relaxed, nearly resting your head on your friend, happy that he invited you over. You finish the drink, more than slightly buzzed now due to your low tolerance for alcohol. Your mind starts to get a little fuzzy, but that's OK. Your friend doesn't seem to mind. He even begins rubbing your head, your hair, making you relax all the more. You even find he smells nice, and you allow yourself to enjoy his company and the closeness of your friendship.

"That's it. Just relax. You deserve to be pampered. You've been such a good boy, after all," he says, scratching behind your ears a little. You find the words strange, but the feeling of his adept fingers behind your ears is sublime, so you don't really protest.

Getting back to the game, you try to focus but have a harder time playing than you did before. Maybe it's the buzz of the drink, but you don't seem to be doing as well as you were, losing the next three matches. But you don't feel upset. Your friend simply rubs the back of your thicker hair, which causes you to relax into his arms. He's such a good friend to you, you think. He takes care of you so well.

You try to keep playing, but something feels off about the controller. You can't move the controls as well as you could before like the controllers are sticky. Or maybe like your fingers aren't moving the way they should be. You aren't sure, but they do seem a little shorter than normal. And your fingertips seem...off. Like your nails are darker, as though you'd put on black nail polish. And man, you need to trim them! They look kinda sharp and pointed! You're glad you didn't end up damaging your buddy's controller with these!

You look towards him, a little sad, hoping you didn't upset him. "It's OK boy, we can put that away for now," your friend says, rubbing your ears again as you lean into it. That fog is still covering your mind, most likely from the alcohol. Is this what it was like to be drunk? You've never been drunk before so you don't really have a frame of reference. If it is, you have to admit it feels nice.

You let your panic fade, falling into the bliss that came with being buzzed. It was really worth coming to see your friend, you think. You wish you could see him more, maybe even live here. That would be wonderful, you can't stop thinking.

"I mrrrrright rrrreee rrrrrunk," You try to sputter out, with little success. You can barely make out the words you've said, so how could your friend?

"It's OK boy, don't worry about it. You came here to relax and have fun, right? You deserve it," your friend continues, rubbing that sweet spot behind your ears, making you pant a little. You can't be sure, but your tongue feels a little thicker, hanging down over your lips. Is this really what being drunk is like?

You keep panting, realizing that you suddenly feel a little hot in the room, your tongue hanging out of your mouth as you try to alleviate the heat. There's an intense itching over your chest as well, and you rub your chest through your shirt with your stiff, shortened fingers. It doesn't seem to be helping much, and you whine from the uncomfortable sensations.

"It's OK boy, you can take that shirt off if it gets too hot. I don't mind," your friend says, rubbing your softer hair as though to comfort you.

You find yourself a bit disturbed by the idea at first. You were both guys, after all, but somehow it didn't feel right to take off your shirt in front of your friend like this. You blush in embarrassment, but your friend continues to rub your head, and slowly the idea seems more and more appealing.

“Here, let me help you with that, boy,” your friend says as he leans down and pulls at the bottom of your shirt. You raise your arms and he pulls it over you, immediately alleviating the heat and aiding in abating the itching. You look down to see that your chest is hairier than you were used to. Was it from the booze you had, you wonder? Perhaps this is what they mean by ‘Hair of the dog’!

“There, now, that's better, isn't it, boy? Tell me how that feels,” your friend says as he starts to rub the thick white chest hairs you now have. You would normally be a little disturbed by the contact but you can't help but feel a rush of endorphins from the constant close connection with your good friend.

“Reeells...rrrood,” you reply, your words still slurred, only different this time. More guttural, perhaps? It sounds like nothing that has ever come out of your mouth before.

A part of you realizes that your friend has been calling you ‘boy’ the whole time. What are you, a dog? You laugh at the notion but it only comes out as a bit of a chuff. Yet, you start to think about the notion a little more carefully. Was this the first time your friend has called you a good boy? And more to the point, didn't it make you happy to be a good boy?

Your friend seems to notice the confusion on your face and smiles, rubbing more of the thick white hair on your belly. You start to forget what you had been thinking about, why you had been worried. Wasn't it enough that your good friend was helping you to relax tonight? He was such a good Master to you. Wait, Master?

Your confusion seems to abate again as your friend starts teasing the red swelling spots on your chest. The sensations are so divine, you completely forgot what you were thinking! He traces his thick thumb over the red spot, a sensual feeling rising from the area as a small bump begins to take form from his touch. You have no idea what it was. It isn't painful, like a pimple or mark would be. In fact, it feels amazing!

You can't figure out what he's touching until he raises his other hand and plays it over your pecs, rubbing the sensitive spot around your nipples. That's what it feels like! Nipples! Did you always have a second pair of nipples under the first? Or are you simply imagining things?

You quickly become distracted once again, this time by a feeling emanating from your crotch. You strain your neck to look down, seeing an obvious bulge in your jeans. What's worse, there is an expanding wet spot where your cock head was. How could you be getting hard from this attention? You didn't think you liked men, and you honestly had no idea if your friend did, either. Your cheeks flush in embarrassment. How could you be getting *this* relaxed around him?

Your friend simply chuckles as he notices your embarrassment. “That's OK, boy, it's only natural to let yourself feel good. There's nothing wrong with that. Doesn't it feel nice, boy? Don't you like being a good boy for me?” He asks as he continues to rub your nipples, even bringing one hand a little lower, towards your bulge, though not touching it. The more you think about it, the more you realize you wouldn't mind it so much if he did!

He takes his hand and starts to scratch your belly with enthusiasm, making you pant more at the wonderful sensations. Something feels a little odd in your mouth like your tongue is coiling around teeth that are sharper, more numerous. Your lips feel a little different around your tongue as well, more rubbery. And if you look closely, you can see your nose in front of your face, darker than it was before. How had you not noticed these changes before now?

As though in response to your confusion, your friend suddenly increases the intensity of the scratches, and immediately you feel the sensations in your body going into overdrive. You had no idea that such attention could feel this good! You realize your leg is moving of its own accord, flailing around widely in pleasure from the powerful feelings. How did your friend find all these wonderful sweet spots on your body? It feels absolutely wonderful to have your friend rub your belly like this, scratching the growing fur, rubbing your chest with his other hand as you swear you can feel a third set of nipples forming down your chest.

All the while, the aching in your groin is getting worse, your taut cock rubbing against the fabric of your underwear in desperation. You stop caring if it's gay or not and reach down with your hand to try and lower your belt buckle. Your friend won't care, right? He does want you to feel good, after all. He's been taking care of you so well so far!

As you reach down you realize that your fingers aren't moving the way they should. They look...really short now. Surely you can't be this drunk. And where is your thumb? You look to see your thumb is all the way up to your wrist now, little more than a nub with a thick nail on the top. You take a look at your other hand, which is in a similar state. How can you work with these?

“Need some help boy? It's OK to ask. I can see how needy you are, it's perfectly natural. And I'd love to help my good boy out with his little problem. All you have to do is ask me, boy!” Your friend says, the excitement almost dripping out of his voice.

“GGRRRRR RRRRRES! RRRREELP!” You manage to speak, though it almost sounds like a bark more than words. You worry less about the changes to your mouth and more about

whether or not your friend understood the message, however. The ache in your groin is getting worse, and you need someone to touch it!

“Of course, boy! It's my job to make sure you're relaxed and happy tonight! I'd be more than happy to help you out boy! You deserve a little pampering for being such a good dog,” he says as he reaches one hand lower to work the zipper on your jeans, while his other hand is still rubbing away at your belly.

Dog? Did he just call you a dog? You want to laugh at the thought but then you remember the bark-like noise that came out of your mouth not moments ago. You're not a dog, are you? Why are you confused? You've never been a dog before. Had you? You had to tell your friend he was wrong, but there was a lingering doubt in your mind. If you weren't a dog, then why did it feel so good being called one?

You don't get a chance to protest as your friend unzips your jeans and runs a hand inside, rubbing the flesh that had been poking up and staining your undies. You whine and pant at your friend's touch, the feeling sublime. You can't even recall the last time you felt this good! It was enough to make you ignore the itching all over your body, how far your nose was stretching in front of your face. You even ignored a strange pulling at your spine, instead of relishing how it made you feel to move the odd appendage, showing your excitement at your friend's actions.

Your friend rubs the bulge in your undies, causing you to lose all control as you leak and pant from his careful ministrations. You feel the heat in your balls welling up as something warm and soft slowly crawls over them, wonderfully moving up your leaking shaft. You pant as a pleasant embrace slowly follows, moving up your shaft like a warm hand. It envelops your member to the tip, covering it until the pleasure from your friend's touch is enough to cause it to poke out once more. You can feel the tip start to change, getting pointy, while something thicker grows at the base, increasing in pleasure as your Master strokes you off. Your Master's touch is welcoming; you've been his good boy, he said, and this is what good boys receive from a loving Master. Wait, Master? There was that word again. That wasn't right, was it?

Part of you wants to panic. You can see your nose in front of your face, black as night. You feel a strange itching as hairs poke out all over your skin, where you were certain none had been before. You feel something poking out of your spine, above the seat of your pants, that wagging appendage surely not having been there before. You start to squirm out of the couch cushions, trying to get away, until you can cope with the bizarre conflicting thoughts.

Yet none of these thoughts are able to overpower the amazing sensation of your Master touching you in your most private of places. You try to struggle, but your Master starts rubbing

your ears in tandem to stroking your cock, and you slowly start to forget why you were struggling. What did it matter? It felt so nice, being pampered by your Master. You're leaking furiously now. You feel you might spill your seed if your Master keeps this up. But you don't want him to stop.

“Let's get these off you, boy. Dogs shouldn't be wearing clothing,” your Master says as he reaches to pull down your pants and undies further. You simply bark in response. Why had you been wearing these silly things when you had your luxurious golden and white fur?

You scent something wonderful in your nostrils as he lowers your pants and undies and your magnificent red rocket is exposed to the air for the first time. The scent of your erect cock and your musky dripping pre are tantalizing to your new nose. You realize that maybe the colors of the room seem a little more washed out than you remember, but it doesn't bother you anymore. Your sense of smell is so much more important. You can smell your own leaking cock so clearly, and can even detect a hint of arousal from your Master. The welcoming scents relax your mind and you fall back into blissful relaxation.

All human thoughts, worries, and cares start to melt away in your mind, one by one, as your Master strokes your cock. Each thought seems to melt away like the seed that leaks onto your Master's skilled hands as he strokes your eager red rocket. He rubs you faster now, knowing your end is near, knowing each caress makes you forget a little more. All unnecessary things are leaving your mind to better help you enjoy the pleasure of being your Master's good boy.

You can still feel the tingles of change, your beautiful golden fur getting thicker, your back aching, your hips snapping into place. Your lengthening tail beats on the couch in anticipation. Your feet have fallen out of your socks and pants by now, toes stiff and clawed. Your forehead has sloped, your shrinking brain having a hard time holding on to any more human worries.

“That's a good boy. Such a good dog. Just let it go, boy. Just let yourself cum. Then you'll be my good boy forever. You'll just be my good dog, no more worries or cares. You'd like that, wouldn't you, boy?” Your Master asks as he increases the speed of his strokes.

You feel your asshole moving back on your body, towards your tail as the pressure in your balls grows greater and greater. Your skilled Master keeps up the gentle strokes with one hand as his other starts seeking under your balls and massages the warm tender flesh. He even works his way towards your clenching pucker, teasing the rim and even inserting a finger inside. You are so close, your Master is looking after you so well...

“That's it, boy. Just...Give in...Be my good dog.”

You howl in a release as your fuzzy golden balls burst and your thick canine rocket shoots load after load of sticky cum onto your fur and his hands. With each shot of cum that erupts from your cock, another bundle of human memories is expelled with it. All your worries, your job, money, and doubts leak from your cock, leaving you with only a post-orgasmic bliss and the knowledge that you are here with your Master.

You scramble off the couch as your Master pulls away from a moment, and you find yourself content to be down on all fours. You shake yourself furiously as if feeling your body for the first time. Part of you is confused; shouldn't you be used to your furry canine body? Yet, the confusing thoughts start to fade as you bathe in the post-orgasmic glow. You just spilled your seed for your Master, and both of your scents are strong in your nostrils. Nothing else mattered when your Master was near.

Stepping away from just a moment, your Master brings out a collar and fashions it around your neck. There are words on it but you can't make them out. Your Master sees you struggling and helps you out. “It says ‘good boy’! Just like you! You're such a good boy!” He says, rubbing your ears and making your tail wag. Master is right, you think. You are a good boy!

After that, you lie there beside your Master, nuzzling your nose against his side, breathing in his scent deeply. You have never felt so relaxed and content in all your life. No, that isn't right. You've always had your Master, even since you were a pup. He's always looked after you and loved you, grooming your lovely fur, giving you treats, taking you for walks. All of those memories flood into your brain as you slowly slip into a deep sleep.

“Common Geoff, time for bed!” Master calls and your ears perk up in excitement. You follow Master and pad over to the bed, preparing your haunches and jumping up. You walk over the strange feeling sheets to give your Master a few licks to his face. In response, he giggles, and rubs your head, scratching behind your ears, just the way you like. Then you take your place at the foot of his bed, walking around a few times till your paws have made a suitable spot for yourself. You lie down, nose to tail, and quickly drift off to sleep, content with the scent of your loving Master in your nostrils.