

For what felt like the tenth time that night, I gazed over towards my parents with a pleading expression. I had perceived something to be wrong for weeks now, though they refused to give me any indication as to what it might be. Whatever it was kept them troubled. As their only son, it was my duty to be aware of any failings to their health or our livelihood and pick up the slack where I could. Thus, their silence in these matters was deafening.

We had never had much on our meager plot of land, but I was happy enough in that I always had plenty of work to keep my family afloat. I was the only child, my mother was never able to bear any others, to their distress. Still, they loved me. I was left wanting for little, busy as I was with helping my family keep our land thriving.

For all of my years, we grew our crops to support ourselves and some trade. Yet, last year was particularly hard on us, a bad blight on our crops keeping us from just enough coin for the tax-men. My parents had gone into town soon after, likely looking for extra work that could keep us afloat for the next year lest the state took our meager possessions. I offered to go myself, but at this point, my parents were rather feeble, and I was already taking care of all the tasks in our household.

They hadn't told me exactly what they had done, but soon after the trip, things started to get better around the farm. Our crops started to come back healthy, our animals started producing again. I was relieved beyond measure. There was so much work that I could hardly keep up!

Yet, something dark in my parent's expression made it difficult to remain overjoyed at our newfound prosperity. I asked them many times what had happened in town, not oblivious to the change in their demeanor. But, each time I questioned our fortunes, my mom would tell me not to worry about it before slowly looking away.

Now, at 18, I was supposed to be given a wife to be married, start a family of my own, and keep our modest land going. There were a few potential suitors in town, though, without a dowry, my mother was hesitant in taking any of them. She kept insisting I hold off, much to my chagrin. I wasn't sure what it was they were waiting for. We needed to get a family started to make sure that we could keep ourselves going in case our harvest turned poor once more.

It was almost one year after that initial trip to town and my parents were very downtrodden. Every night, they kept looking towards the door of our home, as though frightened of something bursting through at any moment. And, worse of all, their faces always sank whenever I asked them about it. I wouldn't accuse them directly, but there was something they were hiding from me, that was clear.

Then, one night, it happened. The weather was poor, and we were all inside of our modest shack, getting ready to settle in for the evening so that we could prepare for an early morning. My parents finally seemed more relaxed for the first night in weeks, and I, too, found that I could rest.

Yet, I was not prepared for the door to suddenly slam open, for an elderly woman to bluster in wearing dry robes despite the heavy rain from outside. I just stared, dumbfounded. What was going on?

I looked to both of my parents for answers, but both were huddled in their bed, not wanting to come into the presence of the woman. Unafraid, I walked over to her, half curious about her appearance and wondering if she needed our help.

“Oh, you can help me, my boy,” she said, regarding me for a moment with a sinister tone that made me shudder.

“No, please! We just need a little more time to gather the coin. Not yet, please!” My mother cried out suddenly, making me freeze and turn around. Did my parents know this woman?

“Please, you know how hard we work. The taxes were higher this year, we just need another season. We can’t pay yet!” My father added as I turned my gaze towards him. Never before had I seen such fear in his features. It truly chilled me to the bone.

It was then they told me everything. How they had gone into town to seek help. How a woman regarded as a witch had loaned them the coin. Had promised to revitalize our crops. Give us enough to pay off the taxman for the year. And how that they had the year to pay her back and that she would be coming for what was owed her.

“I don’t care if it is coin or not. I will have something of value to take back what is owed me,” she said, gazing around our house with the ire of a madwoman.

I wanted to shout to her. To tell her to leave. But, for some reason, I was frozen, forced to stare at the woman as she wandered our small house, scoffing at everything that she came across.

Finally, she turned back to me by the door, eyeing me with an expression of interest that made me shudder to the bone. Pointing at me with an outstretched hand, she grinned, her bony digit trembling with a power that I would not have expected from such a frail woman.

“You...I want your humanity,” she said, making my heart sink as the realization of what might happen came over me.

“He isn’t a part of the deal! He isn’t something we own!” My father called out, obviously frightened of what would happen to me.

“Please, take anything else!” My mom chimed in, her fear shaking me to the core. Who was this woman, this witch, that she could scare my parents so totally?

Gaze returning to the witch, she seemed to produce a thin rope that looked like a dog’s leash, floating it through the air with what I could only call magic. The thin rope rushed towards me, wrapping around my neck before I could even move. Gasping, my hands immediately flew to the collar, trying to pull it off. Yet, no matter how much I tugged, it wouldn’t even budge!

Gazing at my parents helplessly, I felt a tug as though the collar was pulling me towards the center of the room. I struggled against the force but nothing I did had any effect. Blood running cold, I couldn’t help but think that it was truly magic. What had my parents done?

My father’s voice made me feel a slight bit of relief. “What are you doing to my boy?!” He demanded to know, the anger in his voice reassuring. It was as though he could do something to stop this terrible situation and have our evening go back to peace and ignorance.

Yet his next words frightened me all over again. “Will he be sold? Forced into slavery?” He asked, as though this witch was really going to take me.

“Father, why?” I asked, tears running down my face. I’d scared off bears and coyotes from the farm with no fear for my life. Yet never before had I felt such a primal terror. If my parents were this frightened, if the magic kept me this restrained, then what was going to happen?

“No, no, I think not. It’s such a waste of good human energy. I can make much more use of his humanity if I take it and reduce him to a different form. And, as a bonus, I’ll have a pet and protector of my very own!”

Before anyone in the room could react, a bolt of green energy flew from the witch’s finger and struck me square in the chest. I shook violently, not in pain but in extreme discomfort. What was she going to do to me?

The woman came up to me, looking me in the face for a few moments. I had no power to move a muscle as she stared me in the eyes, as though trying to determine what to do to me.

“Have you ever had a pet, boy?” She questioned, as though I was still a child.

Thankfully, I was not compelled to answer her question. Yet, my thoughts did drift to a childhood dog we had, a hunting golden animal whose company I had enjoyed. As though the witch could read my thoughts, she started to speak, influencing my recollections to drift towards my former best friend.

“Thing about his cute little paws. His soft face. His happy tail,” the witch said as I put my hands on my head, trying to erase the images.

“No, no, no,” I said, trying desperately to dodge her influence. I knew that whatever she was trying to do, that it was evil. I could not listen to her words, lest whatever spell she was trying to weave over me came to fruition.

Yet, no matter how much I tried to resist, the words did strike a chord within me. My mind could not help but wonder towards the memories of that old mutt, how happy he made me. It allowed a warmth to play over my face, filling me with child-like excitement. It was almost as if I could see him again, even smell him again...

“Y-your face!” My mother’s voice cried out, breaking me from the trance I was in.

Instinctively, my hands went up to my face when something cool and damp met my fingers. I ran my fingers over the skin, unable to believe what it was that I was touching. The entire expanse of my nose was far larger than it should have been. It was like...but no. It couldn't be. Just like when our dog used to nuzzle my hand with his nose!

Suddenly, I felt dizzy, the odors of the room starting to overwhelm me. It was as though the strength of each had been intensified, far beyond what I was able to fathom. I could clearly smell our meager dinner as though it was fresh and wafting into my nose. Stranger still, however, the faint odors of my parents stood out, stronger than anything I could recall. I could tell where they had been, what they had eaten, details that I should have no way to detect. It was impossible to deny how strong my sense of smell was. Almost as good as a dog's was supposed to be...

There was another odor in the room, one that I could not quite place. Yet, it seemed familiar somehow, dredging up childhood memories. It even seemed to overpower the strange, inhuman aroma that seemed to be coming from the direction of the witch. The strength of the stench took some time to acclimate to. But as I did, I slowly came to realize that it was coming from me. And it reminded me too much of the odor of my childhood dog!

I could almost feel my heart sink at the realization. The witch said she would steal my humanity. I had no idea what that meant. But I didn't need to understand it. Witches could perform dark magic. And this was turning me into a dog!

Trying with all my might, I attempted to remove the invasive images from my head. They had to be what had changed my nose. Yet, the tingling continued to play over my face, as though slits were forming up the sides. I could see the black protrusion in front of my face as it grew ever larger in relation to my features. I had the nose of a dog and I could do nothing to stop it!

I couldn't help myself. Tears streaming down my face, my new nose was sniffing the air of its own volition, as though trying to memorize every odor in the room. “\*Sniff\* Mother? \*Sniff sniff\* Father? Why can I smell you? What's happening to me?”

To my dismay, the witch started to talk to me as might a parent to a child. “Awww, you poor boy. Can you smell your parents? Can you smell me? Of course, you can smell yourself. Even I can smell you. You reek like a stinky dog!”

Tears flowing freely, I put my hands over my nose, not wanting to breathe in the odors that were assaulting me. It was proof of my powerlessness as the tingling of change played over my face.

“What did you do to me?” I whined, though of course already knowing the answer. It was as plain as the black nose on my face. Still, I had to hear it from her mouth.

The witch said nothing, instead grinning at me with the expression of a madwoman. I could hear the cries of my parents in the background, but it somehow seemed far away. The fear of what was happening to me pulled my thoughts inward. There was every chance she would leave me with just the nose of my old family dog, but I started to have a feeling that was not to be. If she could change me this much what else might she do?

A tingling in my ears confirmed my worst fears. Reaching up to touch them, a heat greeted my fingers as the flesh started to stretch. The skin itched fiercely and I could feel the familiar sensation of my dog's fur meet my seeking digits, almost making me pull back. But I couldn't draw my hands away as I felt my ears stretching longer, burning as the skin pulled away as though made of hot wax. Soon, they dangled from the side of my head, flopping over on each other just like the ears of my childhood dog!

Tears running down my face, I tried desperately to pull at them, hoping to perhaps tear them off and reveal my own underneath. But I was greeted only by pain for my attempt; clearly,

they were part of me now. A whimper escaped my lips as the scared cries of my parents echoed in my ears. At the realization, I felt them *twitch*, making me yip from their sudden motion.

Yet, it was the sound that escaped my lips that truly had me scared. It was not the noise of a man, but rather that of the dog that I could not erase from my thoughts. I thought it a trick of the mind for a moment and considered tugging at my ears once more to try and break the witch's spell over me. But, the reality of the situation made it too frightening a prospect lest I whine like a dog once more!

"What a good boy you're becoming," I heard under the witch's breath. She had clearly whispered it, though my new ears could hear her words with no difficulties. She was doing it on purpose to toy with me!

To my terror, my twitching new appendages seemed to react to the sounds of my parents crying as more and more of my body was taken from me. I wanted them to help me, to save me. Why were they just sitting there in the corner, watching this happen!?

"Mother...mommy!" I cried out, the words of a child escaping my lips as the tingling started to run lower down my back. I was still changing, and my parents could do nothing but allow it to happen. They were crying at the realization that they were to lose their most prized position, their only son!

A whimper escaped my lips as a pressure started to build up in my backside, as though something was swelling under my britches. Its growth came with that uncomfortable warmth that I was now familiar with, though the pain of its confinement soon become unbearable. I wanted to take off my pants to see what was coming, but, deep down, I already knew. It was the thing that marked my pet as exuberant, an appendage that no young man should possess. It was a cursed tail!

Despite the shame of doing such a thing, I had to reach into my britches to try and remove the confining appendage. A whimper escaped my lips as they brushed against the solid fur of what I knew to be a dog's tail.

"I don't want to be a doggy!" I yelled in a voice that was decided child-like. Yet, I could not keep the fear from my voice as the reality of my world came crashing down around me.

To my detriment, the witch seemed to be muttering something under her breath. With my new hearing, it seemed to be akin to 'good boy', but I had no way to be sure. Yet, the moment my ears detected the words, the cursed growth on my backside started to wag with what could

only be excitement. I willed with all my might to try and stop the thing, but like the curse, it seemed to be tied to the witch's words.

The sadistic old woman turned to look at my stunned parents, smiling like a woman of half her age. "Look, he likes it! Did you want to come home with me, boy? Will you be Mommy's good boy?"

The words only made my tail wag even more as inch after inch pushed its way from my aching spine. The terror I felt could not be ignored as I started to cry. "M... Mommy make it stoooooop! I'm not a dog! Rrr rruufff ruuufff rrruuufff!"

The words escaping my mouth hit me all at once as I stopped, placing my hands in front of my face to try and stop what was escaping. Shivers ran through my back at the implications. Would I lose my speech as I just lost my ears! No, that couldn't be!

Tears ran down my cheeks as I looked to my mother, seeing primal fear in her eyes. I couldn't help it; the terror sent my body into a state of shock that lowered some of my functionality. To my horror, I felt a warm wetness running down my leg, and a pungent, spicy smell hit my nose at once. Without realizing it, I had peed my pants, the warmth spreading down from my groin all the way to my foot. I was behaving just like a scared little dog. Or a simple beast, my mind quickly realized.

"Soon you won't be a human anymore. Just a cute doggie," the witch cackled, evidently reveling in my pain. "Even the face they saw you grow up with will be irreversibly warped!"

The words brought my fingers to my face in tandem with the tingling playing over it. It was as though the skin was stretching like clay, expanding outward from my head. Soon, crossing my eyes was sufficient to see the brown nose in front of my features as the dampness spread all the way to my upper lips.

Unable to hold onto my sanity, the tears started flowing freely once more. "Mother! Father! Help! Don't let her turn mere into a rrrroog!" I cried out, voice distorting as my face wetly cracked outward.

A tingling in my tongue made it numb for a moment before the skin started to spread from the sides. The flattened appendage was soon forced out of my mouth, panting from the heat that was spreading over my body. My skin tingled, itching as I was suddenly awash in a sea of smelly sweat. It was like every ounce of fluid in my skin was being drained, covering me and making me shiver.

Even my eyes started to water, feeling dry and irritated as I blinked a few times. Slow to realize it, I was shocked that the seemed room was somewhat dimmer than it had been prior. It was almost like our candlelight had been somehow dimmed. Colors seemed washed out, as though I was looking at the world through a dusty window. I tried blinking my eyes a few times, but nothing about my field of view changed. Did I have the eyesight of a dog, now?

The witch seemed to know what was happening to me as she came in close to me again and whispered in my ear. “You’ll lose more than that soon, you silly boy.”

The words sent more tears down my face, and I reached up with my hands to wipe them away. Yet, even with my diminished eyesight, I could see a light film of fur on the backs of my hands. I pulled them away, fearful that touching my eyes would spread the fur. Yet, I knew that deep down nothing I could do would slow the change unless the witch willed it.

“Aww, you’re coming along so well, puppy! Why don’t you try to speak for me, boy?!” The witch commanded, and a gurgle in my throat seemed to indicate that I was within her power.

My hand went over my throat in an attempt to prevent myself from barking. Cries from my parents telling me to “Fight it, son!” gave me some encouragement to prevent the changes. Maybe if my willpower was strong enough, then I could avoid the fate that the witch had in store for me!

I did as much in my power as possible to prevent myself from barking. Yet, the urge to cough was getting too intense, and I reflexing let it out with it a canine bark. I couldn’t help but speak again, the urge to cry out my fear and force my voice to remain human overwhelming.

“Rrrruuwwfff! I’m rrrrot a dog! Arrfff Ruuwwfff!” I yelled, unable to keep the canine inflections out of my voice.

With each bark, I could feel my face extend more, my lips numb as they started to turn black and gummy before my eyes. I turned towards my parents, wanting desperately for them to see my face so that they might remember me one last time. I tried again to speak, to ask them for help “Father... Aarrfff! Ruuwwfff Ruuwwfff!” I cried out, sounding more like a scared puppy than I did the young human man I was not moments before!

Not knowing what else to do, I ran over to my mother, putting my hands on her shoulders as I tried to balance myself. I could feel my legs start to ache, and part of me knew that I was about to shrink. The dog I’d had was smaller than I man I was, after all.



“Mother, Rrrelp!” I growled as my balance started to shift and I saw her face start to rise in front of me. Was she growing taller? No, I had to be the one shrinking!

It was harder to see my mother’s face as my nose continued to stretch out, taking up a larger field of my vision. My jaw cracked forward a little more, making me more and more afraid that I could not speak like a human any longer. My teeth ached and I assumed they were growing sharper as a dog’s teeth might be. My skull even felt a little pained, as though it was tightening around me. Would I lose myself and think like a dog? Would that be better or worse?

A tingling in my hands forced them off my mother’s shoulders, and I looked to see that the nails were getting sharper, extending out into blunt, blackened claws. The fingers themselves were getting shorter, making me try and flex them, accidentally digging them into my mother’s shoulder. With a yelp of pain, she pushed me off, and I fell over, looking up at her with pleading eyes.

“Rrrelp me! Rrrease don’t let her turn me into a rrrroggy!” I cried, trying to get up again and only barely succeeding.

More carefully this time, my mother’s hands reached out to mind, wary of my claws as she tried to hold them in place. I could tell that she was using every ounce of strength to keep my fingers stretched out so that I would not lose them. Yet, her touch had no effect on the witch’s spell as my fingers retracted into my hands, merely stubs as a thin webbing moved between them and I could no longer flex them.

I was sure that my nails were digging into her palms as she tried desperately to hold on. Yet the formation of rough pads on both the front of my hands and my fingers made it impossible as she finally let go, leaving me to sit on the ground as tears of fear and horror raced down her features.

“Rrrease make it rrrrop!” I’m a boy, rrrrot a rrrroggy!” I cried, but the sound of my own voice was enough to frighten me into silence.

I raised up to try and take my mother’s hands again when a sharp command met my ears. “Down, boy!” Said the witch, and I instantly lowered myself, not wanting to but forced to do so at her whims.

It was getting harder to stand like that anyway. Something was happening to my hips, and my legs and belly seemed shorter than they were before. My shirt and pants were both baggy, as though I was losing weight. An ache in my feet made them tight in my boots for a moment,

before they started to loosen around them. I wanted to pull them off, but my hands were useless at this point. I nearly stumbled over, not able to stand with my heels the way they were.

“Aww, poor puppy, are you struggling? Here, let me help you!” The witch said, placing her hands on my chest and lifting me up. A bark escaped my lips from the sudden grasp, but the relief on my body was instant as my feet were pulled from the confirming boots.

Setting me down gently, I immediately tried to crawl away from the witch and back to my parents. But in doing so, I was only made aware that my feet were no longer human. The tingling coming from them was more intense as the toes stopped flexing, shorter and covered with the same webbing in between. Claws lanced from the tips as my big toe pulled into my stretching heels. With the thick bubbling pads at the bottoms of my toes and my forefoot, my feet were unrecognizable as anything but a dog’s paws!

I looked over at my parents, helpless as the room started to spin. I felt a little dizzy as the contours of the room shifted. Worst of all was how my parents seemed to grow before me, as though they were reaching towards the ceiling. I shook my head, trying desperately to shake the disorientating images from my mind.

Still, the sight of the world getting taller around me made me afraid. “Father? Why are you rrrretting rrrraller?” I tried to growl out, fear in my canine features. I knew what was happening, of course, but it was impossible to think about it at the moment!

My father tried to stammer out an apology as best he could. “I’m sorry, son! We will find a way to buy back your humanity! Fight the changes as best as you can!”

The witch simply laughed at that, the noise almost a bark of its own. “He belongs to me now. He will obey my every whim. You cannot buy back your son with money. At least, not as much as you could ever hope to acquire in your lifetimes.”

“Here, perhaps you need to see another taste of my power. Here, boy!” she said, whistling at me and patting her leg, as though beckoning me forward.

I tried with every ounce of my will to resist, to not allow myself to go to her. But, like a phantom hand moving my body, I could not help but crawl towards her like the dog I was becoming. Canine whimpers escaped my lips as I struggled to resist, but it caused me physical pain to do so. Soon, I was at her side, panting with my canine tongue.

“Mother, father, make it rrrropt!” I growled. But they only stood there in stunned silence, afraid that any move might spark the witch’s ire.

I hated the sound of my own voice, all too much like a dog's. I hated the fact that my body moved whenever the witch beckoned me. I just wanted to disappear, the embarrassment of the experiences too much for me to bear.

The whole time, my pants and britches were falling off my leaner frame. Dragging my way across the room on all fours almost made them fall off, and I struggled with the remnants of my hands to keep them up, lest they exposed my hindquarters.

Yet, soon, even the curved state of my claws was not even sufficient to hold up my pants as they fell to the floor, exposing my still human and very naked crotch. I was thankful that my billowing shirt lowered over much of it. Yet, the witch was on me in an instant, pulling up my shirt and exposing my cock.

"That's it, sweetie. It's Okay, puppy. Just let it happen. It will all be over soon," the witch said as the tingling started to play over my crotch.

To my horror, I could feel the crown of my cock head peeling downward, exposing more of my penis. I didn't want to look at the changes that were overtaking my maleness. Yet, the intense tingling prompted my eyes to look down. I wanted to see my manhood one last time before it altered. The tears were flowing down my face. I was truly going to be a dog for the rest of my life. I hadn't even had the chance to be with a wife properly!

Still, I could not tear my eyes away from the sight of my penis changing shape, the tingling of my sheath pulling away towards the base of the shaft. The entire surface itched as new dog hairs started to cover it. The skin melded with my groin, pulling my penis upward as it became erect against my wishes. Red skin covered the entire shaft as all that was left was a pointed tip. Something bulged at the base and I recalled seeing dogs mating, how an engorged bulb was shoved into a female as they rutted. Now, my penis was no different!

Clear fluids were leaking from the tip and I realized with some horror that I could smell it. It was *rank*. I had a stinky dog's penis that I could scent with my larger, doggy nose. I shuddered, realizing that it was to be mine now, for the rest of my life if the witch's words rang true.

I looked down at my crotch, trying to avoid the gaze of my parents. I knew they were watching me, that they could see my new doggy dick as well as I could. The embarrassment was almost too much to bear. I could feel my face start to flush but the still-growing fur soon obstructed my blush of shame.

“Now, now boy, don’t be afraid, it won’t be much longer now,” the witch said, which only made me feel worse. Every second that passed was ticking down my humanity.

“Rrrr rrrrells rrrro gross...” I moaned, wanting to take my nose away from my crotch. Yet, the scent wafting from my sex was far too pungent for me to escape. “Rrrease, I rrron’t want to rrell...”

Yet, the more I tried to avoid it, the more the smells in the air grew worse. The tingling of change seemed to center on my ass, as all of the fat in their cheeks started to evaporate. It seemed as though they were receding, leaving my backside exposed. With a start, I felt the cool air hit my asscheeks, making me shiver. It was sticking outward just under my tail that I could not seem to lower with how little control I had over my body.

My new ears picked up the sounds of my belly grumbling, and I realized with a start that I had not used a latrine yet after consuming dinner. As though in response to the realization, I could feel my tail lift as my anus became black and tightened. A bit of gas was released from my backside as my asshole tingled and puckered outward, settling down below my new tail. I realized with horror that I needed to use the latrine and that I did not have much time to do so. I couldn’t help but lower myself, passing more gas as my tail flagged up and I dropped down on my paws for the first time. The position was frighteningly familiar. I was going to defecate right here, right now, as a doggie would!

Yet, the witch was not deterred when it was obvious I was about to do. She reached down, cooing as she patted my altering head. “That’s it, sweetie. Whose my big brave puppy. That’s right! It’s you! You’re going to be a good boy for me!”

It quickly became apparent that her words were meant to relax me when I was trying to hold it in. I could feel the tears coming again as my body reflexively started to circle as a dog would. I squatted down again, closing my eyes and not wanting to see what I was about to do in front of everyone.

I could hear my parents screaming and crying, yelling at the witch to make it stop. Yet, soon, the sounds were drowned out by my stomach. I couldn’t help but release my waste onto the floor, barking all the while as the horrid smell overtook me. I couldn’t believe that I’d just relieved myself like a dog!

Trying to stand up to get away from my waste, I realized with shame that my legs were locked into position, as though my hips were stuck on all fours. I scampered around, the position more comfortable as the changes continued. My entire body was itching now, golden hairs lancing from every pore so thick that I could no longer see the skin.

“Good boy...” The witch whispered in a voice that only I could hear.

At that, I found myself running over towards my parents, trying to get away from the woman that was doing this horrible thing to me. My mother reached down, embracing me as she cooed. I was horrified that she was treating me like a dog, though the comfort was more than welcome in the current circumstances.

“It’s OK, son. We will find a way to turn you back, I promise. I love you, sweetie,” my mother said, as she started to pet my head, scratching behind my ears.

I wasn’t sure if it was her soothing words or the pets she was tenderly giving to my head. But I found myself enraptured by the attention so much so that my tail started wagging of its own accord. Even my tongue lolled out of my mouth, panting from the presence of my loving mother. “I trove rrou rrother!” Rrraawwwffff!” I barked, not even caring that my voice had altered nearly to the point of sounding only like a dog.

“Please, stop this! Just let us have our son! Take me, instead!” My father yelled, both of my parents crying now. The fear in their voices brought me away from the brief reprieve that I felt from my happy body. How could I love even a moment of my doggie self, enjoy being petted, if it meant that I was to be an animal for the rest of my life?!

“Silence! Your pleading means nothing to me and is getting rather tiresome. If you don’t cease this instant I will take you up on your offer and make all of you into my pets!” The witch threatened, and both of my parents fell silent from fear.

Padding over with my mostly-changed body, I whined at the witch, trying to tell her not to hurt my parents. After all, what could she still do to me, right? Yet, the words that came out of my mouth were not human anymore. I tried with all my efforts to speak, to beg her to stop. “Rrrwwffff! Rrrwwffff rrooooouuu!”

The witch looked down at me with kind eyes, like a master looking at a pet. “Hush, sweetie. You’re being such a loud doggy. So much to say, huh? How about we put that muzzle to good use another way!”

Snapping her fingers, a shiver ran through me, making me tremble all over. Instantly, my nose started to pull my neck down towards my crotch, making me hunch over and raise my leg. My canine penis was there, leaking its horrid smell fluids before me. The realization hit me all at once. The witch wanted me to lick myself as just another dog would!

A growl escaped my lips as the horrid stink of my rear end made itself known. The irritation of my unclean self soon grew more and more insistent. I couldn't believe what I was about to do. Yet, the dirtiness from my rear was bothering me, and the woman's words were powerful in my mind as I reached out with my tongue to lick and clean my own rectum!

The taste was just as awful as I could imagine, but I had no power to pull away as I cleaned myself in canine fashion. I ran all the way over the rim, even inserting it into my rectum. It was horrid, yet I was forced to focus on nothing else than the depraved action. I felt as though I was going to vomit!

Desperate to escape the torment, I tried to cry out between the slick slurps that were coming from my tongue. "Rrreeeseee rrrropt \*Slurp\* Rrrro Rrrroooo! \*Slurp\* To my horror, none of the words that escaped my lips were remotely comprehensible, a sign of my further fall from humanity.

Yet it was not the worst thing to happen as I felt something stirring on my crotch, my little canine red penis poking from its sheath. It was as though the anal stimulation was making me aroused, as much as I detested the notion. I could hear the witch laughing in delight as I was forced to lick clean my rear, only stopping when my instincts dedicated that I had done a good enough job of covering it in doggy slobber.

"Aww, my poor boy seems to be in need. And there are no bitches around to satisfy him! You'll need to suck yourself off, then, won't you? Don't be shy, go ahead!" The witch said, and I could feel my heart sink into my chest.

The instant the words left her mouth, I was compelled to raise my muzzle from my anus and start to wrap my dirty tongue around the flesh of my penis. I started to suck with gusto, the loud slurps echoing in the room as I did so. I couldn't stop as my muzzle wrapped around my cock, nearly to the knot at the base as I pleased myself as a beast!

To my horror, I saw the witch pull out what looked like a paper contract and present it to my parents. "Now, all you have to do is sign this, and our debt is paid. Now, before you try and refuse, do know that I can take more from your son than his body. I can take more from you as well, your own humanity and forms. Perhaps one or both of you would like to be his breeding bitch?"

I tried my best to bark my way through lapping at my cock, but the sound that came out was clearly muffled. I wanted to tell them not to do it. They were literally signing away my life to be this disgusting dog!

A sudden “Hush!” Came over me, forcing me to stop moaning. My muzzle was instantly plugged with my own penis once more, hips bucking as I felt the throbbing growing more and more insistent. To my horror, my furry balls were slapping against my muzzle, swelling with canine essence. I was disgusted by the sight of a thick sheath pooling over them, a warm cocoon could not contain my thick knot and dog-meat. I was going to cum in my own muzzle and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

In my eternal humiliation, my eyes met my mother’s as the semen started to flow from my furry balls into my canine muzzle. The slurps were horrid in my ears as waves of perverted pleasure perforated from my penis. Yet, I could not even mutter so much as a whimper as the horrid taste entered my mouth, cleansing the rank after effect of lapping my rectum but filling me with a salty shame all on its own

“Does that taste good, honey? Do you like the flavor of your own cum? You can suck yourself off at any time, boy!” The witch said, laughing at the sight of my self-suck.

I looked up at my parents, cum leaking out of my muzzle as I did so. The shame was likely still present on my canine features, but there was nothing I could do to stop it. This was to be my life now. I had no power not to clean myself off if the witch told me to.

My canine eyes caught the sight of a piece of glass on the ground. There was nothing human in the canine visage reflected back at me. I barked and barked, sounding too much like the animal I now was.

“Shh, shh, it’s OK boy. What a big bark you have!” The witch said, and I was immediately silenced. I no longer even had the power to cry out with protests, let alone escape with my own power!

“Now, I think I’ll take him with me! Don’t bother trying to find us again. This good boy is mine now! Come, boy!” The woman said as the door opened and stormed out into the night.

All I could do was cry as my body forced itself to follow the woman. To my reprieve, at least her power had seemed to quell the storm somewhat. Still, it was of little condolence to know that I was being compelled to leave of someone else’s power.

As one last effort of willpower, I turned my head to look towards my parents, who looked on in silence, tears running down their faces. I couldn’t call out to them. I could not say goodbye. All I could do was allow the tears to fall down my own cheeks as I looked at them for what I assumed would be the last time, walking out into the night to follow obediently behind my new Master.

