

Breathing in deeply, Matt tried to calm himself as he waited in the white room, clothed for now but figuring he'd want to get naked sooner rather than later. Not that he was usually inclined to do so with another woman present, but his wife was here, too, and from what he understood, itching of fur growth against clothing was uncomfortable. Still, there was plenty of time to wait for the changes to take hold before he discarded his clothes. It would be a slow, gradual process, something that delighted the three of them as part of the experience being in alternative forms for the rest of the day. In their mind, it was a win-win!

At 35, everything about Matt, down to the shape of his glasses, screamed the stereotypical nerd. It was a wonder his wife let him dress in suspenders and the like, though she, too, was a little nerdy, and found her husband cute as hell. He, too, found her adorable, loving everything from her slight curves to her chubby belly, not surprising for her 37 years. The two were accompanied by a mutual friend, Ellie, also 37. Given the study they were here to partake in was to aid in observing the effects of physical transformation to an animal form, it would have been rude for them not to offer to bring her along, given it was something they discussed on many a drinking night.

Though the study did pay, that was the tip of the iceberg of their reasons for joining. In addition to experiencing a gradual change, they would get to spend the afternoon as dogs, Labrador Retrievers, in this case, keeping their human minds while awash with animal instincts. The whole idea was to have fun with it from the introduction they were given. There would be food and toys provided, and even some play interaction with some of the researchers. All in all, a pretty good doggie afternoon as much as they understood. Then, they would report on the changes and experiences after a nice, safe reversion to their human selves before the end of the day. And, perhaps best of all, they would be on a short list to be contacted for further transformation-related studies, something that the three of them were all down to try, assuming things went well. However, for the three of them, it was the change itself that became the true appeal, wanting to experience it firsthand and having wished to do so since the technology was invented. And now that the day was here, the three could hardly contain their excitement!

Soon, the three were injected and left waiting in a chamber for the changes to start any moment. It would take about half an hour or so once it started, each part changing bit by bit to allow them to enjoy the process. Of course, it was entirely safe, with no risk of harm even as their bodies warped and their organs shifted. It had been performed many times before, of course, to varying degrees. There were numerous practical applications for the technology, perhaps least of all animal behavioral studies, though it was still valuable data nonetheless.

With that, the three stood there, waiting a painful few minutes for the process to start. Skin prickling and the occasional itch were all viewed as the possibility of the beginnings of

change. It was all phantom sensations in the end, of course, but with the change set to happen any moment, it was impossible to deny the excitement they felt over every little electrical pinprick.

Eventually, a noticeable tingling moved into his feet, and Matt eagerly took off his shoes and socks, wanting to see if that was the first location to alter. Staring at his feet all the while, Matt walked around a little, liking the notion of being barefoot and wondering what it would be like to have a set of paw pads to walk on. He eagerly moved around the room, unable to focus on anything else and almost hoping that his changes would start in his feet. Not that he would be able to walk for the duration of the change with paws instead of feet, but it was of little consequence.

Noticing out of the corner of his eye that Gloria and Ellie were doing the same thing, Matt found himself staring as they wriggled their toes in anticipation of what was to come. Both sets of toes were natural, with no polish on, and not in a particularly manicured state. Perhaps Matt was looking a little *too* long, though it was no secret he had a foot fetish. And the notion of watching not only his own feet change, but the two women's feet changing as well, was more than a little all-encompassing...

"Like what you see?" Ellie said, tone a little mocking. She was as much aware of it as Gloria was, and the two of them were prone to taunting him, wiggling their feet, and showing off their soles to the point he was prone to sport a boner. Blushing furiously, he had to look away, lest he had to get off in front of their mutual friend and all the researchers watching the process.

"Hey, Matt, looks like your beard is getting a little thicker there," Gloria said, and with that, Matt reached up to touch it, having not felt anything off until his wife pointed it out. Thankfully, the room was provided with full-length mirrors so they could enjoy the sight of their changes from all angles, and Matt took a close look, curious as to what was beginning. Clean-shaven before, it seemed that Matt's beard was starting to come back, though with the texture of what he assumed was the beginning of a canine coat. The hairs were dusty blond, more befitting the lab he was becoming rather than the brown he possessed prior. It was really happening! Their long-time dream of transformation together, now finally the time to experience it first hand!

"He's not the only one, Glor. Your ears are looking a little floppy there," Ellie said, and Gloria reached up to touch them, forgetting she could look at them in the mirror. They did seem a little wider, their ends starting to fold over, and, best of all, a fine coat of velvety yellow hair was covering them, the start of canine ears that she couldn't wait to own!

"I think it skipped me. I don't feel anything," Ellie said, a little disappointed.

“Unless you wore colored contacts, you should be,” Matt said, and with that, Ellie took a closer look in the mirror to see that her eyes had indeed started to shift from their green shade toward a muddied brown. It looked a little off for her features, but something she was elated to possess all the same. That was not the only thing of note to have changed. Gloria grinned at her friend, noticing faint traces of fur growing on her cheeks.

“Anyone feel anything else?” Gloria posed, reaching up to scratch her ear as it continued to change, flopping over as the insides widened and covered with sensitive hairs. The same changes were starting on her other ear, as well, giving her the desired symmetry. As a bit, Gloria tried to raise her leg with her bare foot to pretend to scratch, though it could hardly lift anywhere near in her still human state. Matt and Ellie laughed at that, figuring she was joking and not sure their instincts had shifted enough for that to be a logical act.

Hyperfocused on the women changing, Matt was remiss for not noticing his next alteration until Ellie unceremoniously pointed it out to him. “Is that a tail in your pants or are you just happy to see us?” She asked, which had Matt reach down to rub what was starting to be a bulge sticking out of his spine. He wanted to pull it out, but it was too short as of yet, and he was sure he would have it wagging in no time.

“Hey, your nose!” Gloria called out, and both Matt and Ellie reached up to touch their faces at the same time, feeling something moist and damp against their touch. It was a small brown patch on their noses, for sure, like they’d stuck them in places that noses shouldn’t really go. But as they watched in the mirror, the discoloration and texture were soon to spread, moving from the tip down to the sides as their noses themselves seemed to be more bulbous than before.

“Yours too, honey!” Matt said, as much focused on his wife’s changes as his own. It was just as exciting to watch others transforming as it was being the one to change himself, he soon found, and was glad he was not undergoing this alone. Then again, he was sure his wife and their friend wouldn’t want to miss this experience for the world!

“I think I have some tail growing too,” Ellie said, reaching back and rubbing a bulge in the back of her pants, one that seemed to twitch the moment she did so. She seemed elated to have one, and Matt certainly shared the sentiment, eager to change as well.

“Yup, these are definitely Lab ears coming in,” Matt said, feeling a tingling in his own ears that signaled their change. Their soft coat was relatively pleasant to feel, causing him to rub the fur sprouting on his face. Even as his beard continued to spread across his face, his gums seemed to ache slightly, as though his teeth were altering within. He was changing slowly,

gradually, and he couldn't help but feel excited to the point it was impossible to keep his tail from wagging, as though he was willing it into being.

*"Glad to hear the three of you are enjoying it,"* came a voice over the speaker, obviously the man who had taken in their paperwork. None of them were aware a speaker existed, so it was a little jarring, but it was soon forgotten about in their excitement to continue changing as they were.

"Hey, guys, I think I can move my tail now!" Matt exclaimed, forgetting about being watched and having been focused on it for the past few moments. It seemed to be moving of its own volition, something he was ecstatic for as it wagged, feeling it tight within his pants and making him wish to be free of them.

"Starting to get really itchy," Gloria exclaimed as she rubbed at her hands, as though fur was about to burst from the backs of them at any moment. The same was likely happening to her feet as well as she balanced on them, trying to alleviate the irritation. It was just as likely her soles were starting to tingle with what had to be the growth of pads. Matt was drawn to the sight before his own hands and feet started to prickle, and he felt his excitement growing at the notion of what it meant for the changes going forward.

"Me too," Ellie said, hopping from foot to foot and trying to rub them against the floor.

"Want some help?" Matt asked even though he wanted to be invested in his own discomfort. Still, he couldn't help but feel a little aroused at the notion he would be watching the ladies' feet change, as much as his own. Either way, he was eager to help rub their paws into existence before they fully changed into the dogs they longed to be.

Gloria groaned at the prospect, though she was hardly in a position to say no to the help, the itching getting more and more intense with each passing moment. She knew about his alternator motive, but still allowed him to rub her feet, getting down and reaching out with deft fingers. She was almost certain he would get off on the act, something that wasn't becoming in front of their friend. Though there might have been a chance she would like such interactions, they were not quite at that level of openness in their relationship.

Still, there was no denying how good it felt to have her feet tended to as they changed. "Ohhh, that's good..." Gloria moaned as the tingling and aches within her feet were eased out by eager hands. How Matt was able to ignore the prickling in his own hands and feet to tease her, she had no idea. But she was still able to relax, even as Ellie moved from foot to foot to try to work out the tingling on her own. Matt was half tempted to ask if he could help her, too, but with the rest of the changes to come, there was little time for such frivolities.

“Man, I want to get these clothes off...” Ellie said, a bit more free-spirited than the other two. There was some merit in what she said, after all. Both Matt and Gloria were starting to itch with what had to be already present hair follicles bursting out into the start of golden hairs. Though Gloria was a little shy about her shirt being taken off, she was able to keep her bra on while shucking off her shirt, Matt doing the same. His treasure trail was starting to alter, canine fur replacing the hair all the way down to his groin. Gloria, too, felt what little belly hair she had expanding into canine fur, and her own bulge started to wag into existence as it formed from her spine.

Shirt off and unbuckling his pants to let them fall to the ground, Matt stood there clad only in underwear, finally pulling out his tail and playing with it. He couldn't help but love the feeling of its continued growth, elated to own such a thing. Being naked, however, had something of an effect on him that shouldn't have been much of a surprise, though was a little embarrassing in present company. If it was simply Gloria, it would be fine, but Ellie was there to mock him, it seemed, gathering snickers from Gloria as she did so.

“Hey, you're *really* liking this,” Ellie said, pointing at Matt sporting a rather prominent boner in his underwear, aroused to the point it was leaking. Embarrassed, Matt put his hands over his cock, wanting to cover it up from the women teasing him. Surely, he wasn't the only one aroused by the changes, but there was no denying his couldn't be so easily hidden away.

It seemed as though his genitalia was the next thing to change, for better or for worse. It started with his foreskin being pulled down, the skin fusing with his groin as a soft pelt of soft, blond hair covered both it and his crotch. Wanting to see his member change and not caring that he was in the presence of a friend, Matt pulled his underwear down, exposing his erection in time to see it shrinking, the tip pointing as it thinned to a canine configuration. Eventually, a knot swelled from the base, though it was soon to deflate, his cock pulling back into a sheath upward toward his belly. It was almost orgasmic on its own to feel it slide its protected home, but he didn't cum, spared the shame of doing so in front of Ellie. Surely, she wouldn't be one to let it slide!

Rather than being too ashamed of what was happening, Matt turned to show his cock off, smaller in relation to his form as he was turning into a dog. His pudgy body, something that normally embarrassed him, was now something he was proud to share with the knowledge he was becoming more and more the canine he longed to be. And he was eager for the canine proportions he would soon wear, the ability to literally change his body into something more preferable! The cost of such technology for cosmetic purposes was out of his price range, but with this experimental trial, or those like it, Matt was free to become the canine form he held in reverence, and social convention was thrown to the wind in his eagerness to flaunt it!

Ellie and Gloria were more interested in playing with their sexes, however, not touching them directly, but rather teasing over the itching of fur that was spreading from their previously shaven bushes. It did not bother them to feel the hairs growing back in, not needing tending for their canine selves. Gloria, for her part, was a little self-conscious about her belly fat, though it was soon to be trimmed away for a leaner canine look, one that she was more than a little happy to sport. But for now, the sour expression on her face was not lost to her husband or best friend, who simply wanted her to feel better about herself the way she was, while still encouraging the canine form she held in high regard.

“I still think you’re cute, my love,” Matt said, and Gloria felt herself perking up a little, with the sentiment shared by Ellie as well. The nub on the back of her spine even started to twitch a little, something that spoke to her canine inclinations.

“Good thing we aren’t going into heat, eh, Gloria?” Ellie asked, shouldering her friend for a moment as the two of them decided to take off their own panties, leaving them naked and exposing their Labrador tails. Fur continued to play over their groins as well, and soon any temptations for the soon-to-be male dog were removed from sight.

“That might not be such a bad thing...” Gloria mused thoughtfully. Had not Ellie been with them, she might have, though doing so in front of their friend might have been a little much. Unless they considered a threesome, something that was starting not to seem like such a bad idea the more she reflected on it...

“Get a room!” Ellie said, chastising and teasing. She wasn’t opposed to being a voyeur, but she didn’t want to let them know that, just in case!

“Fine, fine, no hanky panky,” Matt said, though, with from the thoughts of change, especially to their feet, the tip of his now red rocket was poking from its home, not something they could miss. Oh well, if he was going to be made fun of it, so be it. It was more than worth it enough to have the opportunity to be changed into a dog!

“Damn, that tickles!” Ellie said, ignoring the alterations to their genitals with the sensation of pinpricks running down her chest and her belly. They ran symmetrical to her breasts, six nubs in all that were red raw, and ached to be touched. Unable to resist, Ellie started to play over them, a bit of a contradiction to her prudish words, but nothing she could resist. Gloria, too, was overcome with the same urges to rub her budding nipples, moaning a little as tremors played through their own sexes. “I’m getting mine as well!” She called out, feeling the redding bumps growing more and more sensitive, and loving the touch against her skin as they did so.

“Hell, me too. I guess male dogs have nipples, too,” Matt said, though his were less pronounced than those of the others. It made sense, but he was a little embarrassed that they ached as much as they did with the urge to be touched.

“Why did you think they wouldn’t?” Gloria chastised, trying to resist the urge to rub hers further, a little self-conscious even though all three of them were prompted to do the same thing in unison.

“Still feels good, though!” Matt commented, continuing to rub his own, even the original pair. The women were a little bit too shy to tease their breasts, though the new nipples were fair game, given the newness of their bodies.

“Is it just me, or is the room spinning a little?” Ellie commented suddenly, taking them from their self-pleasure. She began looking around frantically, seeming a little dizzy.

“You do seem a little shorter,” Gloria commented, knowing the other woman to be about the same height normally but obviously not anymore from the sight of her.

“We must be shrinking! I guess we would have to eventually,” Matt commented, realizing while they didn’t seem much shorter to each other, they were certainly smaller against the backdrop of the room. Matt, too, felt the same dizzying sensation, as though the room was expanding around them. It was bizarre, taking a few moments for the three of them to reorientation themselves to the new dimensions their bodies were reaching. At least this breed of dog was on the larger side, though not quite the stature of their human selves.

“Hey, check out my hands!” Gloria called out suddenly, and she raised her hands in time for the three of them to view the nails darkening to brown, and thickening from the cuticle. They were still relatively blunt, though firm, expanding to their canine size.

“Your nails look pretty cool!” Gloria exclaimed, raising her own hands to see if they were beginning their own changes.

It seemed that Matt’s were to go first, though it was more than just canine claws to burst out of them, however. “There go my fingers...it doesn’t hurt but...damn that’s uncomfortable...” Matt whined, feeling the pops of the joints within as they started to compress and change toward canine paws. Trembling, Matt watched as his hands altered, the flexibility in the digits waning as he tried to hold them steady.

“Yeah, they’re starting to go on mine as well,” Ellie said with a little bit of trepidation. The notion of losing primate hands was a little jarring, but it was all par for the course of a feral

transformation. And besides, they wouldn't be very useful for running around on, something she was well aware of as pads started to form on the tips, the rest of the digits losing their flexibility.

"I don't know, I want to feel this fur for as long as I can," Gloria said, reaching up to rub the fur running down her sides, even as the same pops of fingers altering resonated in their canine ears. Matt hadn't realized it at first, but his hearing was far more acute than he was expecting to the point he was sure he could almost visualize the various parts of his wife's fingers altering without looking.

"At least it's not covering my breasts yet," Gloria commented, still rubbing at her fur for the moment as it spread. However, that would not be the case much longer before her hands went all the way to match Matt's and Ellie's.

"You aren't going to have those breasts for much longer!" Ellie said with a laugh, something that Matt almost lamented. He was a fan of his wife's assets and was happy only for her to lose them with the knowledge that she would be a dog in full, as would he. It was bizarre to see them go, even with the fact they were to be entirely converted to canines.

Bending over to scratch his legs, a chuckle from Ellie made Matt a little self-conscious, as though something about the change was found funny. "Your ass is so hairy!" She giggled, and Matt could certainly feel the skin around his pucker itching with the growth of fur, which was a little shameful but all part of the change, he decided in the end.

"I'm not the only one!" Matt retorted, trying to get a look at Ellie's own, something she was prompted to scratch at. Gloria, too, could feel her own ass hair growing, reaching down to scratch without little care for what the other two thought. At least the blunted canine claws were better able to relieve the itching, while their arms still maintained human flexibility.

The relief it felt was nice, but not enough to detract from the rest of the changes. "Oh, I can't move my fingers now! There they go!" Gloria eventually said, pulling them from her ass, wanting to watch them change and figuring she could scratch herself as much as she wanted later.

"Oh well, better for walking, right?" Ellie said, her own palms starting to compress. The skin swelled up as pads began forming on them, complete with a strange nub at the base of her wrists she wasn't expecting. The shrinking sensation moved up her wrists and upper arms, blond fur covering them all the way to the shoulders, which were also starting to ache slightly before compressing into her torso.



“Hey, there go my breasts!” Gloria said just then, wanting to feel them go but unable to with her own paws in their proper canine form. The tingling was a little uncomfortable to the point where it felt as though they were literally deflating, the tissue and fat being subsumed by the transformation process. Soon, nothing was left but a reddened nub, matching the new pairs she possessed.

“Ha, better enjoy them while you can, Matt!” Ellie said in that familiar teasing tone. Had she not been such a good mutual friend, Matt might have felt some embarrassment, but it was hard to bring himself to worry about such things when they’d just seen each other in similar states.

“Yours are going too!” He shot back without missing a beat, and Ellie had to admit, it was a pretty good comeback for her to be losing her own treasured assets, unable to feel them going with the paws she now possessed. Soon, the skin around them looked little more than the nubs that ran down her chest, the spaces around them being covered with more off-white fur than the blond that made up the majority of their coats.

“Oh, well, it’s all part of the process. No use crying over split...breasts?” She said, with a little bit of a chuckle at the off-collar joke.

“Yeah, that’s rrrue...oh, my rrroice!” Gloria said, feeling her tongue tingling and her throat starting to thicken, signaling the start of her voice going the same way as the rest of her.

“Rrry rrroice, rrroo,” Matt said as he felt his own mouth starting to tingle. The changes were reaching close to the halfway point, and it made sense they would soon lose yet another human ability.

“Tongue is so thick...” Gloria managed to say, though less guttural than it had been when she’d tried speaking previously.

“For kisses?” Matt said, being able to speak somewhat normally as well so long as he made the effort.

“More like licking your own ass!” Ellie chided, though the notion was something she knew was part of being a dog. It made her thankful they would not need to worry about it for the short tenure they would remain as such.

“Eww...” Gloria moaned, having forgotten it could come to that if they ate in their canine bodies.

“Hopefully, rre rron’t rre dogs for that long!” Matt said, finding it harder and harder to speak in human tones.

“Rre, they are going to feed us!” Ellie commented, though didn’t think it would be that much of an issue, thankfully.

“Owww...my spine...well, it’s not painful, but there’s a cramp, feels awkward to stand,” Gloria said, hunched over a little as she did so.

“Mine too,” Matt moaned, bending over and wagging his tail, feeling some excitement. It was finally happening, feeling his spine stretching and hunching him over to the point he wanted to get down on all fours like the dog they were all becoming.

Ellie seemed to echo the sentiment. “Time to get down on all fours,” she stated the obvious, getting down on her hands and knees and leaving herself there.

“Yeah, ouch,” Gloria groaned, settling her paws on the floor but having issues with the rest of her body getting into a comfortable position.

“OK, I guess this is OK. It’s a little hard to stand like this, though,” Matt stated, arching his lengthening back so it was somewhat manageable.

“Hey, my foot’s going next!” Ellie said just then, getting down on her side and pulling her foot up so she could get a closer look at it.

“What are rrou doing?” Gloria asked, not sure why she was so intent on starting at her foot when her hands had already gone the same way.

“I rrant to watch it change too,” was the reply. Ellie’s favorite part of the change was her paws, though felt with Matt’s foot fetish, she didn’t want to make too big a deal of it.

Matt, too, was eager to see them change, though figured he should hone in on his wife’s features rather than their friend’s. “Rrou you mind rrowing rroff a rrrittle?” Matt growled out, the words enough that Gloria was able to understand what he meant. Matt felt sheepish in asking, but his canine instincts were insistent to the point his cock was leaking against his belly with intention.

Both Gloria and Ellie had their feet up, preparing to show off the soles as the final changes started to play over them, though it was Ellie’s that had his focus, as engrossed as she seemed to be. First, the soles of her feet started to thicken, the skin almost bubbling outward and

turning black, as though becoming thickened callouses. They soon expanded to the point she could see no pink skin, being given a rounded shape on top with a straight bottom, something fit for a canine. Her heels, too, were stretching and thinning, a sparse layer of fur peppering the spaces where no padded skin persisted. They were far smaller as well, half the width of a normal heel as the rest of her leg started to thin to make up for it. Labs were large dogs, though a bit smaller than the humans they were, and only bones and muscle persisted in the heel as it hitched up her calves, forcing them to diminish in length to match the proportions of her new body.

It was the claws to thicken from her nails next, at least from four of the digits. It was a little less alarming to watch them go as it had been with her fingernails, taking on the clicking canine claws that matched her front feet. Her toes, too, were shrinking, though hardly had as far to go as her fingers. It was her large toes shortening that really had her attention, stiffening and shrinking and nails poking outward with a curve the same as her other nails. Like her thumbs, it seemed they were being pulled along with her heel, forming a dewclaw as the rest of her toes thickened from the base and lost all their mobility. It sat a little weighty on her heel as the rest of her paws took form, and she stood up on all fours, loving the better balance they provided.

Matt and Gloria were almost too engrossed in watching Ellie's changes to notice their own feet were starting to alter into paws, the toes stiffening and shrinking as skin swelled up between them and pads formed to render them useless in anything other than supporting their canine bodies. It was a moot point, paws better for running and hunting as befit their ancestors. Pads formed at the base of their heels as well, as the surface compressed and heels stretched to make up over one-third the length of their hind legs. It was a little bizarre to rest their weight on them, though somewhat pleasant all the same, knowing there was little left to change and they could spend the afternoon as dogs, a literal dream come true.

As though a call back to her earlier joke, Gloria reached up with her back paw, flexibility finally enough that she could scratch her ear. The sensation was rather pleasant, making her pant a little as she scratched with the speed and relief that only canines knew. "Rrow Rrri can rroo it!" She barked out, the words taking a few minutes to comprehend at this point with their changes as far along as they were.

"Rrr'enrt roing rroo rre rrralking soon," Matt said eventually, struggling to articulate the words but finding it difficult with the alterations to his neck and muzzle thus far.

"Rroesn't matter, rroes it?" Gloria replied, and with that, she moved to kiss her husband, lapping at his lips in a sort of romantic gesture, though the action had different meanings for dogs. Such was lost of them in the middle of their changes, however, and Ellie was quick to say "Rrret a rrooom!" though she didn't bother to look away, rather focused on her changes and theirs as well.

By this point, their chests were starting to barrel, and ribs and spines changed configuration to match a more canine form. It pushed their shoulders forward, legs adjusting under their chests as their stances became more suited for four-legged travel. With it, their internal organs shifted, with longer intestines, smaller stomachs, and lungs larger in relation to their forms. All things required for the carnivorous canines, though it was based on assumptions given they could not see the changes happening. One thing that did come to their notice was that their anuses shifted toward the undersides of their tails, and the skin around them tickled slightly as hips spread and allowed them to stick more directly backward than before.

It was a strange, alluring scent that first drew Matt's attention, and he moved forward, less awkwardly on all fours while focusing on his wife's backside. There was a heady aroma there, one that seemed to call out to him, as though carrying with it something he needed more of. Sticking his nose up her ass, he breathed in deeply, fixated on the canine pheromones that were wafting from it. Nothing he had known in his human experience smelled so *good!* It was beyond sexual, simply informative in a way that overwhelmed his instincts.

"Rrrhat are rrrou rrrouing?" Gloria asked, surprised by the sensation of being goosed so suddenly.

"Rrroou smell so rrrucking good" Came the guttural reply as Matt continued to get into it, loving the experience as well as giving into the instincts that were so predominant in his mind.

"Rrrhy are you sniffing me like rrrhat?" Gloria asked, honestly perplexed by the reaction. Sure, dogs did stuff like that, but what about it had his husband so enamored?

"Rrrou should rrrry it!" Matt said, even going so far as to start to lick her backside, savoring the taste of her secretions like a tasty treat.

"That's rrrross!" She said, though the more she breathed in through her new nose the more she started to think that it wouldn't be so bad. And if Matt was getting into it so much, then surely there was something to it...

"Rrrogs rrrro it!" Matt said, between slurps. He was a little sad when she pulled back, but eventually, she came behind him to give it a try.

It did not take much convincing for her to follow her canine instincts and give his backside a deep sniff. "Rrroh rrruck, that's rrrrice!" She commented, getting into the odor of her husband's anal glands and even goosing him, without concern for any kind of modesty.

Even Ellie, who was a little turned off by the display, couldn't help but get in on the canine fun, moving around and sniffing each other all over, drinking in the bouquet of canine scents they were all but blind to as humans. Aromas of what they had eaten, their health and vitality, their distinctive canine fingerprint, it was all there for their senses to sample, and they did so eagerly, committing to memory what they perceived to be their packmates as they did so.

It was Ellie who eventually broke them from their canine trance with what would likely be her final words for the afternoon. "Rrran't rrralk..." she moaned, as though trying for one more time and failing with the configuration of her muzzle.

"Rrron't rrrreed rrrr rrrroowwww!" Was Gloria's reply, giving into the dog she was becoming and loving every second of it. Matt just barked in reply, not even trying to articulate any further words as he explored his canine range of vocalization.

Aches started to play over their faces as they pressed out the rest of the way, taking their noses and expanding their olfactory senses even further. Seeing them out so far in their field of view was a little jarring, though with shifting eyes, eventually, the visage seemed more natural. The tingling in their muzzles intensified as well, tongues flattened around sharper teeth as they extended to their canine equivalents. Their jaws were stronger, though not dangerously so, enough to show their lupine heritage. Without the ability to sweat, their mouths stayed open, panting their doggy breath into the air as blessed cool air played over their bodies.

With that, the last change to their bodies was their heads, skulls elongating to support the longer muzzles they possessed. Brains diminished in size to match their new bodies, and with it, their ability to think. To his surprise, Matt felt his mind easily settling in among the canine instincts. His awareness was still present, even as his brain was given the shape of a canine's, and his thoughts were relatively limited. The instincts were still there, as well as the neural connections needed to move their bodies in the way they were meant to be used. But they were each in control, aware enough that they could give into their doggy desires while being present to enjoy and remember the experience. It was everything the trio wanted and more to be dogs and to enjoy the world from a canine perspective.

With that, the three of them started sniffing around the room, having their fill of each other's canine bodies and wanting to see what else they could discover. It was a little unnerving to smell their human scents on the clothing on the floor, but they soon were able to compensate for the cognizant dissonance enough with human intellect. However, it was the other scents in the room as much as their own that seemed to bring their attention, the other humans that had entered before them, and the sweat they had left as markers for their presence. While they could not put images to faces, it was almost as though they could see the beings in their mind's eye, at

least having somewhat of an idea of how long they were last there. It was fascinating to learn things from a canine perspective, a world that was unknown to their human selves.

The smells had another effect on their bodies, one that filled them with a strange energy that allowed them to run around the room, barking and calling out to play with each other. It was akin to being kids again, the energy and freedom of their bodies enough to target the toys that had been left for them. Chew toys, ropes, and a variety of other canine stimuli were plentiful, and as young as they were in their canine bodies, they were able to play without any aches and pains that their late thirties bodies had not experienced for many years. Though with the cacophony of canine instincts playing through their minds, there was hardly any ability to focus on such trivialities, living in the here and now as only animals knew how to do.

The afternoon passed quickly, time having no meaning for the canine trio as they played and romped and sniffed. Peeing a few times to mark their scents, Matt couldn't help but notice that neither of the females was in season, and the slight ache in his groin from his love of the change was left unattended. Still, it was probably for the best, given his wife might not have wanted to share. He even considered, briefly, going down on himself, though figured it was best not to fall into that habit, knowing he would never hear the end of it from his wife and their friend.

Eventually, it was time to turn back, the change much faster than the one into canines, as though their bodies were meant to be in their human state. The three of them sat there, remaining naked even though their clothes were in the room with them. It was as though being nude was the natural state, a carryover from their time as dogs. That, and their bodies were dirty and sweaty, even to the point their skin seemed to tingle against the notion of being clothed once more.

"Damn, they didn't bother to clean the floor before we got here, huh?" Matt commented on his dirty soles, though if truth be told, he didn't really care, canine hands and feet being made for the ground to the point he wished he had paw pads so he would no longer need to wear footwear again.

Looking down at the bare feet of the women with him, Matt couldn't help but get a boner, though this time without the cover of his pants to make it less obvious. But seeing their dirty, soiled feet, while experiencing the changes and the lust he'd felt from them, there was no denying the effect it was having on his cock.

"Fuck it..." Ellie moaned out then reached down to rub her cunt lips. She no longer cared who she was in front of, the change back too erotic for her to resist. Not even waiting till she got home to reflect on the changes would be enough to quell the ache of her cunt. So she was

prompted to touch herself, rubbing her nipples and wishing she still had eight of them to play with, though settled with what she had as she rubbed with reverence.

With that level of permission, the floodgates were open, and Gloira and Matt looked at each other before moving to kiss, Matt's cock grinding against her hips until it found its way against her moist folds. The pleasure was almost enough to make him cum, and Gloria moved a hand down to take him within her, eliciting a gasp from the unexpected man. Drawing him within her folds, the two of them rutted, standing upright as they continued to fuck with no regard for the people watching them.

Ellie was just as turned on by watching her two friends fucking as she was by the changes themselves. Part of her wished for her canine flexibility so that she might get down and lick her own cunt as she longed to do as a dog. But she had to settle for touching herself, leaking onto her groin and collecting in hair that was far bushier than it had been as a human. Such was forgotten in her lust, Ellie moving her ass a little as though wishing to possess a canine tail to wag in her eagerness.

With as much lust as they felt for each other and the changes they had undergone, it was no wonder it took them no time to conclude. Not caring that his cock was within his lover, Matt let loose, filling her up with his cream as her lips quivered around him and she was brought to orgasm as well. The two of them growled, more like animals as they came, Ellie not far behind as the pungent stench of their sex hung in the room, more potent to their senses as it had to the canines they had been just moments before.

In the end, it was hardly modesty that caused them to get their clothes, but rather it was a little chilly in the room, more suited for their fur coats. If it was hot enough, surely, being naked was the natural state to be in, right? Yet, the only thing on their minds at the moment, save their wonderful experience as canines, was reporting the results of the experiment and inquiring about the necessity for repeat trials. And how soon they could undergo a reversion to a form that was beginning to make more and more sense to them...

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It had been some six months since that amazing afternoon Matt, his wife, and their best friend had signed on for a trial to be turned into dogs, a one-time event yet something that seemed to affect their lives going forward. It seemed their inclinations had shifted somewhat to the more free-spirited side of things, to the point they could almost be considered Hippies. They went without showers, allowed their hair to grow out, and no longer wore shoes or socks, their feet constantly filthy. They became somewhat ostracized from their former peers, though it

mattered little with the bond they seemed to share with each other. It was more akin to being a pack, like wild wolves with Matt and Gloria being the mated pair and Ellie as the beta.

Having given up their jobs and general things in the human world, the trio had moved toward a cabin in the woods, wanting to get back to nature, as it were. Going with minimal clothing was the norm, and even nudity when the weather warranted it. They lived off the land, not bothering to shower and rather enjoying the rank smells of their bodies, figuring them to be natural and more informative than what human noses were used to. It all felt normal, societal stereotypes lost to their new sensibilities.

None of them seemed to chalk up their strange behaviors to their canine changes at first. Still, in recent days, the itching on the backs of their feet and hands was becoming insistent, almost as though canine hairs were preparing to prick through the surface at any moment. Yet, it seemed to come to a head one day while the three of them were sitting on their porch in their loose clothing, Matt began to feel the tingling intensifying to the point there was no denying what it was. And the notion it was happening again only left him elated...

“Fuck, my feet...I want...dog’s feet...want my paws...” Matt moaned, feeling the familiar sensation of canine hairs poking from the surface and giving him the golden fur he wished more than anything to possess. He could feel it growing between his follicles, peppering the skin and leaving little visible as it coated them completely. But it was hardly the best thing to happen, given the tingling on the underside that was so reminiscent of the swelling toward canine paw pads. It was finally happening, just as he’d always wished it to be since that first afternoon!

Reaching down, he started to scratch it furiously, Ellie and Gloria looking on before the tingling in their own feet started in earnest. Both of them stared in reverence as their thickened nails made themselves known, darkening and pressing outward into the curved canine nails they had come to know from their tenure as Labs. The tingling started on the undersides of their heels as well, and rubbing the itchy skin was enough for them to know thickened patches were starting to blacken in those familiar patterns that marked them as canine paw pads. It seemed the changes were returning, as impossible as it should have been, but there was no denying what was happening before their very eyes.

But that was hardly to be the only change, as much as they hoped it wouldn’t be. The possibility of reversion was something the researchers were well aware of by this point, from what they had gleaned from other research subjects. Had they been able to contact the trio as they had some of the other participants, they would have been alerted to the alarming long-term side effects of the serums. The formula seemed to still exist in their veins, triggering them to act more like the animals they had been and, with the potential of a reversion to animal forms, acting



as a somewhat of a countdown of sorts. Something this trio would be more than happy to experience to conclusion...