

Dog Pills

Dismal grey clouds hung heavy in the sky as a chilly breeze swept through the tarmac streets, biting at the red brickwork of the old Victorian houses. A spark could be felt in the air – sunrays glinting just beyond the grey blanket. Pietro had finally made the trip to visit his friend, Arch. The two had known each other online for some time, but never met in person. Upon meeting, their excitement was evident in their frenetic exchange of quips and glances – each finally putting a face to a name. Arch stood six feet tall with short and messy brown hair, hazel eyes and a wiry build; while Pietro’s brown hair sat a couple of inches shorter atop his slender but muscular frame, with bright blue eyes.

After an eclectic day, spent shopping and drinking in the dreary British sights, the two boys settled on spending the night at a club Arch frequented.

“So, what’s this place called again? Y’sure it’ll be fun?” Pietro teasingly probed.

“The Paws... lame name I know but, trust me – I’ve got something that’ll make damn sure we have a good night anyway. Err, you’re okay with pills, right?” Arch hesitantly asked as the pair walked side by side through the rowdy neon-lit streets.

“Uhm, pills? You mind if I see?” Pietro extended a curious grasp around the small rattling bottle and brought it up level with his eyes. The only visible thing was a crudely drawn label, ‘K-9’ faintly inscribed across it. “Where did you get these again?”

“Friend of a friend who works at some corporate lab. I trust him, and it was a good deal man! I say we try ‘em!” Arch flashed an excited glance at Pietro. He snatched the bottle back, quickly unscrewed the lid and shook out two purple circles onto his palm. Smiling warmly, he reassured his friend, “It’s definitely safe. Are you in?”

“Well I... Hell! What’s the worst it could do, right?”

Pietro seemed won over by the confident smile and quickly pinched the purple circle, flinging it into his mouth and swallowing it all in one motion. Arch did the same, his eyes grinning for him while his hand covered his mouth. The boys rounded the brick corner and stopped as they were met with a wall of muffled bass, pounding out from the entrance of the club. A neon-indigo pawprint hung above the door.

“This must be it then.”

Arch placed his arm around Pietro, resting it over his shoulder and motioned them both forward. The tall boy needed to shout as they approached the noise. “Pietro, man. You’re gonna love it – especially when you come up!”

The two boys drifted around the crowds, eyes dilating and immersed in the technicolour chaos. Beams of light arced out over an undulating sea of bouncing people as the rhythmic beats rang out from every wall, shaking their chests as their heartbeats hastened. They shared a brief glance as both knew what they needed to do – dance! The boys bounded, danced and careened into one another, laughing maniacally all the while, despite some questionable shapes being thrown. After

what felt like no time at all, panting from the exertion of it all, Arch tapped his friend's shoulder and leant in, shouting over the ambient furore.

"I'm burning up! You want to *pant*... go get some air for a sec?!"

"Oh god, I thought you'd never ask!" Pietro shouted back, pinching his t-shirt and wafting it as he followed Arch toward the exit.

Ears ringing slightly, Arch and Pietro retreated to a cool and quiet alleyway nearby – hoping for a brief respite. The latter let his back rest on the wall, leaning forward and propping his torso – hands on his knees. He piped up, not realising he was still shouting.

"You were right about these pills Arch! I feel *pant* amazing! But so hot – it's like my skin's on fire!"

"I know! I've got to be honest – they're not like any pills I've ever had. They must be good and-..."

Arch's sentence was cut short abruptly as he began darting his eyes around the darkened alley, as if searching for something.

"Pietro – buddy, you smell that?!" He didn't even wait for the answer before darting off and sniffing at the air in every direction. "There's something... kind of... strange..."

The hazel-eyed boy kept sniffing, now following a trail along the wall Pietro leant on, passing by his friend and suddenly halting. He turned slowly, staring with shocked wide-eyes, directly at Pietro. Pulling him from the wall, Arch set about sniffing up and down his squirming friend.

"Man... I think it's you!"

Pietro, stunned at Arch's behaviour, watched as the taller boy disappeared behind him. He felt a tickle as Arch's intrusive nose found its way to his butt and lingered for a moment, taking a couple more sniffs to be sure.

"You smell like... a dog, or something." Arch spoke slowly as he stood up straight, returning to stand in front of the other boy, lips creased with embarrassment.

"What the... what are you talking about, Arch?!" Pietro blurted out, confused. He lifted up his arm and mimed sniffing his pit jokingly, shaking his head and laughing. "I think you're tripping a bit too hard on these pills. C'mon, let's head back inside before..." He stopped, his nose wrinkling as he inhaled. "...Uhm... before..."

Pietro began drinking in the air through his nostrils, taking a step closer to Arch to further investigate.

"I think... I know what you're talking about..."

He trailed off again as he followed his nose toward his friend's chest and down his body, until he sat level with his groin. Catching himself, the blue-eyes boy shot back up to stand, blushing hard.

"Oh my god I'm sorry! I don't know what came over me then, I..."

Arch retracted his tongue, only just realising he'd been panting as Pietro hovered around his groin.

"No, it's okay! I think there's something weird with these pills..."

Just as he was about to continue, he halted once more, going cross-eyed as he spied a leathery black splotch appear at the tip of his nose. Arch took a step back, his eyes narrowing.

“What the!? What the hell kind of joke is this, Pietro?!” There was a hint of panic in his voice as he stuttered on, “Let me guess – marker pen when you leant in? Right?! Sly! But you’ve gotta come clean, man! It’s getting too... too... weird...”

“What are you saying?” Pietro shot back, tilting his head inquisitively, just as a dog might. “I didn’t do anything!”, he exclaimed, watching as Arch began sniffing at the air again in a trance – the black splotch spreading to cover his nose. “Arch! Y-your nose... It’s turning black!”

“You smell pretty good.” Arch droned, following his nose around to Pietro’s rear again in a daze. He sniffed once more. “No... you smell excited...”

Pietro spun round to face Arch as he stood straight again and stared at him.

“Are you? Are you excited?” Arch quizzed, wondering how he had reached that conclusion from his sense of smell alone as a tingle shot through his groin.

Before Pietro could answer, the damp black patch travelling across his own nose caught his attention. Bringing his hands up to his face, he tried to fake out. ‘This can’t be real’, he thought – feeling the leathery texture with his fingers. Suddenly, an advancing wave of warmth swished through his whole body, centring on his crotch. He felt himself blush again and looked down at himself. He was greeted with a prominent tent in his pants. He answered.

“I...- I’m excited, yeah.”

Arch followed Pietro’s lead and looked down to see the tent in the other boy’s pants, licking his black nose without questioning how his tongue was able to reach.

“I knew it – you definitely are. I could tell!”

Letting his tongue flop out of his mouth, Arch stared as Pietro lowered his hands to his belt – beginning to undo his belt and whining a little as he did. The cause became apparent as small tufts of white fur began to sprout across his lower arms and hands.

“A-Arch! Something’s wrong here! My arms... my hands!”

The fur thickened and quickly spread up and under the sleeves of his shirt. Arch noted similar coloured wisps of fur growing out along his friend’s jawline, together with his ears beginning to subtly point – fur poking out at their peaks too. Transfixed on Pietro’s changes, he hadn’t even noticed his own arms becoming grey and fuzzy. He hadn’t yet clocked the deeper message hidden within the shorter boy’s strong scent, even as his instincts were starting to respond to it. He began to harden.

“Pietro – I think I know what’s going on here... unbelievable as it is...”

“What?! You know what’s happening to us? What is it?!” Pietro eagerly responded, jumping forward and resting his bunched-up hands on Arch’s shoulders, as if balancing there with paws. He seemed overly excitable and more concerned with getting an answer than fixing the problem.

Stalling as his hands roamed down to his own belt buckle, Arch caught another whiff of his friend's scent and felt a dominant surge of power climb through his legs and hips. His hands felt odd, a little tough. He held his palms up to reveal paw pads had started to puff out of his palm. He removed his trousers, a mischievous grin infiltrating his expression as his hard cock stood proud, stretching his boxers forward.

"Pietro – listen to me. Take off your pants, before you're stuck with paws. And then... SIT."

"Y-you want me to undress? And... sit?"

Pietro looked concerned at the request and began to fondle the seat of his pants as a faint pressure built there. His curled eyebrows made it clear that he felt the situation had gotten a bit weird, but the glazed look in his eyes said that he was going to do what Arch had asked anyway. He slowly removed his pants as his mind flooded with dopamine and other feel-good chemicals. Some invisible force was influencing him. It felt natural, pleasurable even, to obey – Pietro wanted to please Arch. Bare-legged, he sat onto his knees, staring up at his friend as his flat tongue drooped from his squat muzzle as it grew.

The mischievous smirk Arch wore widened as he watched Pietro obey and sink to the floor, confirming his theory. Pietro's excitement was, however, contagious, and Arch quickly flinched as he felt a twitch at the back of his boxers, feeling around to find a bulge, rhythmically wagging from side to side.

"Good boy, Pietro!"

The taller boy gave a toothy grin, showing off his sharpening canines as he leant forward to pat his friend's head. The sitting boy's rump rocked side-to-side feverishly as the half-length tail in his boxers thrashed around at being praised. Arch could see tufts of silky white fur mixing in with the brown hair of his friend's crown.

"So – I think I have a good idea, yeah. We're turning into dogs. I mean – would you normally sit like that, just because I told you to?" Arch pointed toward the hunched boy. "Pietro, honerrstly... I think we should have some furrn with this while we can! If you agrree - rfff... then SPEAK!"

Pietro returned the gesture with his eyes, tilting his head again. His rocking rump seemed to be getting even more out of control as arousal built in his groin. He opened his lengthening muzzle to respond.

"RUFF!"

Startled by his shouting bark, Pietro continued wagging the white-tipped furry tail which had now grown out over the waistband of his boxers, as he tried to collect his thoughts. A shred of humanity fought to the surface and his eyes grew cognizant for a moment as he questioned what was happening to him. He began to fight against the warm feelings of obedience and the dominant scent pervading his flared black nostrils. He carefully opened his muzzle again, which was now almost as long as the pointed tent in his boxers.

“A-Arch! Wrrrrff we need to strrrpp this!”

As soon as he strained to utter the words, his arms and legs seized – seeming to lock him in place as his form shifted to better accommodate his sitting stance. His eyes looked toward his friend, pleading and glistening wet as his head tilted – ears flopping to one side.

“Wrre Ruff! Humans, right? RUFF!”

As Pietro let loose another involuntary bark, Arch’s jaw tightened – his own dampened black nose extending further from his face. He could feel that he wanted to respond in kind but stifled the bark in his throat with some difficulty.

“WRRF-rrghh... ghm Humans?” He felt the urge rise in him again. It was too strong and he couldn’t fight it. “WROOF!”

His eyes sinking downward in confusion, Arch asked aloud, knowing full well the answer. “Did that come out of me?! I don’t ggrrr-think we’re going to stay human for much longer Pietro! And rrrff-like I said... We should have some fun with rrrff this!”

Pietro, his arms and legs now fully morphed into the black-and-white furry limbs of a border collie, was still sat fidgeting around at Arch’s feet – not entirely paying attention, but keenly panting. Arch heard himself letting out a few hushed barks in anticipation of his own changes continuing, still sniffing at the air and catching his friend’s scent once more.

“ARF! Ruff! Ggrrr- I mean... Pietro! You smell... like you want to play?” Arch announced in a questioning tone, looking down to see a spreading damp patch at the apex of the sitting boy’s boxer-tent. His cock tensed automatically at the sight, sending a shiver into his stomach.

“PLAY! Ruff!!” Pietro squirmed and wagged faster – sniffing at the air, tongue panting. Just then, a potent smell invaded his snout and for the first time, it became clear to him. He instinctively understood. ‘Obey’. It was Arch, the larger dog. Inside the black and white collie boy’s mind, a switch flicked, and he knew his place. He belonged beneath the dominant canine.

“We should... rrrff take off our boxers... while we still arf can!” Arch suggested.

The realisation that he was a submissive dog fresh in his mind and causing unbearable arousal, Pietro responded.

“Yrrrs remove boxers. Weerrrrff dogs! Dogs don’t wear boxers!”

Arch took a step forward, his blood boiling as his friend’s beta scent instructs him to be dominant again.

“UP!”

The collie dog struggled to obey and stand, managing to balance on his back legs for long enough to lean his front paws on Arch’s hips for support. He unconsciously surveyed the dominant dog, noting that he was now covered head to toe with grey-speckled and white fur. A small thankful ‘woof’ escaped his muzzle as his alpha pawed at the boxers constricting his tail, scraping them down and grazing his rock-hard dick. Pietro spasmed with delight at the fleeting touch, his snout level with Arch’s tenting groin.

"Yourrrf smell so good... Whine I -rfff- ... I don't wanna be hum-ruff!"

His attention springing back to his own boxers, Arch twisted his head over one shoulder to glimpse a bulbous bulge, with thick tufts of grey peppery fur poking out from beneath the waist band.

"Oh god! My tail gggrrf looks different to yours, I need to get it ruff-free!"

Obligingly dragging Arch's boxers down with his paws as he fell back to all-fours, Pietro quickly bounced back up onto his haunches – stretching up and still trying to obey the dominant dog, 'standing' as best he could manage. He began to wag his tail erratically and dribble pre as his vision centred on the swollen and tapered dick now exposed at Arch's waist. The reddening shaft bounced in time with his rapid heart-beat, drooling with desire.

Suddenly, Arch felt off-balance and... bouncy - breaking his lustful fixation on the floppy eared furry face of his submissive friend for a moment to look down. His feet had become thin, furred and padded paws – black claws clattering on the concrete as he took a couple of practice steps on the spot.

"WOOF!? Grrgh-arf! Won't be on two feet for much longer it looks like!" he declared, noticing the collie's still-human blue eyes eagerly staring at his new springy foot-paws. He raised one furry leg in the air to confirm his suspicion, watching as Pietro tracked its movement like a treat being waved in front of him - tongue panting all the while.

"You wrrrrf-like these paws, Pietro? You could put that long wuff-flat tongue to good use and give them a lick? Ruff! Here boy - HEEL!"

Arch dangled his padded foot-paw in front of his beta's black nose, letting him drink in the scent as the budding husky's curved grey-bristly tail began to wag expectantly.

"Good doggy, Pietro!"

"Mrrf- I RUFF! am a good grrrrf doggy!"

Hearing the praise lathered upon him, Pietro the collie rose to his four legs without thinking – quickly dropping back to his haunches as he caught the glare of the dominant dog stood over him. He sniffed at the irresistible fluffy padded paws.

Arch moaned, wincing in delight at feeling the warm air of the collie's snout hit his fresh new paws. He looked down through his pleasure at his friend's pulsing, turgid dog cock.

"The main event can wait a -woof- bit longer wrrf-right?"

The collie flopped submissively onto his back as the scent of his alpha blanketed his muzzle and entranced his mind. He set about working the larger husky's paws with his long, lapping dog tongue and shamelessly spilling precum onto his thick-furred belly.

"Ruff!!! Am grrrrf dog! I'm a good dog!"

The sensual feeling of Pietro's canine tongue lapping at his pads began to make Arch feel lightheaded. The overwhelming maelstrom of sensation as his senses all shifted suddenly gave way

to one single thing. The scent the eager collie - now unmistakably that of nothing but a simple, horny dog. Arch locked onto it with his sensitive muzzle as what remained of his voice deepened to a commanding growl. His arousal peaked, an entirely new feeling gripping him as a thick knot strained to pop out from the newly-furred sheath that had wrapped around the base of his dick.

"GRR-ruff! Good boy Pietro! Wruff!"

As the collie's wispy tail wagged and his back legs folded up, drawing nearer to those wavy-furred haunches, Arch slowly fell to all-four paws. He straddled his friend's muzzled face as his back legs and hips morphed into those of a quadruped.

"WROOF! Grr-... UP Ruff!"

The husky sidled around to Pietro's haunches as he clambered obediently to all-fours - sniffing along the black and white furry body as he padded past. Without any care for human manners or etiquette, Arch's muzzle thrust up under the other dog's tail, nudging it out of the way and pressing a damp-black nose to his exposed butt. The submissive smell Pietro was emitting had driven his husky friend feral with desire, his deformed dog-shaped hips bucking and rutting against the air involuntarily.

"STAY! Wrrruff!"

A dominant bark punctuated the husky's demand as he nipped at the collie's flank with his sharp canines. He could see his friend wanted to obey, but that he too was struggling to contain his lust, as his hind quarters twitched and convulsed. A thin flowing string of sticky pre oozed from the collie's dangling dog dick and pooled on the ground. He could only conceive of a few broken thoughts – 'obey', 'submit', 'give in to alpha'.

"WOOF!"

Without any thought, Arch barged his way under Pietro from behind, lifting one of his thin, furry legs up - and licked at his red, sensitive cock. He lapped up the pre and forcefully tongued at the rim of the smaller dog's sheath as he felt Pietro's hips contract with pleasure against his dog-shaped shoulders.

"Ggggrggh-ruff! WROOF!"

Tasting his friend's canine juices, Arch tried to exclaim his pleasure – but heard only barks escaping his furry maw. A sharp jab of desire rocketed through his rigid dog cock and he knew what he had to do - it couldn't wait any longer. Rising up onto his back legs, the hungry husky placed his front paws on his friend's rump above his tail – pulsing red cock angled to tickle Pietro's opening each time their hips spasmed of their own volition

"Wuuff! Wrrrf! *whine* Grrgh-arff!"

The collie's mind was whirring with thoughts of submission, pleasure and wanting to please his alpha. The empty feeling at his tailhole multiplied his lust as he longed to be filled. He wanted to be claimed.

Arch struggled to delay and hold back his mounting instincts – forcing himself still for a second as a remnant of his human self still fought to savour every moment. He barked out to his submissive collie that he wanted him to BEG!

Pietro vocal chords twanged and stretched as he spoke his last human words.

"Prrsss -ruff! Prrrss mate mrr... -Bark! Ruff *whine* Ruff!"

Hearing the contorted canine begging and whimpering for his maleness instantly pumped Arch's bloodstream full of new rampaging dog hormones now being manufactured in his fuzzy balls.

"Rrr-ARF!"

He inched forward.

Pietro felt the tapered tip of a red husky cock, lightly tickling his entrance. It sent shivers through him that seemed to thicken the fur which had sprouted all over his body. His tail wagged around, bashing at the husky's belly. The larger dog craned his neck down, gently nipping at its white-furred tip to calm it.

"Grrghhruff."

Arch knew he could no longer speak, but continued to growl and bark to let the beta know the power he commanded over him.

The collie cocked his tail to one side. It laid resting over his flank as the alpha descended onto his soft rump, clamping furry hips onto his hind quarters and driving the rigid dog cock three quarters into the beta.

"Aahhhrrrrrooo-rrrrffff - Wuff!"

Arch could feel his mind melting into bliss as the tingling red flesh of his member slid along Pietro insides, the convulsive friction pushing him over the edge as he juddered in and out. With his instincts taking over evermore, the husky's sharp teeth sunk into the nape of Pietro's furred neck - without breaking the skin. The larger dog held his sub collie still as he thrust back and forth – urging to fill the baying dog with that thick knot. Pietro winced slightly at the feeling of his alpha's cock stretching him.

"Wrrf- wrrrf- Wrrrooff!"

Slamming his hips forward and letting out a deep rumbling series of barks, the husky's knot strained and pulsed at the entrance to Pietro's warmth. It inflated and ballooned with Arch's growing pleasure - now far too large to fit in. He didn't care and began to jack-hammer the sub-dog's rear with inhuman speed, jolting him forward. A mind-shattering pressure built at the base of the curly-tailed dog's cock as his furry sack clenched and his thrusts quickened and quickened until...

"RUFFF-GRRRR-RUUFF WOOF!"

A gigantic, thick canine load shot forth, burst after burst, filling Pietro's passage. Rope after rope of husky cum coated the collie's insides as he too let loose his seed without even needing to touch himself. Arch could feel the sticky dog juice splash out against his own obscenely huge knot, sending him into fits of spasming aftershocks.

The dominant dog's furry four-legged body fell limp onto his beta's back as his barks diminished into heavy breathing. He waited a few moments – paralyzed, and then withdrew to sit, like a dog, waiting with a lustful afterglow for the newly claimed beta pup to clean him.

Exhausted and contentedly wagging his tail slowly, side to side, Pietro turned and lowered his muzzle – lapping at his alpha's dog-ness. Arch the husky pointed his muzzle toward the sky and barked out his pleasure into the dark alley as he revelled in the euphoric licks of the flat tongue over his swollen cock. Eyes tracking back down to meet Pietro's blue gaze as the sensations ceased, the collie sat proudly waiting for his work to be inspected. Arch's dog cock was still hard and slick with his submissive friend's saliva; he barked out 'good dog' in praise of Pietro's efforts.

"Woof! Ah-ruff!"

Arch watched as the collie's furry hips bucked with the last of his spent desire, even as he tried to sit still. The husky let his nose touch for him and descended, licking along the whole length of his submissive collie's softening red shaft, slowing just as his tongue reached the tip. Observing as the collie let out a sleepy bark and lay down next to him, Arch felt an innate instinct to protect his faithful beta

"Woof?"

In a single syllable, he asked how Pietro would like to be rewarded for being such a good dog and stared deep into his bright blue eyes as he drifted off.

The grey husky curled up and lay his soft muzzle onto his collie's back, hoping that they could play again when they awoke and that the good doggy might have dreamt up an answer to his question.

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