

Dan crossed his arms in front of his chest and rolled his eyes, the golden retriever out in the yard taking his sweet goddamn time with his business. Sometimes he felt *certain* that Axel was smarter than anyone gave him credit for: he'd often do this same thing where he'd wander around the entire yard sniffing at the fence, and then he'd hike a leg, and then he'd change his mind and trot all the way back across the grass to start over again... and he could *swear* that Ax gave him the closest thing to a smirk that his canine muzzle could manage, each time he did it.

"Come *on*," he grumbled, and tapped his foot on the cement of the patio. This time Ax stuck to the spot he'd picked, and turned his head back at his owner after raising a leg. "Dinner's already done, and I don't want it to get cold. You know Mom makes really good meat loaf."

The retriever's mouth came open at those last few words, broad pink tongue flopping out. Again, as if he actually *had* some kind of intelligence, and understood what Dan had said. When he finally finished and trotted back over, he looked up at his owner with his tongue still out and ears up, and tail swaying behind him. Classic incontrovertible *I'm a good boy* expression, and the same look he gave Dan whenever he woke him up wanting to go outside super early in the morning, if he woke him up by hopping up onto his bed at night, or when he sprawled across him lying on the couch, or any number of other things.

He stood there for a moment longer, arms still crossed... and then reached down and patted the dog's head. Damn smile was always contagious. "Yeah, yeah. Okay. Yes, you're cute. Come on, boy."

The smells of the dinner hit him as soon as he opened the backdoor – and apparently the same happened for Axel, too, as the golden retriever pushed past Dan's legs and disappeared around the corner, his recently-trimmed claws making quiet little clacks along the tiled floor. The dog knew quite well the quality of Mom's meat loaf: he always got a little bit mixed into his food dish whenever she made it.

"Thanks, hon," she said once Dan pulled out his chair. "I know Ax can be a pain sometimes. He's mischievous."

"He really is," mused Dad, straight across the table from Dan. He gave his son a wink, and then wiggled his fingers in preparation for digging into his dinner. "You know, the shelter we adopted him from couldn't verify his lineage. So we have no idea whether he used to be someone or not. That could explain his... *personality*. And, actually, that reminds me!" He grinned up at Mom, and waited for her to lean down so he could kiss her cheek. "Thanks, love. Steve, at work – Steve's kid got changed last weekend."

"Whoa. Really?" She took her seat and smiled at Dan, then looked back to her husband. "He was dating that... that... wolf boy?"

"Coyote. Yeah."

"Was it a full change?"

"Steve says, 'luckily, no'. Now he's got the ears and tail, and if those two ever break up, he'll have to find someone that can handle a knot." Dad chuckled quietly, lifting a first forkful to his mouth. "You got your eye on anyone, son? You'll remember to be careful, right?"

That sort of thing happened every now and then. Nobody could really explain how or why, but it had been a long-observed phenomenon that if a human had sexual contact with an animal – two-legged classmate or four-legged pet – they ran the risk of turning into that animal themselves, in whole or in part. And sometimes the ‘part’ meant that they fused with their partner; a rare instance, but it wasn’t unknown to happen.

Right as Dan opened his mouth to answer, Ax came trotting up and leaned his weight against his leg. The high schooler – this was his last semester, and it’d be over in a few weeks – glanced down at the dog, then reached down to scratch beneath his collar while he spoke.

“Not really. Not right now, at least. And – yeah, I’ll be careful. They talked to us about that.” First bite, and he could tell that she’d done her usual and mixed in the chopped peppers; those always left a kind of tingling spice at the back of his throat, and he still couldn’t tell whether he liked it or not. Sometimes it was remembering that taste and realizing it was still present that drew him out of his daydreams during class the following day. After swallowing, he looked back down to Axel, still sitting by his chair. “Yes. Yes they did, Ax.”

“Didn’t you know someone who that happened to, Dan?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah.” He swallowed, and promptly reached for more. “Simon. We were in precal together. Got changed into a hyena, through and through. Last I heard, he and his girlfriend are still a thing.”

Mom finally sat down. She spent a few seconds adjusting her napkin in her lap before turning another sad smile on her son beside her. “Ohh. It’s tough for hyenas. You know, my first boyfriend was a yeeny...”

“...which clearly didn’t go anywhere,” Dad finished with a laugh. A moment later, he jerked- “ow-” – and reached down to rub at his leg.

“Oh well, oh well. This isn’t any kind of dinner talk. Danny, hon, make sure you eat. You can pet Ax after.”

Of course, she was right. After he’d finished his dinner and set his plate down in the sink for cleaning, Dan went on down the hall to his bedroom, closed the door so he could focus on his video games in peace, and then had to get back up and open the door in response to some quiet scratching. The golden retriever pushed his way past his legs and hopped up on the bed, tail wagging and tongue hanging out; Dan rolled his eyes, chuckled, and stepped forward – and Axel bounded down, keeping his backside in the air and tail going like a fan.

The dog always baited him, too. He’d reach forward to play or to pet, and right before his hand made contact, Ax would pull his muzzle away and hop into another spot, until Dan fell to the bed alongside him and wrapped his arms around the dog’s body, pulling him close to him. Lots of muscle in that body, and Axel liked to show that he knew it, but he always stayed careful enough so as not to accidentally scratch the owner with his claws.

“That’s right,” Dan rumbled into the fur of the dog’s neck, “I’ve gotcha. Whaddya want? Huh? Whaddya want, boy? Why’dja come say hi to me?”

He loosened his arms just enough so that Axel could lift his head and look down at him with those big brown eyes, pink tongue hanging out of his mouth from above. A little bit hard to breathe with all of that weight on his chest, but it least it was a pleasant predicament.

Until Axel's tail started wagging and he dove down to drag his tongue up across the boy's face, at least. Caught between laughing and spluttering, Dan pushed him off and wiped at his face – "my mouth was open!" – but all of the noise and commotion just made the retriever even more excited, and soon he was wagging and barking and bouncing around the bed. Dan leaned across towards his desk, swiped the ball he always kept there, and lightly tossed it over towards the other wall; Axel snapped at it as it sailed through the air, then turned around and tried to paw it off the floor from where he balanced at the edge of the mattress.

This meant that he had the front of his body down, and the back raised into the air – with tail wagging, and... and puckered tailhole and heavy sack fully on display when Dan looked back over. He swallowed, suddenly forgetting what it was he'd been about to do, or what he'd been thinking about. Sure, as a teenage boy, he'd... *thought* about it before, but there was always the knowledge of what might happen to him that stopped him, and even if he *did* feel that Ax trusted him enough, there was the whole fact that his bedroom door didn't have a lock on it, and his parents could walk in at any minute, and-

As if to prove that fact there issued a short pair of knocks against the door, and before he could say anything, it opened and Dad peeked his head in the gap. "Dessert's on the table," he said, and nodded back behind him. "You want some?"

"Huh?" Dan finally took his eyes away. It took a minute for the words to process. "Oh. Yeah. Definitely. I'll get it in a little."

Dad finger-gunned through the gap, then closed the door back... and when Dan looked back over, the golden retriever had managed to scrape the ball up from the floor and held it in his mouth. He looked back at his owner, ears up and jaws loosely clenched around the ball. Thing was, though, as soon as he made eye contact with the dog, Dan could again *swear* that the canine's lips shifted into something reminiscent of a smile, the effect sharpened by his sly half-lidded eyes.

He gave his tail a few more sways, probably intentionally keeping it raised above his haunches, and let his hips follow in the motion; as a result that full sack of his, where his yellow-gold fur shortened and gave way to brownish-black skin, swung beneath his body and bounced against his inner thigh. Dan straightened up and swallowed, once more unable to take his eyes away; Ax slowly worked his way back so he could stand more comfortably on the bed, and in doing so, the movement followed through to his sack again and now his heavier, plumper sheath ahead of it, short soft fur lying close to the supple shape hanging away from his belly... and then he did so again, this time with a bit of a backwards jerk to his hips. For the slightest of moments, wet pink flesh glistened from the end of that sheath, before the skin slid forward over it again.

Sometimes it *did* get a bit tough not to stare, especially during the day when his parents or friends were around. They'd heard that other families sometimes got their dogs fixed, but that had never been the way in Dan's family. *It's not at all healthier*, Mom would say with a shake of her head, *and it's just a fast cure for an irresponsible owner. I keep an eye on him when I let him out*. Dan agreed for the most part, and another plus was that he *did* enjoy watching the dog's sheath jiggle and bounce beneath him

whenever he walked by. Recently, and just like tonight, Ax would turn a knowing gaze on him whenever he *did* catch him looking.

One more sway, one more squeeze, and then Axel suddenly leapt down to the floor with a *thump*, and went over to sit by the closed door. Dan shook himself out of his thoughts – what *was* he thinking about, again? – and then went to let him out. He *would* be getting that dessert later, of course; he just had other things to take care of too. Watching the dog stride down the hall, his eyes drifted back to that tail wagging with self-satisfaction in his retrieval of the ball... right before Dan realized that he'd left his game running. He pulled himself away and went to get back to it, those last few minutes gone from his mind for the rest of the night.

Until he climbed into bed to go to sleep a few hours later. Trouble getting to sleep, partially since Ax did his usual thing of taking up two-thirds of the bed – Dan had never had the heart to gripe at him and push him off – and then once he *did* manage it, he found himself awoken shortly after by the weight of dog paws pushing down on the mattress on either side of him, and of a soft warmth occasionally brushing across his face. He couldn't see much in the darkness of the room, and as a result spent a moment trying to wriggle around... until his wrist bumped against what could only be Ax's back ankle. So Dan frowned, blinked in the dark, and tried to sit up-

-which resulted in him pressing his nose right against the dog's backside, along the little ridge of fur running down between where his leg met his body. The tail up above his head wagged a little faster, and it was only then that he realized that his sheets had drifted halfway down his body while he slept, and that Axel was trying to work his nose beneath the covers. Slight adjustment of his stance, a little pressure back against the boy's face which seemed to be held in place there near the base of his sack, and then with a toss of his head, the retriever flung the covers the rest of the way back.

Dan liked to sleep in his boxers, but that presented no obstacle for the determined canine. With his stance firmly in place above his owner – Dan already knew that he wouldn't be able to budge him, after multiple attempts trying to get him to go back inside following his evening bathroom breaks – the dog pushed his nose down again, pressed it directly against the side of the boy's shaft past the fabric, huffed quietly a few times, and nuzzled in a little more firmly. The human's sleeping body had already had plans for him, and if he didn't know better he might've thought that Axel had conspired to take advantage of those 'plans'.

Still, though, with him above him like this, and his backside so conveniently placed in front of his face... Dan sighed and licked his lips, settling a little more easily back onto his elbows. It took a little bit of reaching in this position, but he could still fairly easily manage to... to lift his own nose up beneath that sack, and feel the heat and weight of those balls against his face. He swallowed, licked his lips again, pulled in a slow breath through his nose right beneath that hot skin; first it had been shock that woke him awake, and then confusion, and then frustration, but now...

A little rumble issued from the dog's chest, close enough to his lower body that he could feel the vibrations through the air, accompanied by another firm nuzzle along the side of his half-hard and fast-stiffening cock. That brought an unconscious throb out of him, which in turn allowed Ax to push his nose underneath and behind his length, as much as his boxers would allow. Also somewhat unconsciously, Dan lifted his hips up, grinded back against the retriever's nose and mouth, let out a little shiver when the dog flicked his tongue out over his chops and slightly wet the fabric of his underwear.

Now the only thing in Dan's head was want, *need*, thick and rich like the scent swirling around his nose and into his thoughts with each slow, low breath. He nosed up closer along the base of that sack and sheath, deep enough that Ax lifted his leg a little bit to allow him room; even beneath his gentle little nosings and nuzzlings, that hanging sheath still jiggled and wobbled back and forth, soft and supple skin with a noticeable warm firmness pulsing beneath and inside. The scent changed a little bit there, where smooth skin turned again to thicker fur: it took on a more metallic note, sharp and heavy without being pungent, and still *distracting* enough that Dan didn't really notice the uncomfortable position he had to hold his head in, to keep his nose in that position.

Any thoughts or worries that he might've had before had just... disappeared into warm, humid mist floating around his mind, obscuring everything else, bringing his focus just more surely against the pouch of fur hanging against his face and the shaft that he slowly coaxed out with his nose. Between the scent, and the heat, and the distant awareness that he finally had his face shoved between his dog's hind legs, he'd since reached the peak of his own arousal and now steadily twitched and throbbed underneath Ax's continued nosing and licking.

A little bit of nosing and nipping to the waistband of his boxers, and then... a moment later he felt that tongue against the underside of his cock without the thin fabric between the touch. That feeling in itself caused him to suck in another sharp, pleased gasp, which only further muddled his thoughts: he wanted to reach down and stroke himself against the dog's broad, flat tongue and his lips and his muzzle, but he couldn't bring himself away from this sheath and the steadily-growing cock hanging down against his lips, coating them and his chin with warm, oily slickness.

Axel adjusted his stance a little bit more, briefly stepping on the human's chest and pushing a bit of breath out of him, but it was all the worth it. At least, it became worth it when he aligned the back of his body with Dan's face, allowing him to finally close his lips around the glistening point of red-pink flesh that had revealed itself from his sheath. *That* was another source of the scent, and when his tongue settled up along the underside and pushed back at his supple sheath, the matching taste flooded his mouth – again, it was coppery and sharp yet smooth at the same time, faintly bitter. It made his lips pucker and throat clench, but he wanted more, *more* of it. The thrusting of his hips shuffled away into the back of his mind, just an occasional reaction of his body to the tongue dragging its way over his length, and the twitching between his lips, and the scent muddying his thoughts. He couldn't have pulled away even if he wanted to.

And, for a moment, he *did* want to: he brought one hand up, fingers wrapping around those balls – both could fit in his palm, though barely; he loved the heat and heft when he gently squeezed – and thumb moving in to direct Ax's sheath more straight-on, so he could dive down a bit further... and as a result, got a sudden spray of sharp, bitter-tangy piss directly across his tongue and into the back of his throat, hot enough that it almost burned. His body wouldn't let him do anything but swallow it down, and he squeezed his eyes shut – and managed to pull himself off then, only to receive the next spray across his cheek, and then a third against his chin and neck, the sharp odor quickly swirling up and filling his nose alongside everything else.

The coughing and spluttering came on their own, and though they helped a little bit, at the same time they just locked that sour taste in the back of his throat so that each inhalation brought it back to him in full force. Even so, though, Dan couldn't stop himself from diving right back in, taking the taste of the dog's natural musk in alongside the sharp piss, tongue to cock to tip and then back... and as he went he angled Ax's length back towards him, so he could lean more easily back. The first bulge of his knot had

started to form, too: Dan pushed his sheath the rest of the way back with his thumb and rubbed behind that knot, right in the spot that he knew felt good for the canine. Just because this was his first time actually doing anything, didn't mean he hadn't done his research.

Of course, he always made sure to clear his browser history afterwards. Just in case.

The last drops of that hot piss rolled down the bare skin of his chest, and as if acting on its own, his other hand came up to spread it around, to rub it into his skin while he bobbed along that throbbing cock, coppery pre occasionally spraying out over his cupped tongue. Axel had slowed in his licking, though kept his wet nose in place against the side of Dan's cock – he seemed to enjoy the scent there.

Then, though, there was one more spurt of precum, which he held on his tongue for a moment before swallowing. While waiting, Dan opened his eyes, looked beneath the half-raised hind leg over his head, and saw glittering in the dark of his room the same eyes he'd looked down into during dinner. They had a knowing glimmer to them; Axel tugged forward, pulling his cock free of his owner's lips with a soft, wet *pop*, and it bounced beneath his body in the rhythm of his throbbing as he readjusted, and turned completely around.

*That* was a hell of a sight, with Dan still lying on his back and the dog over him: pink tongue which had just been along his balls and shaft now curling up over the retriever's muzzle, mouth and eyes showing an expression that he could only describe as *confident*, and then with that lovely red shaft bouncing, bobbing beneath him, heavy sack behind it. For a golden retriever, he had quite a bit to show off.

It was those same eyes, the scent still caught in his nose, the taste still dripping down the back of his throat that pulled Dan up, then, with Ax taking a half-step to the side to allow him to do so. He knew what the dog wanted him to do, and there was no way he *wouldn't* do it: he swallowed – which again brought that sharp taste back; a still-warm drop of the mark dripped down from his chin and splashed over his thigh – and wiped his mouth, slickness of dog musk still there, then lifted himself up, turned around, bent over onto all fours... and jerked forward as soon as Axel took his place atop him, paws taking a moment to find their place clasped around his hips and lower body thrusting forward, again and again and again.

It took a few tries, but before too long Axel found his target – and bucked Dan forward again, a sharp “Ah-” issuing from between his parted lips, soon to be followed by another, and then yet another, on and on with his rhythm. Discomfort and not the slightest bit of pain, since this would be the first time he'd taken something quite as *formidable* as what this golden retriever had between his hind legs, and especially with so little preparation, but... just like with everything else, he couldn't pull himself away. His eyes remained half-closed throughout it though he still couldn't see much, and not only because of the darkness in his room. All that really mattered was the bone and muscle bearing down on him from above, and the repeated pounding into him.

Again, he'd definitely *thought* about doing something like this before, but had always caught himself at the last moment and satisfied himself with his right hand and some vivid fantasizing. This time, though, there had been something different, something pulling him in no matter how much he'd tried to resist, which... admittedly, hadn't been a lot. That glimmer in Ax's eyes, the scent drifting from his balls and sheath, all seeming to mix and muddle his thoughts and redirect his attention to... to...

Another jerk forward, and his breath caught in his throat. A bit of a different feeling there, above and beneath the mixed discomfort and sweet pleasure at the same time, like a... a kind of electric shock, pulsing and growing in strength and sharpness with each thrust inside of him, and still the retriever's paws around his waist held him firmly in place. The heat of his shaft and the slickness of saliva and pre rolling down the back of his sack, the weight of the dog on top of him, the strange cloudy mix of everything happening in his head – or, to put it more simply, the *nothing* happening, and... it took him another moment too realize. Too long of a moment.

Already he couldn't pull away even if he'd wanted to, and now he was physically prevented from it as well. The thrusting started to drag along his insides, holding him in place, actually *fusing* him to the dog's length. It felt like something sucking against him from the inside, pulling him in, pulling him down, and yet it... it wasn't entirely unpleasant. Perhaps that was due to the control the dog had somehow placed over him, between his gaze and his scent and his sex, or perhaps that's just the way it was. Quickly, though, that maybe-pleasure turned to definite pain and discomfort, more than the feeling of the canine's unswollen knot pressing its way inside of him and then tugging back out, though now completely locked past his rim with each attempt yanking him back, pulling him further beneath the dog.

Axel had to raise a hind leg again, this time to allow the human's body – or what could be called his body – room. The only sounds in his ears turned to his own grunting and breathing, becoming steadily shallower, and the pounding of his heart that had started to line up with Ax's... and then it became the dog's panting and growling, and the thick, wet sounds of his cock inside and against Dan's body, and the slapping of his balls against the human's.

Not human for much longer. This would be one of those partial changes; Dan still retained enough of his own mind to realize that, and as if to prove him right, his arms and head started to retract into his body, already much smaller than before and held up along the canine's length. Everything... *melded* together, bones first turning to jelly and then stringing and tightening together into the firm, taut flesh of Ax's cock that throbbed with each thrust, reckless and unsteady from his stance and the imminence of his orgasm: where his head stretched back into the tapered tip of the dog's cock and his tongue widened, flattened, settled along the underside of his urethra, and right out gave him a sharp reminder of what he'd received across the back of his throat earlier.

Whining, panting, all-over shivering. His legs moved on their own, wrapping up behind him, slipping across the dog's swinging sack... and then binding together, becoming two more hefty balls soon to hang down in front of the pair already there, bouncing against one another, damping the dog's pace just a little bit. Then, though, the final point came: Dan's eyes pushed themselves shut, and no matter what he did, he could not open them again. His mouth, or what used to be his mouth, remained open with the occasional jet of watery pre spraying out, spreading the dull, metallic taste through his awareness.

Above him, Axel licked his chops and hunched over, hind legs crouched and bringing his lower body close to the bed as he hit his peak, balls – four of them now – brushing across the mattress and pillow, and pulling up towards his body with each spurt of his cum. His knot swelled out and pushed his sheath the rest of the way back, and tensed, tensed, tensed as he emptied himself, long loose splashes that quickly soaked through the sheets and filled the air with their scent. Then, though, the sensation and pure *pleasure* of taking his owner into his own body sent one last shiver through him, one final tensing of all of his muscles... and those spurts of cum suddenly turned to fevered, uncontrollable sprays of the

same mark he'd left along Dan's mouth and chin and chest, bold yellow staining alongside and over the rest.

Dan could no longer see, couldn't speak, couldn't move or free himself in anyway... but right then, he found out that he definitely could still taste. Even as the last shaky pulses of his orgasm left him, Axel still half-hunched over and let his bladder drain to empty, the uneven and raucous sprays eventually becoming a more coherent stream, bouncing in the air with his breathing and the pulse of his heart and cock. Once done with that, and with the last drops of his piss rolling down the underside of his still-hard cock, Axel lifted his nose to the air and... tasted himself there, and nobody else. That was good.

He hopped down from the bed, legs still a bit shaky from that entire ordeal, and trotted out of the bedroom and down the hall towards the parents' room. Some scratching at the door, some whining, some rubbing against the father's leg when he came out to see what the trouble was, and-

"Phew! You smell like – is Danny asleep? Do I need to take you outside? Ah, damn. C'mon, boy..."

That made his tail wag. Axel knew of a hole way back in the corner of the backyard fence, leading to the open field behind the house. From his visit outside earlier in the night, he'd been able to tell that one of the neighbor bitches was in heat, and already he felt more than eager to try out his new... *equipment*. That whole thing had been accidental – he'd just wanted to use the human for his own pleasure – but that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy the results.

A few more minutes, and the backdoor closed behind him. Sometimes when he had the dad take him out, and especially late at night like this, he ended up forgetting about him and leaving him there until he left for work in the morning. Tonight, that wouldn't be a problem. Axel sniffed at the air again, tail still wagging behind him: beneath the rich bite of his own piss, he could just *barely* pick up the musk of that heat.

He'd give Dan something else to taste.