

"It's really nice out today, isn't it?"

"It is. I'm glad we did this."

Annie kicked her legs slowly back and forth where she sat on the bench, looking up at the sky overhead as she did so. The spring sun shone down through the trees, sparse over the path and then thickening the further along the trail they had gone. An early start led to a comfortable morning, where they had stopped to take a break here just as the sun began to spread its pleasant heat through the almost-chill air. The two had chosen today to do this walk, since any earlier would have been too cold, yet any deeper into spring or summer would have been far too hot.

"I just love that there's still so many more paths to go through," she went on, looking first down one direction and then the other. Edward watched her face as she did so, the sun glittering off of her sleek black hair. A second later her brown eyes flicked his way and she smiled, and then he realized that he was smiling, too. "We can take another one next time."

Edward paused for a second, having lost the original thread of the conversation, but then laughed quietly and nodded. "Oh. Oh, yeah. I know one of the other ones has some wild tomatillos growing on it. At least, they used to be there back when my brother was in town..."

"I'd like to see that, too. Let's do that one next time." Her smile widened. Edward reached over and squeezed her hand in his own, then grinned again when she turned hers over to entwine her fingers with his. Her palms were a bit sweaty – it *was* warming up this morning – but she seemed calm and relaxed. Satisfied, even. They had planned this outing for the past three weeks, needing some time together after some busy work weeks and dealing with the general hassle of life and family around everything else.

Annie scooted a bit closer, enough that Edward could feel the heat of her body against his own. She smelled of her shampoo and perfume, and then more faintly of sweat, a sharper and more acrid touch that was still pleasant and comforting. She slid her hand away from his, though only for a second in order to loop her arm through her partner's and then settle in against his side. Her head bumped against shoulder; he smiled again and lowered his as well.

"Mm." Annie shifted where she sat. "Walking your dog..."

Even though he had been expecting that, hearing the words still sent a shiver up Edward's back and made him look away in trying to hide a blush. That was a little bit of a joke between them, a way that she liked to tease him about a certain trait of her own, a thing that had originally brought both of them a good amount of embarrassment and reluctance until the couple discovered their common ground on the matter.

"Yeah," Edward replied after a minute, hoping that he wasn't *too* outwardly flustered. He nuzzled at Annie's head, grinned when she lifted up and looked at him, then dove in to plant a little kiss against her nose. Right there, in that instant, smooth skin slightly oily with the warmth of the day stirred and shifted beneath his sensitive lips, the shape and surface both changing. That smooth skin bunched together and became at once soft yet textured, like fresh, moistened leather, with the actual shape of it changing as well, cartilage shifting and adjusting. He kept his lips there throughout it, as the human nose broadened and flattened, as it turned up and forward and out – and when he drew back, right there in the middle

of his girlfriend's face, looking odd with no extended muzzle behind it, was the picture example of a dog's nose. He sat back, grinned, and looked across her face, the canine nose looking no more out of place on her than the human one. "Walking my dog."

What a surprise it had been to Edward the first time they had taken things up a notch in their relationship. It had happened after their fifth or sixth date, a night at the movies where he had just finished driving her home; right there on the curb, still in the car with the dim overhead light shining down over them, he had leaned in for a kiss and she did, too. The quick, simple touch spread and grew into something deeper and longer, and first her hands started wandering, then *his* did too – and the next thing he knew, he was running his fingers through the short and stiff yet soft pelt of a dog, with the characteristic loose canine lips and broad tongue slobbering and working at his own mouth.

There had been shock, and surprise, and a little bit of fear at such a sharp and sudden change. That night in the car Annie had only gone about a third of the way, her entire head and then parts of her legs transforming, and she seemed as surprised and frightened as Edward was – for different reasons, though. She feared he would want to break up with her, that he couldn't date someone who, for some reason, turned into a *dog* when certain emotions or impulses spread through her.

*"It is a little odd,"* Edward had conceded. Throughout their conversation Annie slowly melded back into her "normal" self. *"But it's still you. Whether you're a human or a dog, well, you're still my girlfriend, right?"* It couldn't be *that* strange, he thought, but – she went from human straight to four-legged feral dog, plain German shepherd, sharp ears and slightly angled back, strong shoulders and bent hind legs.

That night Edward also found out he *really* liked the weight, sensation, and entire *idea* of a dog on top of him in bed, especially when it was still his girlfriend Annie. So, it all worked out for both of them.

On the bench beside him Annie rubbed at her new nose, then lowered her head against his shoulder again, likely for the closeness as much as to hide her change from the rest of the world for now. She was still self-conscious about the whole thing, obviously.

"Sometimes," she said, a bit softly, "I think you do that just *because* you want to kiss a dog again."

There it was again. Edward had of course begun to expect the whole 'walking your dog' joke whenever they went on little outings like this; just as he had started to playfully tease her about her tendency to change upon arousal or excitement, Annie had turned things right around and begun the same with him. He liked running his fingers through her fur, liked her broad, flat tongue against his lips and in his mouth, loved her panting breaths and the heavy, cloying aroma of *wet dog*, in more ways than one.

He squirmed where he sat, looking first down one direction of the path and then the other. Seeing that the coast was clear, he slid a hand into his pocket and surreptitiously adjusted himself.

"Yeah, well..."

"Edward."

"Mm?"

When she looked up at him again he noticed that her face had continued changing a bit, the color and pitch of her eyes altered to come halfway between human and canine, with the front half of her face having stretched out and shifted to show the beginnings of a muzzle.

“Your dog,” she began with another smirk, “is about tired of her walk. How about we, ah... head back home and relax?”

Edward grinned again. “Do I need to leash her so she’ll follow me?”

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The tension could be felt in the air on the both the walk back to the car and then the drive home afterwards, with Edward glancing over at her every now and then and her smiling, smirking, or just reaching over and touching his knee or thigh. Nearing the last intersection he reached down and again entwined his hand with hers, and upon releasing it once they reached the house, found that he had been holding a dog’s paw instead, complete with slightly-calloused pads, short blunted claws, thin, coarse fur, and tight bunched tendons stretching back from the knuckles. Annie giggled and hid her paw in her pocket on the way up to the front door.

At first it had gone a bit slow between the two of them, each easing into the idea of the whole *transformation* thing – Annie self-conscious about receiving such attention and affection while not in her human body, Edward unsure and nervous about doing all of these things with someone who looked for all the world like a regular feral dog. Still the same, though, with the same behavior, if modified a bit to fit the body; the same voice, as she still retained her faculties of speech and clarity of mind; and same eyes.

Well, the same eyes *in a way*; he could the German shepherd was still Annie, even if she looked, again, like just a regular dog. What had started slowly between them had along the way become a point of powerful intimacy, with Edward gradually figuring out the right touches and words to get Annie to that point, and her doing everything that reflected and magnified the shared arousal in him as well. Hardly before the front door closed behind them they had begun, him running his hands up along her sides beneath her thin shirt and leaving trails of short, soft fur in his wake.

A kiss to the neck, and his lips came away with a few strands of butterscotch fur clinging to them; a squeeze to the waist with his fingers trailing back, and he began to feel the bump of her tailbone underneath her pants start to shift and lengthen into the beginnings of a tail; a little nip to the lobe and then side of her ear and it stretched and pulled, changing from the wrinkled, stiff-soft cartilage agglomeration of a human ear into the softer, broader shape of a dog’s.

“Come on,” he murmured then, Annie’s hands – paws – wrapping around his lower back and waist to tug him forward. “Come on, girl. Let’s go to the couch.”

She grinned at him and leaned with his movement. “Ruff,” she replied, vocal apparatus very obviously still a human’s, but still the playful noise had its effect on Edward. He led her down the hall and into the living room, where he swiftly yet patiently began stripping down. Shirt first, then belt, then pants... he left his boxers on, the front of the fabric already partially tented, and then lay back across the soft surface of the couch.

“What,” Annie said, watching him from where she stood, “*now* I’m allowed on the couch?”

“Well, sure.” Edward motioned down between his legs. “You are when I say you are, and you’ve been a good girl today. So – c’mon. Come on, Annie.”

As he spoke he could see the effect of his words on her, both in her facial expression and in the subtle changes to her body. With only one hand turned all of the way into a paw and the other about halfway there, she encountered only a little bit of trouble in stripping her shirt off; then, carefully, she slid in over Edward on the couch and came forward, so that she sat back along his thighs. She positioned herself with her knees alongside his and her arms drawn up towards her chest like a begging dog.

Edward lifted up a bit and propped himself up on his elbows. He reached forward and ran his hand down along Annie’s side and then up her belly again, pulling both a shiver as well as another line of short fur out of her. As that hand came up her side and shoulder towards her neck she lifted hers as well, placing thicker canine knuckles over his human fingers, the broad, blunted claws clacking softly atop his fingernails; he eased her down and she followed, her breath – it smelled faintly of tropical fruit, her favorite flavor of gum – washing out over his forehead first, then his face, then his own lips... and then her mouth pressed against his.

They held there for a second and then broke apart, each of their hands continuing to explore the other’s body. Then again and again, each time with Edward nipping at her upper lip, or flicking his tongue over hers, or suckling softly along her mouth. The changes were there, constant and slow yet steadily more noticeable: it was in the way her lips responded to his touches, how the muscles trickled away and changed, how the line of her jaw shifted and came forward, how her originally flat, organized teeth spaced out, rounded, sharpened to points, each one sending a little spark of something almost like pain through Edward whenever he drew his tongue across one.

Soon the little noise of pleasure in Annie’s throat turned to an actual low, steady growl, strong enough that Edward felt the air vibrating when it came out of her maw and nose. He pulled away from the kiss and grinned, opening his eyes to see the distinct muzzle of a dog looking back at him; Annie licked her chops and gave him the look that he had come to recognize as her best attempt at a grin when she ended up in this state. If she’d had a tail already, it would certainly be wagging; now that they had parted from their string of kisses Edward ran a hand down her back, over the strap of her bra and down to the waist of her pants where he felt the little nub there from earlier. He was right, at least.

“Oh.” He trailed his fingers over her pants. “Let’s get you out of these. Dogs don’t wear clothes.”

Annie rumbled again and straightened up, bringing her paws close to her muzzle. She *was* still capable of speech in this form, basically unbroken, but usually she held back on that as she knew just what the dog noises did for her boyfriend. Edward pulled himself up further and adjusted how he sat, putting his face close to her neck and shoulder; there was the aroma of her shampoo and perfume again, already mixing and melding with the higher, drier distinctive scent of *dog*, something that still embarrassed him to shove his nose into and get such a response from.

Once he lifted her hips and pulled her forward, Annie rested her arms over his shoulders – and once again it felt just like a dog trying to hitch up over him, the long, stiff forelegs resting over his shoulders, heavy paws hanging limp along his back. Edward swallowed and inhaled her scent while he worked, one

hand resting along her lower back to feel her tail as it grew and shifted, and the other down and in front to ease at her pants fly.

A few parts of her changed in response to her arousal rather than to both that and his touch, and as he pulled her zipper forward and down he felt one of those parts brushing against the backs of his fingers, hot and slick, slightly plump and protruding. Her panties stuck in place so that he had to hook a thumb beneath the waistband and pull those down as well.

“Come on,” he urged, patting the half-dog’s rump. “Up. Let’s get you out of these.”

Naturally she did as told, one paw bracing against the back of the couch and her upper chest coming forward close to Edward’s face. He nuzzled in along her neck and chest there, breasts still present against his cheek but beginning, slowly, to recede into the pillows of fur that had started to spring up. Slowly he tugged her pants and underwear down her legs, thighs and legs starting to take on the familiar bent shape of a dog’s hind legs. First one of those legs lifted and then the other, and then Edward tossed the clothing off to the side; afterwards he could probably get her to fetch them for him. As he settled back again he ran both hands up between her legs again, felling the slight protrusion, soft and jiggly, of a half-formed canine spade.

“Good girl,” he breathed, and then swiftly moved to shift his own boxers down his legs. Just feeling this changes in her, and knowing the effect they had on her, always got him worked up to this point; he caressed her muzzle, ran a thumb in beneath her upper lip to feel the soft gums and bases of her fangs, and pulled her in for another kiss, this one more of him just pressing his mouth against hers and drawing his tongue across the dog’s mouth.

Annie rumbled against his mouth again, her breath hot and humid as it washed down over his shorter, still-human face. Every time he slid out of the kiss and opened his eyes he looked upon a further changed figure before and on top of him: her shoulders came in and flattened down; her arms slimmed out and shortened a bit, wrists moving to accommodate the wider, thicker paws, the wide knuckles, the calloused-soft pads; her bra hung loose against her chest, then fell forward at the slightest of urgings from Edward’s hands reaching around again.

That done, he looked over her again and smiled. The thick tuft of fur starting along her chin and neck spread visibly down along her now-flat chest while he watched, the front of it arcing and bulging out to form the more barrel-shaped body of a feral dog, the wide pink areolas disappearing beneath that fur while the nipples themselves pinched in and poked out, just a little bit, just *enough*. He slid one hand sideways down through that soft fur, fingertips running over one of her nipples on one side... and then another further down as the changes spread further, and another below that, the corresponding ones in each pair along his palm as well.

His other arm around the almost-dog, Edward sat up once more, pressed his chin against her neck, closed his eyes, and then reached down, and... with a little more adjustment and his hand spread along the base of her tail, angled her towards him so that he could begin to sink slowly in. That was one of his favorite parts, the slight yet distinct differences between human and canine Annie, and how he could *feel* the changes around him as they took place. A shiver shot through his body from his hips up to his shoulders, and his arms tightened around Annie in his lap. She panted into his ear and lapped her chops, still leaning in to the expected canine movements and noises, while the transformation continued snaking its way through her bones and body, flesh and skin.

She had already gone partially into the change down there, soft pillows of wet flesh sliding down along Edward's length as he pushed into her and pressed up. He sighed and squeezed her against his body, her forelegs hanging over his shoulders and her muzzle along his ear, as he pushed and thrust and shivered, the natural contracts of all of those muscles as they shifted and moved and changed sending pulse after pulse of sweet pleasure through him. It was quite an odd look, having this mostly-dog wrapped in his lap, panting and squirming in wagging her tail, while she still had mostly-normal human legs underneath her.

This time he moved his hands slowly on their way down, wanting to feel the fur as it pressed out through soft skin and encroached. The transformation sent an endless series of small-scale spasms through the muscles over which it passed, each and every one of these rhythmically tightening and relaxing beneath his fingertips faster than could be intentionally possible; he leaned forward as he went, sinking further and deeper into his girlfriend – his *dog* – until he wrapped a hand around one of her feet. Soft skin wrinkled up and together in her position, little nubs of toes, smooth and rounded nails... all shifting and changing, that skin bunching up into a few pillowy pads, the toes coming in line and spreading apart, longer and wider. Edward curled his fingers around to the top, where those flat nails did just the same as her fingers had and lifted up and stretched out, broadening and sharpening all at once, into the well-maintained claws of the German shepherd's hindpaws.

Edward dug his nose into her shoulder a little more firmly, drawing in the stronger, richer scent of dog on top of her perfume and shampoo, still buried there underneath. One thing he had noticed throughout their time together was that all of those scents were *always* there, just in different proportions – and as he had gotten to know her and her tendencies better he had started to be able to identify her moods, based on the strength of the canine portion of that scent. Right now it washed over him, bright and full, a little acrid and pungent, wholly pleasurable.

Annie's hindpaw, fully formed, twitched and kicked in his grip in the little throes of pleasure. Edward shivered and slid his fingers up along the underside of that paw towards what used to be her ankle, then up further along the legs to her rump and tail. This time when he pulled out he felt the also-familiar grip and pull of her canine spade, not quite as fully swollen as it could be, but definitely softer, hotter, *fleshier* than her human equipment. The scent of *that* had changed as well, still high and rich and subtle yet altered somewhat, a bit more metallic, somewhat coppery – another part of Annie that he loved no matter which form she was in, human or dog or anywhere in between.

He mirrored the movements of his hips with his grip along her rear and tail, lifting the dog up each time he pulled out and pressing her down with every thrust in. The interior changed as well, the walls tightening yet at the same time yielding more to his size, the muscles stretching out and focusing at a slightly different angle, tilting him up and in and forward, while the exterior pressed and squished and mashed against his body, the slickness of canine arousal dripping down through his pubes and along his inner thighs.

"God..." he breathed, curling one of his fingers in underneath her tail. The tailhole there underneath, shaped differently, more pocketed than puckered, flexed and clenched rhythmically, the surface of the skin so, so hot. "Annie..."

When he pulled out far enough that plump spade pulled and sucked at him, just drawing him right back in faster and harder again. Between the little snuffles and panting in his ear he picked up more "human"

moans, Annie's voice still intact and usable; at one point he heard his own name murmured between dog's lips, a soft, breathy "Ed..." trickling down across his shoulder.

The blunted claws of her hindpaws scratched and scraped along his thighs in her trying to find purchase along his legs; she shifted over his shoulders, the weight of her forelegs digging in against him and her paws bouncing against his back; her tail wagged and thwapped against his hand in place there, wrapped around her rump and its base and twitching tailhole underneath. Edward nuzzled forward, buried his nose in the thick fur of her neck, drew in her warm scent of soap and perfume and arousal and dog. As he approached his peak he lay back, head resting against the arm of the couch, both hands coming to rest along her haunches and hold her in place while he worked, eyes closed and teeth gritted – and Annie leaned in to lap her tongue against and across his lips and mouth.

That was what did it for him, the sensation of her broad, flat dog's tongue dragging across his lips and face, wet yet at the same time dry saliva rolling down his cheek and dripping into his mouth. He swallowed, parted his lips and opened his mouth to invite her in again. Naturally she did so, curling her tongue in along the roof of his mouth... and Edward jerked, swallowed around her tongue, pressed his tongue up against it, and then pulled the canine down into his lap, his hips bucking and twitching up into her as he tumbled over the edge. Edward sucked at her tongue through the first few throes and then pulled back to give voice to his finish, his moans coming out broken and indistinct through the warm pleasure of the canine sex squeezing and pressing down around him, milking out everything he had to give.

The two remained entwined like that for a moment, Edward with his arms around Annie's smaller canine body, both shaking and shivering with the remnant ecstasy. After another moment he opened his eyes, gave a tired smile at the dog above him, and leaned in to tap his lips to hers again; Annie wagged her tail and licked again, and then yet again until Edward had to push her away as he would any other dog, laughing and wiping at his suddenly-slimy face.

Annie, still wagging, pushed her nose in along his cheek. "There," she said, voice quiet. The words were a little malformed and twisted due to the different vocal apparatus of her dog form, but still she spoke clearly. "Now you've both walked the pooch as well as sc-"

"Don't you dare." Edward wrapped his hand around her muzzle to keep her quiet. "Saying *that* again will get you a one-way ticket to sleeping on the floor."

"As if," she said through the clamp, then shook her head to bat his hand away. With him still buried inside of her Annie sat up, hindpaws spreading alongside his thighs and forepaws digging in against his lower chest. It was uncomfortable yet pleasant at the same time, with her weight and warmth squeezing in along his lap. "You can't keep me out of our bed that long."

"Well..." Edward ran his hands up the curve of her back again, and scratched behind one of her ears. "Yeah, you're right. You really know how to play me."

The dog shifted again, then pulled up off of him. Edward gasped and shivered, his half-hard shaft flopping down against his belly with a wet *slap*, a good portion of his own load mixed with slick canine arousal splashing out in place. Annie adjusted so that she no longer stood on top of him, and instead came forward to rest her body over his.

“Mhmm,” she murmured, and planted another, softer lick to his cheek. “So it works out.”

Edward nodded and wrapped an arm around her body. “Yeah,” he agreed. “It works out.”