

“Tonight was good! I had a lot of fun. Thank you.”

Edward dipped his head down to get a better look at the upcoming street sign as it passed by, the rich green color of the material standing just outside the cone of the nearby light. By this point he knew the way to her house, and was fairly confident he could navigate there without any assistance, but still he wondered at how the world seemed to change at night, with the tall fences surrounding the main street seeming to loom in and over, and the canopies of the sparse trees becoming thick and dense, like solid little clouds a bit too close to the ground.

He glanced over and reached out to rest his hand along Annie’s thigh, soft and warm through the fabric of her pants. Her eyes glittered in the passing light, and in that moment he saw that she was smiling back at him as well.

“Of course,” he answered, and rubbed gently. Her fingers came in to close between his. “I had a great time too. Glad we finally got the chance to come out and do this.”

“Yeah, after planning it for so long...” She turned her head to look out the window and watch the houses going by. No longer did she have to alert Edward to when hers was coming up; they had been dating long enough that he had the address memorized as well, though getting there was more muscle memory than anything. As he approached he slowed down a bit, flashed the brights just to make sure the street was clear, and then pulled up towards the curb. “Thanks again.”

“Uh huh. Want me to walk you up? I can...”

He trailed off as he turned to face her, seeing her looking up and over him as well. The look on her face, with that sparkle in her eyes and the way her mouth hung just partially open, as though she had something in mind to say but just couldn’t quite get there... after a moment her eyes flicked and moved across his face, and like she had just now noticed the way he watched her, the edge of her mouth curled up in a faint, sweet smile.

Edward felt something in his chest tingle and bloom, quickly followed by a little puff of uncertainty and nervousness just before he started to lean in. The nervousness was always there, a little tingling fear that he might do something wrong or go to far – but just like every other time, Annie leaning in as well, her breath tickling out across his nose and face and then her lips on his own, quenched and buried that fear until he had completely forgotten about it.

This wouldn’t be the first time the two had kissed, and just like every other time, it still felt just as special, just as warm and lovely. His were a little bit dry from the drive, but Annie seemed not to care, if she even noticed in the first place. There they met, locked, held, then dripped away, eyes fluttering shut and mouths just partially open so they could each dive back in again, then again, and again... and then Edward felt her hand squeeze his wrist and the other reach over to touch at his chest. He reached down to undo his seatbelt, broke the kiss again to let it shift the rest of the way over his head, and met her once more, this time sitting up and leaning forward, her fingers slipping up underneath his shirt while his did the same in the back of hers, the fabric of her shirt seeming so, so rough in comparison to skin smooth and soft underneath.

Edward swallowed, and tilted his head, and teased his tongue in – and felt hers flick and respond in turn, curling out a bit, lifting up along his upper lip, his teeth, the roof of his mouth... just before it abruptly

jerked back. For a moment it seemed broad and flat for the way it pulled at the corners of his pursed lips. Her mouth seemed to have changed a bit as well, though that might just been the way she tilted her head to kiss him, and her nose seemed to have pressed a little bit roughly into the spot just beside his, and... and she turned away and covered the lower portion of her face with her hand.

"Um." Annie gave a little cough, and laughed nervously. "Sorry. I'm just... I had a great time, Ed. But I gotta get inside."

Edward looked over her for a moment. "Yeah. Is everything...?" And then he saw, at the ends of her fingers held up in front of her face, her carefully painted nails stretching up and out, thickening into the dark, blunted curves of some kind of animal's claws. "Annie--"

"No, I'm--"

When he reached forward and took her wrist lightly in his own, he expected her to resist and pull away. Instead, though, she closed her eyes, sighed, and let him uncover her face, though she avoided eye contact with him. Shock and surprise shot through him, combined with confusion and a little bit of something else, but still he just couldn't stop *looking*. His feeling had been right: her tongue and lips *had* changed, both broadening and thinning out, drawing up along her face a bit which itself seemed to have started to protrude out from her skull in a short snout. Her nose had drawn forward and straightened out a bit, with the skin darkening and taking on a texture that looked more and more like rough, wet leather, the spaces around it filling in and following in turn... Edward trailed his hand up hers to fold her fingers in his own, thumb running back and forth over her nails.

Her *claws*. A beast's claws, to go along with that beast's nose and mouth and tongue, partially familiar yet still unidentifiable in their half-formed appearance. Embarrassment and humiliation flooded her not quite human face, and she turned away again.

"I'm sorry," she said, more to the window than to him. "I know I should've told you sooner, but I was just scared. I've been able to hide it before when we're -- out to eat or watching a movie or whatever, but it..."

"What *is* this?" That didn't come out quite right. Edward bit his lip. He was more curious than anything, interested and riveted. He kept his hand out and along Annie's, squeezing softly to show his comfort and support. After a while she turned her hand -- her paw? -- and squeezed it around his again. "I mean, are you *okay*?"

She wiped at her nose, then seemed to realize what she was doing and covered her face again. "Yeah, I'm -- yeah, it just happens when... when I..." Annie glanced over at him, a different sort of embarrassment underpinning the blush on her cheeks. "You know. Get -- *worked up*. I'm sorry. I know it's probably a deal breaker that I just *turn into a dog*, and I should've told you sooner, but--"

"Hey. Whoa, whoa." This time Edward didn't have to reach out for her: as she got up and went for the door, just his voice was enough to keep her back. "Who said anything like that? I don't mind."

Her eyes were still human. For now. "You don't?"

"I mean, I'm a little *surprised*, but..." Edward reached in again, enclosing her other hand in his own. He ran his thumb back and forth over her knuckles and claws, feeling the way that they had changed and differed from what he was used to. Thicker knuckles, a sharper curve, denser skin. "I'm dating you for *you*. The, uh, person inside the shell, whether that shell is human or... dog." It was a bit strange looking at her face like this, still halfway between the two and seeming to progress in neither direction at this point, but if he looked past the shape and through her eyes... he smiled, leaned forward again, and placed a gentle kiss to that broad, black leather nose. His lips came back wet, which in turn made his smile widen. "I *definitely* want to keep on going."

For a while Annie said nothing, but Edward could tell that no hesitation or worry still lingered there. The two sat and watched each other for a moment, and his smile widened yet again at the thought that if she had a tail – and he tried to surreptitiously lean to the side to check – it would be wagging by now. When she spoke again, she first lifted her hand to her mouth and nipped gently at the side of one slightly misshapen finger.

"Are you sure?"

"Sure as shit."

That made her roll her eyes and laugh. It was a smooth, sweet sound, one that always ignited the warmth in his heart. "Oh, *stop*. Watch your language."

"Yeah? Maybe you should give me something to keep my mouth busy so I don't... keep on..."

She was already there. Edward felt his heart leap in his chest, excitement and anticipation, when Annie leaned in and drew her broad, smooth tongue across his cheek, one for one like any other dog going in for a smooch. And then she turned her head, and hesitation flashed there for a moment, and he was the one to close the distance – and then those lips, a little bit leathery yet still smooth, pressed up against his with her tongue soon to follow. That was a sensation that he had never felt before, especially paired with the idea that this was still Annie before him, still her scent floating around him and her mouth on his, especially with the way her tongue felt, how it danced and curled around his own, how the different shape filled his mouth and pushed against his own. He shivered and squirmed, lifting up out of the seat, coming forward a bit to pull her deeper, *deeper*-

And then she pulled back again, swallowed, and averted her gaze. "Sorry – sorry," Annie panted. "I want to, too, but it's just..."

"Too much?"

She gave a sheepish smile. "Yeah. Well – no. Well, kind of? I just... need a breather." She swallowed, licked her chops – it made the same sound as a regular dog who had just finished eating – and then blushed and covered her mouth with her hand, though to a lesser degree this time than before. "I still want to. I really do. But I think I'll have to tap out for the night."

"No worries at all. I had fun today."

"I did too." Annie reached down to undo her own seatbelt, then pushed the door open... then paused, looked back at Edward, and leaned in for another kiss. Instead of just lips to lips, though, she prefaced it with another full-on lick across his, and then pressed in for a moment. "See you next time, Ed."

His heart fluttered in his chest. "Yeah," he replied, and waved as she turned to head up the sidewalk. It warmed him just to watch the way she moved, from this side apparently completely unchanged from her default configuration – until she half-turned again and he saw a flash of dog's mouth and nose, the former of these curling up in a smile before the door opened and then shut behind her. Then Edward sat back, closed his eyes, sighed... and pulled his seatbelt back over and shifted the car back into drive.

After each of their dates before, the only thing in Edward's mind for the rest of the night had always been, without fail, Annie herself. Tonight was no different, yet as he made his way back home, one hand on the wheel and the other resting at his side, his thoughts kept on circling back and forth towards this new knowledge, this new appearance and *being*. Later on, he almost had trouble getting to sleep.

Almost.

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Well into his morning Edward's heart still skipped a few beats every now and then remembering the way Annie had looked the previous night, and then hearing her voice on the phone this morning – "*yeah, I'm free today... what, right now? A surprise? Oh, sure! That sounds like fun – I can be ready in twenty minutes*" – had enlightened him to another difference he hadn't quite noticed the night before. As the changes had made their way up her face and along her head her voice had changed as well, deepening and broadening a bit.

That had been part of the dream he had had last night, with him lying down on his back and the image of the half-transformed Annie above him, lips broad and back, teeth having stretched out into the slightly longer, thicker fangs of a dog. She had licked her chops and turned her head, then leaned in for a kiss and a nip at his neck – and the canine growl that rumbled in her chest had set his senses aflame. The dream had gone quite a bit further than that, to the point where when he finally woke up and sat upright in his bed, Edward was already breathless as well as reaching for his phone to call her up. He *had* to see her again, *had* to do something about this.

He had to let her know how *beautiful* he thought she was. So a quick call, a greeting, a bit of a breathless explanation and some time spent dancing around the subject, and now early this Saturday morning he was driving right back over to her place to pick her up again. This time if *he* were the one to have a tail, he knew it would be wagging.

As he pulled up along the curb and sent a quick text so she would know he had arrived, Edward looked out the window and briefly slid back into his thoughts. He knew that she wouldn't come out looking like she had before, or at least *likely* not – "*it happens when I get... worked up,*" she had explained, the thought of which provided yet another sharp, scintillating splash of excitement and confidence to him – but even so, seeing her open the door, grin his way, and then turn to close it again, made his heart leap in his chest nonetheless. The early morning sunlight washed warmly across her as she came down the sidewalk, and when she slid into the passenger seat beside him her scent, mixed between her natural aroma and then the higher, fresher floral touch of the perfume and shampoo she wore, brought him right back to their previous night's date.

"Hey, beautiful," Edward said, and leaned in for a kiss. Annie smiled and met him here, then held there for a moment before pulling back. This time he really *had* imagined the touch of canine lips and tongue beneath it, since when he opened his eyes afterwards there had been no change to her appearance. Not that that was an issue, of course: he would just as gladly take the human Annie as he would the canine, and that this point, he still didn't know just *how* canine that would go.

Maybe, hopefully, today would be the day he could find out. If not, well – that would be okay too, since any day spent alongside Annie was a good one. He waited for her to get situation, then reached over, patted her leg with a smile, and headed off. On the drive he could tell that something was bothering her a little bit, and Edward imagined he could guess what. That was something that he had of course kept in mind since the night before, though, and was something they would cover in due time. For now, though, he just reached over to gently touch at her every now and then, and show her the comfort that she deserved.

"So," she asked along the way, dark hair glittering in the light that came in through the tinted window, "just where are we headed so early in the morning?"

His dream had made it feel like he could have slept in past noon, but the clock set into the dashboard showed that it hadn't even hit eight in the morning yet. Part of him was amazed that Annie was awake and ready so early on a weekend, but then again, were *she* the one to call him up for a surprise date, he would have dropped anything to go with her as well.

Edward came to a stop at the next light, then put a finger to his lips. "Said that's a surprise. You'll see. It's nothing weird."

It was a *little* bit weird, he realized once he put his foot to the gas again. This was something for which he had looked up the directions before, not wanting to clue her in to where they were going. Out of the neighborhood and down along the main street a bit, then passing by one of the schools that stood up around town... then out and into some low, smooth hills, lovely and beautiful with the sun gradually rising over the horizon.

For a while he feared that he had taken a wrong turn somewhere, but then the enclosed metal fence of the place and its parking lot, small and empty, came into view. Annie looked over at him when he pulled in, old gravel crunching and snapping beneath the tires.

"...And here we are. I remember this spot from when I was a kid, and..."

"Ed." Annie rolled her window down and peeked out. A gentle breeze wafted in and caressed her head, tossing her hair around a bit. "This is a dog park."

He grinned, hoping that the joke wouldn't be in bad taste – and when she turned to look at him again, disbelief crossed with warm amusement illuminated her face. That was a relief.

"Yeah. It is." He opened his door and stepped out into the pleasant day. "It's closed down now so we won't be bothered, but – there's a little pond down a bit of a ways, so we can go swimming if you'd like, and..."

She came around the back of the car where he stood, fiddling with the trunk. "Swimming?"

"Yeah." With a bit of a grunt Edward managed to heft it open, then reached in and rummaged around. "I brought towels before I left, but if I'd told you, that would've ruined the surprise, so..." He chuckled softly, looked back over his shoulder at the distant road, then without a second thought moved to pull his shirt off over his head. "We'll have to, y'know. Go like they do in the summer camp horror movies."

"What – *naked*?"

He tossed his shirt into the trunk, then moved to undo his pants fly as an answer, eyes locked with hers. Her eyes flicked down, and she blushed, and looked away – and Edward grinned as he bent over to shift his pants around his ankles.

"It's the natural state of being for dogs, isn't it?"

"Edward..."

Though she complained, still the amusement and enjoyment was obvious in her voice. Ed leaned in, now in only his boxers, and stole a kiss first from one side of her cheek, then the other, and then another straight to her lips. Annie held there and kissed him back, then laughed and lightly pushed at his chest, and then made the same move to peel her shirt off over her head. He sat back along the rim of the car trunk as he watched, the smooth blue fabric of her shirt giving way to warm, light skin and then the thicker, frostier tone of her bra underneath. Skin and flesh tugged with the movement, and in that moment Edward wanted to come forward and rest his lips along the revealed spaces there, to trail his way up and lift her bra, and... and she shook her hair out, neatly folded her shirt together in the air, and rested it into the bed of the trunk, then placed her hands on her hips and smirked at him.

"The rest will have to wait until we actually *get* there," she said. Still he grinned and dove in for another kiss. "And if you make a joke about walking your dog, I swear to God-"

"No, no. I had my one. I'm good now. Promise."

So they got the rest of their things, locked the car, and then headed in towards the entrance, the wide wrought-iron gate of the park held shut by a rusted chain and heavy padlock. Time and weather had treated everything quite badly, though, so with a little bit of force and some wiggling the two managed to make their ways in without much issue. Edward went first so he could hold the gate for Annie, and then when she came through he reached over for her hand, which for now at least was definitely still just that: a human hand.

It felt nice. He gave it a squeeze and led her gently up along the path, untamed grass having long since encroached over the brown gravel path that snaked its way back and forth through the park. If he remembered right the park would be up here on the left, and then there was a little fountain up and to the right... and yet as they went on, all he could think about was Annie here beside him.

He gave her hand a squeeze. "Hey, beautiful."

"Hmm?"

"I, uh... wanted to talk about last night."

That made her stiffen up, though he could tell she was trying to brush it off for his sake. "I figured as much. I mean, like I said, I *know* I should have told you, and..." She trailed off for a little bit, the only sound between them the whispering of wind in the trees overhead and then the crunching of rounded gravel beneath their bare feet.

The shadow of a tree dripped down and across them, though still the pleasant warmth of the day caressed their bare skin. Edward felt a little bit vulnerable out here in just his boxers, but having Annie there beside him helped. He gave her hand a squeeze, turned her to face him, and then pressed his mouth to hers. One hand on her hip, fingers playing at the waist of her jeans and then panties underneath, while his other still remained entwined with her fingers... he felt her stiffen again, then gradually melt into the affection. His hand came up her side along the spot where normally her shirt would have hung, then up further, along her back – and at first she shivered away from the touch, but then changed her angle and pressed herself back, specifically so he would have an easier time finding the clasp of her bra in the back.

"Edward." She pulled away from the kiss, reflexively moving to cover her mouth again. Edward gently pulled her hand out of the way and leaned in again so he could kiss the dog's mouth that was forming there. "This is – a rather funny way of *talking* about it."

"Well, I thought it spoke for itself." Gradually he guided her down towards the wooden bench at the base of the tree. Her bra drifted forward along her shoulders, then dropped down a bit – and she reached up to catch it as it fell away from her chest, the ends of her fingers now starting to turn into those same blunted claws. "I think it's beautiful, and wonderful, and... a *hell* of a thing. You oughtta put it on your resume."

She laughed, even as the uncertainty still flickered in her eyes. "My – *resume*? Edward?"

"Okay. Maybe just your dating profile? *Kisses like a dog*. Some people are into that, you know."

"Edward! You're gonna – make me?"

She shook beneath him on the bench from barely suppressed laughter, though this soon turned to a smoother, softer sensation as his mouth met hers again, and he drew her bra away from her body beneath that gentle hand. Then down his fingers went, slipping smoothly along her bare belly towards the fly of her pants where they popped the button and pulled at the zipper, and then down beneath...

And he stopped there and pulled out of the kiss, waiting for her to find his eyes. "We don't *have* to do this, you know," he murmured, all seriousness. "If you want to stop, we can go back and get dressed, and just walk around and dip our toes in, and..."

Annie's hands came up along his sides, dog's claws teasing gently at his skin. The sensation made him shiver. "Already got more than our toes in," she said with a giggle. "And, besides, you *know* what's gonna happen to me if – if..."

She turned her head and sighed. Edward shifted her pants down a little bit further; she lifted her body up to allow him the space. "So is that a yes? I need to hear it."

She swallowed again, nodded, then opened her eyes and looked up at him. "Of course it's a yes. I'm just saying, you know what's gonna happen, and I'm not sure..."

"C'mon, you know by now I don't mind." His eyes flicked back and forth across her face, tracking the changes as they went: the broadening and flattening of her nose, the way the skin shivered up into dark leathery-soft skin, and then the way the front of her face stretched out to start forming the snout. It looked like it *should* have been painful, but she made no grimace or noise to back this up. "Will you let me see?"

For a moment she looked down at him, face still halfway hidden behind a hand quickly growing into a paw, fingers shortening and coming out, knuckles bending. When she turned that hand-paw Edward could see that the pads of her fingers had also blackened and started to grow out into the familiar shape of a dog's print. He so wanted to reach out and squeeze those pads – so he did.

Annie squirmed again as he shifted her pants off of her legs, panties tugged just barely down and out of the way. His other hand drifted down, trailed along smooth skin... and then ended up enveloped in warm humidity. She shivered.

"You'll be the first person to see like this."

"I'll be glad to have that honor."

"Well, then..." Annie reached down with her own paw, bumped it against his wrist, and guided him down and in as best as she could, then straightened up and shivered as his fingers slid in between slick, supple lips and swirled around. He did this for a moment, then moved to slip her panties the rest of the way off as well – and in doing so stood up briefly to drop his boxers and kick them to the side across the grass, a little bit embarrassed at standing out here in the open like this but still fully willing to go forth with it.

By the time he sat back down along the bench, halfway facing Annie, more of her had continued to change. Every time she turned her head, her muzzle had grown out a little bit more, mouth angling forward and down and lips broadening apart, with the teeth inside taking on the sharper, rounder appearance of canine fangs – and as Edward ran his hands down her legs, the fingers of one of them still a bit slick, he could feel a faint yet thick coating of fur start to sprout up and around, honey-yellow here and chocolate-brown there. Annie squirmed a little bit wherever he touched, each spot rising in a quicker change: he turned a little bit further, smiled up at her, and then pursed his lips up against the underside of her foot, breathing in the gentle scent of her atop the smoother, more earthy touch of the gravel pathway.

"O-oh..." she murmured, and twitched. Her toes spread and pressed against his cheek; he reached up and held them in place, lips nipping and nudging up between the creases in soft skin and softer flesh, until that skin started to change to the more leathery pads that had sprouted up along her fingers as well. "That – tickles..."

"Want me to stop?"



“No. Absolutely not.” She squirmed again and pressed her foot more firmly against his cheek and face and then, a moment later, his lips and mouth and tongue. Edward swallowed, flicked his tongue out, and then swirled in around one of her toes, then the one next to it, and the one after. Each one went in looking like a regular human’s, then came out shifted and transformed, where he could feel the flat nail thickening and broadening into a claw, and nearly sucked the pad out along the bottom, dense and slightly calloused. Just the *sensation* of feeling her change against him, all the tiny little muscle twitches and changes in tension and surface drove him wild. “If you could just... keep on...”

Annie turned her head to the side again, and this time when Edward looked up at her, if not for the rest of her body he would have thought this was *actually* a dog lying here on the bench in front of him. Her lips twitched and moved and parted just like the German shepherd whose shape she had borrowed, tongue broad and flat and hanging out, bouncing with soft panting; her broad nose twitched and she looked up at him, animalistic eyes still retaining the spark that was Annie deep inside. Edward drew back from her foot, now completely a paw with the ankle shifting and pulling back into place, and then moved onto the other.

“You – know,” the half-dog went on, voice a bit gruff and lowered from the different body plan, “this isn’t *usually* the kind of play that happens at a dog park...” She lifted her forepaw, angled at the ankle, across her muzzle. “What, you wanna do it with a *dog*?”

That put a smile on Edward’s face around the toe still between his lips. When he pulled back again, thick saliva dripping down through her growing fur, he could taste her on his breath. Annie’s natural scent and shampoo had twisted and morphed a bit beneath the cooler, rounder bite of familiar *wet dog smell*.

He chuckled again, breath curling out between her toes and along her paws, then tickling back across his face. “I mean, if the dog is *you*...”

Annie wasn’t fully there yet, though every second that went on brought her closer and closer. One footpaw rested against Edward’s chest and the other along his chin now, both twitching and kicking gently. “Still. What if someone comes by with their *actual* dog?”

It was fascinating, watching her otherwise canine head and mouth form these words and speak fluently, fluidly. Edward felt a shiver run down his back and turned to sidle up behind Annie, resting an arm along her body for his hand to come up over her bared breasts, themselves shrinking and settling back into a ribcage growing out into a wider barrel shape, then down along her belly and between her legs.

“The park is closed.”

“That didn’t stop *you*.”

“And *my* dog?”

“And your – your... *ah*...”

Another shiver and sigh arced through her body, and she half-lifted one leg as his fingers slid into place, dug around, and then sank up into her. Annie squirmed again and sighed, and for a moment there it felt as though Edward really *was* holding a dog against his chest, though still it was a decided human sex around his first, soft lips slipping along his fingers and parting for him to press deeper and deeper. In to

the knuckle, squeeze, gentle tug, and then back up and own, pushing apart so that he could spread her wide.

All a slow, careful movement, but even as he lay here with her clutched against his chest, still he could feel the changes thrumming through her. Annie's chest continued to at once flatten as well as broaden out, her proportions shifting and altering, her body compressing down to the proper size for her breed – which by this point Edward was certain was German shepherd, or something close to it – but what was happening down between her legs captivated his attention and arousal first and foremost.

It was something in the muscles and flesh inside first, inner rings of tension tightening, flexing, releasing, and relaxing around his fingers, the first joints and then second, then sucking along his knuckles as he buried inside of her again. For a moment she seemed to become quite tight, then her interior warmth and slickness changed and deepened, growing thicker, heavier, stickier. When he drew his fingers back out of her and spread them apart Edward could see as well as feel those thick strands pulling between and hanging down, heavy and wet.

The dog in his arms squirmed and nuzzled up beneath his chin, her breath coming out in a hungry pant. "What? Stopping there?"

He smiled and leaned down to place a kiss against her extended muzzle. "No," he answered, and ran that hand back down her chest and belly. Where her breasts had originally been now poked a pair of soft yet dense nipples through smooth fur, with a few more lining her belly down towards her thighs... and then down there she had certainly begun to plump and expand, the original smooth slit slightly swollen from her arousal now verifiably *different*. Instead of the usual human arrangement, now Annie was in the process of switching gears to a thicker, wider *protrusion*, almost, a plump, thick hump of slick, jiggling flesh poking out from between her legs, easily mushing and mashing beneath Edward's palm and his fingers.

Thick overlapping lips slid and sucked at his fingers as he dug gently into her again, exploring her slightly altered layout, pushing up and out against squeezing interior walls. Firm and tight, snug, comfortable – and so *wet*, the thick, dripping ooze working out between his fingers and down along towards the base of her tail, every muscle in her body twitching with the sensations.

"Hah..." She shivered in his grasp again, that tail thwapping gently along his leg as she wagged. "Feels... good..."

"You sure do."

Edward moved in again to bury his nose against her neck, breathing in the mixed scent of dog and Annie, already familiar and comfortable. He remained there for a while just digging his fingers around, going from two to one and then back again, learning what made her kick and twitch and gasp and shiver, figuring out which spots in her new anatomy made her shudder and clench and dribble down between his fingers. When he looked again, her sex held between his fingers and spread back a bit, it was indeed a full, plump canine spade that jiggled there at his knuckles, fresh wet pink glistening from inside.

The rest of the park and day fell away from them. Edward planted another kiss to her cheek, then one along her nose, and her canine lips, and briefly slid in between sharp teeth and broad tongue, but then just as quickly pulled himself up and away so that he could stand up. Once there Annie looked up at him,

affection in her eyes and her tail swaying behind him. For a moment he thought about guiding her up and onto all fours so he could push in from behind, like an *actual* dog, but then...

Then he stood above her, Annie still lying on her back at the edge of the bench, tail swaying and thumping against the wood. Lines of nipples running down her chest and belly towards her legs, then that fat, plump flesh there, standing out from the rest of her body and visibly glistening with arousal and natural slickness... Edward swallowed, reached down with one hand to pet her chest, and with the other angled himself forward and down.

He met her eyes again. "Are you okay with this?"

The shepherd squirmed and wriggled to line herself up with him a bit better, then flicked her tongue out over her chops. "I'm surprised you didn't ask about doggy style."

"Oh, my God." He rolled his eyes and suppressed a laugh, though looking back down over the situation quickly reignited the flame burning deep inside of him. By now his hard shaft rested snug atop her plump spade, her lips lifting gently up underneath, hot and wet with just a little bit of suction against him that pulled and tugged as he rocked his hips. The anticipation drove him *wild*. "How do you want me to-?"

"However you want." She moved her legs, inviting him to take hold of them – so he did. It felt a little strange since now it *really* seemed as though this were just any other dog, but still he knew it was Annie.

Edward swallowed, licked his lips, looked down across her strange new body all over again, completely different yet still somehow identifiably *her*... then tugged back and lined himself up with the center fold of her sex, itself new and uncharted terrain as well. "Ready?"

"Yeah."

So he started to press in, slowly at first, until that delicious wet heat blossomed and slid around him, and he sank gradually further. Immediately he tossed his head and arched his back, unbelievable sensation and pleasure arcing up through his abdomen and along the base of his spine. Slowly he pressed in, and Annie shivered and clenched around him, supple interior walls squeezing and sucking, inviting him in deeper. And he continued, one hand smoothly moving down from her leg – her haunch – to rub at her belly, then shift down further so he could tug at the lip of her spade with his thumb. Black exterior flesh, like slick oiled leather, peeled up to show warm, glistening pinkish-red inside, then wrapped snug around his own length buried inside of her... and he continued to sink in until he had nowhere left to go, internal pressure squeezing comfortably and wonderfully around him, base to tip.

He released her other leg and leaned over, bracing his hands on the back of the bench. The German shepherd in front of and beneath him opened her eyes, muzzle agape in steady panting.

"Good?"

Annie swallowed. "Very. Don't stop there."

And so he didn't. Edward kept one hand there and then again moved the other down to her body, gently gripping her ribs, her hip, her thigh, and holding her there as he pulsed himself in and out of her, tugging

out a little bit further each time and then sinking back in, shaft quickly becoming slick and smeared with the juice of her arousal. The longer he went, the smoother and softer it seemed to become, wet slickness shifting and mashing around him, the protruding lips of her sex pressing up against his body every time he buried himself inside of her, then tugging back along his shaft when he pulled back out, again and again.

The warm wetness all around him, the shifting, lurching pressure around his shaft, against his base, moving and pulsing as Annie clenched and tightened beneath him... Edward leaned in and with both hands again gripped the back of the bench as he picked up his pace, working his hips forward and back against her. The shepherd's tail flicked and wagged vigorously between his legs as he did so, long fur tickling at his thighs.

If anything that just worked him up further, and how he could hear her feral, animalistic panting beneath his own tight, steady breaths, hers so distinctly *canine* that each one added to the fuel burning inside of him. He shuddered, gritted his teeth, buried himself deep – then bent over and down to push his lips against her mouth as best as he could, eagerly sucking along her canine mouth and inviting her broad tongue in against his own. Everything about her had changed yet still somehow retained the vital essence that *was* Annie, her saliva thicker and stickier against his tongue, her slickness deeper, hotter, *richer* as it squirted out along the base of his shaft and dribbled down his sack, and then the smell on the air between them, his own musk on top of hers... when he pulled back again a thick string of mixed drool hung between their mouths, her lips still parted open and sharp animal teeth glistening inside.

Edward swallowed, licked his lips to break that strand, swallowed again – and in a few more minutes felt his energy and adrenaline rising and peaking, everything in him turning to urgency and fervency. Beneath him Annie let out a yelp of pleasure, halfway between human and dog, and her bent legs tried to clamp down around his thighs to hold him deep – and he bucked, and bucked again, and buried himself to the base inside of her spade clenching so tightly, so sweetly around him, and then pumped once, twice, a third time deep inside of her, then again, and again. After this he slid halfway out, glanced down, saw the milky white smeared all across him, then pushed back into the base again, the sensation of which forced another twitch and throb out of him, intense enough that his knees nearly buckled against the edge of the bench.

Then, both of them panting, he straightened up a bit yet remained buried inside of her, sack resting forward against the surprisingly hot, still pulsing pucker of her tailhole under the base of her tail, wagging wildly between his legs. Edward glanced down and swallowed, then felt his heart skip a bit.

“Wait.” He shifted, grunted, and pulled out, Annie's spade sucking greedily back at him. Thick, whitish juice oozed out from her parted sex, black flesh holding partially open to show rich pink inside. “Should I have, um...?”

Even despite the nervousness, watching the way that plump spade bounced and jiggled as Annie shifted around and stood up, thick white dribbling down between her lips and hanging from the point, made him shiver. She licked her chops and looked up at him, tail still wagging.

“Ed.” Annie bobbed her head. “I'm a *dog*. We'll be fine.”

He looked down at her again, gave a tired smile, then turned around to sink down into the grass at the foot of the bench, the shadow of the tree overhead spread out across them. A moment later Annie

hopped down as well, tail up and filled spade bouncing behind her. Edward smirked as a little drip of his own load bounced free and splashed against his bare thigh. She sat down on the grass there beside him, fully German shepherd, and he reached over to drape an arm around her and then bump his head on her shoulder.

Her tail wagged against his naked body. "So..."

Edward lifted his head back up. "So?"

"How was it? This first time."

He looked up to the sky, first through the canopy of the tree and then further down along the open sky. "First time with you, or first time with a dog?" It would take time to learn her expressions while this, but what she levelled at him right here instantly read as a playful glare. Edward laughed. "It was fantastic. But – it was good *because* it was you, Annie."

"You certainly seemed like you enjoyed yourself."

"Did you?"

"What do you think?" She shifted how she sat, forepaws adjusting, just so she could come over and drag her broad tongue across the side of his face. Edward turned to face her as well and pursed his lips, then grinned wider when she came back in for their best attempt at a kiss like this. "I absolutely did. Even though it was in a public dog park."

"A *closed* public dog park."

"A dog park nonetheless!"

"Yeah, but still..." He reached up and ruffled her headfur between her ears. If he scritchd in a little deeper, one of her legs started to kick. "You'd say it fits, doesn't it?"

"*Regrettably*, but – Edward-"

"And," he went on, leaning in for another kiss, "you would also say that / fit?"

"Edward!"

He laughed again, and for a moment the two sat there in the grass, warm and naked and still catching their breath, as they looked up to the sky and watched the puffy clouds pass on by. It was a pleasant day outside, made even more so by the fact that the rest of it would be spent between just the two of them together like this, sharing more than they ever had before and feeling now as though something had clicked into place between them, Edward's lips still tasting slightly of dog saliva and the general scent of canine warmth tinting the air around him. That was something he would have to get used to as well, but that would be easy enough.

With Annie here alongside him, anything would be easy. He bumped his head against hers and closed his eyes, then smiled again at the rhythm of her tail thumping against his side.