

She was sweating already, sun beating down on her head and making it fuzzy. In short, it was a terrible day to run errands. Karina panted, leaning against a lamp-post to catch her breath. The local shopping mall felt utterly out of reach.

"Hey bitch!" A shudder spasmed over her skin, and she rushed into a long jog, keeping her eyes firmly fixed ahead and not on the man she could hear behind her. *Please go away, please-*

"Sorry," he said. She kept on walking, heart thumping like a rabbit beating its paws against the earth. Ahead of her there were people; she could scream if she needed. And if he didn't come after her before then, she could lose him in the mall and not have him follow her like a vulture over a carcass. "My name's Derek. I know you're Karina."

Karina halted so quickly her momentum nearly brought her to her knees. "I don't know a Karina," she said, voice trembling. Her nails dragged across her palms until they left burning trails. A bitter taste itched on her tongue. She turned to look at Derek.

The first thing she noticed about him were his eyes; they were normal brown, but the pupil looked as if it had black tendrils reaching out, swallowing the colour. Looking into them made her hopes of escaping fade like mist in the morning. She stared into those voids and realised she was caught by a power far greater than her own, which was enveloping her like a cloud of static electricity.

"There's a good girl, Karina." Her name made her look around to see the man's face, but Derek was invisible. No matter how far she looked, all she could see was the swirling dark of his pupils. "Just a little enchantment to keep you getting away," he said in a voice far more reassuring and kind than it had any right to be. "We have a reason for this, I swear. But you don't have to think about that anymore." He inhaled. "Sit, girl."

Despite being near blind, she struck out at him. But the air felt slippery, as if she was underwater. All she could do was stand and stare in what she hoped was Derek's direction and try not to panic. What was he doing? How could anyone have such power? "Sit!"

This time, his voice held a command. Like lightning, the shock of its strength shook her; like thunder, the urge to obey rumbled from her ears to her heart. She should sit down, because it would make her good. Part of her wanted nothing else other than to be good and obedient for Derek. A larger part of her made her strike out again in the dark and disobey his command, face reddening from embarrassment. “No,” she said, voice echoing into the darkness of whatever trap she was stuck in.

“Sit.” Her ears twitched. Her buttocks started reaching for the ground before she could stop herself, only stopping their descent when she put her arms out to stop her from going down. She stood there and shook. She couldn’t get up.

It wasn’t invisible puppet hands or weakness; it was a battle in her mind, rampaging in her very soul. Part of her wanted to be good. The other cried out in humiliation, like last time. This time, the former was stronger. With wobbling arms, she lowered herself into a sitting position with a red face and burning ears, crying out in fury. Her arms stuck out in front of her oddly, like the last bit of resistance was in them and trying to push her up again.

“Good girl!” Karina smiled for the first time since Derek showed up. She had been good! “Very very good, aren’t you?” When he patted her head, it took an enormous amount of resistance to not agree.

“What are you doing to me?” Her voice felt hoarse from disuse, and a rumble sounded deep in her neck. Drool dribbled from her mouth and her tongue poked out- she shoved it back in, but it seemed too big, or her mouth too small.

Derek petted her again. Her tongue lolled out fully, Karina panting like a dog. Drool dripped from her tongue and jowls to the floor. “Good girl,” he said. A wave of calm went through her. She should listen to him. She should be obedient.

“No!” She bit him on the hand, striking true despite the water feeling and lack of sight. Warm coppery blood filled her mouth. It was the most glorious drink she had ever tasted.

The static electricity sensation enveloped her; she backed away and nearly tripped. "Bad dog!" She cringed. How could she? She was supposed to be good... "I wasn't going to do this until you were almost done, but if you won't be obedient-" Derek snapped his fingers.

Her crotch tingled like she'd been rubbing a vibrator into it, the sensation somewhere between arousal and burning. Her clit throbbed until it was like an open wound. Karina whined in pain and desperately rubbed at her parts, to no avail. They felt like they were on fire. "Now girl. Sit!"

Tears in her eyes, she complied. Her panting became loud whimpering, lips flipping and flopping about, not allowing her to talk. "Good girl!"

She came, waves of pleasure rippling up to her belly. Liquid flowed from her cunt until it stained her pants with it, the scent making her mouth drool. "Good," Derek said, voice happy. "Now I don't need that veil, methinks."

Her vision poured back. In sharp focus she could see Derek (he was scruffy, brown hair, greasy and scrawny face tired), the surrounding street, and her body. Her changed, unnatural body.

She had a red furred snout; that was what all the drooling was from. She touched it and felt a moist nose and flat tongue. Nubby claws scratched against it. "Woof?" she said. Her heart felt as if it would burst; Karina had heard the rumours of shape-snatchers on the street, but she had never expected it to happen to her. Her only hope was to run and tell the police, hope they could track down Derek and force him to reverse the spell.

Unfortunately, she felt incapable of that. She felt like warm clay being melded in his hands. Running away seemed impossible the desire to be good and the fear of not being so stinging her heart.

"Roll over," he said. She rolled over; she was so good at following his orders! Her clothes had disappeared, leaving nothing to the imagination. She looked down at her furred cunt, up to her belly, and then up to her tits.

“Good girl!” He rubbed her on the belly. Ripples of pleasure went through her, Karina panting again in mindless, drooling joy. His hand teased at the fur which seemed to lie in wait beneath her skin, pulling it out gently so it sprouted in rich tufts, then a full coat. Her fur was silky smooth, better than the cosiest clothes. Perfect for a very good girl!

Her legs bent and kicked in the air, lines of nipples poking out of her fur. The dog yipped and barked at her owner in a friendly way, licking his outstretched fingers. “Good girl!” He smiled and placed a thick leather collar around her neck. The weight felt just right; she realised without a collar she had felt empty and light. Now she felt a heavy weight of being owned upon her, and it felt *perfect*.

“Now Karina, let’s go!” He clipped on a lead to her collar. “Heel, girl!” Wagging her tail at the order, the dog came into heel and walked alongside him, eager to obey any orders he would have for her next.