

Sensory Overload

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A Commission for Tach

After being exposed to experimental chemicals, a woman has a dramatic transformation, introducing her to the heightened world of canine senses. She learns quickly the effects a potent sense of smell can have on her figure.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains A Female Human, Chemical Induced Transformation, Human to Canine TF, Binge Eating, Rapid Weight Gain, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Acceptance

The apartment door burst inward, yielding to a pillar of sunlight and the silhouette of a woman. She stepped inside the instant she regained her balance and let the door swing shut behind her, sealing her within the cool darkness. The rustling of plastic bags followed her footsteps as she navigated her way to the kitchen, brushing her spoils across walls and furniture along the way. She batted at the entrance to her kitchen for a few seconds before she found a switch, and a flickering light announced her success. She raised her groceries and covered her eyes for a brief moment while the harsh fluorescent bulbs flickered to life, and she made a mental note to replace them with something more natural as she dropped her payload. A sigh of relief tumbled from her mouth as the bags settled and leaned against each other, and she left them to their devices to lock her door. A small click sounded through the room when she did just that, and a wave of noise followed when she made a detour to turn her TV on. Colored light filled her living room as a charismatic newsperson filled its screen, who ran through a hasty report of great importance. She regulated the story to background noise as she returned to the kitchen, then sorted through her spoils and stowed them in her fridge.

The woman hummed to herself as she took care of the chilled food first, organizing them while the news anchor rattled on and on. A mention of a diet drink perked her attention, only for her thirst to capitalize on it. She reached into her refrigerator and snapped a drink away from its case, unwilling to wait for it to chill. Its cap spun off with a single gesture, and she let the lid fall to the floor as she raised it to her chin. A warning caught her eye as she tipped her head back, and she paid it no mind as she chugged the bottle in a single motion. Confusion crossed her eyes when a tinge of a strange flavor flowed over her tongue, twining with the familiar flavor into something new. She took a moment to appreciate the change of recipe and wiped a collection of droplets from her lips, then resumed restocking her supplies. She reached for another drink and chugged it as swiftly as the first before she finished, then rewarded herself with a third before taking a break. The enhanced taste hit her just as strongly as the first, and she contemplated going back to the store for another case. She shook that thought aside after she looked over her remaining groceries however, deciding she should at least finish putting the first batch away before she made a second trip. As she reached for the last of the boxes, however, the TV's report dramatically jumped in volume.

The woman flinched and peered into her living room to scold the screen, though her words died in her throat when the breaking news looped. Her stomach sank when she saw the logo of her diet drinks wrapped up in caution tape on the screen, surrounded by the word "recall" several times. The strength drained from her legs as it consumed all of her attention, rooting her in place with a long-winded warning. She broke out in a cold sweat when a reporter detailed the unexpected addition of several chemicals still under research, and she leaned against her counter as he spouted an extensive list of side effects. The woman tried to follow along and measure each of them against her feelings, though that task became significantly more difficult as they took effect. Her eyes crossed and her vision blurred as she watched her nose extend and elongate into a softly-furred snout, which fed her senses with more and more information by the inch. A sharp pain followed as the rest of her jaw followed suit, extending out and bringing her teeth with it. She rubbed her

cheeks and winced as her fangs sharpened and her tongue grew, matching her canine configuration. The woman only made the mistake of biting that long muscle once, quickly learning the importance of tracking its new tip. Her thoughts swam as her ears migrated to the top of her head, and the room spun as their inner workings aligned with their position. Her paws left her face in favor of the wall as a piercing tone rang through her head, only fading when her nerves caught up with the transformation. A new world of sound opened up before her as they linked to her brain, shattering the relative quiet of the room with muffled noise from beyond its walls. Every car that drove by outside tugged at her increasing canine senses, and the conversations of her neighbors came through with startling clarity. Even that gave way to her most potent tool of perception, however.

The woman's ears perked and her nose twitched, and an ominous growl rumbled in her middle when the mixed scents of her refrigerator slammed into her like a truck.

For a brief moment, the woman resisted her baser impulses and turned away from the humming appliance, but her self control waned as her cloudy fluffy fur migrated down her chest. She squeezed her eyes shut and scratched at herself through her shirt, desperate to alleviate the itching that came with her new pelt. Every individual hair made itself known with the slightest pinprick, combining into a wave that washed away her self control. With a rumbling growl, the woman tore her shirt and bra away, flinging the garments across the room to reveal her no longer bare chest. The front of fur stopped itching once it formed, but the advancing line still drove her to the brink of madness. Her shorts and underwear were next to go, leaving allowing her to grow closer to nature in her most natural state. She shed her shoes as pressure built in her toes, though she couldn't save her socks from her sharpening claws. Her hardened nails shredded through the fabric with ease, and soft clacks announced her subtle testing of her new enhanced appendages. A shiver ran up her spine as leathery pads formed beneath her toes, putting her in intimate contact with chilly tile. A sharp pinch at the base of her spine eclipsed that sensation however, and it commanded more and more of her attention as it grew more intense. She gnashed her teeth and looked over her shoulder to find the source of the pain, and her breath caught in her throat when she spotted it. A tiny nub wiggled and wagged with a mind of its own above her toned rear, locking her thoughts with a confused pause.

For better or worse, that moment of inaction didn't last. Sparking tingles of electricity gathered at the growth's base, and she squeezed her shut as her new appendage sprouted and surged to its full length. A yelp leapt from her throat when she regained enough control of herself to examine the bony growth, then tested her control of it. Her tail attempted to follow her commands as she swished it back and forth, but even that basic motion faltered when its fur grew in. The bizarre sensations of growth lingered and sparked much longer than it did for the rest of her pelt, drawn out by its considerable length. The woman squeezed her eyes shut and raised a leg to scratch the consuming itch as her fluff grew in, though she only managed in carving furrows in her cabinets. Her fidgeting made the discomfort easier to endure, if nothing else, and her repeated ordeal ended in a few merciful minutes. Stillness returned to her thoughts as her transformed figure settled, occupying itself with comparatively tiny modifications. Her vision blurred once more as

fraction of the color drained from the world, but in its place came a previously unknown sharpness. What little fat that hung from her figure burned away as her metabolism escalated and stabilized, returning from the chaos induced by such a drastic change. It proved to be the calm before the storm however, and her appetite surged as she burned the last of her caloric reserves. The temptation of the fridge gripped her stronger than ever, and she no longer wanted to resist. The maelstrom of delicious scents pouring from the fridge called once more, and her enhanced anatomy was more than happy to answer. She picked every individual dish from the collective feast, and each one stoked her primal appetite. The whole effect was greater than the sum of its parts, and her stomach swiftly snatched control over her brain. A quick comment from the TV about the permanence of the tainted drink's effects tickles her ears, but nothing could shake her feral focus by then.

The canine woman growled to herself and flung the door open, then reached for the first container to catch her eye. A vibrant red bowl was her first victim, brimming with enough chicken wings to last several meals. She cast its top across the room and basked in the delicious scent, then slammed her snout into the basin, jaws wide. A deep groan resonated in her chest as she coiled her tongue around a fist-full of wings, drawing them into her maw several at a time. She relished their crisp breaching breaking against her fangs, and her tail lashed with delight as their flavors and essences spilled into her maw. The Samoyed chewed for only a few seconds before her appetite forced her to swallow, sending a considerable bulge to her belly. One of her paws traced the small hill down her neck until it disappeared behind her chest, and her snout returned to her first course before it settled. The sounds of her smacking and stuffing drowned out the TV as she tore through treat after treat, gulping them down before she could properly taste them. Her snout found the bottom of the bowl all too soon, and after licking it clean of its delectable crumbs, she threw it aside as well. She reached back into her fridge without hesitation, blindly groping until she found her leftover pizza.

She yanked its box from the shelf and narrowly avoided slinging it across the tiled floor, then ripped its lid away in a greedy fervor. The canine paused for a brief moment and considered the best approach to claiming her snack, then lunched with realization. She rolled the half circle over itself until it fit neatly in her paws, then opened her muzzle wide and stuffed it in. The canine dropped her jaw and wrapped her tongue around the improvised burrito, then gulped it down inch by inch. In the back of her mind, she wondered if she'd bitten off more than she could chew, but her enhanced anatomy would not be so easily bested. Her neck bulged with the edge of the roll as she wiggled and swallowed it through the entrance of her throat, and her jaw stretched to its limit as it bent around the drop. Tears welled in the corners of her eyes as her muscles smoldered, but relentless hunger pushed her through the discomfort. A muffled sigh of relief resonated in her chest when the meal finally relented, splitting and squishing until her tendons and ligaments relaxed. She rubbed her neck and relieved the strain as she fell into an easy rhythm of lunging and gulping, until she clicked her teeth together on the far side of the meal. It slipped down her throat with ease afterward, and her gluttonous fire burned bright with newfound mastery. The Samoyed reached into the fridge and grabbed her next course at random, confident there was nothing she couldn't conquer.

The TV continued to drone out its urgent report while she ate and gorged, unable to overcome the sounds of her greedy gulps and swallows. A small mountain of discarded containers and wrappers built around the canine, marking her progress and obscuring her expanding belly once it grew high enough. Every so often, the canine would slow her pace and soothe her belly, allowing one of her paws to fall away from her jaws and grace its curvature. Her tail thumped the floor with every generous rub, though its rhythm slowed as her gluttonous stuffing took its toll on her figure and stamina. The fluff of her middle gradually spread thin as it tightened, hinting at the stretch marks forming under her fur. Sparks and tremors of bliss jumped up her spine each time her claw traced over those sensitive paths, exchanging the discomfort of her stuffing for points of pleasure. Her breath shortened as that wonderful feedback loop continued and accelerated, driving her to clear every single crumb from the fridge. Her resolve held, even as she leaned over herself further and further to reach what remained, though raw will wouldn't keep her going forever. Her eyes fogged as feral instincts set her on autopilot, leaving little but the drive to eat in her head. The hide beneath her pelt turned pink with strain as she reached for the last of her food, and her breath shortened as she plucked the final snack from the top shelf. She whined as she twisted the cap from the last of her diet drinks, then bundled the trio in her paws. The canine tipped her head back and poured their combined contents over the back of her tongue, ignoring the tightness in her middle until she finished.

Her gaze turned to her pantry and she lunged for its door, though a food coma swiftly took her before her first step.

The canine roused and rubbed her forehead, separating dreams from memories as she sat up. Visions of stuffing herself to the limit turned to reality as a considerable weight tugged at her middle, bringing her back into the cool tile's embrace. She winced and whined as overbearing fullness slammed into her senses, shorting her strength and keeping her sprawled across the floor. The canine rubbed and soothed her belly, drawing involuntary wags from her fluffy tail. She registered the new appendage in the back of her mind, but decided to process the sensations that came with it later. In the meantime, she carefully worked herself up into sitting upright, then rested her arms on the tight dome. She couldn't stop her claws from exploring its curves, from its tight upper surface to its softened bottom roll. Mixed emotions played across her brow as she traced pudge that wasn't there before to her love-handles, which filled her fingers far more than she remembered. A new layer of flab cushioned her rear as well, evidenced by the soft fold that spread across the ground. It continued down her pillowy thighs and ended at her knees, bringing her groggy focus upward. Concern welled in her chest when softness swung from her upper arms, and she snapped awake when she rubbed a finger across her developing double chin. Confusion gave way to shock, which melted into grief. She explored her figure again and again, but each time her new rolls remained. Eventually, she was forced to face the truth she'd ruined months of work in a single, grand binge. Still, she couldn't stop her tail from thwapping against her counter, or subdue the tiny, hedonistic part of her that enjoyed the change. Her expression softened as that inner voice grew in volume, gradually bringing her to terms with her new reality.

A sharp tone from the TV grabbed her attention as the special report repeated, and she rubbed a paw over her grumbling stomach as she listened.

"Again, the effects do not seem to be permanent as long as the dosage is low. Anecdotal evidence suggests one or two drinks are fine, though consuming three or more may produce lasting effects. We will provide updated information on this as it becomes available."

The canine looked through the wreckage of her meal and gathered her emptied bottles. A torrent of mixed emotions swept through her chest when she counted seven, though the severity of her situation wore off as she surveyed her figure.

"Well, I guess I have always been a dog person..."