

## Can't take the Heat

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Those who can't do, write. Anyone can live a simple life if they so choose.

Spin, spin, spin goes the pencil.

Nick is sitting in the middle of the food court, a pencil in one hand and his head in the other. He idly twirls the pencil round and round, waiting. Bored. A small note pad is sandwiched into his back pocket, but he doesn't have any ideas to write down, nothing to make note of. Not right now. God he's bored.

He's sort of good looking, although a bit on the skinny side. A head of messy brown hair, average height with jeans, a white t-shirt, hooded jacket, and sneakers. Not terribly remarkable.

Maybe he should get something to eat? Maybe something sugary and smothered in icing? Or greasy and dripping with cheese? Perhaps baked brown and lightly salted? He does feel hungry, but is too lazy and cheap to get up and buy some food. He only has enough money for a movie with his girl, Lindsay, and maybe a cheap dinner afterwards. Can't spend it on overpriced mall food. In fact there's nothing here that he can afford, and yet here he is waiting for his buddy John and his date.

This is the oasis; the watering hole of the city. The central point from which teens from all across town gather round to howl at the moon together. John and Nick are going to have a night of fun with their girlfriends. Movie, a dinner, and with any luck a late night.

Nick checks his watch, then rolls his eyes. He may always be on time, but John is terribly unreliable when it comes to deadlines. If he doesn't hurry Nick will just leave without them, pick up Lindsay, and they'll go to the movie by themselves.

Nick stands up and leaves the dining court, pocketing his pencil. If John shows up and Nick isn't there he'll know to call him. Stuck in traffic most likely. Can't hurt to walk around a bit can it? Window shop and whatnot.

Nick is walking aimlessly about when he spots an odd store, crammed into the space between two competing shoe places. He's never noticed the shop before; it must be new. He vaguely remembers this area being offered for lease, and guesses someone must have finally bought the tiny place. Intrigued, he walks in.

Inside the atmosphere is dark, the smell of herbs and spices strong in the air.

It appears to be a Chinese shop, and crammed into every inch of the place are piles and piles of junk. Nick is just about to start to look around some of the more interesting stuff when a tiny old man walks in through a door hidden by a pile of antique clothes.

"Hello! Hello! Welcome to my shop!" he says, taking Nick's hand and gripping it firmly. He has to be at least a hundred years old, and his face is as scrunched up as a raisin.

"My name is Wong Wasonasong, at your service. Are you looking for anything in particular?"

"Oh, no, not really. I was just looking..."

“Ho, you take your time young man, take your time. Something for everyone here, yes there is. I have a fine collection of jewelry though... perhaps for your lady friend?”

The old Chinese man cocks an eye at Nick, grinning lopsidedly.

“What? Oh, well... what kind of jewelry?”

“All kinds! Every kind! Right over here!”

He takes Nick’s hand, guides him over to a small chest, and flips open the lid. Inside are gold earrings studded with diamonds, pearl necklaces, and fancy rings.

He takes out a brilliant necklace of fine golden chain with a white gold dove pendant.

“This is what you want!” he says, “For just five thousand dollar, you can make your woman happier than she’s ever been!”

“Whoa! I can’t possibly afford that. Do you have anything else?”

“Ho, that is my cheapest piece...perhaps something else then? A good luck charm?”

The old man reaches over to an overloaded shelf and takes a glass eyeball off a pedestal. It’s exquisitely detailed, and looks alarmingly real.

“Guaranteed to warn you of danger, so long as you keep it near your heart... three hundred dollar!”

“I’m sorry,” says Nick, “I still can’t afford something like that.”

“Ho! I know just what you need...”

The old man drags Nick to the back of the shop and pulls a hat out of a pile.

“This hat is over a century old, and has passed down through my family for five generations! For you, twenty dollar! Wear it well...”

The old man bows low, and offers Nick a bowler hat.

“I’m so sorry, but I still can’t afford that.”

The Chinese man appears shocked, hurt even.

“Ten dollar!”

“I still can’t afford it!” pleads Nick. “I really can’t afford anything right now, I only came in to look!”

“HO!”

The old man staggers back.

“You! You walk into my shop, without money to buy, and do me this great dishonor! Shame! Shame on you! Out of my shop! Out! Yes!”

The old man takes hold of Nick’s hand and drags him back out the front.

“You are a dog! A dog I say, to do this to me!”

The old man is practically shouting now, and making a bit of a scene. He throws Nick away from him, and Nick falls to the ground.

The old man then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a fist full of white powder and throws it in Nick’s face, and he starts choking on the dust, coughing and trying to stand up.

“Mũ quăn!!!” he shouts, his face screwed up in fury, then storms back into his shop and disappears through the door in the back.

Nick manages to stand up, and is brushing the chalk-like white powder from his face and clothes when he realizes that everyone has stopped and is looking at him. He coughs up more of the powder,

then walks away without explanation. He's knocking the last of the dust from his pants and hair when he finds himself back at the dining court and sees John waving at him over nearby the pretzel stand, buying his girlfriend Jennifer a plain pretzel.

John is everything Nick isn't. Big, strong, on the football team. He's also not terribly bright, but that's never stopped him from getting a pretty date.

Jennifer looks ten years older than she really is, but has the heart of a child. She's actually very sweet, but can be incredibly naïve at times. She probably spends a good hour or two every day putting on makeup and doing her hair.

Ah, but Lindsay... she's not your normal girl. She's smart, smartest in the class even, and very pretty in her own way. It just doesn't always show since she almost never wears make up. Nick doesn't care, he likes her, and loves talking with her. She's shy, but Nick helps bring out her fun side from time to time, like going to the theater, and going on a date, and maybe even getting to score. Nick's tried before on that count and failed, but various small hints have told Nick tonight might be the night if he plays his cards right.

"Hey John! How's it hanging?"

"It's hanging," answers Jennifer with a sly smile, making John laugh.

"Ya, we're doing alright. Gonna pick up Lindsay now?"

"Yup, and we need to hurry. Movie starts in half an hour."

Lindsay lives just a few miles from the movie theater, and John follows Nick as he navigates around the heavy traffic using back streets. Sitting in his seat, though, he feels a little weird. Like he can't get comfortable. He keeps moving around in the seat, but doesn't think anything of it except to be a bit annoyed. In no time they're at Lindsay's house, and she walks out the front door immediately and gets in John's Honda, smiling. Nick returns the smile, trying to settle into his seat and stop moving around.

The trip to the theater is fast and quiet, and Nick parks in the rear of the full parking lot. It's Saturday night, and the theater is packed.

Holding Lindsay's hand and walking as a group across the parking lot and up to the ticket counter, Nick can't help but shake an uneasy feeling. Like something's off. Again he dismisses it, instead focusing his attention on Lindsay.

He has her laughing at a joke when they walk through the doors and past the big screen. Everything is looking up. Most seats are taken, but they find four unclaimed seats higher up and against the wall, and settle in.

Again, Nick can't seem to sit still, but through force of will manages to stop fidgeting. Instead they all whisper quietly to each other about the previews. Then the movie starts, and everyone grows silent.

It's a romantic comedy, and actually not bad. They're about ten minutes into the movie when Nick starts to really notice something might be wrong. He's starting to feel really funny, and his stomach has begun to hurt. He's also practically buzzing with energy. He ignores it all though, until his super-sized coke starts to take effect.

“Gotta use the restroom,” he whispers, then stands up and makes his way quickly to the exit. He hurries; he doesn’t want to miss the movie... or snuggling with Lindsay. She had been resting her head against his shoulder, and had her arm around him... all very good signs.

It doesn’t take long to find the men’s room, and Nick walks in. He has to wait for a urinal, but there are open stalls so he decides to use one of them instead.

Down with the fly, pop the button, hook thumb into waistband, pull down boxers and pull out...

Nick’s heart skips a beat.

He pulls waistband down further, and reaches deeper. Nothing.

Shit shit shit. Panic attack.

Nick pulls out his boxers, glances down, then immediately lets the elastic snap back, turns around, and shuts the door.

His heart is pounding, adrenaline racing through his system. There is no way. No way. Must be something wrong, some mistake, something he’s missing. It can’t be gone.

He reaches back into his pants.

Yup. Definitely gone.

Double check.

Still gone. What the fuck? What’s happening? Was there something in that white powder? Some hallucinogen? Fucking hell!

Nick grabs his crotch, feeling around through his jeans, and feels nothing. He searches very thoroughly. Absolutely nothing.

He has to look again, so carefully he turns around, pulls down his pants, and then his boxers.

At first he sees nothing but golden hair, which is weird too, since his pubes are supposed to be brown like his hair, and the hair is short and flat. Nothing there.

He touches it, and it’s soft and surprisingly thick, but he pushes his hands through it looking for his dick. He finds something alright, but not at all what he was expecting.

Nick nearly shouts at the top of his lungs when his finger slips inside a thin fold of flesh, and jerks his hand back. His middle finger, the one that slipped, is now wet.

Nick is beginning to hyperventilate.

No. Not possible.

But he has to look, and bending over for a better view slowly parts the hair on his groin with his trembling fingers.

It’s unmistakable, Nick has a pussy. A wet pussy too. A sensitive pussy. Just the touch of his fingertips is enough to shock Nick’s entire body. The lips are dark red and the mound is slightly swollen.

“Oh God,” is all Nick can say. The people outside his stall ignore him.

He refuses to believe that this could be real. There’s just no way. It has to be fake. A drug induced illusion. There is simply no way this is real.

But reality comes a knocking, whether you want it to or not, and knock it did for Nick in the form of a full bladder. In a bathroom, next to a toilet, with his pants down, with the sound of water and

urination all around him, Nick suddenly was about to piss himself, so after a very quick three seconds of panic where he tried to find his dick again he simply sat on the seat and went.

Nothing in the world could have been more humiliating to him. Dreams of it all being an illusion are dashed. It's simply too real. He can't even begin to deny it.

He breaks into tears, sitting there on that seat. How did this happen? Why him?

That Chinese man! What other possible explanation could there be?

Fury erupts in Nick, but is dampened by the horror of what has happened. He tries desperately to dry his eyes and wipe his nose, but can't stop the flow of tears and snot so he sits there. Minutes pass before he gains enough control of himself to stop crying, a fragile barrier holding back his emotions, and realizes he has to get up. Get back to the others. They've got to be wondering what's taking him so long. He can't let them know. Nobody can ever know.

He stands up and realizes he's wet with urine, and grimaces when he realizes he needs to wipe himself. He cleans up as best he can, pulls up his pants, and walks out of the stall taking deep breaths.

He sits back in his seat silently, and Lindsay puts her arm back around him. Nick feels nauseous, but tries not to let it show and embraces Lindsay back. She whispers quietly what he missed, but he doesn't care anymore.

Nick sits stiffly, hardly aware of anything around him. He can feel it vividly, the total lack of anything between his legs. He presses his legs together to try and hide his shame, even though it only makes it worse.

It isn't long before he starts feeling funny in a totally new way. He's been feeling funny down below for a long while, long before he even realized what it was, but it's starting to intensify now. It's making him jumpy, excitable, and out of breath even as he sits there and tries to ignore it. He can feel the wetness. The heat in his groin isn't going away just because he wants it to. It takes him a bit to realize what it is, but once he does the answer seems obvious.

His girlfriend is rubbing up against him, making him feel good, and normally this would cause a very male reaction of a chubby. He can't get a chubby. He can only get hot and bothered.

Nick blushes powerfully, which thankfully is totally unnoticeable in the dark theater, and tries to control himself. He doesn't want these feelings, needs them to stop in fact, but fighting it only seems to make it worse. Lindsay's soft skin, her hand on his shoulder... he can't just ignore that. He can't ignore her. He can't even have sex with her now for Christ sake, but still she makes him feel like this! It's not fair! This is the most affectionate she's ever been! Tonight was supposed to be THE night!!! It's enough to make Nick want to scream in frustration.

Nick is starting to feel warm, uncomfortably hot even in the cool theater, and starts rubbing his legs together without realizing it.

It feels good, and Nick is going into a daze when Lindsay brings him out of it with a giggle. Something funny must have been said, and Nick tries to fake a small laugh, smiling at Lindsay. He notices now that John and Jennifer have started kissing, and Lindsay is looking at him now, ignoring the screen and looking into his eyes. Aw fuck.

He can't say he doesn't want it, and Lindsay has never shown this initiative before. She's really starting to open up to Nick, and they lean in and start kissing playfully. Nick is flushed with heat now, although oddly he isn't sweating at all, but decides to ignore his troubles for a moment and kiss his girlfriend.

Things start progressing from simple kissing to some touching when Nick's tongue accidentally slips into Lindsay's mouth. Waaay farther than it should have been able to.

A look of pleasant surprise passes over her face, and she joins Nick with tongue play. She doesn't notice it, but Nick does. There's something wrong with his tongue. He breaks off, and Lindsay leans in close.

"Wow Nick! Where'd that come from?"

"I don't know," Nick whispers back, panicking.

"I had no idea you could do things like that... I really like it," she breathes as she leans in and they begin kissing again, using lots of tongue. Nick likes it a lot too, and if she doesn't notice anything is wrong... well, where's the harm in it? It's getting really hot inside for Nick, and he takes off his jacket without breaking his lip lock.

They keep at it for a good while until they need to take a break, and they hold each other even closer now, Lindsay press right up against Nick's side.

Thoughts race through his head while the movie goes on. He's looking for a way out, a solution, a fix. Something. Anything! His groin is extremely wet, and he starts to worry it might soak through his pants, but something else turns out to be more pressing.

Nicks stomach is a little itchy, so he scratches his belly and feels thick hair, practically fur, under his shirt.

That was definitely not there when he went to the restroom.

A subtle hand explores under his shirt, and it's the same hair as was on his groin, and it's even thicker. Silky smooth.

That introduces a little panic back into Nick. Whatever's happening to him isn't over. It's spreading.

Lindsay, however, is practically hanging off Nick and making his condition even worse. Nick doesn't really know what he's feeling, but as good as it feels he doesn't like it. He wishes it would stop, wishes everything would stop. He doesn't want that thing in his pants.

Nick finds himself nearly on the verge of tears again, and stops himself. He can't do this in front of them, can't let them know, so he swallows the knot in his throat and pushes those thoughts away.

Nick doesn't realize it when he starts to pant, but Lindsay does. At first she ignores it, but after a minute of listening to Nick's heavy, rapid breathing, she gently pushes his mouth closed with a finger and Nick immediately stops.

"Hmm?" he asks.

"Nothing... you want to spend the night at my place? My parents are on vacation."

"Yea, sure," he says without much thought. Then he realizes the implications of what she just said, and what he agreed to, and elation shoots through him like a lightning bolt. Score! Finally!

Then he realizes the problem. His horrible problem. He can't have sex with her. Not now. It's not even an option! He's got to tell her he changed his mind!

But how can he? This could be his one chance with her, if he pushes her away she'll think he doesn't want any! He's worked way too hard for this, no... he'll figure something out.

Maybe he doesn't have to have actual sex? Maybe he can get away with just blowing her or something? Or "cuddling"? Maybe heavy petting?

Not a chance in hell, he'll be found out. All of those things lead to sex. In any case she'll probably want to see him naked, or at the very least will feel him up, and neither of those are even remotely an option.

How can he get out of this?! He's being put in an impossible situation!!! The only way out is to ignore this blatant signal, to refuse to have sex with her... but... NO! NO NO NO NO NO!!!

Fury builds silently in Nick as he sits there, Lindsay next to him totally oblivious.

He'll kill that old Chinese man for doing this! Make him undo it! But how?!?

A possible solution pops into Nick's head. He'll tell Lindsay that he left something in the old man's shop, go back before going to Lindsay's. It'll be alright... Everything will work out; even if Nick has to break the old man's fingers he is getting laid tonight.

He felt like it would never end, but eventually it did and everyone gets up, stretches, and begin leaving the theater. Nick is so happy that he deep tongue kisses Lindsay all the way to their car.

"You know the way, Nick," she says sexily as she gets in the passenger seat.

"Yea," says Nick back, lust in his eyes. Jesus his groin feels hot. "Hey, you don't mind if we make a quick stop back to the mall, do you? I accidentally left my phone in one of the shops."

Nick had sneakily turned off his cell in the theater, in case she tried to call it. She doesn't.

"Okay, but try to be quick," she says with a kiss. Nick winks at her, then turns over the engine.

His eyes go wide and he groans out loud when the vibrations from the engine hit his body, specifically his lower body.

"You okay?" asks Lindsay innocently.

"Ha... Yea...Fine..." Nick manages to say, squeezing his legs together. Holy fuck.

Nick bites down on his lip and gently eases the gear into drive.

He nearly crashes on his way to the mall a few times, unable to focus with the car's engine buzzing and vibrating like it is. It's intense, but he grits his teeth and manages to maintain long enough to make it to the mall.

"You want to wait in the car?" Nick asks, throwing the car into park. "I won't be three minutes, I promise."

Nick is practically bouncing, needing to get out of that car, but he needs Lindsay to stay so he can talk and act more freely with the old Chinese dude.

"Yea, sure. I'll be right here when you get back!" she shouts after Nick, who is gone like lightning.

He practically sprints the parking lot, and nearly runs over a half dozen people on his way back to the old man's shop.

He bursts into the familiar smelling establishment, and there sitting in a short chair is the old man facing the entrance. Nobody else is in the shop.

"Ho? Back so soon? Perhaps you wish to buy something this time?"

"Fuck no! I'm here for you to turn me back!"

"Turn you back? Back to what?"

"You know damn well what!"

“No. You have always been a mǔ quǎn.”

“What in the fuck is a moo chan?”

“You!” shouts the old man back, practically laughing now. “You are the mǔ quǎn! Mǔ quǎn is lowest of low, is female dog. That you! Is true, no?”

The old Chinese dude is grinning from ear to ear, obviously thinking himself a great comedian. Nick doesn't think it's as funny.

“FEMALE DOG!? UNDO IT NOW OR SO HELP ME GOD I'LL!!!”

“You'll what, mǔ quǎn? Beat me up? I think not. You know not what I can do.”

“I had a date today!” shouts Nick, his voice starting to quake, now with more than just anger. “My girlfriend is in the car, right now, and we want to have sex. I want to be able to have sex with her. Right NOW!”

“Ho? It's hard for a mǔ quǎn to mate another female, yes? I see... how strange that is...” Nick doesn't catch the sarcasm.

“So you'll fix it?” Nick says with a sigh. Finally, he got through to the man. Obviously there's been some miscommunication. “You'll undo what you did?”

“No!” says the old man with a barking laugh. “It is your punishment, mǔ quǎn, are you low *and* stupid? You will bear it until the end. Out of my shop now dog. Shoo. Off with you.”

The old man is practically dancing with laughter at his own antics.

“No,” Nick says, a murderous look in his eyes. He takes a step towards the old man with the intent to hurt him badly.

“*Sit*,” says the old man calmly, but in an odd voice, and Nick feels himself forced to drop to the ground, his ass hitting the floor so fast that he bounces.

The old man then stands up, and seems to grow to the size of a giant. He walks over to Nick and bends low to whisper into his ear.

“*Off with you.*”

Nick feels himself immediately compelled to leave the shop. He can't ignore it, can't even begin to fight it, and before he even half realizes what has happened he's standing outside the mall. He tries to go back inside, but a feeling of unnatural terror grips him every time his hand goes near the door.

No.

He's failed. He's changed nothing. He still can't go over to Lindsay's. His life is over, ruined in a day. And what's more the golden fur is spreading up his stomach and back!! He can even feel it between his thighs!!

He has no choice. He'll make up an excuse... Lindsay will understand. She's nice like that. It's why he likes her so much. That'll have to do for now, he'll come back in the morning. He'll figure something out.

He walks dejectedly out to his car, Lindsay is still waiting with the engine running, heater full blast. It's a cool night, but Nick doesn't feel it. He feels hot. He catches himself panting, and stops himself. He will not pant like a dog. He can fight this. He'll show that old man.

Everything makes sense now. The changes, the fur, his tongue, and now the need to pant... all a dog. A fucking female dog. He opens the door, feeling the hot air rush out.

“Close the door quick!” says Lindsay, squealing, and Nick does. He sits down heavily in the driver's seat.

“Did you find your phone?”

“Yea. Hey Lindsay... I can't come over to your house tonight. I'm feeling really sick. It might be the flu. I'll drop you off.”

“Oh Nick! Why didn't you say anything? I thought you were acting kind've weird at the theater.”

Nick just nods, not trusting himself to speak further. He'd forgotten about the engine vibrations, holey moley...

Lindsay reaches over and touches Nick's forehead, and he's burning up.

“Oh, my poor baby! You're feverish! Are you sure you're okay to drive?”

“No... Not really,” Nick manages to say. Thank God, he didn't think he could stand trying to drive with his condition again; the vibrations are just too much. This whole day has been too much.

“Let's switch seats then, on the count of three. One, two, three!”

Lindsay quickly gets behind the wheel and slams the door. Nick of course takes his time. Damn that car and its engine, damn it to hell. He's nearly wet his pants already.

“Hey, can we back the heater off a little?” he asks, buckling in then holding his gut. Lindsay assumes it's because of nausea, but it's really a poor attempt to calm down the feelings being created inside him.

“Poor baby, I'll take good care of you. You can sleep with me tonight...”

“What!? No! You'll catch whatever I've got!”

“Probably have already, and it'll make you feel better, I promise! Unless... you don't want to sleep with me? You can have the couch if you'd be more comfortable...”

“No! No. If you're okay with a little flu, then yea... of course. I'm not a total idiot.” Nick tries to finish off with a grin, and it works, but deep down he's panicking. He'll need to think on his feet. He can do this. All he has to do is survive the night without Lindsay finding him out, go back to the crazy Chinese fucker tomorrow, and set everything straight. One step at a time. He takes a deep breath and lets it out.

He can do this.

In no time at all they're there. It's a small, quaint house, but in a good neighborhood. Nick has been inside several times, and knows his way around.

They open the door and immediately are greeted by Lindsay's big German Shepard, Rex.

Nick had completely forgotten about Rex, but he's reminded when the dog immediately shove's his nose in Nick's crotch and starts licking and sniffing.

“Rex!” shouts Lindsay. “No! Off!”

Rex ignores her though, and Nick tries to push the dog away. He *Really* doesn't like what it's doing to him, or what it's making him feel. He starts shivering uncontrollably as he tries desperately to push Rex's nose away.

Lindsay grabs his collar and pulls him off Nick, dragging him across the linoleum, and Rex starts barking loud enough to rattle the windows. Lindsay shuts him in the restroom and he quiets down, but paws at the door jam. Nick is a little wobbly on his feet now, and supports himself with a counter.

“What's wrong with Rex? He usually doesn't act like that...”

“Y-Yeah,” Nick stammers.

Nick glances down at his groin, and it's covered in dog slobber. He suppresses a shudder, remembering the feel of Rex's tongue and nose through his jeans. Nick struggles to regain control of himself, and seeking a distraction from his thoughts walks into the kitchen and opens a cupboard.

"Mind if I make myself some soup?" he asks, shaking a can of minestrone.

"Help yourself. I'm gonna go shower."

She gives a sly wink, and slinks off to the shower.

Nick swallows hard, then pry's open the can and starts nuking himself some dinner.

He's eating the soup and listening to the sound of Lindsay showering when he starts to look at his face in the mirror of his spoon. He sticks out his tongue and is shocked by its length. It's also grown flatter than it should be. The soup tastes weird too. Fuck.

He smiles into the spoon and realizes that his canines have become sharper and more pronounced, as well as his molars. Nothing wrong with his face yet, but he holds no illusions. There probably will be.

The fur has continued to spread down his thighs all the way to his knees, as well as up to his chest. At this rate a shirt won't be able to hide it for very much longer. He'll just need to get Lindsay in bed soon, and with the lights off she won't notice, just so long as she doesn't touch him in the wrong places... He'll get her to sleep. Sneak off in the morning, or maybe even in the middle of the night, after she falls asleep... yea...

Why can't he shake these feelings? It's distracting him horribly, and he starts rubbing his legs together, but it does nothing to help.

It's only been getting worse... it has to go away eventually right? Jesus Christ make it stop!

"I'm out of the shower!" says Lindsay down the hall, followed by the water turning off. "Come and sit with me on the bed! We can watch some T.V.!"

"Um... I'm a little tired for T.V."

"Oh, that's fine. We can just lay in bed then. Come on! It'll make you feel better!"

"Alright, be right there!"

Nick takes his time, washing out his bowl and drying off his hands. Time to do this. He can totally do this.

Nick walks into Lindsay's bedroom and, nonchalantly as he can, turns off the lights. Lindsay is on the bed waiting for him wearing nothing but panties and a bra, but doesn't say anything when he turns off the lights. Satisfied that stage one of operation "Don't get caught with your pants down" is going good, Nick takes off his shirt and jeans, leaving only his boxers on as he climbs into bed with Lindsay.

There's enough ambient light from the window that they can see each other, but not enough for either of them to distinguish anything more detailed than dark shadowy shapes. The fur on Nick's chest, back, and legs may as well be invisible.

"You know you're beautiful right?" Nick whispers.

"How can I forget when you keep telling me?"

Lindsay then starts to unhook her bra.

"I never wear these to bed, you don't mind, do you?"

"Never."

Nick is burning up, but God it's so good. He knew all along it would eventually come to this tonight, but even if he can't make love to her as a man he's going to give her a night to remember if it's the last thing he does. He starts panting again without realizing it.

Lindsay's breasts spring free and Nick groans. Hot Jesus. His boxers are soaked, and have been for a while, so he takes them off. She can't see anything anyway, so no harm there, and it feels wonderful being naked next to his woman.

Lindsay then proceeds to take off her panties oh so slowly. It's like torture to Nick. He resists touching himself.

They're both sitting up on the covers and lean in close to begin kissing. It is the most wonderful feeling in the world to Nick at that moment, Lindsay's hands around his shoulders, their tongues playing with each other, the taste of each other's lips, the feel of each other's skin, it's electrifying. Both Nick and Lindsay's groins are starting to make a real mess of the bed sheets. Lindsay's hands start to wander so Nick stops her by grabbing her hands and holding them.

He can't stand it, even if he can't have her that doesn't mean he can't fuck her! Breaking off his kisses he lets go of her hands and drags his tongue down her neck. She moans as he drags his tongue all the way down between her breasts, then begins teasing her nipples. Gently licking and sucking them, circling her breasts with his tongue and rubbing her nipples with his fingers, grabbing and squeezing them, while Lindsay lays back on her bed sensually.

"Oh Nick..."

She knows what Nick's doing and doesn't fight it. She wants it.

Nick, however, is taking his time and savoring every moment. He licks and kisses her soft belly, his hands traveling down her sides to her hips and ass, finally nearing her hairless pussy. She must have gotten a wax just for him, and Nick feels another pang of love for her.

And now the moment she's been secretly waiting for ever since Nick's tongue accidentally danced into her mouth. He flicks his tongue over her clitoris, making her gasp for air. Nick can't help but grin at her reaction. He drags his tongue slowly through her pussy, feeling her folds and sensing every micro shiver that pulses through her frame. He scoops up her nectar with his tongue and savors the flavor.

Then he speeds it up a little, gently lapping at her folds and teasing out every detail of her pussy, feeling every contour, exploring every cranny. Lindsay is starting to buck and move around underneath Nick's tongue now, unable to hold still, but she does her best and encourages him to continue. Lovely sounds escape her throat as she presses her lips together in an attempt to be quiet. Never in a million years would she had known it would feel like this, and Nick has only just begun.

Nick starts using his tongue to attack her clitoris while simultaneously running up and down her labia, and now the real fun begins. Lindsay starts bucking in earnest, but Nick holds down her ankles and continues. She can't help but vocalize, losing control of herself to her boyfriend's magical tongue.

Nick, however, is losing control too. He can't help it, he can't stand to do this to his girlfriend and feel nothing in return, so despite his better judgment he starts grinding his groin against the bed.

It feels sinfully good, both to Nick and Lindsay, but Lindsay is definitely getting the best of it at the moment. She's starting to yell with every flick of Nick's magical tongue, shout with every move of his

mouth and lips, scream as he spreads her wider with his fingers and dips his tongue deep into her. All the while he energetically dry humps the bed.

Then Lindsay orgasms, spraying her fluid into the air and onto Nick and the bed. He licks it off his face and keeps going, even though she shouts stop. She quickly changes her mind when she rapidly begins to approach a second orgasm and resumes encouraging Nick, singing his praises with a weak voice, punctuated by moments of silence as she grits her teeth and balls her fists to endure something particularly special Nick does to her with his tongue.

Nick is furiously fucking Lindsay with his mouth, his face buried in her beaver, and wishes for all the world that he still had his dick. Even as he grinds against the mattress he pretends that instead of a wet pussy he still has his manhood, that he can still fuck her if he wanted. It's a horrible slap to the face that he can't even get a boner, all he has is this pathetically swollen pussy that he's rubbing up and down against the blankets and sheets, his wetness leaving behind trails of pussy juice. No matter how good it feels though he'd much rather have his dick right now, but he tries not to think about it as he makes Lindsay squirm and squeal underneath him.

Lindsay's second orgasm is even more energetic than the first, and she screams bloody murder as her pussy sprays into the air. She shouts profanity for the whole duration of the event.

Now she begs Nick to stop, to slow down, to take it easy, but he doesn't and in seconds she's back to shouting his name as she builds toward a third.

Nick himself is starting to feel very, very good. The feel of his pussy grinding against the bed is wonderful, the stimulation he's receiving down there extremely welcome to his current state of mind, but even more than that he feels something else. He's not sure, but he thinks it *might* be a climax approaching. He sure hopes it is, because he really needs one. The only equivalence he could possibly make to how he feels is that it's like he's been walking around with a rock hard boner all day. If he doesn't get satisfaction it'll drive him crazy. He can only pray that if he gets it off this one time, that it'll be gone for good.

It's hard to tell though what's really happening to him though, since he has nothing to go by. All he knows is that there's a buildup of pressure in his abdomen, and that rubbing his pussy against the sheets is starting to feel *really fucking good*. Better than anything he's ever felt actually. He can hardly get enough air, but continues to see to Lindsay's needs as she approaches her third climax.

It sneaks up on Nick just as Lindsay starts spraying and spasming for the third time in a row.

His pussy explodes, and he's forced to stop licking Lindsay's womanhood. His whole body freezes up as an event occurs that seems to Nick to stop his heart and last for hours on end.

As a man, a single big burst of pleasure delivered all at once was the norm for his orgasms. For females, it's a million smaller bursts over and over packed into several seconds.

His stomach is fluttering uncontrollably, his pelvic muscles are clenched tight, and every nerve-ending Nick possesses is screaming in orgasmic pleasure. He sprays pussy juice onto the bed sheets in waves for a full five seconds until the experience finally subsides and Nick can breathe again.

"Holy shit," is all he can say when he catches his breath.

"Yea..." agrees Lindsay quietly.

He's not sure if it's because he orgasmed with Lindsay or if it's because he orgasmed as a female, but it was bar none the greatest orgasm he's ever had. It was wonderful, delightful, life

changing, concentrated bliss. It was like nothing he could possibly have imagined it to be. He suddenly feels guilty for making Lindsay have three in a row, and each one of those had to be a million times more intense than what he himself just felt. That's the sort of thing that can drive a person insane.

But now that the warm glow deep in his belly is starting to fade he looks down at himself. At his bodily fluids smeared all over Lindsay's bed, at his still-hot, glowing sex. What did he just do to himself? He can't believe it, and is suddenly disgusted with what he just did. How did he let himself do that? Yes, it felt good. Of course it would. He's known that all along and was able fight it. How could he give in like that!? Fuck, he's not fucking enjoying this! He definitely shouldn't have done that!

Before now he was able to say he didn't want any part of what had been done to him. How could he say that after what just happened? How could he say he doesn't want any of this, when he just did *that* to himself? The Chinese fucker would only take this as evidence that he *likes* what he did to him! Jesus A. fucking Christ! He doesn't like this! He doesn't want this! Why the fuck did that evil little Chinese dude do this to him?! It's worse than torture; it's beyond cruel! He'll kill him for doing this!!!

"Oh Nick, that was wonderful..."

"It was good for me too," Nick lies, hiding his worry as best he can under a carefree attitude and crawling up the bed to lie next to her. She's radiant, still coming down from her multiple orgasms, something she's never done before. She kisses him on the cheek lovingly.

"I'm not sure if I can return the favor right now... what you did... it took a lot out of me."

"Don't worry about it," Nick says, at once happy and yet still disappointed. Tonight has not gone according to plan, that's for sure. "Let's just sleep together. I'd like that."

"If that's okay with you, then thanks. I'll pay you back tomorrow for sure. I'll make you feel like a million bucks. I'll do everything to you, I promise. There won't be a happier man on the planet when I'm done."

"Sounds like a date," Nick says with a smile. Lindsay giggles, then snuggles up next to him.

Nick is laying there on the bed for some time, thinking quietly to himself, before he realizes that Lindsay isn't moving. She's out cold, fell asleep almost the second she stopped talking. Hopefully tomorrow she'll be able to return the favor, and Nick will be able to accept.

Feeling wide awake Nick quietly sneaks out of Lindsay's bedroom and into the hallway. After closing her door he turns on the light's in the hall and looks in a large mirror on the wall.

Well shit. Not only has the fur spread up his chest and halfway down his arms, but his hair has changed color too, and his ears are drooping, furry, and dog-like.

Nick finds himself wondering how far the changes will go. It can't possibly keep going until he's 100% a female dog can they? That'd be ridiculous; no way that's actually going to happen. No way is Nick going to let it happen.

"Damn... I need to piss," says Nick suddenly. He walks over the bathroom, flipping on switches as he goes, and walks in.

He knows the drill by now, just sit down and go. He flips the lid, plops down, and comes to the realization that he's grown a tail sometime between now and then and hadn't noticed it. It's pretty long, and very fluffy and soft. Still, he isn't really very shocked by these things anymore and goes ahead and pisses. He finds himself covering his groin with his hand as if he still had a dick that needed to be held

under control, less me make a mess. Old habits die hard, but this one just makes him depressed. There's nothing to hold onto.

Man that piss smells pungent though. Nick isn't sure what that's about. Maybe he's dehydrated? He's doubly confused when he realizes he's still hot and bothered even after what he thought for sure would finally satisfied those urges. He's sitting there with his head in his hands and his pussy dripping into the toilet when he hears a noise in the shower.

Nick had totally forgotten about Rex.

Rex had fallen asleep in the bath tub, but he's not sleeping anymore. He woke up when Nick walked in and started pissing. More than that, he *really* woke up when he smelled that piss, and that pussy.

The big German Shepard is now sitting up and staring at Nick, who's still sitting on the pot. Nick can only stare as he watches Rex's red dick slowly poke up and out of his furry sheath of skin.

Oh fuck no.

Nick jumps up and runs for the door in an attempt to lock the dog back inside the bathroom, but Rex is too fast. He leaps onto Nick and knocks him to the floor.

They slide out onto the slick linoleum, with Rex on top and his dick growing bigger by the second, until they bump into the kitchen table. Nick shoves Rex off him as hard as he can and scrambles to get away from the big dog, but he doesn't evade him for long. Nick up is on his hands and knees when he feels Rex stick his nose deep up in his groin once more, except this time there isn't anything between that wet nose and Nick's pussy. Nick hadn't bothered putting his clothes back on after leaving Lindsay's bedroom, something he's now deeply regretting.

Nick shrieks as Rex energetically licks him in places he hasn't even dared to look at yet, his cold wet nose right up inside his folds, and Nick darts for the family room with Rex hot on his ass, even managing to get onto his feet but not for long, since Rex jumps up and knocks him down again.

"No! Bad Rex! Bad!" shouts Nick as loud and forcefully as he can, now on his back and trying to get away, but Rex ignores him, diving in between Nick's legs and dipping his tongue in as far as he can, lapping up Nick's golden cream-pie. Nick squeals, horribly indignant at his unwanted yet incredible stimulation, but is losing his ability to fight off Rex. He tries to shove Rex's head away from his groin, but starts fighting less and less.

Oh God it feels so good. Ohhhhh momma.

Well, okay... maybe... Ah... maybe this isn't so bad... oh dear Jesus!

Rex is really going to town, much to the growing enjoyment of Nick, but deep down he continues to try and fight. He knows what is happening is wrong, that it's growing beyond his control and that he needs to get away, but he can't. It feels too good.

In fact, it's starting to feel way too good. Nick is quickly losing his grip, and likes what is being done to him less and less. He wants to stop, but Rex isn't about to do either of those things. He's infatuated with Nick's crotch.

Nick is starting to cry, and fighting Rex again.

“No Rex. Please. Please stop it!” he whimpers, trying to get away. Then he sees Rex’s dick, and his eyes go wide.

Rex is sporting a massive eight inch boner. Nick can see where this is heading, and nothing Rex could do to him could ever possibly make him want that.

He kicks hard at Rex, then scrambles backwards with renewed desperation.

Rex yips, shocked that Ken kicked him, and then his mood changes. He starts growling.

Nick goes pale, and struggles to his feet. Standing is tougher than it should be, but Nick can’t think about that right now. Right now he needs to get away from Rex. Fluid is practically running down his legs from his twat, and Rex doesn’t look like he’s going to be a nice doggy.

Nick jumps up onto the couch, and Rex walks purposefully forward, cornering him. His thick red dick under his belly sticks out like a sore thumb, Rex is finally ready and Rex *knows* his bitch is ready. She just isn’t being very cooperative, but that’s means nothing in the animal kingdom, and means nothing to Rex.

Nick needs to do something, and do it fast. He’s already backed up against the wall, and Rex is walking very purposefully.

Nick jumps over the back of the couch and sprints as fast as he is able. He can’t stop stumbling, though, and Rex catches up with him fast, nipping at his ass and his tail, jumping up and scratching his back with his paws. Nick makes it all the way into the room down the hall before he trips and is bowled over by Rex yet again.

He’s in another bedroom, this one with a king sized bed and mirrors everywhere, including a full length mirror on the left side of the room. Nick turns on his side with Rex’s furry body on top of him and sees himself reflected in that mirror. See’s Rex’s dick thrusting against him. See’s the look on his own face.

He grabs hold of Rex and throw’s the dog off him. Rex bumps against a stereo system set into the wall, and it powers on. Drums immediately start pounding as “Down with the sickness” begins playing at high volume.

Rex isn’t to be stopped, though. He jumps back onto Nick and bites down on the back of his neck causing him to scream.

(Can you feel that?) whispers the speakers. The bass shakes the floor. Nick groans as his body is wracked with sexual desire.

“Lindsay! Help me!! Somebody please help me!!” Nick is hardly audible over the blaring music.

Rex bites down hard, but not hard enough to draw blood. Nick has grown quite still, as he should. Rex has the power right now.

(Oh shit)

Nick can feel Rex’s penis stabbing at him, looking for purchase. He won’t let it happen, and purposefully sits down on his ass to block Rex’s attempts to mate him, sticking his hands over his defenseless crotch and shutting his eyes as if to block out what is happening.

(Will you give in to me?)

Rex bites down a little harder on Nick’s neck, making him cry out in pain. He growls a warning.

(Will you give in to me?)

NO! NO NO NO! Nick won’t let it happen!

But Rex is clever. He is after all a very intelligent breed of dog.

Rex pushes Nick forward by his neck, and he loses his balance and reflexively falls to his hands. For a moment his ass rises up into the air: high enough for Rex to slip his dick up under his ass and between his legs. Nick narrowly avoids getting penetrated right then and there and tries to sit back down, still covering his naked self with one hand while trying not to fall over with the other. Rex's dick slides in and out between Nick's thighs, rubbing against his labia. Rex keeps walking him forward, preventing him from trying to sit back down.

Nick's pussy is dripping and burning with heat; the feel of Rex's dick exciting a reaction like nothing he could possibly have been prepared for. He's so very wet right now.

But he doesn't care, he wants to go home. He wants his mommy. His hands are slick from his own fluids, as well as Rex's. Rex is leaking pre all over Nick and smearing it all over his belly, crotch, and legs.

(Looking at my own reflection when suddenly it changes)

Nick is feeling horrible, and despite how much he desires Rex he doesn't want to be fucked. He doesn't want his virginity taken by a dog. He doesn't want to be raped! He glances up and sees himself in the mirror.

(Violently it changes)

His face is visibly changing. Growing fur, and his nose turning black. His eyes widen with shock. Even as he watches he feels his jaw pop as it stretches. His changes are accelerating!

Rex forces Nick to stumble forward again, and he needs to use both hands to keep from falling on his face.

(Oh no, There is no turning back now, you've woken up the demon in me...)

Time seems to freeze for Nick, but he's in no position to stop it. Rex has changed the angle of his thrusts, and he feels the huge thing touch him, then force him open as it slides up into him.

Nick cries out in pain and horror.

(Get up, come on get down with the sickness!)

Rex could not be happier. Finally, after all that, he has his bitch where he wants her.

Nick however is paralyzed with shock and horror as Rex's cock enters him. Feelings the like of which he can't even begin to comprehend assault him as Rex pushes deeper. Pain like nothing he has ever known spikes through his body when his hymen breaks as easily as tissue paper, then fades just as quickly, and then Rex hilt and howls.

Nick tries to escape as best as he can, but his body violently resists. He can't move properly, his muscles seize up when he tries to bolt. It's like a nightmare.

(Madness is the gift that has been given to me)

Rex then starts fucking Nick. He continues to try to cry for help, but can't get anything out other than a mixture of sounds expressing both his dislike, and his like, for what Rex is doing to him. He can't help it, can't stop himself. He can't stop Rex.

(Don't try to deny what you feel... will you give in to me?)

It's terrible how good it feels. Nick hates himself, his human brain doing everything it can to resist, but it's futile. Under this attack, inside this body, he stands no chance. He's starting to give in, raising his ass a little higher into the air, tucking his tail off to the side to get it out of the way. Pushing

up against Rex's belly as he stands over Nick and services him. Rex is very happy with his bitch's changing attitude, and licks her head as he continues to fuck her pussy like there is no tomorrow.

(It seems you're having some trouble in dealing with these changes)

Nick's rational brain is retreating, unable to cope. The sensations being generated within him are too much for him to handle, for any rational brain to handle. He's giving in to his instincts, his urges. Muscles the like of which no male has ever felt clench and roll over Rex's invading cock. Sensations like no human has ever stood witness to wash over him. He can't move, can't even make a sound anymore beyond a whimper as Rex keeps fucking. His eyes are drawn back to the mirror.

(Living with these changes)

He hardly recognizes himself. It's enough to shock him back to reality, in fact.

Hardly anything human is left. He's completely covered in fur, and is much smaller now. The big German Shepard dwarfs him as he continues to furiously fuck.

A climax is coming, and coming fast. It's too much for Nick, he'll go insane from this if it continues for too much longer, but he has no means of stopping. His body is on lock down, his mind is under heavy influence, and Rex isn't going to let him go anywhere until he's good and fucked.

And then his pussy explodes with incredible force, his body exhibiting strength almost beyond belief as he orgasms. Everything: every thought, every memory, everything around Nick pales and leaves behind nothing but what is happening here and now. For several seconds the past and future both cease to exist to him, and he howls in sheer ecstasy. Feeling beyond imagination floods his mind and body, and still Rex remains unsatisfied. Nick comes back to reality and his belly is still fluttering fiercely and not showing any sign of stopping, just as Rex shows no sign of stopping, his dick sliding in and out, a moving bulge in Nick's belly showing just how far he's being penetrated.

(And when I dream)

Nick vocalizes as loud as he can, every second now worse than the last. It's not stopping. It's not going to stop. Not before he snaps like a twig in the hands of a giant.

(And when I dream)

Rex is a fucking stallion. Nick can't stop crying and whimpering with each thrust, still trying to yell for someone to come and help him. To stop Rex. He wants him to stop now more than ever.

(And when I dream)

Nick can feel his clit rubbing against Rex's dick with every thrust. Feel his furry crotch hit his ass rhythmically. He's long since been panting like a marathon runner, drool dripping down onto the carpet, and his rear is practically a faucet.

(And when I dream!!!!)

It's going to happen again. Another climax. Nick is panicking, he doesn't want it. It'll hurt him, be too much, drive his brain deeper into the mind of an animal. That scares him more than anything, that he'll forget who he is, but he can't stop things from escalating inside his body for a second time. It's insane. Ridiculous. All of this is impossible, not the least of which being the sheer amount of pleasure he's receiving. The female dog he's becoming is happy as can be. The human he has always been wishes he had never met that Chinese man. Both parts of him moan as he feels his body prepare to climax yet again. As he feels Rex penetrate him to the hilt again and again. The sound of flesh hitting flesh seems loud to his ears.

It hits him like a ton of bricks, shattering his mind into a million fragments as his body tears down barriers in his mind. It's pure bliss, Rex is making him feel so wonderful, how can what he's feeling be a bad thing?

Nick is still spasming and jerking as his cunt sprays pussy juice onto Rex's dick and balls, his spilled fluids soaking into the carpet in a growing stain of wetness, when the game starts to change.

Nick can feel it immediately, and knows instinctively what is happening. Rex's knot is starting to swell and expand out of Rex's sheath. Nick feels himself getting penetrated even deeper now; a thing at once wonderful and horrible, but in the glow of a second earth stopping orgasm Nick couldn't care less about anything.

He starts caring a little though when the knot starts popping in and out of him.

Nick's pussy is already stretched far beyond what it was meant to. Rex is simply too big for him, not that that made any difference to Rex but a tighter vessel to fuck. Now even the slight size increase in Rex's knot is enough to cause pain as it is forced in and out of Nick.

Nick begins yipping pitifully, but Rex keeps thrusting into him deeper and deeper, growling to keep his bitch under control. He goes so deep in fact that he reaches the end of Nick's vaginal canal, but his dilated cervix easily grants Rex deeper entry into Nick's body.

Pop! Suck. Pop! Suck. Pop! Yank!

Both Nick and Rex bark out. The knot is now too big to exit Nick, tight muscles near his entrance won't let the ball of flesh past. Nick tries to relax those muscles, but they're beyond his control right now just as Rex's boner is beyond his control.

Rex tries to remove himself from his bitch forcibly several times, to both of their discomfort, before he stops and goes with it. He resumes fucking Nick as best as he is able now with his limited range of motion.

Compared to what Rex had been doing to his body, Nick couldn't care less about his small thrusts now. Very quickly he comes to realize that he has something else to worry about.

Rex's knot is still getting bigger while it's inside him, and already the pain is intense. As Nick's flesh stretches farther and farther around the inflating ball of flesh he whimpers louder and louder.

Yet for some inexplicable reason this is causing Nick even more pleasure than before, even as it hurts him worse and worse. Spikes of electricity shoot through his body in pulses and his pussy starts behaving of its own accord. Something has kicked Nick's body into autopilot. All he can do is stand there and pray for it all to end.

Shocks and shivers shoot down the length of his sex, and Rex grows still as Nick can't stop himself from stimulating his dick. Nick's gut twists as his vagina performs acrobatic feats of wonder without direction, an involuntary response to the knot that continues to grow bigger inside him, hermetically sealing him shut and locking the two dogs together very securely. Neither of them will be going anywhere until this is finished, and judging by Rex's behavior that won't be long now.

He's gone silent, and has begun twitching, when suddenly Rex presses himself against Nick's pussy, trying to force himself deeper, and seconds later Nick feels it enter him.

Sperm, and a lot of it. Rex ejaculates deep into Nick's womb, his dick jumping and pulsing and throbbing with each fresh load.

More and more is emptied into Nick, so much so that it starts to become exceedingly unpleasant, as if this whole experience wasn't. His womb is literally being filled.

How much of this stuff does Rex have in him?!

The answer is a lot, and Rex doesn't stop pumping his bitch full of seed. He groans as his balls empty themselves into her belly ounce by ounce. Nick whimpers as he feels his belly expand, the sensation of hot seed buried deep within him at once repulsive and unavoidably erotic to him. His mind is in deep conflict with itself. A now deep seated part of his brain is very happy, a sense of pure satisfaction at a job well done, longing after Rex, and anticipation of what is to come...What is to come? Wait.

Nick's brain is kick started when he finally realizes the significance of all of this. The female dog part of his brain is happy because it wants puppies. It's so powerful an emotion that his tail starts wagging, even as the human part of him is distraught and terrified of what has just happened.

He can't let it progress to that. He has to escape! Find that Chinese man and make him fix him. He can't have *puppies*. He's not supposed to be female! He can't be pregnant!! He's not even ready for kids for Christ's sake!

He'll find that man and tell him what happened. Surely he couldn't have meant for it to have gone this far could he? This was all just a lesson. He's learned that lesson. He'll change him back now.

Nick tries to move forward, get out from under Rex, but they're stuck together good and tight. Rex lifts his leg and turns around, the most patient and happy dog in the world now. He mated that bitch good, gave her everything he had. Job well done.

Now their ass holes are touching, they're still locked together by their genitals, and Nick is still not going anywhere.

He might as well wait it out then.

And where the hell is Lindsay? She couldn't have slept through all that could she have? Hell, the stereo is still blazing, hurting his ears, so he pushes the button to turn it off and sighs with relief.

Nick looks down at his body. He's nearly 50% dog now. A humanoid Labrador Retriever, with this bigger dog's dick stuck up in her.

Nick lies down on the carpet, dragging Rex down with her, and mopes.

Utter humiliation. Destruction of every image he ever had of himself. His entire being altered just like that, by this one act. By this one Asian man. By this fucking dog.

Rex senses his partner's distress, and whines, then twists around and licks him on the nose. Nick woofs at him, it isn't his fault. He's just being what he is. More than anyone Nick blames himself. Nick remembers something he once heard about dogs and heat. He was probably in heat from the very beginning. It was never Lindsay, and no wonder he couldn't control it or satisfy it. It was an involuntary condition. Still is probably, he remembers hearing somewhere dogs stay in heat for weeks.

God he hopes he can avoid other dogs between now and whenever he can get turned back into a man, or boy, or whatever... As much fun as this whole romp with Rex was, he really doesn't want to repeat it.

Fun? FUN!? What the hell is wrong with him? That wasn't fun! He just got rapped!!

Deeply distressed, Nick reaches down and starts to try and pull Rex's dick out of her, using her fingers to try and reach inside herself and pry the knot out.

It's no use. No use at all. They're stuck tight together for a good while yet. Nick takes a deep breath, doing her best to stay calm. How embarrassing is this? Laying on the floor with a dog stuck up

inside her, not to mention the fact that she's got a pussy to have the dog suck inside to begin with... It's a good thing Lindsay can apparently sleep through anything, Nick would probably die if she walked in on this.

To be continued...