

# Doggone

By Fuego

Lexi prodded the dark folds of flesh experimentally, breath coming much too quickly as her heart throbbed in her chest, audible in her skull. The new flesh was thicker and rougher than what she was used to, but the tuft of black fur around it was soft between her fingers. Gently she spread the tender swollen lips, searching for signs of her former anatomy. The matte black spade opened for her revealing the familiar contents but warped, canine. As her fingers found her new clit she shuddered and a whine escaped her lips. Squeezing her knees together didn't help, pressing the puffy flesh together against the sensitive nub. She closed her eyes and just sat, idling on the edge of her bed as she waited for her heartbeat to slow.

"ALEXA!", came her mother's voice from the kitchen below her. "You're going to be late for class!" She paused a moment longer, taking a deep breath, before standing to dress herself.

"Either I'm cursed, or I'm losing my mind," she thought, as she pulled on a pair of jean shorts and a baseball tee. It was still warm; the beginning of the semester of her junior year of college. Lexi brushed her hair and teeth frantically, abandoning further self-care for the morning in favor of a bagel and making her class on time. The unbelievable situation had taken control of her morning, and forced to her play catch up with the day mentally. The continuous throbbing of her new pussy, which gave no sign of stopping, did nothing to help this.

The short drive was difficult, but her real issues began as she slid into one of the hard plastic seats of the lecture hall. The pressure on her swollen dog labia and its new lower position on her body caused her to squirm desperately, gritting her teeth. She could feel the slickness build between those lips as she pushed the ground with her toes, attempting to relieve the pressure on her overactive pussy.

This semester had passed so far in the same manner as the last, and in the same manner as her summer - in an undifferentiated haze of apathy. Minutes blended together, and Alexa had trouble managing the will to make her classes for nearly a year. Waking up with a black dog pussy had snapped her from this mode instantly. Suddenly, she was feeling again. She was not terribly inclined to spend this new found emotion on class.

She made it a full 25 minutes into the lecture before she looked around her, and, gathering her things, made for the bathroom. Settling into the spacious far stall she slid the shorts down over her hips, revealing a pair of white panties which presented the bizarre imprint of her new spade. She shook her head in disbelief and touched her finger to the tip of it. Her panties were slick, the seat of her shorts wet. Unable to resist and finally presented with the opportunity, she began to rub herself through the slickness of her panties. The sensation was intense enough to force her to adjust her position, first sitting on the toilet, then when she found that too uncomfortable for the new position of her pussy she sighed and slid onto the tile floor. Soon she'd settled onto all fours, knees and one elbow on the ground while her other hand reached behind her to stroke. Pulling her panties to the side around her protruding dog pussy, she exhaled "Fuck..." and gave in, pushing a finger awkwardly into the swollen triangular opening, probing her canine vagina.

There on the floor of the 2nd floor bathroom of the Johnson Center, she fucked herself doggy style until her face pressed to the tile and she came harder than she had in over a year,

the unreality of the situation driving out any repulsion over her new body. She frantically wrapped toilet paper over her hand to clean the mess on the floor, but as she squinted and blinked slowed the view of her hands brought her up short. Rubbing forefinger and thumb together she could feel the change in texture of her skin, just as easily as she could see its darkened hue and swollen, stubby aspect.

Her blood pounded in her ears, vision nearly tunneling as the confusion and disorientation of the morning returned double. Without the benefit of her blinding horniness, the seriousness of her situation flooded back. Lexi closed her eyes, working to control her breathing. She'd woken changed. She'd just changed more. The world seemed unmoored; her sense of reality pitched and rolled. She might change still more. It might not stop until there was nothing left of her but a dog bitch soaked in her own slickness on the cold tiles of the Johnson center 2nd floor women's room.

She groaned, as the train of thought caused her pussy to swell and clench. Slumping face-first once again on the ground, newly stubby fingers finding animal labia, then pushing inside. Frustratingly shallow penetration only fed into the fantasy. It was real, and it was continuing. A whine escaped her lips as she struggled to maintain the depth necessary to find her g-spot. Eyes pressed shut, as her mouth gulped in air, abandoning her vagina to rub new rough pawpads against her clit and labia. In her frantic reverie, the side of her lolling tongue met the tile, ignored.

By the time Lexi caught her breath, and begin to take stock, she found she had to crawl under the door to escape from the stall. Her "hands" were barely up to the task of replacing her shorts. The button was abandoned. She examined her paws detachedly, tracing the changes up from there. The fur spread from her useless paws and up along her forearms, mostly white, but dusted with black and gray freckles. She shoved her paws as deep in her pockets as she could manage, setting off across campus to the chemical engineering building.

Stomping down the stairs to the heavy metal lab door, Lexi pulled a paw from her pocket to bang on the door, before sighing and just yelling through the door, "Billy!! What was in those drinks?!"