

unwilling, dog upside down transformation, hyper

It all got weird when my clit started sniffing. I thought it was an unnatural throbbing, but when I looked there was a small pink dog nose in place of my clit. It felt the same as usual, the friction of it against my underwear was pleasurable but unwanted at the time— I had no idea how I would get home like this, I was in a restaurant bathroom. It was a friend outing and I had to leave early.

The whole trip home it only got worse, to the point there was a noticeable bulge in my pants. I got some looks when I walked into the building but that was it. However I could hear the sniffing even louder now, especially while in the elevator.

It was a dog head. A full dog's head as part of my groin. Best I could figure out was that this could be the world's most bizarre prolapse, because now it wasn't only my clit involved, yet it felt as sensitive as if it were.

As I opened the door to my apartment, I felt how it could move its neck, and more importantly, its jaw was opening.

That made me cum instantly.

I couldn't believe it. I was there panting and leaning against my door. My underwear was giving in, my pants unbuttoned themselves and were sliding down. I couldn't close my legs, squishing it was very painful.

I didn't know what to do, and the changes didn't stop there, but for a while I was a normal person with a dog head instead of genitals.

Sitting down, I reached towards the head with one hand. It was panting too, I could feel its tongue and it felt so good I couldn't stop myself from— Or actually stop it from licking me until I came again.

The excessive saliva was proof of my pleasure.

It was freaky, it felt wrong, I don't know why I couldn't stop myself. It just felt so good to allow it to keep happening.

I stood up, I petted it and it panted happily about it. It was difficult to walk but I made it to the shower. It was my first thought, maybe a shower would turn me back to normal.

Of course, it didn't. The water drops felt good against the dog's furless skin, we were both panting, we were both cumming. I lost count of how many times it happened,

and who cares, I became a completely different thing in that moment. I knew I was no longer human, but the rest was about to reveal itself.

I tried to dress myself, but it proved useless. I should've started with a shirt, but I tried to make my underwear fit or something. The dog grew teeth, it bit on my clothes. And even that felt good.

I gave up and went to bed. I was lying face up to the ceiling, trying to figure out what the hell happened to me, when I felt my body tense up.

The most noticeable change for me was that my neck was forcefully being bent backwards. I couldn't tell, but my back was arched and I probably looked in pain.

I wanted to be in pain, honestly. It also felt amazing, I couldn't believe it... Why? My body was contorting against my will, and soon enough I was looking at my own back from my bent neck. I was shaking, never been a particularly flexible person and this could've sprained my neck at best.

I tried to stop myself from panting, but my eyes rolled up when my tongue swelled out of my mouth. It felt so stiff, it got so stiff by the second, it was blocking my airways, I panicked for a couple seconds, unable to do anything else— Until that uncomfortable sensation went away, and it was pleasurable again.

My tongue was red and swollen, slowly turning smoother until it was shaped like the dog's penis.

Yes... That's what was happening... It was possessing me, this dog. I couldn't tell what it thought, I couldn't control it, I could only let it happen. Even if I struggled, there was no sign of it from outside.

So what was going to happen to me? I felt lightheaded, and that's when my neck finally made a pop sound and snapped in place, my head sentenced as a new dog cock. Turns out anything behind my tongue was its knot, and as if I had anything resembling an Adam's apple, it just dropped and swelled into its testicles.

I could no longer speak, my human features were slowly fading away and yet I could feel and see and hear as normal. And this all felt so good, no wonder I was so hard.

From what I could tell, I was no regular sized cock either. I could touch my own upper back with the tip and I could taste my own precum. My head slowly turned into a melon sized knot.

My hands and feet were shifting to the inevitable, twisting and bending into paws, growing fur. I could feel the fur on my neck too and I felt the pulsations of the anus that was opening where my clavicle was before, and the spinal cord that was forming, leaving my own slowly useless, a space for organs to rearrange.

It was such an uncomfortable position, and yet our tail was wagging.

After a few minutes of slowly shifting bones and muscle, a perfectly normal dog was standing on top of my bed— well, normal except for its gigantic dripping cock that was me.

At some point in all of this, maybe even the very start, I think I just accepted it. Something this bizarre became so normal it conquered my mind even before I could understand it.

I have no idea what the dog feels, but from tip to bottom it is all extremely sensitive to me. I didn't control when it happened, but my first ejaculation as a dog penis took a bit of time— Maybe the urethra was still forming, I have no idea. Why should I even know? All I know is that the release felt wonderful. I ruined my bed with gallons of cum spurting down, and I only shifted even more into a concerningly huge cock, with the fur of my balls grazing the sheets.

After that, I slowly sank into my new identity. It was an entire apartment for a dog to do anything he wanted in it. All I cared about was the friction and when I could cum next.

By morning, the floor of the apartment was also ruined.

But that was no longer my problem.

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The only thing I found out is that, after a few days of not showing up anywhere, my family was worried about me. I heard the door open, and like a good dog we went to see the visitors, tail wagging.

By that point I thought I was incapable of communicating with anyone, but I heard the familiar voices and...

I came. Hard. It was no news, but... Everytime I really wished to say anything, to let them know it was ME trapped in here, I would spurt even more. My balls would grow even more— I couldn't help it, I really wanted to explain what was happening to me,

but I ended up putting the dog in danger and making it even more of a freak— Or maybe it was enjoying itself too.

So now we're heading to the vet. I'm also ruining the car, and I have no idea what they'll say. Or if they'll even get there, I'm seriously flooding it.