

Not a dog person

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"You know what I like about you, Mia?" Liam's voice dropped to that velvet tone that made my pulse flutter. We'd only been dating a few weeks, and I liked him more than I wanted to admit. Liam was handsome, confident, and loaded. His family ran the state's largest dog-breeding empire. Meanwhile, when I met him I was just a plain Jane with dark blonde hair, brown eyes and a shy smile. I couldn't figure out what he saw in me.

"No babe, tell me!" - I replied.

"Your puppy-dog eyes! All wide and pleading, like you're begging for scraps."

Heat flooded my cheeks. "Aww," I managed, lowering my gaze.

"You've got this puppy energy too," he teased. He was right, I had the exuberant affection of a puppy.

"Maybe. But I told you I'm not much of a dog person, I prefer cats."

"We'll fix that. Just wait." he said, still grinning. "Soon enough, spending time with me, you'll become a full-fledged dog person."

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As a matter of fact, things soon started changing. We were strolling in the private garden of his family's mansion when his dobermans came to me with a friendly attitude. "I don't know, your dobermans used to terrify me but they are being so friendly with me recently..." I said, carefully petting one of them. For some reason dogs seemed to love me now, instead of aggressively barking against me.

"Told you they'd convert you" - Liam replied, smiling. "Admit it. You're one of us now." "Never" - I replied. I didn't know that by then but the expensive perfume he gave me was enriched with dog pheromones, making them enamored with me. "I'd give you a puppy now that you've started vibing with them," he added teasingly, "but I don't want to cause trouble with your cat."

I lowered my gaze, my smile fading slightly. "Bella's been acting really weird lately. I don't know what happened to her. She's friendly with everyone else, but when I'm around, she turns feral. The vet said it happens sometimes..." My voice trailed off, the words hard to say. "I decided to give her up for adoption." Little did I know that was too a consequence of the pheromones I now carried with me wherever I went. Cats were frightened of me. I seemed to have lost my magic touch with them.

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"It's okay, baby, you did what you could." he murmured, lips grazing the weeping scratches on my neck. "Dogs would never abandon you like this."

Only a few days after that, he gave me a new present: a young German Shepard. I was skeptical, I had never owned a dog nor wanted to and I still missed Bella but the pheromones did their job as I immediately bonded with my new dog.

Before I knew it, I had become a stereotypical dog mum. I was walking the dog regularly, chatting with other dog owners. I was surrounded by dogs 24/7 by now. Even when I wasn't with Liam and his pack of dogs, I was with mine. I could feel the shift in my daily routine, my priorities, and even my personality was acquiring elements from the canine companions I was surrounded with. The smell of dogs seemed to seep into everything I owned, from my clothes to my couch cushions. I hated it but Liam didn't mind. In fact, he seemed to love it, and smiled every time he caught me fussing over my shepherd or wiping fur off my jeans.

I had to concede to Liam he had done the impossible. I had transitioned from a cat person to a dog person.

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New things were happening in our private life too. I'd always considered myself conventional - vanilla, as Liam teased... but his desires involved some pretty weird fetishes. I should have left by then but I loved Liam and, in a way he loved me too. It started innocently enough, or so I told myself. Liam introduced me to something he called "pet play." I'd wear dog ears and a collar, and he'd attach a leash. During our sessions, I could only walk on all fours, bark, and follow his commands. At first, it seemed playful, although I found it strange at first. The thought of it made my cheeks burn with embarrassment, but I convinced myself it was just a weird kink Liam wanted to live out.

I'm not proud to admit it, but eventually pet play started growing on me too. Something about the dynamic, the way he took control, and even the ridiculousness of crawling on all fours or barking when he told me to stirred something inside me. The heat in my cheeks when he called me his "good girl" wasn't just shame. The idea of being called his "little bitch" should have been humiliating, but instead, it sent a shiver down my spine. It felt strange, almost like I was losing parts of myself, but there was a thrill in surrendering, in becoming something other than Mia the shy girl who didn't quite understand why someone like Liam would love her.

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Soon, however, that wasn't enough for Liam anymore and things started getting even weirder. One night, Liam introduced me to his new thing: fursuits. He showed me the suit: a full-body, custom-made dog costume, complete with a realistic dog head.

The first time I wore it, I felt ridiculous. I could see through small holes in the head's pupils, though the limited visibility only added to the surreal experience. I could barely speak from inside the suit, my voice muffled by the muzzle. My entire body was covered in fake fur, my features completely hidden beneath the canine shape. What's even sexy about this? - I asked myself - how could he find this arousing when my face wasn't even visible? I could be any girl right now!

Yet Liam adored it. His hands roamed the fake pelt, murmuring how real I felt. A part of me wanted to make him happy, to see the spark in his eyes when I stepped into his world, no matter how bizarre it seemed. So I went on with it. We didn't kiss. Didn't fuck. Just curled on the floor, his arms around my furry torso.

He manipulated me into believing that I genuinely liked the fursuits too.

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I've never been good at saying no. So when he dragged me into the furry scene, I barely flinched. "Trust me, you'll love it," he'd said, grinning like a madman. "Besides, I've already commissioned something for you."

When the first custom-made suit arrived, it was far more luxurious than I'd expected. Made of soft, spotted fur, it featured long, shiny black hair and a strikingly detailed Dalmatian head, complete with expressive brown eyes and lashes that seemed almost human. The craftsmanship was stunning, and Liam spared no expense. "Only the best for my star," he said, and I felt a flicker of dread—or was it pride?

At the cons, I was a magnet. Liam always made sure my costumes were over the top, more elaborate and realistic than anything else in the room. Strangers swarmed me, cameras flashing, fingers brushing the hyper-realistic fur. Judges fawned. I told myself I hated it, but the lie grew thin. Maybe it was the anonymity of the suit, or maybe it was the way Liam beamed every time someone complimented me. But deep down I liked the idea of regressing from a human being to a simple dog. The line between who I was and who Liam wanted me to be was blurring more every day.

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By that point, fursuits had become pretty much integrated into our relationship. Liam introduced me to a new model of fursuit, custom-designed with discreet openings for intimate use.

That brought us to the next level. The suit itself was beautiful, its gray-and-white fur soft and luxurious to the touch, its features almost resembling those of a husky with dark, big eyes and black human-like hair. But its holes were the real game changer. He now demanded I always wore the suit when we had sex. What would have been extremely weird only a few months before was now a pretty natural request.

Soon, I started to associate the fursuits with the thrill of sex. The rustle of fur, the weight of the costume, the exaggerated features became tied to the excitement I felt when Liam and I were together. I didn't know whether to feel ashamed or exhilarated.

What started as a reluctant indulgence had grown into something I positively craved. And though part of me wondered how far this would go, another part didn't want to stop. Eventually, life without fursuits became boring, insufferable. On the other hand, they also lost their aura of novelty.



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The idea of body modifications came up organically in our relationship. Liam always had a way of normalizing things. "It'll make things kinkier," he said one night, tracing his fingers over my collarbone. "And more permanent. Everybody's getting anthro mods these days." We talked about something not too visible to start with, like fur-like tattoos or canine fangs. I felt that thrill again. He wanted it to be a surprise though, so he showed me a waiver and told me I would be happy with the results. I loved the idea of the surprise, the thrill of surrendering control to him, so I signed without a second thought. The paperwork was vague, full of terms like "Permanent bio-augmentation" "Non-reversible species dysphoria". Red flags, I realize now, but at the time, I brushed them off. It was Liam. He wouldn't push me into something I didn't want. Or so I thought.

The clinic itself should have tipped me off. It was sleek and cutting-edge, the kind of place that didn't seem to deal in simple cosmetic tweaks. The air smelled sterile, and the staff moved with clinical efficiency, their faces unreadable. I should have walked away then. But I didn't. A nurse handed me a gown, her smile sharp enough to cut glass. "Just a few injections," she said. "You'll barely feel a thing."

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I awoke early the next morning on the sofa in his living room. How much did I change? I sat up. Then I looked down. It was immediately obvious that I'd changed a lot. Liam was completely crazy, or his fetish had gotten out of control, or both. My body was covered in a layer of white and grey fur.

I have a fur, I thought, head spinning. I could see that it covered every part of me. I tried taking off the dress I was wearing, but I noticed something alarming: my dexterity was impaired. In my frustration, I ripped the thin straps. That's when I really looked at my hands. They had been replaced by canine paws. I tried moving them, but my nervous system was sending me strange, unfamiliar signals. It felt as though the bones and muscles in my hands had been reshaped to fit the simpler mechanics of a paw. My fingers were gone, replaced by stunted digits that barely moved independently. My feet ended in similar paws, complete with hardened pads for me to stand on. My heel had shifted much higher, and my calves and thighs were slightly shorter than before. I stretched my leg out and brought it back in, watching the strange musculature flex.

I could probably shave off the fur, but there's no hiding these paws, I thought. I began hyperventilating and my tongue slipped out of my mouth. Then I felt something odd with my mouth.

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I reached a nearby mirror. Suddenly hiding my hands didn't seem like such a big problem. My face pushed forward from my cheeks into an snout. A fully canine black nose sat on the end of it, just above lips that were also jet black. I opened my jaws and saw sharp fangs where my human teeth had once been, the rest of them ending in points. My tongue was long and wide, much thinner than before. The brown color in my eyes had brightened to a shimmering amber, while my once blonde hair was now black, with pointed, tufted ears poking through it, standing straight up like a husky's. Then my gaze shifted to something behind me, a tail. A real, wagging tail. It drooped as I stared at it in disbelief, reacting unconsciously to my growing dread.

I can't go outside like this, I thought. I can't do ANYTHING like this. I may still be shaped like a girl, but even without the hair I would never be taken as normal. My snout is impossible to hide and the tail and feet are almost as bad.

I tried screaming but a yelp was all my muzzle could produce. My heart started beating like crazy. With my new snout words were far beyond my vocalization possibilities.

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Liam stepped forward, making himself visible. In my panic I had barely noticed him. I also realized my vision was impaired. Everything beyond a few feet was blurred and unfocused. "You're probably scared right now. Scared and confused. I get it. I know you would've never agreed to something so extreme, so I had to... convince you to sign a document and do it anyway but trust me, you would have ended up looking like this". My stupid dog ears twitched involuntarily at the sound of his voice. They were feeding me so much information: the exact direction Liam was standing in, the subtle rustle of his clothes as he shifted his weight. But his voice felt distorted, as though my brain was struggling to process human speech. I wanted to yell at him, demand answers, but all that came out was a sharp bark.

"I'm sure you must have plenty of questions but first let me explain something. Your new look wouldn't have been possible with surgeries alone. Thankfully, Dr. Morrow's expertise in genetic manipulation made my dream a reality. The fur pattern I wanted for you has been written into your DNA. It'll grow naturally now, just like your hair used to. Speaking of which, I'm sorry about your blonde hair. It was pretty, but black works better with your new color scheme. Oh, and your skin is black now too. You probably didn't notice—it's hard to tell under the fur."

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My heart sank further as his words sunk in. DNA. This wasn't some temporary, reversible procedure—this was permanent. “Your pheromones will also be produced naturally by your body now. You smell like a dog already!” I yelped.

“I’m sorry Mia, you won’t be able to speak or write anymore. Try saying something simple!”

I tried, but all that came out was a high-pitched, staccato “Arf! Arf!”

“See, you can’t! And you can’t write or use a keyboard with those paws.”

He was right. I looked down at my furry paws. They were utterly useless. Liam pulled a book from the shelf and placed it in front of me. “You might try pointing to letters, but let me show you something first” he said as he opened it. My heart sank the moment my eyes fell on the page. The text looked like a chaotic mess of incomprehensible signs and symbols. The page might as well have been written in Arabic, or worse, pure gibberish.

“You’ve got a really bad case of dyslexia. Did you know it can be induced too? Unfortunately it cannot be cured.”

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"Anyway," Liam said casually, "you must be hungry by now." He knelt beside me and placed a metal bowl before me. "Too bad you won't be able to eat ramen anymore," he added with a grin. "But don't worry, I got you covered. Here's your new staple food: dog food."

I stared at it, heart sinking. I was scared, humiliated... but also starving. I hadn't eaten in days. My body trembled with hunger, overriding my pride. Slowly, I lowered my head and ate. It tasted as awful as I imagined—dry, bitter, like compressed ash and grease. But I forced it down. Liam reached down to pet me, his hand gliding over the fur on my back. I shivered. The touch that used to comfort me now made my skin crawl. I hated him.

As I chewed, my tongue ran over my fangs, sharp, curved, dangerous. I looked up at him. His neck was right there, exposed. No one was around. If I lunged now, all they'd ever find were bite marks. It would be chalked up as a tragic accident. Maybe his dobermans would be blamed. Maybe they'd be put down.

I wouldn't feel sorry for them.

I wasn't a dog person, after all.