

Best In Show

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The local dog show was in town and Jake was eager to cheer up his girlfriend. She'd been a bit off the last couple weeks, but he knew Sarah loved dogs, so it was the perfect way to lure her out of her funk. It also helped that there was a furry convention next door, the odd costumed critters sure to lift her spirits as much as his own.

Walking down the rows of show dogs did the trick, Sarah's smile beaming as she talked to them in her curtsy voice. There were all shapes and sizes from little terriers to massive mastiffs, poodles to pomeranians. Most were very well behaved and downright adorable.

The further they walked, the more jealous the man became. Something in her eyes felt familiar, infuriatingly so. She was looking at the animals like she used to look at him just a few weeks before. Jake had been too prideful to ask her what was wrong, too stubborn for his own good. Still, the love in her glance grated on his nerves. "What do these animals got that I don't?" His words were edged with bitterness as he stared down a well-groomed yorkie, the pooch yapping in defense.

Her words remained sweet, more to the poor creature than her upset boyfriend. "Where to begin? They're kind, and obedient, and loyal to a fault. Something you most certainly are not."

"Come on, babe," blurted Jake as he puffed out his chest, "I'm as loyal as it gets!"

While her lover bragged, Sarah could only shake her head. "I know about Becky."

Jake's eyes went wide as his blood froze. "H-How did you-"

With a finger to his lips, the little lady quieted her unfaithful partner. "Shh shh. That doesn't matter. The only thing that does is how you're going to make it up to me."

Growing red with his fluster, Jake begged and pleaded. "I'll do anything, babe. Whatever you want."

"Good boy," she stated, her delicate digit lingering before his face. "You wanted to go to that Furry Migration after this, right? Well, how about I migrate you into something furry, instead?" Her words had turned devious, accompanied by a playful boop to his nose.

"What are you even talking about," asked the man, his flesh pushing out against her fingertip. His head grew hot, more so than even the blush moments before. It wasn't until his muzzle started to swell,

damp, black nostrils pushing out, that he realized something was horribly wrong. Glancing down to the stiffness in his fingers, Jake saw that they were beginning to shrivel, black pads invading his hands as a smooth, brown fur took over. In a panicked scream, he blurted, "What the hell is this?"

"Your punishment," she stated, a hint of glee edging her voice. She simply watched as Jake's torment continued. Long, dark ears smeared out, moving to the top of his skull. The insides were a tannish brown, the same color as the fur carpeting his arms and legs. The backs matched his muzzle, a blackness overtaking them as his jowls locked into place, his brow angling to complete his look.

That wasn't the end, though. As he tried to beg with his thinning tongue, a hunch started overtaking his back. "Prease stowp! Ow-wow-ow'll be a better man. Ow swear!"

The cheater's spine cracked and popped, his t-shirt and shorts awkwardly clinging to his frame. His toes ached, trapped in his shoes, so he forced them off, canine claws ripping through his socks. A strand of black and brown slunk out between his clothes, the tail forming as he fell to his altered hands and feet. With a heavy heave, his joints locked in place, trapping him in his feral stance.

Jake didn't know what to do, how to feel. Everything was sore as the final waves of his transformation washed through him, fur covering his torso as his ribs thrust out, his migration from man to beast finished. He couldn't help but feel a sense of shame as his shorts slid down around his ankles, tidy whities following after. His embarrassment turned to rage as Sarah's face lowered to his, her beauty crouching down only to taunt him. He wanted to yell, to spout profanities at the witch who just cursed him, though all that came out were a steady stream of gruff barks.

"You look good as a purebred German shepherd, Jake," the woman said mockingly, though her words were true. He did have a lustrous coat and an award-winning posture and presence, even if it was still hidden below a shirt.

The dog did not agree, his growls and throaty woofs angered beyond belief. If not for his human sense of modesty and morals, he'd have lunged out of the garments that dangled around his paws.

"Ah ah ah, this just won't do," warned Sarah as she put her finger to his lips once more. "A good dog is obedient."

The man's glare grew wide with fear, if only for a second. All the hatred, all the pain washed away, the intelligent orbs glazing over with dopey joy. "Good boy," praised his best friend, her voice bringing with it a rush of excitement. His tail wagged as his tongue lulled, lickng at Sarah's face.

"Sit," she ordered, Jake's rear dropping to the ground. "Good boy, Jake. Good boy!" Helping remove the last shreds of his former humanity, his new master was very pleased with her handiwork, his black back now fully exposed. Pulling a collar out of her pocket, she strapped it around his eager neck.

Standing, she gave a hand sign for Jake to do the same. He did as told, focused and determined to follow her commands. Finally looking at him with the love he so desperately desired, she cooed, "Such a good dog. I have no doubt that you'll win best in show this year."