

OWNED

Part 1

The boy perched on the edge of the bed, bouncing a single leg on the ball of his foot. Wearing only a pair of boxers, his nervous energy made it impossible to sit still. He'd always had a bit of a complex surrounding the idea of personal agency. He liked being in control. And yet, tonight was the night he'd surrender himself. He would submit to her.

They'd planned it a couple of months ago. She knew broaching the subject far enough in advance that it seemed a lifetime away would be her only shot. It had been discussed in a casual fashion. Nonchalantly, and without a pronounced sense of commitment, so as not to raise alarm - but she was sure as hell committed to seeing it through. She was desperate to experience the other side of the coin after all. So much so that she was not willing to take any chances. Stood staring in the mirror, her eyes tracked down over her bare breasts to the matt black vessel she cupped in her hand.

He heard the bathroom light clink down the hall. Heat surged in his veins. Footsteps, slow and sensual, increased in volume toward the bedroom. His leg ceased keeping a beat as his thighs tightened in anticipation. A subtle tingle in his crotch sent a shiver through him as he glimpsed a single, satin smooth leg breach the doorway.

The rest of her followed, at a tantalisingly measured pace. She was already setting the tempo and intended to continue as she'd begun. Holding the black vessel behind her as she snaked by - a single digit of her outstretched hand gently grazed his cheek.

The male's eyes tracked his female's beguiling frame across the room as he felt himself shamelessly harden from her single touch. He'd promised not to have an orgasm of any kind at all for a week prior. A promise he'd somehow kept. Normally, he'd have already seized her soft curves and began lapping at her delicate folds, before thrusting himself deep into her. Normally, he wouldn't be fighting a week's worth of pent-up desire. Normally, he'd be in control.

"Close your eyes."

He struggled to oblige.

She waited a moment, ensuring his compliance, before taking the black vessel in front of her and silently twisting its top. Her dilated pupils reflected a glinting dune of purplish sand contained within. Following the instructions she'd received, she dipped a slender finger into the translucent grains and twirled it once around the dark inner rim of the vessel. The coarse grains seemed to attach to her skin, glowing and shrinking... or maybe - sinking in? A faint purple smoulder lingered on her fingertip as she replaced the lid and slid the vessel into hiding beneath the bed. This might just work after all.

Waiting in agonizing darkness for her touch, his maleness pulsed. Was this what it was all about? The eagerness that builds in you as you bide your time? The expectation without promise? The sensitivity of touch - amplified, when your patience is rewarded? Perhaps relinquishing control *could* be worth it... He gasped as he felt a sudden caress. Four fingertips tenderly dragged from his shoulder across his pectoral muscle, brushing his nipple as they fell from his torso. He felt himself lean forward as if to follow and recapture the fleeting sensation.

He recoiled as he felt a burning prod on his opposite breast. His eyes flickered open, unfocused.

"Close them!"

He did, screwing the lids tightly together as his skin singed. He weakly protested.

"We didn't discuss bringing pain into it... will it - ah!" He inhaled sharply and continued, "will it leave a mark?"

"Don't worry about that. Enjoy it."

Her purple-clad fingertip pressed into the boy's chest, his skin bubbling at its touch. She etched across the bare flesh, carving a chevron-shaped scar in her wake. Perfect. Now nothing could go awry. Now the fun could begin. She placed her palms onto the boy's thighs, either side of the twitching bulge tenting his boxers.

Slowly exhaling with a quiver in his breath and pleased the pain had passed, the boy's thoughts halted. It occurred to him that he didn't feel... powerless enough? He *must* be enjoying this submission thing after all. He spoke.

"Hey, um... shouldn't I be... tied up or something? We can use my neck-ties if..."

"No. We don't need to bother with that."

"But... otherwise I could just... I could overpower you", he retorted - perplexed and with his eyes still tightly shut.

"Oh, could you?"

The boy raised his hand to an itch at the sides of his head.

"Tut! Put your hand down."

The boy's hand lowered to his side without any struggle, as he felt the symmetrical itch climb up both sides of his head, dissipating atop his crown. Immediately, another itch started around his nose, mouth and cheeks - his other hand shooting up to quell it.

"Both of them. Down. Bad boy!"

His hands now glued to his sides, the boy's eyes opened in disbelief.

"What the hell?! I'm just trying to scratch an itch! And... bad boy? What is that?"

"*That* is how a person speaks to a dog."

"A dog? Have you lost it? Enough."

The boy motioned to stand, his throbbing erection still obscenely stretching the fabric of his boxers.

"Stay."

He couldn't move. He tried with all his might as if reeling against invisible iron restraints. He felt the immense effort being exerted as he willed his muscles to propel him away from this bizarre situation. Nothing. He growled in frustration as he noticed the familiar itching plaguing his palms and remained powerless to remedy it. His efforts melted into inaction as he sat on the bed, itchy hands by his sides.

"Good boy. Told you we wouldn't need to tie you up!"

"This is mad. What have you done to me?"

"I'm just making sure that you get into character so you don't ruin our plans..." She tapped the chevron emblazoned across his chest with her purple-tipped finger as the boy's puzzled gaze tracked downward. "I own you now."

"You're insane. I don't know what you've spiked me with but I'm calling the police."

"Ha ha! Wow. Bit of an overreaction. What are you going to tell them - my girlfriend wouldn't let me go on top? You really *are* a control freak... Don't worry though, I'm just playing." The boy was bewildered by her comical reaction, barely having noticed that the itching in his hands had ceased.

"Anyway, I doubt you'll be dialling anyone's number with those paws." She pointed down.

Glancing after her motion to witness his altered hands, the whites of his eyes widened as he flashed a pleading glance back up to the dominant female.

"Aww. Poor doggy. You didn't even notice? Or your ears and nose? You look so cute now."

Despite feeling helpless, or perhaps because of it, the boy's hard cock wouldn't quit. His desire was building, ever stronger as his hips twitched involuntarily, causing his glans to rub against his underwear.

"Look at you. Don't tell me you're not enjoying this."

He writhed and twitched as precum leaked from the apex of his tent.

"I don't un... I just..."

"Sshhh. I know what you want, dog. But you'll have to... **Beg.**"

The boy's body contorted against his will, obeying her command. He begged like the dog he was becoming, while his terrified glare spoke of a different plea hidden beneath.

Part 2

"Good boy! That's very convincing - you're even making puppy dog eyes!"

The boy sat planted on the edge of the bed, his rock-hard member stretching his boxers forward to a point. Still unable to move, apart from the sporadic bucking of his hips as his cock demanded release from its cloth prison, he begged. Like a dog, his paws curled forward beneath his chin. His tongue even jutted from his squat maw as it lengthened.

"How are... you... con-... controlling me... like... this?" He rushed the words out in-between panting, his tongue straining to escape and dangle over his lower lip each time he retracted it to speak.

"I've marked you."

The dominant female approached her begging dog boy and crouched level with him. Taking her purple-tipped finger, she pressed it against his underwear, making contact with the underside of his dick. First applying pressure at the point where the whimpering boy's shaft met his scrotum, she feathered her touch and slowly stroked upwards along his entire length. Her touch crept slower still over his sensitive frenulum, causing him to tense his cock so hard he thought he might burst. His hips fired forward. Her finger retreated.

"Not yet doggy. It's all part of the fun."

A whine escaped his throat, surprising him as he noted its canine tone. Breaking from the focus on his pulsing manhood for a moment, his brows furled. He'd only just noticed that a portion of his visual field had been invaded by a damp black nose, slowly coaxing a fur-coated muzzle ever-farther from his face.

"Oh my goh-wrf... Waff-grr... What it's going on-rrf?!"

It was becoming difficult to pronounce words. He could just about manage if he conjured an intense concentration. Though focusing was becoming nearly impossible as his mounting pleasure sedated every other thought. He was teetering on the brink, balls clutched tight in his churning sack and penis painfully solid. Even the sensation of his flowing pre, oozing up and out of his tip, was pushing him over the edge.

He needed to cum. Normally, he would have by now. Something was wrong. Each time he felt himself hit his peak, the hurdle moved higher - just out of reach. He tensed and spasmed and dribbled, but just grew harder. Surely, he couldn't sustain this much longer - why doesn't he just cum?

"I ha-arf to... cum-rrf!" He barked out, still stuck begging with his limp paws. "Please... grrghr-let me rff-cum!"

She smirked, watching him struggle against his changing body and mind. Watching him wrestle in futility with the instincts in his groin, unable to climax. This was going better than she could have hoped for.

"Look at that. What a funny dog, trying to talk like a human."

He concentrated hard, "Grrgh. Shu-ruff up!"

"Ha! What was that? I didn't catch it." The dog boy cringed with embarrassment at his deteriorating attempts to muster human language. "Hmm? Well?"

He decided to stay quiet and deny her the satisfaction.

"Oh, come on. I said it already - I own you now. Speak!"

"WROFF! WUFF!" He couldn't believe it. Without his permission - his body had barked on command.

"Better."

"Yrrou... grr-bitch!"

"You wish." Her wit wasn't lost on him. He was humiliated and not in control. "Speak!"

He clamped his muzzle tightly shut - repeating 'I won't. I won't. I won't.' in his head like some kind of mantra. He could feel his jowls becoming taut, his furry cheeks pulling tight into a snarl. His clenched pointed teeth began to part as if his jaws were being prised open. And...

"ARF RUFF! Grrgh-WOOF!"

His facial muscles relaxed again as he looked past his tenting boxers toward the ground in defeat.

"Good dog. You're really starting to take shape. I can't help but think something crucial is missing though." She peered round in theatrical fashion, motioning toward his rump. "But... those boxers already look quite tight. Ha! I can't imagine how it's all going to fit..."

The boy's drooping head angled up as he caught her meaning. His eyebrows raised with worry at the thought. He held up his paws, pads-forward and shook them side to side. Noticing a smirk fall across her lips and knowing she wouldn't spare him, he quickly darted his clumsy paws to the rim of his boxers and began to try and scrape them down as they hooked on his solid cock, making him whine with pleasure.

"Don't spoil it now."

He could feel the pressure building in the seat of his underwear and stood up from the bed to relieve it somewhat as he struggled to de-clothe. The bulge at his lower back grew, pulling the fabric at his crotch tight to his straining maleness as he squirmed. He felt the furry lump strive to free itself and swish freely in the air. The boy frantically pawed at his waist and involuntarily humped the air as his bulging behind engaged in an erotic tug of war with a diamond-hard dribbling cock.

"Bad dog. Down!"

She gestured with her purple-tipped finger. The dog boy's legs buckled. He fell to all fours - his white boxers left with no hope of containing his ample rump, hard cock and... bursting tail.

Part 3

~ Five Weeks Earlier ~

There she stood in the dingy trinket-strewn room, a thin mist twisting its way from a brass incense burner and tickling past her nostrils. The myriad contents of the tessellated wall-shelves were like a medieval bazaar condensed into the space of some hoarder's attic. She placed the rounded matt black vessel on the counter. Her gaze lingered on it, marvelling at its weight and minimalist construction. It resembled a mortar with a lid instead of a pestle. The shade of black was deep and vacuous, like she could lose herself in its void...

"So that's all there is to it. You want it?"

"Oh, uhm... yes, thank you."

"Perfect, let me just bag that for you." The shop keeper began to encase the vessel in red cloth and only once it was entirely covered did her eyes break from it. He casually pointed toward the till display, as if payment was a mere after-thought in this transaction.

"Yes, of course. Here you go." She paid in cash, grasping the red cloth-wrapped vessel and turning to leave.

"Just!... One... more thing", the gruff man started. "As I'm sure you'll appreciate, given your intentions for it, the contents are quite unique."

"Oh yes, I..."

"Quite unpredictable in fact, if handled carelessly."

"I'm sure it's strong stuff - of course, I'll be careful."

"See that you do. It was constituted from a kyanite and quartz blend, suffused with the still-lit embers of shavings harvested from a cursed totem mask."

"A cursed mask? Right... Noted." She began to wonder if she might have been scammed and made for the exit.

~ The Present ~

"Such a big fluffy tail! Wag it about a bit - enjoy it! That's right."

The dog boy lowered his muzzle toward his paws, his rounded rear remaining proudly hoisted in the air, displaying his swishing tail atop it. His human eyes were moist with resentment, betraying the excitable stance of his mostly canine frame. He could feel his normal thoughts being captured and interrogated as they flew back and forth in his brain.

'Why are you embarrassed? Wag your tail.'

'Why not do what your owner says? She might pet you.'

'Why don't you hump her leg? She might let you cum.'

'Why not behave like a dog? You are one.'

It was excruciating. First it was his body, now his mind was turning on him too. The one constant thought which he assumed was still completely his own was that of craving release. Desperation at the sexual fury locked within his ballooning genitals. He knew they were changing too - he could feel it.

"Don't look so sad while you're wagging your tail darling - it's a contradiction." She smiled as she looked toward the flailing appendage and the torn fabric surrounding it, "it really has ruined your boxers though, huh? Might as well take them off. Dogs don't wear clothes."

He was caught somewhere between relief, anticipation and anger. Relief that his huge package would no longer be constricted, anticipation that his owner might touch him and anger because it was obvious she was toying with him.

"How about I take them off for you? Didn't have much luck with those paws before, did you? Roll over."

He growled and shut his eyes to mentally escape as his body rolled onto its back, legs curled up near his haunches like a dog but not changed yet. His tail brushed across the floor as it wagged - an alien sensation. The light dustings of sandy fur sprouting on his belly were growing thicker.

"Now *that* is irresistible." She began to rub his belly. His tail wagged faster and his leg pounded the ground of its own accord. The shame he felt was overwhelming, even as the canine part of his mind tried to reassure him.

"ARF! ARF-RUFF!" He barked in pleasure, without even needing a command.

She halted rubbing the boy's soft belly fur and moved to his waist, prying the elastic rim of his boxers away from his stomach and over his engorged red cock. A thin wisp of purple mist streamed from the pointed tip and subtly curled into her nostril.

"Wow! So, there was a fair bit going on behind the scenes too." She felt her arousal build as she drank in his thick scent and beheld the slick canine cock - protruding from a fuzzy sheath and bulging at its base. She felt her own lubrication as she fully removed the dog boy's ragged boxers. Staring with lust, she delicately touched the tapered tip of her dog boy's erection, sending him into a fit of rapid thrusts as he dribbled and throbbed. Her vision blurred - she was mesmerised.

Minutes passed by as she seemed to be trapped in a stupor, transfixed on the twitching bulbous cock. She tickled gently tickled along its length as the dog boy humped the air. Though deeply buried beneath a mountain of instinct and feral desire, his human mind could see something was off. She hadn't spoken or commanded him for a while. He rolled and began to rise to all fours, noticing she never once looked away from his dripping dog dick as he moved. The hand that had been stroking his member even went limp as he sat up. Was he in control again? A kind of control anyway?

"Ar-ruff?"

He tentatively pawed at her limp arm. Nothing. He looked into her eyes. He even sniffed her up and down, which revealed more than he could have imagined, but nothing which could explain her trance-like state. She just stared at his cock, her eyes glazing over each time her view of it was obscured.

This was strange, but it meant he could escape. Go and find help, or a cure or maybe just wash the purple stuff off his chest or...

Or... He felt his cock spasm as his attention returned to it. Or he could fuck his female. It wasn't even a question of choice. He scuttled on all fours to her rear, nudging her forward with his nose until her swollen vaginal entrance was presenting, then wasted no time mounting her like a feral beast. He thrust deeply into her, up to his knot. His front legs wrapped over her thighs and he hammered his way deeper, entering a few millimetres further with each ram of his hips. He was lost to primal motions and the promise of release.

She slowly came to, her vision blurring back into focus as she was rhythmically jolted forward. She could feel a euphoric fullness between her legs, making her gasp for breath.

"Awr fuck! Fuck! What's going... on?"

Her back and thighs were being tickled by... fur? No way. She spun her head over each shoulder, trying to confirm her suspicion.

The dog boy could feel his load swelling at the base of his cock, ready to shoot. He began rampantly advancing with each pounding thrust - desperately trying to bury his oversized knot.

She inhaled sharply with each jounce as the creature forced itself further past her lips. This was not how things were supposed to go. This was unacceptable.

"Bad dog! Stop!"

The dog boy suddenly felt that he'd been scolded, his tail reflexively drooping - but he was too horny to stop thrusting. He was too close. She was unable stand as his weight bore down on her back. Nor could she free herself from his front paws hooking around her thighs.

"Fuck sake! Bad... dog! SIT!"

The chevron mark on his chest stung. Though his cock fought to remain inside her and even his muddled mind agreed that climax was preferable, the dog boy withdrew with some difficulty and sat as much like a dog as he could manage with human-sized legs. The compulsion had returned. Whatever control he had regained evaporated. His front paws tucked neatly in front of him and his tail wagged behind. He sat obediently. His glistening red cock, knot torturously inflated, bounced at his groin with each heartbeat. He had never felt denial like this. He was so close. He didn't even care that he hadn't escaped, that he was becoming a dog, that he had no control over himself. He just needed to cum.

She climbed to her feet, her waist aching from the beastly onslaught she'd endured, but her sex begging for more. She looked at the dog boy, sat attentively. His still-human eyes no longer held shame or resentment. Only lust.

"Okay... phew - okay. I'm not sure what happened there..." She remembered the shop owner's words. "But, *unpredictable* as it was... It was amazing!"

She took in a deep breath and pursed her lips, exhaling again slowly.

"Regardless, we do this on *my* terms. You hear me? Speak!"

"WRUFF WOOF!"

"Good boy." His tail wagged happily. She raised her finger, still humming with purple light, then turned it to a come-hither motion. "Now. Heel!"

The dog boy sprang up and padded toward his owner, rigid dog cock tingling in the cool air as she lowered herself to the ground. He stopped, nose to her moist opening and burning thick ardour in his groin, waiting for the command to mount his female's faintly-furred flank.