

“Look, honey, that pet shop wasn't there last time we were here! Let's take a look. Please?” Nicki pleaded to her husband Rick. She tugged on his massive arm in the direction of the shop that had seemingly popped up overnight along a block of stores they'd visited frequently.

“And make Spike jealous? Naw honey, we don't need anything from there. Common, Nicki, let's go home,” Rick said, eager to get home from their weekend trip. Their two-year-old bullmastiff, Spike, barked from his crate in the backseat of their parked car, as if to illustrate this point.

The two had been only married recently and were still very much honeymooning. Many weekends were spent up at Rick's family camp, enjoying the seclusion in ways only newlyweds could. They had stopped in town for supplies before heading home, and the new shop across the road had caught Nicki's eye. Rick had reluctantly decided to go along for the walk, but into a pet store? Enough was enough!

However, as the two debated, they failed to notice a short, Polynesian woman with a blue and gold macaw perched on her shoulder, standing in front of the shop. She was wearing a flowing blue dress and a light purple top, with sandals on her feet, a bizarre sight in this particular town. More surprising was that the bird remained on its perch, even though there was no visible tether holding it in place to prevent it from flying away. Perhaps its wings were clipped?

“Come in, come in. I see that you two have an interest in animals? Perhaps I can find you a suitable companion inside,” said the woman, opening the door and beckoning for the couple to enter.

Nicki rushed forwards at the invitation, causing Rick to follow a bit hesitant. He was adamant they didn't need another pet. Spike was a full-time job as it was. However, after giving it some thought, he decided he'd look to see if they had any toys for their overactive dog. At two years old, he wasn't yet fixed and was particularly energetic. Rick had considered having Spike set up to stud, being a purebred that he was, but they hadn't yet gotten around to it.

Nicki was enamored by the sight of all sorts of bizarre and wonderful animals the likes of which she'd never seen in a pet store before. Large snakes, all varieties of birds, lizards, and even a monkey! She wondered what it would be like to own any of them, but reconsidered after a glance from her husband. He had a point, after all. They worked all week and spent their weekends traveling. They could take their dog with them, but any other pet was sure to be neglected by their choice of lifestyle.

As she looked around, Nicki found her gaze settled upon a very cute goldfish in a bowl in the corner of the room. She recalled having wanted one as a child but her father always claimed it was a waste of space and money. Goldfish only lived a few months to a year at most, and he hadn't wanted to deal with flushing one down the toilet and having his daughter cry over something so foolish.

Yet, the more she watched the fish swim, the more those memories of longing flooded back. A spark went off in her mind, as though she had to have this particular fish. "Can we get it?" Nicki asked her husband.

Rick had been looking around for dog treats and toys, finding nothing in this rather obscure shop. When he asked the proprietress, she simply responded with, "Those who seek only find what they need, not what they believe they want." What kind of customer service was that!?

Quickly, he nodded a yes at his wife's request. A goldfish was a simple enough thing to make her happy. Pulling out his wallet, he asked the owner how much was owed. The woman responded by saying it was a special goldfish, able to grant three wishes to those who believed. Rick scoffed at that. Clearly a markup scheme. Yet, the woman simply scowled at his disbelief. Rick was about to turn away when the woman stated that the fish was free, as he was clearly a skeptic and needed proof. She made him promise to reimburse her should the fish indeed prove to have wish-granting capabilities. Rick said sure, what the hell, and the couple went home with their new pet.

The woman called out to them as they went to their truck, warning them against making foolish wishes and telling them to be careful of the words they uttered. Rick simply said "thank you", and drove away, not believing a word of the bullshit the woman was spouting. If only he had heeded the warning...

Nicki had found a nice sunny spot near their living room's window for the new fishbowl, and decided to affectionately name their new pet 'Goldie'. Rick thought the whole thing was silly but his wife seemed to be enjoying herself so he wasn't going to complain.

Rick soon grabbed Spike's collar and leash and went to take him for his morning jog, much to the dog's excitement. Nicki decided to do some chores while her two boys were away. Yet, she couldn't help but recall the old woman's words as she walked by the sunroom with her new pet. They were foolish, she knew, but she found herself wondering what she might wish for,

on the off chance that it might be true. Eventually, she shook her head, deciding it wasn't worth it. She had everything she needed in life, after all. Though it might be fun to think of something with Rick when he got home!

She went to hang her clothes out to dry when suddenly noticed a series of clouds rolling in that had not been forecast. Sighing audibly, he muttered to herself, "Why is the weather so off every time I go to do laundry! I wish we could get enough sun to get my clothes hung up!"

Taking her basket back into the house, Nicki failed to notice that Goldie's bowl had begun to glow, or that the clouds in the sky were beginning to disappear, a strong beam of sunshine landing on her backyard. Unaware of the development, Nicki went about her daily chores, noticing that the sun had indeed come out. *Shit*, she thought, she'd wasted energy running her dryer! She went around the house, opening windows and trying to let the fresh air in.

A loud whining meow echoed from outside, and Nicki looked out to the familiar sight of her neighbor's cat Layla outside, whining and rubbing and marking her territory in their yard. The needy female was in heat again. Her lazy owners wouldn't even bother getting her fixed! The poor kitty was liable to get knocked up with unwanted kittens!

Quickly, Nicki realized that the cat was uncomfortably close to the window where her Goldie was placed. She didn't have the window to that room open, but she was still wary of the way the cat was staring at her fish. Where was Spike when she needed him! Their dog would surely scare away the stupid cat!

"Agghh! I wish she had a nice big tomcat to fuck her till she stopped annoying me!" Nicki yelled, more than a little frustrated. She had a severe allergy to cats and she couldn't even go out there and pick it up to remove them from her yard. She'd tried calling her neighbors about it before, but they didn't seem to give a fuck.

Finally, she decided what the hell and went outside to chase the annoying animal away from her yard. Unknown to Nicki, Goldie's bowl began to glow once more, an indication that it had detected her words. Though Nicki had not intended to make a wish, her careless words were all that the goldfish needed to work its abilities!

Nicki ran outside, chasing away the horny female Layla with a broom and finally getting the cat to move from its perch staring hungrily at her new pet. As she ran, however, she felt a bit odd, a strange tingling flowing through her that was oddly discomforting. Figuring it was simply the cat dandruff, Nicki continued chasing her target out of the yard. Though she failed to realize that her shoes were a little loose, and she tripped, sending her falling onto her face on their lawn!

Nicki started to get up when she looked back to the sight that her shoes and socks had fallen off her feet, which seemed much smaller than before. They itched fiercely, and as Nicki watched, dozens of small black and tan hairs started covering the surface. Her toes were shrinking as well, nails stretched into claws that moved into her shrinking toes reflexively. She could even feel her feet thinning, the skin on her soles getting thicker, rougher, like the beginnings of feline paw pads.

Nicki sneezed from her cat hair allergy, realizing that more of the soft black and tan hair was streaking up her legs. Her ankles were lengthening into a full cat's hind paws, while her legs continued to ache as they shrank. Hips and waist grew slimmer, making her jeans feel loose on her body. She even felt an ache in her tailbone as something began pressing against the seat of her jeans, a growing cat's tail that was starting to move without her being aware of possessing it!

“No, no, no, not a cat! What the furrrrrrrck!” Nicki yelled as her lower body continued to shrink, more and more cat fur sprouting over her legs. The horrifying fur covered her ankles and calves, moving up her groin and even spreading to her stomach as her hips began to snap. Nicki groaned as she felt her bones rearrange, and her tail added a few more painful inches to her spine.

Yet, all of that was eclipsed by a strange tingling in her groin. Her crotch was inexplicably moist despite the horror of the changes, a familiar sensation that left her puzzled. How could she be aroused at a time like this!? Yet, despite herself, Nicki felt her clit start to ache and grow. For a moment, she wanted to touch it, moving a hand down to feel a developing bulge. It was getting bigger, warmer, swelling with flesh as the tip became sharp with tiny barbs. A horrible realization hit her full force. She was growing a feline cock!

Nicki moaned as she felt her ovaries change and push out of her insides, rounded orbs like testicles that slid out of her former cunt as the opening closed over the growing flesh. She could feel the skin growing soft feline fur as her new balls rotated back on her crotch. Something pooled around the flesh of her semi-erect cock, a flap of skin that enveloped it, and gently pulled it back towards her puckered feline asshole.

Yet, all that was forgotten as her chest began to compress, her firm, ample breasts fading into the forest of brown and yellow hairs erupting over her stomach. Reaching out to touch them, Nicki moaned as she realized they no longer carried the sensitivity they once did. Though there was no time to mourn their loss. She could feel her ribs shrinking, her stomach flattening as her hips twisted and snapped, condemning her to a four-legged stance.

Nicki sneezed once more, the changes still not enough to relieve her of her allergy. She went to wipe the gross snot off her nose when something caught on her face and left a painful scratch. In horror, she stared at the thickening nail lengthening from her fingertips. The fingers themselves began to shrink, digits cracking and popping as the bones shrank and she steadily lost the flexibility in her fingers. Tears streamed down her face as her thumbs cracked and shrank into her wrists. The muscles reformed around her fingertips, and in shock, she realized she could extend her still-growing claws like a reflex.

Terrified, her gaze turned to look in the glass of her still closed sunroom window to see her face covered with tears and fluid from her sneezing. As she watched her reflection, she instinctively brought up her newly changed paw and licked at it with her still human tongue. Then, she raised the damp paw to her face and began to rub it on the fluid, as though trying to clean off her face. “Face is so dirty...meeeeee...yyooowww! Yuck! What am I doing!” She yelled, disgusted by the sight of her still human tongue covered in tiny cat hairs as she stopped herself in the middle of grooming as a fucking cat would! Still allergic, Nicki moaned as the contact of cat hairs on her face made her still human skin break out in a rash.

At last, the changes began to overtake her face, and Nicki winced as her nose wrinkled in front of her, face puffing out into a muzzle. Her face prickled as several sharp whiskers erupted from the sides of her feline cheeks. Helpless to stop the changes, Nicki could only stare as her ears began to grow pointed and rotated with her compressing skull. She blinked several times as her eyes watered, and when she opened them, everything seemed different, sharper, the eyes of a predator. She could see the green-slitted eyes reflected in the glass, the eyes of a fucking cat!

“Noooooooowwww. Stop! I don't warrraawww be a cat!” Nicki yelled, feeling her jaw extend forward and her teeth sharpen. She struggled and cried but her voice was swallowed up in the sharp growls of a tomcat against her will.

A pungent scent entered her nostrils, attracting her attention away from the changes. She looked up, seeing that Layla had returned, yowling her heat as she typically did. Yet, the sounds did not elicit the usual disdain. In fact, they aroused some new instinct inside of her, clawing desperately against her mind. Nicki needed more. It had not escaped her attention that her new feline prick had risen out of her new sheath in attention from the smell.

Part of her mind was aware of the horror of her situation. She had no inclination to mate with a cat in heat, she couldn't do that! Yet, her mind started to wane as the changes took hold. Her forehead started to slope as her thoughts started to drift. Desperately, she tried to fight and hold on, disgusted at thoughts of being a feline and fucking a needy tabby in heat. But almost against her will, her feline body arose to all fours and moved toward the female's offering.

The scent of a female in heat drew all her attention, making it hard for her to focus on anything else. Why had she been so worried? Her stiff cock led the way as her shrinking brain grew randy with a horny tom's need. Each thought and fear grew more and more distant as she sniffed the female's flaring cunt, even taking a few licks. The savory taste erased the last traces of Nicki the human woman and the male Nico took her place.

The mating act itself was very brief. The tom rose up on his hind legs and humped until his tiny prick hit home. Both cats yowled as the male's barbs raked the female's inner walls, making the female shudder in ovulation. Nico thrust and humped and quickly blew his tiny load from eager balls. He quickly dismounted, the female rubbing against his fur as the last of the aches and pains of his shifting body faded away. Overcome with a sudden need to groom, he licked his paw, rubbing his face to clean some irritated skin under his fur. Soon, his leaking cock demanded attention and he reached down with his tongue to give it a lick, cleaning the leaking juices off of it.

As the female sauntered off, Nico was distracted by the sight of something moving out of the corner of his eye. He regarded the window where the female cat had been staring earlier, seeing a glow out of the corner of his eyes. A hint of human intellect popped up and made him recall that the fish was supposed to grant wishes and that he, a human female, had wished for something to chase a horny female away. And what better to distract a needy female than an amorous tomcat? Yet those thoughts quickly began to fade as Nico regarded the fish with more curiosity and a slight bit of hunger. Such a goldfish would make a delicious snack!

Just then, the barking of a dog caught his attention. Nico hissed and raised his hackles as a massive beast charged toward him. He considered holding his ground but the beast was too massive for him to manage in a fight. Instead, he made a hasty retreat, dashing up a nearby tree as he dug his claws in and climbed up as far as he could from the barking beast.

“Get that cat. Go get ‘em, Spike!” Rick yelled as he disengaged Spike's leash and allowed Spike to run after the intruding cat. Nico hissed at the barking dog but there was no way Spike could climb the tree and get at the annoying tom.

“Good boy,” Rick said as he went over to calm his excited dog. “You get quite a workout chasing all those cats, don't you boy! It's too bad we couldn't use that energy to stud you out before we get you fixed. I wish we had a bitch in heat for you, make us some money off the pups, you little horn dog you,” Rick said as he began petting his loyal dog.

Even from outside, the goldfish bowl still detected the words of the ill-fated wish and began to glow. Suddenly, Rick felt warm, the sudden heat flushing through his body despite the cooling sweat he had worked up from the walk. He panted to alleviate the heat, his tongue hanging out longer than he recalled.

Yet, his attention was drawn to his crotch, a heat centering on his groin. He scratched the area, his balls and cock feeling a bit sore. As he rubbed at himself, Rick felt that the familiar bulge of his member was smaller if not gone entirely. His face went white from the implication. Where was his cock?!

With some trepidation, Rick pulled down his pants, a thick musk wafting from his groin that made him feel sick to his stomach. The surface of his underwear was stained with a thick fluid that was far different than what he had ever seen. He was terrified to pull down his briefs but he needed to see what had happened. Tugging down the elastic of his underwear revealed a cock that was steadily retreating into the top of a strange slit that had opened up above his shrinking testicles. As he stared in absolute horror, the flesh of his balls retreated into the expanding slit. His junk looked just like his wife's! He was becoming a chick!

The changes were not lost on Spike as the dog scented the air, catching the whiff of a bitch in heat. The dog was clearly confused. He could smell a bitch yet none was present! Still, he moved closer, his nose nearing Rick's changed junk. Rick tried to shove his bullmastiff away when he tripped and stumbled over his pulled-down pants. He moaned as he hit the ground, crushing his shoulders and rib cage. Yet, he had not hit that hard. Rick realized in fear that his chest was continuing to crack with some sort of bizarre alterations. Spike, meanwhile, backed away from the loud noise, watching the scene in confusion.

Rick groaned as he felt his chest begin to compress and barrel outwards, his shoulders hunching as, with a crack, they flattened and pulled forward. Rick found himself unable to rotate his arms around to lift himself up any longer. He tried to crawl forward, feeling his hips cracking as his legs pulled out of his already loose pants. He could feel his toenails catching on his loose socks, and he pulled his legs out of his pants, seeing the naked skin of his changing feet. The toes were shrinking before his eyes, big toes retracting up his heels as the other digits shrank, the nails thickening into blunt claws. His heels were thinning and shrinking up his legs, while his hips sank into the flesh of his stomach and assured him a four-legged posture. What the fuck was happening to him? Rick felt he had to try and get away, but his brain could hardly move the mess that had become of his body.

In desperation, he tried to push himself up once more but felt his fingers getting caught in the earth. In terror, Rick stared down as his nails blacked and formed the same blunt claws that

adorned his feet. He groaned at the sensation of his thumb getting smaller as the bones and muscles faded away and the remaining stubs crawled up his wrist, forming a canine dewclaw. Tears rolled down his face as his remaining digits cracked and shrank, leaving him with useless claws where once he had functional hands.

All the while, his stomach was getting slimmer as the changes erased all the muscle he'd painstakingly acquired over the years. Rick groaned as he felt his nipples enlarging, similar bumps forming down along his chest, making the ache in his crotch worse and worse. A decidedly canine growl escaped his lips as the nipples shifted lower on his barreling chest, moving towards his slimmer stomach. He couldn't see them from his viewpoint, but he could feel them getting heavy underneath him.

It was then that the full weight of the curve hit him like a transport truck. Yet, Rick couldn't believe he was turning into a bitch! But more than that, he couldn't believe how horny the changes were making him. He groaned and squirmed, feeling the intense sensations of his leaking vagina and the overwhelming need to be bred. Not only was he turning into a bitch, but one in heat!

Just then, Rick felt something moist and wet goosing at his backside. He turned his thickening neck back to see his brown-furred dog sniffing at the edges of his leaking vagina. In horror, he realized that the dog's tiny prick was stiff and at attention at the offering that Rick's changing body was giving him!

“Rrrooow! Rrrret rrrroff!” He yelled, horrified at the thought of being bred by a dog. He didn't want this! Yet, even as he cried out in protest, he felt his mouth begin to extend, jowls thickening with loose skin. His ability to speak began to wane, replaced by canine barks. It was unlikely Spike could even understand his former master as the scent of a bitch in heat overrode all other thoughts.

Rick realized with horror that there was nothing he could do to stop the changes crawling over his body. He felt his nose blacken and moisten, drinking in the scent of a leaking male and exciting some developing canine part of him. No! He couldn't want this! Yet, he continued to change, a steady wave of brown fur overtaking his pink skin as his ears flattened and moved up his head. Rick reflexively growled as his teeth began to lengthen, his tongue lolling out of his mouth as he panted from the heat.

At this point, Rick was nearly fully changed now. It was harder and harder to think, to reject the male behind him. He was horny, in heat, and needed a male inside his needy cunt. Looking back to see the male, Rick realized that the colors seemed muted, washed out. Had he

still had his human facilities or a mirror, he might have realized that his eyes were brown, fully canine.

The male began teasing the edges of Rick's cunt and Rick growled in satisfaction. His needy cunt dripped, and he peed a little, his female mind excited by the virile stud behind him. As the male licked at his puffy vagina, Rick felt his thoughts disappear into canine lust. He shoved his cunt deeper into the male's snout to make him potently aware of his arousal. The male lapped enthusiastically before pulling back and rearing up to mount his bitch. Rick's last human thoughts were aware that the goldfish bowl was glowing from the window of his former home, and he recalled a few words of a wish he had uttered. But the last of his humanity was swept away by the magnificent male rapidly humping his backside. Rick the human slowly gave way to Ricki the bullmastiff bitch, and she loved the sensation of being fucked!

Ricki let out a growl as the male's knot shoved into her needy cunt, tying them together. The male deep inside of her accelerated the physical changes as the rest of her brown fur grew in and her stubby tail stretched out and teased the male's belly in excitement. Her face stretched out, thick black jowls leaking drool as she reveled in the sensations of being bred. Four-legged stance secure, Ricki took her mate like a champ, easily holding him up as easily as any two-year-old mastiff bitch.

Under such an onslaught of canine lust, neither dog could last long. Ricki felt the male's knot bury deep into her quivering cunt, leaking as it prepared to spill its load. She howled as the canine orgasm washed over her body, causing the male to spill his seed in his bitch's vagina. The male stayed stuck in his new bitch as his seed sought her eager womb. The feelings of being filled and pleased were enough to keep the new female mastiff satisfied as she lay there. She was secure in the knowledge that she had been bred, that she would bear this alpha's puppies. She laid down while the foolish male tried desperately to pull his cock from his bitch. How dare she keep it from him!

After a time, Spike managed to pull out with a wet pop and went to pee on some trees in his yard. The new female leaned down to lick at her dripping cunt, cleaning their juices and loving the tremble of orgasm that the sensation of her tongue gave her. Then, she reached back to lick at her ass, making sure she was clean all over. It was obvious to any onlooker that she was a dog in mind, and no doubt she had always been one.

Ricki's ears perked up as she heard the scratching of claws on a tree. Her massive head turned to see that the annoying tom from earlier had climbed down the tree in *her* yard! Angrily, she took off barking to scare away the intruder. Just in time, Nico saw the new dog coming and

raised his hackles once more before taking off in terror from the larger beast. The former lovers were now mortal enemies with no recollection of their former human connections.

At last, Nico made his way under a fence post and Ricki stopped in her tracks before she hit the fence. She barked a little, but her quarry was gone. Nico, finally free from the annoying dog, made his way into the safety of the yard next door, where he found his needy tabby waiting once more. Layla had not yet been satisfied, and it would take several more breedings that day till her body was sure that she'd been impregnated. The new tom was more than eager to oblige, his barbed penis poking out of his tiny sheath at his female's need

The new bitch, Ricki, was needy, too, and loved the sensations of being knotted and quickly thrust her vagina into the nose of her new male. Spike was a little confused as to the fate of his masters and the scents of them he detected on the female. However, at the moment, he was too horny to care. He humped away at his bitch till his knot tied them together once more.

Unbeknownst to her, the goldfish bowl, which had been glowing the entire time, had finally begun to dim. The light from the bowl faded, and the fish began swimming again, its final wish used up...

As though a heavy fog blowing in, the owner of the pet shop appeared in the backyard while the mating animals went about their business. A light shimmered over her as her hair lengthened and her body rose into that of a tall woman clad only in garments woven from plants. Laka, the goddess of fertility, love, and beauty, returned to reclaim her prized fish, all three of its wishes having been granted. There was no need for it to remain in the hands of those foolish mortals. Or paws, she chuckled to herself, as was the case. Both former husband and wife were enjoying the pleasures of the flesh on opposite sides of the fence now, with the added bonus of being beasts in a rut. She had warned them, but mortals were so slow to listen. Still, their offspring would make welcome additions to her shop after she returned to her guise as a mortal woman!