

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Journal entry: September 15, 2011

This is one of those entries that I know I'll laugh at in a couple of days. But I'm going to write it anyway. But before I get into that, let me sum up what's been going on in my life lately.

This is Aiden. I'm 19. Going to community college. Studying math education. Single. More certain that I'm gay with every passing month, but I don't want to talk about it with anyone. The loneliness gets to me sometimes. I don't have any close friends. Of the few friends I do have, I don't spend much time with them. I have a roommate, but when he's not at work I try to avoid him, because he a bit of a jerk. Most of my free time gets spent gaming and looking at porn. Oh yeah, I'm a furry too.

Which brings me back to my story. Today I was searching a furry forum for the usual: gay furry pictures, stories, whatever. I think I was trying to download a photo, but a new page opened instead. The title of the page was "Lust Demons."

I've read about succubi and incubi before, but according to the page, these "Sex Demons" are different. They take the shape of animals. The beasts rape their victims and sometimes transform them into animals. Pretty cool, huh?

A header toward the bottom of the page caught my eye. It read: How to get a blowjob from a demon. I thought it sounded pretty corny, but part of me was curious. The instructions to the ritual seemed simple enough. I had to draw a symbol on a wall and chant some words while jerking off.

So that's why I'm writing today. I'm going to try it out. I know it sounds crazy, but what do I have to lose?

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Journal entry: September 16, 2011

Holy crap, where do I start? I have dog ears sticking out of my freaking head. (As I'm writing I tend to run my hands through my hair, which reminded me of my strange transformation.) I'm wearing another guy's clothes. You won't believe what I had to do to get them. God, I hope no one finds out. Especially my parents. This isn't making any sense. Let me start over.

It worked.

The ritual, that is. Last night I went to my bathroom with the printed instructions for the ritual. My roommate was out partying, so I knew I had the place to myself. The instructions said to draw the symbol on a wall at crotch level. The symbol consisted of two concentric circles. The inner circle was split into two semicircles by a vertical line. Inside the right semicircle was a second, smaller semicircle that shared the same vertical line. I drew the symbol with a pencil (the instructions said any medium would do).

I dropped my pants. The anticipation had already excited me, so I was ready for the next step, which is to touch the symbol with a bit of precum. Now all I had to do was jerk off and chant some words I didn't understand.

Pretty soon I was close to climaxing, and nothing was happening. Maybe the ritual's a metaphor, I thought. This was a pretty exciting masturbation session. One could say that a sex demon was spiritually present and turning me on.

At that point, I didn't care. I had worked myself close to cuming, and I was ready to finish. I closed my eyes and breathed deep, like I always do right before I release. But when I inhaled, a strange smell like cigarette smoke and spice filled my lungs. I opened my eyes and examined the symbol I had drawn. It was gone.

Not only was it gone, but the section of the wall was gone too, making a little hole. I knelt down and looked into it, but inside was dark. The sweet smoke slithered from the hole, filling the bathroom in a light haze. I pondered the hole for a few second, but decided not to think too much about it. After all, it doesn't take much thought to recognize a glory hole.

Shoving away all thought of a sharp fanged creature on the other side of the hole chomping off my dick, I thrust in. Immediately a slimy mouth wrapped around my cock, sucking so hard that I could hear the fluids sloshing in its maw. Ooze leaked from the hole in the wall. It was all over my crotch and legs. It slopped onto the ground, forming a big puddle. But I didn't notice.

I was experiencing sheer bliss. I had been ready to cum almost a minute ago, but somehow the creature on the other side managed to pleasure me in ways I had never known, without making me explode. This lasted for minutes. When my pelvis started convulsing, I knew I was cuming, but even that lasted longer than I thought possible.

Finally my dick was released from the hole. My legs buckled, weak from pressing my pelvis against the wall, and I fell breathlessly against the bathtub. My head slowly cleared, and I became aware of the pool of ooze I was sitting in. It was yellow-green and smelled foul. I've made a mess jerking off before, but this was just stupid.

I looked at the hole, which was still there. Still dark.

"What now?" I said aloud, to myself.

A wad of the yellow-green ooze shot from the hole and hit me in the face.

"Shit, that's disgusting," I said.

"Ss-ss-ssssss," came a hissing sound from the hole. I don't know how to describe it. It was like a snicker, I guess. The snickering creature opened a yellow-orange eye from behind the hole.

"Who are you?" I managed to ask, despite my fear. Imagine flicking the lights on in your bathroom and seeing an alien four feet away. That's sort of how I felt.

The yellow-orange eye of the creature squinted, and it replied with a deep voice and half-growl.

"You may call me Gear. And you are?"

"Aiden," I said. "That was the best blowjob I've ever had."

Gear snorted. "You mean the ONLY blowjob you've ever had?"

My face flushed. "Yeah. How did you know that?"

Again the slithery snicker. "Ss-ss-ssssss."

"Oh, just a feeling. One of my many gifts as a demon of lust," he said. "I also know you're attracted to men. And male animals. And you wish you could turn into a dog."

I remembered reading about how the demons can transform people into animals. Was Gear offering to make my dream come true?

"Let me guess," I said. "You'll turn me into a dog in exchange for my soul?"

"Ss-ss-sssss. Get that from the bible, did you? That's just fairy tale nonsense."

"So you'll do it. No strings attached?" I asked.

"I didn't say that. Nothing comes for free," he said.

"What do you want?"

"Draw the symbol you used to make this hole. Only bigger. About six feet in diameter," Gear said. "Then I can impart on you the blessings of the beast."

Before I could ask anymore questions, the hole closed up. I thought about Gear's offer for a few moments and decided to just do it. I drew the symbol large like he said. I had a little bit of cum still on the tip of my dick, though much diluted by the ooze, so I used that on the symbol. I spoke the words of the ritual, and the wall opened up before me. I was looking into a massive black hole and Gear's two yellow-orange eyes.

A black paw, the size of my head, emerged from the darkness, followed by Gear's entire body. The demon was a hound of some sort, a mix between a mastiff and a German Shepherd, I would guess. Only his head came up to my shoulders, he was so big. His fur was black like shadow, with strange highlights that glowed like embers of a fire. He had two dark red horns that curved forward on his head. Sweet smelling smoke drifted from his snout and foul-smelling drool oozed from his maw.

"You have released me. And as promised, I shall impart on you the blessings of the beast," he said.

At this point I was frozen in a mix of fear and awe. With a mighty paw Gear knocked me over. I slipped in the ooze on the ground and landed on my stomach, halfway in the bathtub. Gear's two forepaws landed in the tub with a mighty thud, and I felt his warm fur on my back.

I looked over my shoulder, still stunned by the whole turn of events. Then I saw Gear's cock. His red prick was shaped like a thick wedge. At the base of the massive cock his knot had already swollen to the size of two baseballs.

"This isn't going to hurt, right? You demon magic will make it fit?" I stammered.

"Ss-ss-sssss. You'll find that the best pleasures are mixed with pain," he said.

Gear rammed his cock against the rim of my ass and I gasped in pain. He could have humped like crazy, ripping his way in, but instead he held his hips tightly against mine. I tried to clinch my ass shut, but as my muscles grew tired I found that his cock would slowly inch its way deeper into my ass. When I couldn't take anymore, I felt the bulge of his knot ease up against my butt cheeks.

"Please, please don't," I whimpered. I knew I couldn't take anymore.

Gear pressed harder, but only for a moment. Then again. I realized he was humping me now, and not trying to get the knot in. Having his massive cock in my ass still hurt, but the rhythmic humping, like a massage, eased the pain and tension.

I moaned.

The humping continued for minutes, and with each thrust I moaned louder. Gear's breath became labored, and I knew he was about to cum. He started to pull out though, and I was about to say something. But then he rammed back into me one more time. I screamed. He howled.

Before I passed out from the mix of pain and pleasure, I heard Gear's slithery snicker.

"Ss-ss-sssss."

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The next time I opened my eyes, my vision was blurred, so my first "glimpse" of my surroundings was by smell. I could smell urine and musk, and slowly the smell registered with an image: wet dog. The who, what, where, when and why of the moment escaped me, but it came back slowly. I was Aiden. Last night, in my bathroom, I met the demon Gear. Last I remembered was his great yet horrible cock reaching deep within me. And now this.

My head cleared, finally, and I could see I was in a kennel. That explained the smell, at least. The walls were made of concrete, and the door was a floor-to-ceiling metal link fence. I could hear other dogs in the same room, in what must have been more kennels like mine. The place seemed familiar, as if it was public. Where would there be a public kennel? My heart started racing as the answer came to me.

I was in the dog pound.

"Ss-ss-ssss," Gear snickered. He was lying next to me, though in a slightly different form. Unlike the massive demon figure that ravaged me last night, Gear was a normal sized German Shepherd with a solid black coat. His eyes were still a striking yellow-orange, but they lacked any supernatural glow.

"You said you wanted to be like a dog," Gear said offhandedly. "This is what it's like, for many."

"Yeah, well, I didn't want to be a dog. I wanted to be able to look like one," I fired back as I went to the kennel door. *Of course*, I thought. Locked.

My movement brought three things to my attention. One, I felt something constricting around my neck, which turned out to be a dog collar. Two, I was completely naked otherwise. And three, my cock was, well, different.

"What the hell," I mumbled as I explored my cock. In short, it looked like a dog's sheath. My entire pubic region was covered in short, black fur. A layer of fuzzy skin held my cock close to my body, so that it ran up from my fuzzy balls and pointed toward my belly button. The sheath had some give, so I could probably aim my cock away from my body to go to the bathroom (yeah, it's probably weird, but that's the first thing I worried about).

"How did I get here?" I asked, but my mind was still focused on my sheath.

"It can be confusing, your new gifts. But you'll get used to it," Gear said.

I closed my eyes and tried to remember, but nothing came to me.

"You really don't remember, do you?"

A door creaked on the other side of the room and the dogs in the other kennels started barking.

"Quick, put these on," Gear said calmly, pulling a pair of underwear out from underneath him. It was

a black Speedo. I didn't question where they came from, I just put them on. My face was beat red in fear of the embarrassment to come. The barking continued, occasionally punctuated by a kennel door screeching open.

"You might want to start thinking of a story to explain why you're here," Gear whispered.

Before I could think of anything, a man stepped in front of my kennel. He had on khaki pants and a black polo and carried a bucket, probably of dog food. At least it wasn't a family with kids, I thought.

"What the fuck—" the man started. He looked to be my age. Short, thin and pale. His black hair, which had been straightened and combed over one eye, and his pierced lip told me he was gothic. He was actually kind of cute.

"I can explain!" I cut in. I had to make something up. "My friends played a prank on me." I could feel my face was still red. "Please, don't tell anyone. Just let me out."

The goth just stared. I could feel his eyes on my body. More specifically, my Speedo. I silently thanked Gear for giving me it. I doubt I could have explained my "unusual" anatomy.

The goth shook his head as if to dispel a thought. He fumbled with his keys and unlocked the kennel. "Dude. Looks like they got you good," he said.

"Yeah," I said weakly. I slipped through the gate, inches away from the goth. I caught him looking at my crotch again. He made eye contact only for a second before looking away embarrassed.

He's gay for you, Gear's voice slithered in my head. I looked back into the kennel at Gear. His yellow-orange eyes bore into mine.

"You're okay? We just caught that dog last night. He's crazy," the goth said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, before our guys got him, we got several calls in saying a black dog was running around town causing all sorts of trouble. He was getting into garbage, and tackling people too. Not biting them, or we would have put him down, but..." the goth paused and looked away meekly. I noticed his name tag, which said his name was Mike. "The dog was humping people, they were saying."

Something clicked in my mind. The story Mike told seemed to bring back a memory of running swiftly through streets, alleys and a park. I remember people screaming, and then sleep. I reached up and touched the collar around my neck. Was I the dog Mike was talking about?

"Your friends put that on you, didn't they? Well it's a good thing we tranquilized the dog, or you and your friends might have had a big surprise when you opened the kennel," Mike said.

"Yeah," I said weakly. The tranquilizer explained why I was in a haze when I woke.

"Listen, I need to go get my manager," Mike started. His words snapped me back from my thoughts.

"No! No-no-no! Look, I'm really embarrassed this happened. Is there anyway you can just let me go?" I pleaded.

"Well..." Mike looked like he was searching for words.

Give him what he wants, Gear's voice in my mind said. I shot a glare at Gear. This guy's a complete stranger, I'm not going to ask if he wants sex. What if he says no? What if someone sees?

Don't think about it, Gear's voice continued, just do what I tell you.

Mike gawked. "You don't even have any clothes. I can't just let you walk out the front of the store," I didn't have time to argue with Gear. I had to do something.

"Maybe you could help me out, Mike," I said as smoothly as I could manage, as Gear instructed me mentally. I ran my hand from my abs to my chest. "And maybe I could repay you somehow."

Good, Gear said. Now slowly reach for his cock.

I did, half expecting Mike to jump out of his pants. What was I thinking? But Mike didn't freak out. His shoulders sagged and he nervously exhaled.

"Okay, I have another pair of cloths I change into after work. You can have those. And I won't say anything," he gulped, "to anyone."

What had I gotten myself into? Just a year ago I thought I was straight. I've never told anyone I'm gay. And now I'm offering to blow a complete stranger.

"Is everything alright?" Mike asked. I could tell by his voice that he was as uncertain as I was.

"Yeah, I just... Do you want me to unbuckle your belt?" I couldn't believe the words coming out of my mouth. Now I know what girls mean when they say men think with their cocks.

Mike nodded, and I unbuckled his pants. They dropped to the floor with a clank. The dogs started barking again.

"No one will walk in on us?" I said, staring at his white briefs.

"It's locked. The store doesn't open for another hour," Mike breathed.

That just leaves..., I thought, looking at his crotch. I pulled his brief down.

I'd never touched another guy's cock before.

I'd never sucked a guy's cock before.

I'd never made another guy moan before.

I'd never made another guy cum before.

I'd never swallowed another guy's load before!

But now I have.

It was over so fast. The dogs had quieted down. I could hear Mike breathing deeply. He bent down and pulled up his pants. He grabbed my hand and helped me up.

"Thanks," he grinned. His face was still a bit red-mine must have been too-but he acted like I had just helped him scratch an itch that had been bothering him for some time. "There's a door opposite of where I came in," he pointed down the row of kennels. "It goes to the employee locker room. No one will be in there." He told me where to find his backpack, which had a change of clothes, and which door would lead me out of the back of the building.

"Now I have to get back to work," he said. "I guess this is goodbye."

"Yeah, I can't thank you enough," I stammered, rushing to the door. "I'm Aiden, by the way," I shouted back.

"Take care, Aiden," he said.

I quickly dressed in a pair of tight grey jeans and a tank top. Mike was shorter than me, so his jeans were a bit uncomfortable. A pair of black army-style boots hid the short length, however. I pulled on a black hoodie and slipped out the back door.

Gear was waiting for me right outside the door.

"Shit, I forgot all about you," I said.

"I can see why. Things got pretty steamy in there," Gear said.

I started walking, Gear close behind. "Don't remind me. I've lost all control since last night. And it's all because of you."

"Ss-ss-ssss." Without even saying a word that snicker could make me doubt everything. I started to think about how I asked for this, to be changed, at least. And I consented to blowing Mike, even if it was to get out of a tight place. Maybe things weren't so bad.

"Where are we going?" Gear asked.

"To class. The clock in the locker room said it's 6 a.m. That means I have an hour to get to class. I think there's a bus route through here." Sure enough, I found a bus stop. A half-hour later and a bus pulled up. The door opened.

I explained to the bus driver that I lost my wallet and needed to get to class. He recognized me, though he said the clothes threw him for a loop.

"Are you wearing a dog collar?" the driver asked, no lack of judgment in his voice.

"Uh, yeah," I replied nervously. I'd forgotten about it.

"Really completes the look," the driver said sarcastically. "Get on." I jumped on the bus, but the driver stopped me. "Is that your service dog?" he asked. I looked back at Gear. He was wearing a neon-orange harness with the word "Service" printed on each side-saddle.

"I guess so," I said, too frazzled to question anything. "Coming, boy?"

Gear hopped onto the bus.

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The bus was halfway to the community college where I had class. Early morning commuters packed the bus, though it wasn't so crowded that Gear couldn't sit on the bench next to me. His solid black fur and neon-orange service-dog harness seemed all the more striking next to my goth getup. But no one made a fuss. There's a silent code among bus-riders: stare off into space and pretend you're the only passenger.

Gear chose to ignore the code however, when a blonde sat next to us. I guess you could say she was attractive. You know, to a straight guy. She was my age, had beautiful, smooth skin. She wore a suit-vest over a tight black dress shirt. It was just conservative enough to look sexy but not slutty. And her cheeks had a hint of blush. I always liked that.

Anyway, Gear's ears perked as soon as she sat down, and I knew he was up to no good. He leaned

over and sniffed her neck.

"Cute dog. Can I pet him?" the blonde asked.

I held back a groan. "Sure."

As she started petting him, he licked her neck. She giggled.

This is where you say, "I taught him that, you know. How about you come back to my place and I'll teach you a trick?" came Gear's voice.

I tried to ignore the two by looking away. But I heard Gear's wet tongue slopping all over her. The sound reminded me of when a dog drinks from a toilet: You feel dirty just listening to the obnoxious sloshing. I turned to say something to the woman and froze. The woman's neck was arched; her chin nearly pointed to the roof. Gear's long tongue slid slowly up from her collarbone to her cheek.

Again, I am gay, and I wasn't turned on by her, but... I thought back to the dog pound and Mike. He had arched his neck the same way during the breathless part of our encounter, when every muscle in his body tensed in preparations for the climax. It was like he was offering his body to the heavens so that pleasure could wash down on him from above.

The memory made my heart race and my cock stir. I must have been hard while blowing Mike, but at the time I was too distracted to notice. Now I was noticing. The wet smacking of Gear's tongue continued, and my borrowed jeans—already too tight—grew tighter. What happened next made me almost wet myself—with cum or urine, I'm not sure which more.

The woman moaned.

It was the kind of moan you hear in a good porno. It half-sounded like a whimper, half like a cry of "Yes." I had never expected to be inches away from a woman during such an intimate state of pleasure, better yet on a public bus. Surrounded by a dozen other people!

I yanked Gear's ear hard, pulling him away from the woman's neck. He yelped. The sound snapped the woman out of her blissful state. She looked around, a bit dazed. With the cuff of her sleeve, she wiped Gear's slobber from his neck. Briefly our eyes met. I think we both tried to apologize at the same time, but the awkwardness was too much. We pretended to ignore each other for the rest of the trip.

Damn. You are a fag, came Gear's voice. I avoided his yellow-orange eyes, which I'm sure were fixed on me.

The bus pulled up to a business plaza, where most of the riders got off, including the woman. The driver and two other passengers remained. None of them were close to Gear and me.

"I think I know why I don't like you, Gear," I said under my breath.

"Ss-ss-ssss."

"You make people lose control. I know I chose for this... what do you call it?"

"Blessings of the beast," Gear slithered.

"Right. I chose to accept your 'blessings', and maybe I was wrong. But you're just torturing me by leading me into these situations. No one likes to be played with." I felt like I had made a good point.

Gear yawned. "Stop rationalizing," he said with a hint of annoyance in his voice.

"What's that supposed to mean?" my voice rose slightly, drawing looks from the passengers.

Gear played the dumb dog. Sniffed his paw. Scratched himself with his hind leg. Eventually the passengers zoned out again.

"You're driving a car down a highway," Gear started, quietly. "A deer jumps out in front of you. Do you have time to think about what to do? What happens if you do?"

I pondered Gear's words, but they didn't make much sense to me. I turned to him, expecting him to continue, but something caught my eye. It was Gear's cock. The tip of his red prick poked slightly out of his sheath. He must have been partially hard, because his sheath was a fat wedge. I could clearly see the silhouette of his knot beneath the furry sheath.

I became distinctly aware of Gear's warm fur rubbing against me, even though it had been that way during the entire bus ride. I wondered why I hated Gear when he was everything that turned me on: a horny male animal. I could reach over right now and touch his knot. Why hadn't I? I started to reach over, but the bus rocked as it went over a speed bump. The movement served to remind me that I was, in fact, still on a bus. The two passengers could see me. They would see me if I touched Gear. Then what? I shook my head and looked away from Gear's sheath.

"Ss-ss-ssss. You thought about the deer," Gear said.

I tried to reply with a glare, but it must have been a look of confusion, because Gear continued to explain.

"There will be times in your life like this. You can either think about them and crash, or trust your instincts and act."

"But, because I thought about it, nothing happened," I retorted, staring Gear down.

"Exactly," Gear said, staring back with those yellow-orange eyes. "Nothing happened."

I almost didn't hear the bus driver announce we had arrived at the stop on campus. I quickly got off the bus, focusing my attention on class and the day ahead of me. But a little voice-mine, not Gear's-kept playing in my head.

Nothing had happened.

Those three words could describe my life. I worked hard at whatever task life gave me-school, college, work-but it all seemed so mediocre. Pointless. I'd never reached for more. I'd never dropped everything to pursue my dreams-I don't even know what those dreams are.

Instead I lived in secrecy. No, a lie. Especially now, when I should be searching for a soul mate, I can't even acknowledge my sexuality. I never told my high-school crush that I thought his glasses made him look cute, and what happened? I never told my friends and family that I am gay. And it's not like they're homophobic. I just never felt comfortable. And what happened? Nothing.

I shoved all worrisome thoughts from my mind before stepping into class. At least for the next hour I could focus on my studies: statistics. I was a few minutes late because I stopped by the library for a notebook and pencil, so I slid into the back of the classroom near a window. I hoped no one would pay much attention to me.

My professor raised an eyebrow, non-verbally communicating the same feelings the bus driver had when he saw my clothes. I thought he was going to say something when Gear followed me into the classroom, but the “service dog” harness was enough to deter any questions. The professor continued the lecture. Finally, I could relax.

I eased back into my daily routine, which was easy enough: I’d pay attention to the professor long enough to realize that I already knew what he was teaching. Then I would doodle or stare at my reflection in the window. Or instead I would stare at my current crush.

Today he was sitting two rows ahead of me, on the other side of class, so I could see the profile of his face. He was 19, like me. His hair was short, white-blonde, and it stuck up in the front. Remember I mentioned that I like when women wear blush? Well Jace’s cheeks were naturally flush. The tip of his nose points up slightly, giving him a boyish face. He wears glasses and dress shirts-with a different tie color every day.

Who’s that you’re drooling over? Gears voice asked.

“Jace,” I whispered. “Short for Jason.”

I bet you’ve pictured going doggy-style with him a hundred times, came Gear’s voice.

Gear may have been just fucking with me, but he wasn’t far from the mark. Just thinking about leaning in close and smelling Jace’s neck made me hard. The scene played out in my mind: We looked into each others eyes and kissed.

Back in reality, I dropped my pencil. My hands were sweating and quivering. My pants felt so tight, I wouldn’t be surprised if they ripped. But they didn’t, thank god. Instead, I felt my growing cock poke out of the top of my pants, near my navel. It was a bit shocking, because my hoodie was unzipped, so for a second, the tip of my red prick tasted fresh air. I quickly zipped my hoodie. I had forgotten that I had a dog’s cock. The sheath must have forced my hard-on up my pants, rather than down.

“Ss-ss-ssss.”

I figured Gear was snickering at my cock, but when I turned to glare at him, he used the movement of his eyes and chin to point at the window. My reflection looked like I always do, except for the clothes. I have a light tan, my hair is dark brown, almost black. My face is covered in stubble, because I’m too lazy to shave every day.

Nice ears, came Gear’s voice.

What was he talking about? I took a second look. And I wish I hadn’t. From where my ears should have been, two black dog ears sprouted. I had dog ears! They were much bigger than regular ears, reaching at last half a hand’s length above my head.

I threw my hood up as fast as I could, nearly throwing myself from my seat. My chair groaned and squeaked, gaining the attention of the classroom. I just kept my head down, and eventually the professor continued lecture.

My hands were still sweating, and now my heart raced too. My cock was still hard-I could feel it’s warm pulse against my lower abs.

Easy now. Do you really want to change here? Gear slithered.

Change? No, this couldn't be happening. Not now. Not here. I couldn't breathe; I was drenched in sweat-but I still tried to fight the urge with my mind, though I was quickly losing the battle. I felt like I would leap out of my skin if this continued.

Don't think about the deer. Gear's voice was but a whisper among a storm, but it came through. I focused on his voice. I trusted my instinct.

I ran out of the classroom.

...

A bathroom stall became my sanctuary. The moment I had the door locked I ripped off my pants and Speedo, exposing my cock. It was fully engorged, so much so that my doggy-knot was sticking out of my sheath. I assumed the position for masturbation: one hand around my cock, which felt wet and spongy, like the inside of my mouth, and the other around my furry balls.

Gear's head poked into the stall from under the door. I chose to ignore him, completely focused on jerking off.

"Let me tell you a story," Gear said.

"Whatever." I spat on my hands for some lubrication.

"It's about God and Adam," Gear continued. "You see, God created Adam and everything in the world for Adam to enjoy."

I wasn't even close to cuming, despite my boner. Gear's story must have been distracting me, I thought.

"Adam said to God, 'I am thankful for your gifts, but because any creature can enjoy a gift does that mean I have no purpose in life?' God thought about this question, and decided to create Eve, with which Adam could share his gifts."

I gave up masturbating. It was like my cock couldn't feel my hands. "I thought you said the bible was a bunch of fairy-tale nonsense," I said bitterly.

"It is, but it illustrates a good point," Gear said.

"Which is?"

"A life of self-loving is pointless," Gear said. "But when we have others to share our gifts with, that makes us the Creator. The Gift Givers. That has meaning, because there's a choice."

"Why are you telling me this?" I sighed.

"Food for thought," Gear quipped. "And so you understand why we demons-and those we bless-can't pleasure ourselves."

"You mean, I can't get myself off?" I asked.

"Exactly," Gear said.

By the time I left the bathroom at school, class was almost over. It was my only class that day, so I jumped on a bus for home. When I got to my apartment my roommate wasn't home—he had class or work, I never really knew his schedule—so I didn't have to explain my clothes. I changed. Cleaned up my bathroom (it still had Gear's drool splattered all over the floor). Before passing out, I wrote down everything I could remember since I met Gear. It all happened in a zombie-like state. Yes, I was horny, but I was tired—physically and emotionally.

I woke up to the sound of the apartment door slamming. It was my roommate, Tony. He keeps to himself most of the time. We don't even say "Hi" to each other when one of us gets home. I don't really care for him. He's always late on rent, which gets me into trouble with the landlord. And the one area we share—the kitchen—is constantly cluttered with his spoiled food and dirty dishes. Anytime I ask him to do something he acts like I'm way out of line.

Anyway, I sat up in my bed. Gear had made himself comfortable on a sofa-chair in the corner. Before I had passed out, I manage to strip down to my boxers—my own, comfy boxers and not Gear's tight Speedo—but the freedom didn't help my hard-on.

"Hey, Gear," I said, one hand feeling my sheath. "Why don't you give me a blowjob?"

As his ears perked, I couldn't help but think how cute Gear could look. Sure, he had made today the most awkward day of my life, but if he could satisfy my needs, then things might work out.

"No, can't help you there, buddy," Gear yawned.

"What? But you've already blown me once. You freaking mounted me too. C'mon..."

Gear yawned again. "What about Jace?"

"What about him?" I said meekly.

"Don't you love him?" Gear said smoothly.

"What does that have to do with this?" I fired back, a bit sour. It seemed hypocritical for Gear to use the 'L' word. But his question still stung. I didn't know how I should feel about Jace. He was a crush. I wanted it to be more, but I didn't have the courage to take the next step. Not right now, at least.

"Tell you what. I'll give you a blowjob if you tell Jace how you feel about him," Gear said.

The thought of confessing to Jace made my throat seize with dread. I almost lost control of myself just looking at him yesterday. I still had the ears and perpetual hard-on to remind me of the event. I didn't want to imagine what would happen if I changed completely.

"Ss-ss-ssss."

I hung my head. "Nevermind." My stomach growled, so I pulled some pants on—and a ball cap to cover my ears—and moped into the kitchen. It was 10 at night (I must have slept for the greater part of the day). I started making a sandwich when Gear poked his head into the kitchen.

"Hey, you should see this," he said.

What now? I thought, following him into the hallway, to my roommate's door. I couldn't hear anything coming from Tony's room. Some nights he stayed out partying until morning, especially when he was banging some drunk chick, but I'm guessing he struck out tonight. The light was on,

though, and his door was cracked. I peeked in.

Tony was sitting at his computer desk, which was against the right side of the room, so I could see the side of him, and part of the computer too. Tony's what I like to call a 'bro.' He always wears gym shorts, tank tops and backwards hats. Though, at the moment, he was half-dressed. He had pulled his shorts down around his ankles and had one hand on his semi-hard cock. With his other hand, he clicked through a porno website.

When I realized that I had been staring for a few minutes, I ducked away from the cracked door. Thankfully, Tony had headphones on, so he couldn't have heard me. And I'm guessing he was too focused on his computer to have seen me.

"Yeah, so?" I whispered, trying to look calm. Gear just wanted a rise out of me, and I wasn't going to give it to him.

"So? Two horned up guys in an apartment on Friday night? Maybe you two could solve each other's little dilemmas." Gear slithered.

"Are you kidding? Tony's not gay. The only things he talks to me about are the chicks he bangs," I said.

"Maybe that's just a cover," Gear said, peeking through the crack. "But let's not argue about that when the evidence is on his computer screen." Gear had a point, so I took a look myself. He was surfing bigboobs.com. Definitely straight.

"With your new gifts, you can make yourself irresistible to anyone, you know," Gear said.

"What? You mean I can make straight people attracted to me?" I asked.

But instead of answering, Gear jump up and pushed on the door with his paws. It flew open and slammed against the wall, causing Tony to nearly fall out of his chair.

"What the fuck, dude!" He said, trying to pull up his shorts.

I tripped over my words, trying to explain what had happened. I looked for Gear, but he was gone. He had disappeared.

Tony had his shorts back on, and now he looked pissed. "Well? What do you want?" he demanded. I didn't know what to say, and I found myself staring at his crotch.

"Dude! Are you picturing my cock?"

"What? No! I..." My face turned red. I looked away meekly.

Irresistible, Gear's voice repeated. Shit, I had already made a fool of myself. Why not give it a try?

"I just wanted to let you know," I took a deep breath and looked him in the eye—confidently, I hoped—, "if your hand ever needs a break, you know where my room is." I turned to walk away, my heart thudding in my chest. Did I really just say that?

"Wait—" Tony called to me right before I left the door frame. "Shit, man. Do you really want to finish getting me off?" I almost asked if he was crazy. I stared at him blankly for a moment, before I noticed the slight tenting in his shorts. Looks like he was thinking with his cock, and for better or for worse, I was thinking with my cock too. Again.

I stepped into his room, taking note of the musky odor that tends to linger where guys my age live. As I approached, I watched his face. I wanted to see his reaction. He watched my hand with anticipation as it drew near his shorts. He groaned when I gently wrapped my hand around his crotch. He closed his eyes as I massaged his cock with my hands. I thought he would cum any moment from my hand job, but he opened his eyes and pushed me to my knees by my shoulders.

"You want me to...?" I started.

"Yes," he said. I pulled down his shorts and looked at his cock. Tony's pubic hair had been shaved really short above his cock, and his balls were completely shaved. I thought about how this would be my second cock today.

"You just going to stare at it?" Tony said. "Suck it."

I can do better than that, I thought. Calling to mind the way Gear had licked the woman on the bus, I used my hand to lift Tony's cock and expose his balls. In one slow lick, I ran my tongue from the base of his balls all the way to the tip of his cock. Tony shivered in pleasure.

I went to work, blowing Tony as best I could. A few times I had to stop to keep my hat from falling off, but Tony's toes were curled in pleasure the whole time. He grabbed my shoulder with one hand and blew his load with a grunt. I heard a beep, looked up, and saw his camera phone in his other hand.

"Wait til my friends see this. I told them you were a fag, but they wouldn't believe me," he said.

I sat on the floor, my face red again. "I thought we might keep this between us," I said. "Do you want to jerk me off now?"

"What? No, I'm not a fag," he said.

"What do you mean?" I said. "You just got a blowjob from a guy."

"So?" He said. "Just because you're a fag that likes to suck cock doesn't mean I want yours. For all I care, you're just like any other bitch."

I sat stunned for a while. Then I grew angry. Then ashamed. I crawled back to my room and shut the door.

Gear was sitting in my sofa-chair. "Don't give up, sport. You'll learn to control it," he said.

I slumped onto my bed and went to run my hands through my hair. When I felt my furry ears, I grabbed one in each hand pulled until it hurt. Just one more thing I'd have to learn to control.

"How long did it take you to control these things?" I asked somberly.

"A few thousand years," Gear said.

*

Journal entry: September 17, 2011

For all of you out there who feel like you are horny too much, I have some advice. Over the years I've tried various things to keep my mind off of sex. And while it's true that the busier your life, the less time you have to think about those things, the more stressed your life gets, the more you'll want

release. It's not unlike a drug, I suppose.

Anyway, my advice is: Run. It's nothing deep; I'm not saying you should run from your feelings or anything. Just lace up those shoes and get the blood pumping. I find that, when my legs ache and my lungs burn, I don't have any energy to give to my head. Maybe that's what Gear was talking about when he said don't think, just act.

I woke Saturday feeling rather glum. But routine—and my advice—saved me. You see, I always run to the gym Saturday. Gear came, of course, panting along side me. I remember Gear tempting and taunting me on the run. He'd point out every jogger with a nice butt, every male dog that wasn't fixed, even a well endowed horse (the police rode them at the park). But like I said, something about running kept me out of my head. Nothing fazed me.

By the time I arrived at the gym, which was managed by the community college, I was feeling empowered. I was breathless, sure, but at least I was in control.

"Ah, the locker room. A place of erotic fantasy. Going to try your luck here?" Gear said smoothly.

"Not exactly," I said. I tied Gear's leash to the bike racks. "Now you stay here. No pet are allowed in the gym, service dog or otherwise."

"I think you're forgetting who's the pet and who's the master," Gear growled.

"Oh yeah?" I grinned. "See you in an hour, boy."

Gear was right about the locker room. I'd fantasized about hooking up with naked guys in there all the time. But those thoughts always stayed in the back of my head, as if I was obeying some silent law. Sort of like on the bus, in the locker room we pretend everyone else doesn't exist. I guess you could call it respect.

I wasn't changing in the locker room, because I was already in my workout clothes from the run. But I did put my backpack with a change of clothes, for after my workout, in a locker. As I closed and locked the locker, I felt someone's hand on my ass.

"Yum. You fill out those shorts nicely." It was a line from one of my fantasies. Next, in the fantasy at least, I would turn around; he would kiss me, bite my lip a little. Then he would carry me into the shower and we would strip.

I was not dreaming, though. The voice was real. I turned to look at the man. He was slightly taller than me, about 6' 3". He had sandy hair and a face full of stubble. He leaned in to kiss me.

I held up a hand between us, halting the man. "Nice try, Gear," I said.

The man, Gear in human form, flashed a grin. "How'd you know?"

"You have a smell. It's like cigarettes and spice," I said. "And I knew you wouldn't miss a chance to rev me up. You're just a tease, though."

"So you're not here for some random tail?"

"I already told you," I said. "Not exactly."

Gear followed me into the weight room. I jumped on a resistance machine and started bench pressing. Gear flirted with some girls on the treadmill. It went on like this for 15 minutes, before

Jace arrived.

I heard Gear's slithering snicker across the room when he noticed Jace. My plan was to talk to him today—nothing heavy, no confession of my crush. Just casual conversation. You got to start somewhere, right? If things went right, I might ask to hang out with him. Maybe.

I had to swallow my doubts, though, because Jace was heading over to me. The only time I saw Jace wearing something other than a dress shirt was at the gym. Today he wore a slim-fitting, black t-shirt and green gym shorts.

"Hey. Aiden, right? You're in Stats 201?" Jace said.

"Yep," I said. I didn't focus on anything specific. I was still riding the calm of my run, so things were going smoothly.

"How'd you do on the first exam?" he asked.

"Oh, I aced it. Not like it was hard. You have to be pretty dumb to fail that test," I said. "How about you?"

Jace looked at his feet. "Well..." he started.

I felt horrible. "Hey, I was just kidding..."

"No, it's okay," he said. "I'm not exactly a math person."

"What's your major?" I asked. Judging by his looks, I had always thought Jace was a genius, and learning about his struggles with math made him more human—more approachable.

"Humanities," he said. "I like literature, history, culture. It's just math that gets me."

"Oh yeah? Well I'd be glad to help you, if you want," I said.

"Really? I've been meaning to look up a tutor," Jace's face brightened.

"Sure. It's no problem," I said.

We set up a time for me to come to his house tomorrow. Then we chatted about classes for a few minutes, and went our separate ways. I finished my workout and headed for the locker room.

Fortunately, the locker room had individual, private shower stalls, so I could clean up without drawing any attention to my ears and sheath. When I stripped off my sweaty clothes, however, I noticed the fur from my pubic region was spreading. It sort of looked like I had on black fur shorts, only the waist line was nearly up to my belly button.

A head poked through the shower curtain, into my stall. My heart leapt.

When I realized who it was, I whispered, "Shit, Gear. You scared me."

"Nice game out there, buddy," Gear said as he slipped in. We were uncomfortably close. I was completely naked, and he only wore a towel. "Going to celebrate with some post-action water sports?"

"You know I can't jerk myself off," I grumbled.

"Must have slipped my mind," he said, watching me examine my fur. "You know, the changes won't stop until you find a release."

I looked up at him. "You mean, I'll turn into a dog and be stuck that way?"

"Until you find a release," he repeated. "Your little running trick, it'll work for now. But just like a drug, it only numbs you of the symptoms while the cause and effects continue." As if to illustrate his point, Gear dropped his towel.

I was staring at his beautiful, semi-hard cock. A distant part of my mind was living a dream. It was like an underwear model had stepped off the page of a magazine and stripped in front of me. It took all my will power to recognize that Gear was just teasing me. I shook my head clear.

"I'm working on it," I groaned. "I don't want to mess things up with Jace."

"Then you might want to figure out how to deal with Tony," Gear said.

Tony. It's like I became his pet last night, the way he treated me. And this morning, before I left, he demanded I blow him again. I couldn't refuse; otherwise he was going to post the pictures he'd taken at school and online.

"I'm working on that too," I said, pushing Gear out of the shower. As I started to wash up, and I ran my hands over my sheath, I noticed it growing hard again. It was a silent reminder that I needed to work harder. Faster.

...

A short bus ride later, and I was in front of a liquor store a few blocks from my house. I don't drink often—usually just a beer now and then—but I'm also 19, so it's not like I can walk into a store and get what I want. But I'd have to find a way. It was all a part of the plan.

I looked across the street at a brown van. A couple guys at the gym told me about the van. Personally, I'm surprised the cops hadn't caught on yet, but the guy gets your alcohol, no questions asked. I told Gear, who was back in German Shepherd form, to take a walk while I dealt with this. I walked up to the van door. Inside was a man and a dog—a beautiful Rottweiler.

"Hey, Frank," I said, weaker than I'd hoped. I'm not exactly one for breaking the law.

"Hey, Tommy!" he said, just as the guys at the gym told me he would.

I said what the guys told me I needed to say to pass the 'test.' "No, it's Max. Remember?"

Confident that I wasn't a cop, 'Frank' dropped the act and cut to business. "What can I get you?" The only downside to 'Frank', the guys told me, was his steep prices. I didn't have a hundred bucks to blow, but I had a plan.

"I was thinking a few bottles of hard-A. And maybe I can help you with that hard-on," I said smoothly.

The guy looked at me sourly for a moment. I was beginning to think that I was too cocky with my 'powers' of seduction. It worked on Tony, didn't it? A little too well, in fact. But Frank didn't look interested. So I thought.

"Alright. You bottom. I got a condom. That'll get you four bottles," he said.

Bottom? Shit, he wasn't even that attractive. He was probably in his late 30's. Real thin—probably a druggie—and starting to bald.

"I-I was thinking more like a hand-job," I said.

"No, no, Luke can get jacked off by me anytime. He needs a good bottom," Frank said.

"Luke?" I said. Then I remembered the Rottweiler. "Oh, you mean your dog."

"Yeah, I'm not gay," Frank said. "But Luke doesn't care."

I gawked at the muscular dog for a while. I have to admit, I was getting a little turned on. Much better than letting Frank have his way with me.

"Deal," I said, without realizing it.

"The back's unlocked," Frank said, patting the side of the van.

I climbed into the back of the van, where Luke greeted me with enthusiastic licks. While the Rottweiler slobbered all over my face, Frank and I worked out the rest of the deal. Alcohol up front, two bottles of vodka, two Jägermeisters (the guys at the gym told me never to give Frank cash up front, or he'll just run off with the money).

"I'll be right back," Frank said. "Luke'll make sure you don't touch nothin'." As if on cue, the lovable puppy licking away at my neck turned into a growling beast. He knocked me down and stood over me.

"You're welcome to get started while I'm gone," he said, stepping out of the van. "Don't forget the condom!" He tossed a little square packet to me.

I realized I hadn't thought this one through very well. In order to uphold my part of the deal, I'd have to expose my furry ass. Maybe, if I kept most of my clothes on and only pulled my shorts down a little, Frank wouldn't notice anything in the back of the dark van.

I opened the condom and slowly turned to look at Luke's cock. He had a beautiful black sheath, sort of like mine, and his cock was fully hard, knot and all. He was ready to go. As I reached to put the condom on, I learned that if I moved too quickly, Luke would snap at me. Eventually I got it on though. It felt funny slipping a condom over a dog's knot.

Next, I rolled over and lowered my shorts slightly. That was enough to get Luke's attention. He turned that beautiful, slimy tongue to my ass and went to work.

The blissful licking stopped, though, and Luke was on top of me. His muscular forelegs wrapped around me. And then he was in me. I had to remind myself that this is what I wanted, because suddenly I felt trapped. I suppose I was trapped. Vulnerable too.

Compared to Gear, Luke was less painful and more enjoyable. Though, that was before I took his knot. It felt like someone had shoved their fist up my ass and not in the least bit gently. His hips rocked my ass like a jackhammer, but eventually he ran out of juice. Once he was finished humping, the Rottweiler smothered me with his body, pinning me to the musty blanket-covered floor. His knot pulsed in my ass, which only served to make me hornier.

Judging by the radio-clock display on Frank's dashboard, he was gone for 30 minutes. By the time he'd come back, Luke had pulled out of me ten minutes ago. Also, I found out that Luke wasn't the

bang-and-leave type. He liked to cuddle. And by cuddle, I mean lie on top of me while licking my face. He forced his tongue in my mouth a few times. Frenched by a Rottweiler...

Frank handed me a bag of glass bottles, and I gave him 40 bucks. (The thing with Luke was a service fee, Frank told me. I still had to pay regular price for the liquor.) I stowed the alcohol in my duffel bag and went on my way.

Gear caught up to me on the way home. He sniffed my shorts and looked at me with those knowing eyes.

"You dirty dog," Gear said. I blushed.

"Didn't exactly go according to plan," I said. "But tonight, Gear, I will no longer be Tony's bitch."

*

When I got back to my apartment, Tony was out. It was early afternoon, so I'm guessing he was hanging out with his friends. Good. That would give me time to prepare.

Gear couldn't stand being in the dark about my plan. He followed me everywhere in the apartment. He watched me stash the alcohol in my room. Then he asked why I was going into Tony's room; why I was hiding a roll of duct tape under a pile of his dirty clothes. I pretended to not hear him most of the time. That only fueled his curiosity.

"How's it feel, being the one who gets teased?" I said. Gear replied with a snort.

I had the rest of the day to kill, so I cleaned my side of the apartment. I made dinner, did some homework and wrote in my journal. Everything was set for tonight. I was ready to execute my plan. Tony will come home around midnight, after a long night of partying, and I will be waiting.

*

Journal entry: September 18, 2011

Last night didn't go exactly according to plan. It went better.

Tony stumbled into the apartment by 11:30. He was drunk. Not just buzzed, but blacked-out drunk. I knew this, because, when I turned on the lights (he couldn't find the switch himself), he greeted me in a chummy fashion.

"Heeeey, Aid—den," he slurred. "How—how are ya, man?"

I played along, waiting for the conversation to turn toward sex. It didn't take long.

"Some hot bitches at the party," he said. "They're just stuck. Up." He paused, as if trying to remember what he was talking about. "And fat... But it's okay, 'cause I got my own bitch at home."

"About that," I said. "I'm not going to play along with this anymore. Why don't we just forget this ever happened? I even got you a peace offering." I set a bottle of vodka on the counter. He was pretty drunk already, so I wouldn't need the other three.

He laughed at me. "No, I don't think so," he said. "But I'll still take a shot." I sighed and did as I was told. I poured him a shot, and he downed it.

"Now undo my pants," he said.

"Alright," I said, refilling his glass. "But how about we move this to your room?"

He drank the second shot. "Sssure."

I followed him into his room. Filled his glass again. He drank it. He ordered me to blow him, but I filled his glass instead. He set drank it, and set his glass down.

"Do it, bitch," he said. "Er I'll send your face... picture... to all the people."

Tony started to ramble, not making much sense. I just had to stall a little longer. I slowly unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. Then I pulled them down. By then he was starting to sway, so I suggested he sit down. He sat down—and passed out.

Great. Now for the next phase of my plan. I continued to undress Tony until he was completely naked. Then I cleared the weight bench he kept in the corner of the room. (He never used it, unless piling laundry on it counts.) I moved the bench to the center of the room and rolled Tony on it. I positioned him so that he was facing the door, stomach on the bench. His legs and ass hung off the opposite end of the bench. Next, I pulled the roll of duct tape out from its hiding place.

"Ss-ss-ssss."

I didn't even spare a glance at Gear, who was sitting in the doorway. He was otherwise quiet, though, as he watched me tape Tony to the bench by his thighs and wrists. I thought about putting tape around Tony's mouth, but what if he threw up? I didn't want to kill the bastard. The thought of him throwing up also made me worry that I'd given him too much to drink. We'll see, I suppose.

I dug Tony's phone out of his pocket. After a quick search, I found the photos he'd taken of me and deleted them. Then I searched his text message history to make sure he hadn't sent them to anyone. He hadn't. That takes care of the blackmail. I sent Tony's friends a text message using his phone. Gear asked me what the message was, but I wouldn't tell him. I put the phone back in his pocket.

I sat on Tony's bed, thinking my way through the next step. His bare, white ass was fully exposed to me. I could rape him now, and he couldn't stop me. *Who's the bitch now*, I thought. He probably wouldn't even wake up, he was so drunk. I thought about waiting until he did wake up, so he could feel it.

But raping Tony wasn't part of the plan. Sure, when he wakes up bound and naked in his room, I want him to wonder what I did to him. I want him to feel helpless and vulnerable, like I did. And I wanted him to be embarrassed. But I couldn't rape him.

"You know you want to," Gear said. "Takes care of him for good, and your little problem with your body."

"Your saying, if I rape him, I'll change back to normal?"

"Temporarily," Gear said. "That might give you enough time to win Jace."

"Yeah, and what would Jace think if he saw me now?"

"Jace isn't here," Gear said.

"I am," I fired back.

My heart started thumping, and I balled my fists. I could feel my control slipping as anger welled up inside me. When I looked at Tony, that anger turned into desire. My underwear started to feel tight—and the rest of my clothes, for that matter.

"You've been breaking the law a lot lately," Gear said. "Why do you care now?"

"Buying alcohol is one thing. It didn't directly hurt anyone. And getting Tony drunk was his fault. I never forced it on him. But raping someone is not acceptable. No one wants to be in that position—forced upon by someone they don't want."

"What about people who get off on this sort of thing?" Gear said, as he walked up behind Tony and sniffed his ass.

"Well..." As I thought about his question, Gear slowly licked Tony's cheeks. My clothes felt even more hot and uncomfortable. I started to fidget with them. "They want it, then, don't they?"

"I suppose it's a sound principle. But those are just words. What do you want?" Gear started licking Tony's rim. And despite his drunken slumber, Tony moaned.

I couldn't stand my stifling clothes anymore. I ripped them off and found out why they bothered me: My entire body was covered in fur. Even my hands had changed. Each finger had shrunk into the padded digits of a paw. A tail hung between my legs. And when I felt my face, I had a distinct snout. "Fuck," I whispered. "What is wrong with me?"

"You know how to stop it," Gear said.

He went back to licking Tony, and the wet sound filled my ears. Tony moaned again, and it sent a shiver down my spine. I was fully hard—panting, even.

"You're going to change and do it anyway," Gear said.

"And what if I don't want to? What if I don't want to lose control?"

"How would it be losing control? It's just a different part of your body calling the shots," Gear said.

"I can't," I said weakly.

"Yes you can," Gear said. "It'll be easy."

"Then I won't!" I shouted. I ran from the room.

...

I don't know how much time had passed. I was sitting in the corner of my dark room, on my bed, bundled in blankets. I had pulled a hoodie on to cover my face and I was staring at my paws.

As I looked at myself, I couldn't help but think that I am two people. One lives in the real world; the other in a fantasy. The real me tries to survive every day, while the other me dreams. Every dream holds endless possibility, but they remain dreams—shadows of reality. Right now I'm looking at the hands of fantasy, only they're real. And that scares me. In the world of dreams you can think or do whatever you want. But in reality, there are consequences for your actions. What will people think or do if they saw me now? I am not ashamed that I am a furry, but that's because that part of me is private. It's my fantasy. But now I am forced to share my most intimate dreams with the world.

The creak of my bedroom door turned me from my thoughts to Gear, as he slipped into my room.

"Finished ravaging Tony?" I grumbled.

"Oh, I didn't do anything to him," Gear said. He rested his head on the foot of my bed, the way dogs do when they sense their master is upset. He gave me the kind of look that said, "Take me for a walk! That'll make everything better."

"You didn't mount him?" I was stunned.

"No, I did not," Gear said. "What right does anyone have to take what they want from others, when they'd never want to be taken advantage of?"

"Then," I sat up slightly, "what was all that about back there?"

"Just testing you. It's one thing to say you're principled. But to actually follow through? You did the right thing. I'm proud of you."

"If I said, 'You're a demon, you don't want me to do the right thing,' I suppose you'll say that's just faerie tale non-sense from the bible," I said.

"Yep," Gear said.

"Okay. Then why do I feel so wrong? What's the point of all this if I just turn into a dog?"

"Well, sometimes it sucks doing the right thing," Gear said.

My sigh conveyed exactly what I felt. I wanted to be left alone. But the bed shook as Gear jumped onto it. He was under the covers and in my lap—he must have slipped under at the foot of the bed.

I jumped a little when I felt Gear's wet tongue on my sheath.

"Sometimes it sucks," Gear said again, before continuing to lick my crotch.

I was speechless—paralyzed, even—due to pleasure. My paw-like hands clenched the blanket separating me and Gear. I threw my head back and moaned. Slowly the moans became louder as Gear brought me closer to cuming. I couldn't believe this was happening too me. Finally. And yet, it was happening so fast.

I howled.

Waves of tension vanished from my body. I felt comfortable and in my own skin once more. I felt around with my hands—hands again, and no longer paws—and discovered that most of my body was back to normal. Just my furry sheath remained, though it was more slimy than furry at the moment.

"You may need to change your sheets," Gear snickered. "Things got a little messy."

I eased under the covers so I could see Gear. "That's alright. I'll change them in the morning." I paused, searching for the words to thank him.

"It's okay," Gear said. "You earned this one." He licked my nose and hopped out of bed.

*

After all I had been through, Sunday morning felt like a good time to sleep in. But it wasn't. My

roommate was tied up on the other side of the apartment (I had one more thing planned for him). Not even considering that, today was a very special day. Today I'm going to Jace's house.

I rolled out of bed around 7. It looked like a water balloon of drool had exploded under my blankets. Gear was right. I really needed to change my sheets. Nothing a run through the wash can't handle. I hope.

After a quick shower, I got dressed. I thought I might try a collared shirt, with the sleeves rolled up and the top two buttons undone. Not too dressy, but close enough that Jace might like it. I've never dressed to get a specific person's attention. It was exciting, even though I felt like a teen school girl.

I ate a quick breakfast, packed my book bag and headed for the door. When I opened it, three of Jace's friends were standing outside, just about to knock.

"Uh, Aiden, right?" one of them said. I think his name is Ryan.

"Yeah. What's up?" I said.

"Tony home?" Ryan said.

"I think so," I said. "I'm on my way out actually. You guys just want to head back to his room?"

"Yeah, sure," Ryan said. But as the three guys stepped in, Ryan pulled out his phone.

"Say, Tony sent me this text last night. Any idea what it means?"

I read the text 'Tony' had sent them: *Hey buddy, thanks for partying with me last night. Come on over in the morning. I want to thank you. Personally.*

I grinned at Ryan. "What's it sound like to you?"

Ryan nervously laughed and looked at his feet. One of the other guys said, "No way, not Tony!" with a mix of surprise and—I hoped—delight.

I patted Ryan on the shoulder. "Have fun, you guys," I said as I walked out.

No matter what Tony's friends do, when they walk in the room to find Tony the way I left him, Tony's going to be embarrassed. His friends will never let him forget the night he got so wasted he woke up bound and naked. I like to imagine his friends taking it a step further, even. After all, Tony himself was into getting blowjobs. Why wouldn't his friends take advantage of the situation?

But I had moved on to someone more important: Jace. After a short bus ride I would be at his house. I pictured sitting at a table with him, drinking coffee while I walked him through a couple math problems. We'd finish in an hour and then chat about things other than school. What would I ask about him? What would I want to tell him about me? *Hi, I'm Aiden. I'm a gay furry. Yes, I get turned on by animals.* I wasn't even at his house and I was already worked up. I needed to get out of my head.

"So, I don't think it's a good idea that you come along," I said to Gear on the otherwise empty bus.

"After all we've been through? After last night? I'm shocked, Aiden," Gear said.

"No, it's not like that," I said. "I'm just having a hard time concentrating as it is, and—"

"Don't worry. You won't even notice me," Gear said. "And if things get a little crazy, I'll be there to help."

Somehow I doubted that.

I made it to Jace's house in no time. He lived in a suburban home with his parents, farther away from the college than I lived. I walked up to the front door and knocked. I don't think I took a single breath while I waited for someone to answer.

The door finally opened. It was Jace. He was dressed like usual: dark denim jeans, a striped, short-sleeve dress shirt and a red tie. He flashed a smile and greeted me.

I wanted to run.

I couldn't do this! I've been dreaming about hanging out with Jace ever since I had class with him last semester. Yeah, that may seem like a short time, but something about him stuck with me every day since then.

"Oh, you brought your dog," Jace said, leaning down to scratch Gear's ear. "Hey there, buddy."

Gear happily accepted the pets while I suffered through a panic attack.

"Yeah, his name's Gear," I said once I calmed down. "So you ready for some math?"

"I suppose," Jace said, mocking a wince. "Come on in!"

We sat down at the kitchen table, Gear lying by our feet. The homework went smoothly. I didn't freak out—perhaps because I could focus my attention on the numbers, and not Jace. Explaining the problems to Jace was easy enough. He just didn't understand the professor, which I get, because the guy really is bad at his job. So in no time we finished.

"So, do you have any pets?" I said, attempting to transition to things non-school related.

"No, but I've always wanted a dog," Jace said, as he leaned over to pat Gear.

Ask him if he's a furry, Gear's voice said in my mind. I ignored him, though.

Instead, Jace and I talked about all sorts of things. He liked to paint, play Halo and bicycle. I told him that I go running a lot, and I've been hiking all over the country. I discovered that his parents had divorced and their second marriages were going poorly. I told him about my parents, which were going through pretty much the same thing.

Jace reached down to pet Gear again. In an attempt to lighten the conversation, he said, "I bet this guy's a real chick magnet, huh?"

Damn straight, came Gear's voice again.

"Yeah," I said, wondering if Jace might be straight.

"Speaking of which, you got a girl?" Jace asked.

No, I like guys. I like you, actually, I thought to myself. But instead I said, "No, you?"

"No," Jace said with a sigh. "Too busy with school to think about that."

Sounds like something you'd say, Aiden, Gear thought to me.

"Yeah..." I said. The conversation trailed off. I looked at Jace and tried to say what I was thinking—that I liked him—but the words wouldn't come. It was happening again. My body grew hot; my heart raced; my breath grew short.

"I-I like... your tie," I stammered. God. Could I have said anything more stupid?

"Thanks?" Jace said. "My dad gave it to me. He used to wear it when he was my age."

I bet he looks just as cute naked, came Gear's voice.

That's all it took for me to lose it. Something clicked, I suppose. A door opened on my mind, just barely enough to let the thought of Jace naked in. And it destroyed my calm. I jumped out of my chair, searching for a way out of the room. Who knows how long until I started sprouting ears and tails?

"I need to use the restroom," I said. My sudden movement knocked a textbook onto the ground. Jace and I both reached for it and knocked our heads.

"Are you okay?" I asked Jace. He groaned and held his head.

"Yeah, I'll be okay," Jace said. "Bathroom's that way."

I bolted.

Once I was in the bathroom, I slammed and locked the door. As I looked in the mirror, even though I had anticipated the change, I was still shocked to see that I had grown canine ears again.

"Ss-ss-ssss."

I turned to see that Gear was also in the bathroom with me.

"Gear, you've got to help me. This can't happen. Not now!" I pleaded. I could already feel the fur creeping up my chest, beneath my clothes.

"Calm down," Gear said smoothly. "I think you're ready this time."

"What do you mean!" I was whispering, but my tone conveyed outrage.

"Remember last time you turned into a full dog?" Gear said.

I remembered waking up in the dog pound after. Bits of the night before floated in my mind, but the memory was just out of reach. I still wondered about that night today.

"Exactly," Gear said, reading the confusion on my face. "This time will be different. You'll have some urges, perhaps. But you'll be conscious while it's happening. If you focus, you might be able to control it."

By now, I had taken my shirt and shoes off. Fur covered my entire body.

"Aiden? You okay?" It was Jace.

"Yeah, I'll just be a minute," I tried to say calmly. To Gear I whispered, "Now what? I can't just strut

my furry ass out the door. No, this can't happen right now."

Gear paused for a second, looking me straight in the eyes. "Can you stop the rain?"

"This isn't the time for your metaphors," I growled.

"Hear me out," Gear said. "A storm's on the horizon, and there's nothing we can do to prevent it. But we can prepare."

I was on the floor—on my back—wiggling out of my jeans. Gear grabbed one leg with his teeth and helped me pull them off.

"Okay," I said. "What do you want me to do?"

"Close yours eyes. Think of... your running shoes. Lacing them up and running to the park."

I closed my eyes and listened to Gear. I pictured my routine jogging, which had a sobering effect on my frantic mind. I felt my heart-rate slowing.

"It's working," I said.

"Good," Gear cooed. "Now think of Jace's tie."

His tie! Uhg. Why would I randomly say I liked his tie? How awkward was that?

"Okay, okay," Gear's voice interrupted my mental berating. "You can open your eyes."

I did and instantly felt disoriented. Instead of sitting cross-legged on the ground, I was on my haunches, leaning forward on my paws. The transformation was complete—I was a dog. A black German Shepherd. The realization must have hit me like a ton of bricks, because I fell over.

"Easy now," Gear said, licking my snout.

I tried to ask Gear why I hadn't felt the transformation, but all that came out was a whine and a whimper. I tried again, and barked.

"Ss-ss-ssss. Isn't so easy talking with a snout, is it?"

I shook my head and stood up on my four legs. It felt oddly comfortable, and wildly foreign.

"I found our exit strategy," Gear said, gesturing with his nose toward an open window. It was high on the bathroom wall, so that no one could see in. But, with a quick jump from the toilet to the counter, Gear was close enough to jump out.

I tried to remember what floor we were on, but Gear didn't wait. He jumped. I looked at the bathroom door, wondering what Jace would think when he discovered I had left through the bathroom window. Stood up by your math tutor? It just doesn't make any sense.

Don't think, I told myself. Act.

I jumped through the window.

My generation knows fantasy—we always dream about the impossible, to the extent that it shapes our perception of reality. Today anyone can ‘walk’ into a chatroom and be someone or something else. It’s just that easy. The act gives us a chance to explore what we can be, and realize what we are, I think. As a member of my generation, I am familiar with imagining myself playing new and different roles. Perhaps that’s why becoming a dog didn’t shock me as much as I expected. I was quite content as I followed Gear out of Jace’s yard. My tail wagged. I panted a little. My nose picked up the warm summer breeze: fresh cut grass, chlorine from swimming pools and exhaust from traffic.

However, when Gear and I reached the front of Jace’s house, I was reminded of who I really was, and what I had done. How long would Jace wait for me to come out of the bathroom before he starts to investigate? What would he think when he found my clothes but nothing else? Damn, I feel like a jerk.

“There’s nothing you can do right now,” Gear said. When I turned to look at him, he was in human form, holding a collar and leash.

My ears fell flat as I flashed a look of anger at Gear. I wanted to blame him for the situation, but I know he’d just twist my words until somehow this was my fault. In a way it was. My feelings about Jace ruled my body. But Gear could do something, couldn’t he? He could walk up to the door and explain everything to Jace. Or he could change me back, like nothing had happened. Something!

Gear had slipped the leash on me while I was buried in my mind. I barked at him, as if to say, “Hey!”

“Quiet, now,” Gear said. “I’m doing you a favor. Don’t want to end up in the pound again, do you?” He had a point, so I stayed quiet. He clicked the leash onto me. “Good boy,” he said.

Gear walked me down the block. In no time the rhythmic clicking of my claws on the sidewalk brought me back to enjoying the experience of being a dog. Sometimes I wonder if I’m a furry because of how simple animals have it. Yes, dogs have a rather monotonous life—they eat, sleep and sometimes play. But how many people can walk up to a stranger and get petted, or even lick said stranger! It’s a different social code that people could learn from.

By this point in my thinking, Gear and I had arrived at a park. I tried to ask Gear why we were there, but all that came out was a bark.

“Use your big-boy voice,” Gear said.

I barked again and whined. What does he mean?

“Focus on me,” Gear said. “And your thoughts. Then you should be able to communicate like I sometimes do with you.” Gear started to grin as he watched me puzzle through his instructions. I could feel my ears turning every which way as I tried to focus. I must have looked comical.

God, I hate you, were the first words that got through, I think.

Gear chuckled. “Good boy! Now who wants a treat?”

Very funny, I communicated to him. *Now what?*

“Now we mingle,” Gear said, slipping his hands casually into his pocket. He started to walk through the park, leading me by the leash. I was reluctant at first—embarrassed, even, to be lead like a... well, dog. But I guess I was a dog? Huh.

Two women were sitting on the first bench we walked by. They cooed when they saw me, and swooned when they saw Gear.

"Hey, ladies," Gear said smoothly.

"Hi!" One woman said with a giggle. "Cute dog," the other said. Gear lead me over to them, and they started to pet me. My heart quickened a little, but I quickly became comfortable with the contact. "What's his name?" One woman asked.

"Aiden. But I call him My Wingman," Gear said.

The women giggled. "How good of a wingman is he?" one said.

"You tell me?" Gear flashed a grin.

I will kill you, I communicated while attempting to give him a death glare, which was quite hard, considering one woman was scratching my ear just right. He ignored me though, and chatted with them for a few minutes before leaving. With both their phone numbers.

We walked around for a while before sitting at another set of benches.

Not that I'm in any hurry, I communicated, *but how am I going to change back? I have class tomorrow.*

"Ss-ss-ssss," Gear snickered, remaining otherwise silent.

I barked to get his attention.

"Not in a hurry, eh?" Gear said.

I tried to muster a fierce growl, but Gear just snickered again.

"Calm down, Cujo." I watched Gear scan the park. "There," he nodded in the direction of a few guys my age hanging, out by a tree.

I don't understand, I communicated.

"Boys are always horny," Gear said, standing up. As he walked me in their direction, he explained: "Just need to find one that wants to experiment with a beautiful Shepherd."

I already didn't like the plan. I know I fantasize that every other guy is a gay furry like me, but let's be realistic. This isn't going to work. But Gear was in control of the leash, so I followed. He walked me past the group. There were six guys, all around my age. Must be seniors in high school or recent graduates, I thought.

"Dude, did you see the balls on that dog?" I heard one of the guys ask his friends. They all snickered and made lewd comments. Boys.

"I think we got a nibble," Gear whispered.

I glanced over my shoulder, thinking Gear was crazy. It was just guy talk, after all. I could tell the conversation had already turned to something else—probably the sluts they've banged, or wild parties they half remember. However, I had a feeling one guy couldn't get the thought of my balls out of his mind. I was sure of it, actually, because I noticed he was staring at me still.

"Always horny," Gear said.

I shifted nervously and looked up at Gear. What now?

"We wait," Gear said. "Either he'll come to us, or we'll flag him down when the group breaks up." Gear and I sat down at the base of the tree, close enough to see the group across the park. I kept looking over at the group nervously until Gear started to scratch me ear. "Just be patient," he said. I rested his head in his lap so he could keep scratching me. It felt so good! My mind was already off the group. I even closed my eyes to rest.

"Nice dog." The voice woke me from my nap. I looked up and saw that it was the guy. He was about my height, but a little pudgy.

"Thanks. His name's Aiden," Gear said smoothly. "Come pet him."

The guy crouched down near me and cautiously scratched my ear. I lazily yawned, enjoying the attention. In no time, the guy was stroking me with both hands. I rolled on my back and he rubbed my belly. Heck yeah!

"I see you eyeing his sheath," Gear said slyly.

The petting stopped.

"Don't worry," Gear said. "Touch it." I felt the guy put one hand on my belly, but he hesitated to do anything else. Gear put his hand on the guy's hand, and slowly moved it closer to my sheath. Gear passed the guy's hand over my sheath and stopped at my balls. I let out a puppy-groan.

"Don't get him too worked up," Gear cautioned. "Unless you plan to finish what you start."

"What did you have in mind?" the guy asked. His hand still cupped my balls.

"Well, there's a public bathroom over there. We can lock the door and you can either blow my pup, or let him blow your mind."

The guy's hands tightened slightly. "Dude. He'd really fuck my ass?"

"Ss-ss-ssss."

...

The bathroom lock clicked. Old fluorescent lights flickered. I could smell wet paper towels, cheap soap and urine. Gear and the guy, who said he was Jack, worked out the details of the arrangement. Jack would blow Gear while I mounted Jack. Jack pulled his pants off. He was breathing heavily. I wondered if he had asthma or something.

"Nice ass," Gear said. The words made me fully process what was happening: I was about to mount this guy!

"Go easy," Jack said. "I've never done this before."

Neither have I, I thought.

"It's simple," Gear said. "He'll start licking your butt..." Gear flashed me a look, signaling for me to start. First I sniffed Jack's cheeks. There was that musk that lingers on guys. Damn, it always turns

me on. And if smelling it was great, licking was even better.

"...then he'll jump onto your back."

It felt like I was Gear's puppet. Or perhaps my canine instincts were leading me. But I didn't have to think about anything—I was on Jack's back before I knew it. My hips vibrated like a jackhammer.

"You'll feel a poke," Gear said.

I slipped in, and it was glorious. But Jack's scream instantly snapped me from the pleasure. He jumped up and I fell off his back.

"Whoa, whoa. It's okay, Jack," Gear said.

"Shit! I-I-I changed my mind!" Jack said. He pulled his underwear up and looked around wildly, as if he'd just woken up from a dream. "Where are my pants!"

"It's okay, Jack," Gear repeated. "It just hurts at first."

That was all Jack needed to hear. He clawed at the lock on the door and ripped it open. Completely forgetting about his pants, he fled the park. Gear broke down laughing in the doorway. I sat dumbstruck.

"Did you see how fast he ran?" Gear said between laughter.

It's not funny, I communicated. Now how am I supposed to change back?

Gear continued to laugh as he picked up Jack's pants. "He better live close, or he's going to be running the hardest marathon in his life."

I barked. *Seriously, Gear.*

"Calm down," Gear said. "You can change back whenever you want."

What!

"Think about it. You get like this when you're worked up sexually. The only way to change back is to find a release," Gear said.

Yeah, and he just ran away screaming, I communicated.

"Yes, but do you feel like you need to bang something right now?"

I processed Gear's question. I was a little hard from having nearly mounted Jack, but otherwise I felt normal. I wasn't all that horny.

"And what about Jace? Do you feel like visiting the park has cleared your mind about him?"

I was still a little worried about leaving Jace, but Gear was right. I had come to accept that what happened had happened. Tomorrow I could try to fix things.

"Then you've found a release. It's not sexual this time, but it'll work," Gear said.

So what? I can just will myself back to human form? I communicated.

"Give it a try," Gear said.

I closed my eyes, not knowing what else to do. I guess I could picture my human body? I tried it. When I opened my eyes, I was sitting naked on the floor. Pale skin. No fur, except for my sheath.

I glared at Gear for a moment, then laughed. "Fuck. I hate you!"

Gear laughed and threw Jack's pants down at me. "See? Things always work out."

*

Journal entry: September 19, 2011

Everyday we wake up with expectations. Some of us fear the challenges and roadblock ahead; we wonder how we will survive. Others dream about possibility. Potential. And always in a good way. Today will hold good things, they think. But in reality, no one knows how the day will go. We count on plans. Plans to go to work or school, then the grocery store, and finally home. Plans to meet with people; do things. I like to plan my day. I feel in control when I have a plan. But we're never in control of the day. At least, not completely.

"Gear?" It was Monday morning. I was getting dressed for school. I noticed something out of the ordinary. Actually, it was in the ordinary. And that's what concerned me.

"Yes?" Gear yawned and stretched his way off my sofa-chair.

"I don't understand," I said while facing a tall, thin mirror. I turned my naked body toward Gear. Instead of my black dog's sheath, my cock and balls were normal.

"Congratulations," Gear said, uninterested.

"No, seriously," I said. "I thought that one change was permanent."

"It would appear the blessings have worn off," Gear said.

"So, I'm back to normal? No more changing?" I explored my cock and balls with my hands. I still had a morning hard-on, and, much to my delight, I felt a wonderful sensation when I touched it. Could I masturbate again?

"Listen—" Gear began to say.

"Could you blow me?" I asked Gear, turned on by my hard cock. Gear stared at me quietly, ears folded back in what I took was a patient, composed expression. "Sorry. What were you saying?"

"I'm leaving," Gear said. "We may never see each other again."

Minutes must have passed, because my alarm clock went off, signaling that I had fifteen minutes to catch a bus to school.

"What? Why?" was all I managed to say.

"I'm not one for drawn out goodbyes," Gear said with another yawn. "You'll understand someday."

"But you can't leave me!" I shouted. "I haven't worked things out with Jace. I need you!"

"You need me, you say. You need Jace, you say. Pathetic."

I took a step toward Gear. "You can't leave."

Before I could come up with a reason behind my order, Gear had tackled me to the ground. His paws pinned my shoulders down. His snout shot steamy breath on my face. "I have followed you by my own will. I will leave when I choose." We stayed in the position for several heartbeats before Gear let me up.

As I sat up, I quietly said, "Please don't leave." But I was alone in the room.

"Ss-ss-ssss," Gear's snicker lingered in such a way that I wondered if I had imagined it. "We're so eager to be together with someone that we forgot how to be alone," his disembodied voice whispered in my ear. I tried to call to him for several minutes, but he never answered.

I dressed for school, letting the situation sink in. Was Gear really gone, or was this another trick? A muffled sound coming from Tony's room caught my attention. I realized it was Tony after a little thought. But, if today is Monday, that would mean Tony has been tied up for more than 24 hours.

I knocked on Tony's door, to which he replied with a muffled cry. I let myself in, and there he was still tied up. Someone—his friends, I imagine—had stuffed a pair of dirty underwear in Tony's mouth like a gag. His face and ass were red, as if they'd been slapped repeatedly. I removed the improvised gag.

"You okay, man?" I said, genuinely concerned. Had I taken the prank too far?

Tony's reaction made me feel worse. He didn't yell, cry or really react at all. He just lowered his head and mumbled, "Could you please... untie me." I immediately went to work tearing the duct tape. I didn't know what to say, whether to apologize or lecture him, so I just remained silent. As soon as Tony was free, he pulled on a pair of gym shorts.

"I'm going to offer you the option you never gave me," I eventually said. "I'll forget this ever happened, and we don't owe each other anything." Tony looked me in the eyes for a second, trying to find the right words. He gave up, though.

Instead, he punched me.

...

My bruised eye, which looked like a swollen blueberry, drew a few looks on the bus, but I didn't care anymore. I had to get to class. Today's statistics. With Jace. I had to explain to him what happened Sunday, even if it makes no sense at first.

When I saw Jace at class, my heart sank. He was slouching in his seat, the hood from a black hoodie drawn up and covering part of his face. I could still see he was wearing a collared shirt and tie underneath. Paired with the hoodie, he looked especially cute. But I also knew something had upset him to wear something so different to class. I had upset him.

I tried to make my way to him, but the professor signaled the start of class by clearing his throat. No seats were open by Jace, so I would have to wait until after class. I quietly said "Hi" as I passed him, but Jace avoided all eye contact.

Suffice to say, class was miserable. It must have been for Jace too, because he didn't take notes or

look at the professor. He stared at his desk for half an hour before leaving the room. I followed.

"Jace! Wait!" I said when I got to the hall. Jace was about to round a corner, but he lingered when I spoke. He didn't turn around, though. Instead, he just stood there, head lowered. "About yesterday—"

"It's whatever," Jace interrupted.

"No, really. I want to explain myself. But you're not going to believe me at first."

When Jace exhaled sharply, I knew I'd upset him. But I wasn't sure how, exactly. "You mean, I'm not going to understand why someone I'd just become friends with would jump out of my bathroom window just to get away from the stupid kid?"

I had taken a few cautious steps toward Jace while we talked, but now it was my turn to freeze. "What?"

"You think I'm stupid. That's it, isn't it? You think you're so smart because you're an expert mathematician!"

"No, I can explain," I said.

"It's whatever," Jace said again. "Forget it. I have."

Jace and I had a guy moment, where we pretended we don't have feelings. That we don't sometime cry. He started to walk away. I couldn't let it end like this. I had to tell him the truth. I had to tell him something, at least.

"Jace, wait! I... like you," I stammered. Jace turned around.

"What?"

"I like you," I repeated without thinking. But the next words hung in my throat. "And... I think I could love you." Jace was silent, but the floodgates had opened for me. "Don't get me wrong. Nothing's certain, and I don't want to scare you. Damn, this is going to sound so cliché. But I want to—I have to—see if this can go anywhere." I had much more to say, in no particular order or structure. Just everything I've felt but been too afraid to share. But Jace cut me off.

He stared me straight in the eyes and spoke in a deep, steady voice that betrayed his anger. "I'm. Not. Gay."

Jace must have walked away immediately after saying that, but I didn't notice. I faded from the world at that moment. I don't remember how I got home. I guess I went into auto-pilot. I had spent the last few days chasing a dream—a dream I have had in one form or another for years—and now that dream was gone. I felt like a pilot that couldn't see the horizon, a ship under a starless sky or (to make a more modern reference) an unanswered question with no Google. I was no longer navigating. I had no direction. Just drifting.

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Journal entry: September 20, 2011

I don't remember today. I probably went to school. I slept all afternoon. I think I ate.

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Journal entry: September 21, 2011

Jace wasn't in stats.

*

Journal entry: September 22, 2011

I tried to summon Gear again. Remember the ritual? It didn't work.

*

Journal entry: September 23, 2011

Jace wasn't in stats. Again. The professor asked if anyone would take his homework to his house. I didn't volunteer, but the professor asked me anyway, because he'd heard I was tutoring Jace. I don't think I'll do it, though. I think this will be my last entry.

*

Journal entry: September 24, 2011

I've been having the same dream lately. In my dream, I tell my family and friends that I'm gay. I always tell them like it's no big deal: It's sunny outside today. It might rain tomorrow. Oh, and I'm gay. They always react differently. Sometimes I'm congratulated; welcomed with warm hugs. Sometimes my mom cries and my dad falls silent. But their reaction has never been the focus of the dream. I feel reborn when I tell them.

But I always wake up to reality, feeling wrong. Feeling sick.

These past few days, though, I've realized that I've taken a step to make that dream happen. I've told someone a fact about me that no one else in the world knew. It feels good to acknowledge my sexuality.

So I called my parents this morning. Told them my secret. I could tell you in detail how they reacted, but that's another story. It's not that they didn't matter, but that was only the beginning of my day.

Have you ever felt the separation from body and mind when you do something reluctantly? This morning I did. I rode the bus to Jace's house. My feet carried me to the front door. My arm raised my balled fist, rapping it on the wood. The entire time my mind told me to run. But I didn't.

"Hello? Aiden, right?" It was Jace's mom. She looked frazzled.

"Yes. I left my book here, and I wanted to check on Jace. How is he?" I said.

She let me in, closing the door quietly. "I don't know what to think," she said with sagging shoulders and crossed arms. "He's been locked in his room for a day now. Been very... tired and depressed all week." I asked if I could speak with him. She said I could try, but she had to run to the store. I could let myself out when I was done, she said.

I knocked lightly on Jace's door. "Jace?"

The reply I got was not what I expected. Something in Jace's room whimpered. It sounded like a dog.

But Jace doesn't have a dog, right? With everything that has happened to me in the past week, I think I had an idea what was going on.

I tried the door knob, but it was locked. I looked around their house trying to come up with a way into Jace's room. Then I remember how I got out of the bathroom last time I was here. The window.

Jace's room was on the ground floor, facing the backyard. I let myself out through a sliding glass door and surmised which window was his. I couldn't see in, because of the curtains, but it was unlocked. I opened the window and climbed in.

Now, I don't exactly climb through windows often, so it was awkward. Basically, I pulled myself up so I was sitting on the windowsill. Then I swung my legs in and started to slide in on my belly. Only something stopped me from sliding in.

A furry body slammed onto my back, nearly knocking from the window into the yard. The next moment a set of teeth latched onto my pants. With a loud rip I was suddenly naked waist-down. Before I could react, the furry body was on my back again. Powerful canine legs wrapped around my chest. A snout huffed in my ear. And most surprisingly, a cock rammed up my ass. A strange dog was mounting me while I half hung out of Jace's window!

And there was nothing I could do. I was knotted.

"Hey, what are you doing?" A young voice called to me across the yard. Jace's neighbors, a young boy and girl, were at the fence. The dog continued to hump me, oblivious to how red my face had turned in embarrassment. Though the kids couldn't see us well enough to know what was going on, we must have been a strange sight: a guy hanging out the window with a dog on his shoulders.

"We're just..." It was hard for me to speak while my ass was getting hammered. My entire body rocked with each thrust. My ass hurt, yet felt great. "...playing a game."

"Oh..." the boy said. "What kind of game?" the girl said.

"Uh..." The dog had slowed already. It rested its head on my shoulders, hips pressed tightly against my butt. "It's a game where I give him a piggy-back ride. But he's a big dog, so I have to use the window to let him climb up."

"Does he give you piggy-back rides too?" the girl said.

"Yep," I grunted. The dog started to gently lick my ear. I was so hard. So horny. But this wasn't exactly the time to jerk off.

"Can we play?" the girl said.

"No!" I shouted without thinking. The kids ran away upset. The dog pulled out finally, releasing me from the uncomfortable position in the window. I slid the rest of the way into Jace room and plopped onto the ground.

The dog was a beautiful Akita. It had white fur and broad shoulders. The dog panted happily and licked my face.

"Jace?" I called, just to make sure the dog and I were truly alone. "So you must be Jace," I said to the dog. The Akita didn't show any sign that he understood me. But I knew he was Jace. It had to be. I remember how disoriented I was when I first turned full wolf. Jace must be going through the same

thing.

"I'm here for you, buddy," I said to Jace.

When I stood up, I was reminded that I was still without pants. And still hard. I took care of the pants issue, at least, by borrowing a pair from Jace's dresser. While I was at it, I put together an outfit for when he changes back to normal. Why hadn't he changed back? I knew that these transformations don't follow any reliable course, but Gear had said that a "release" would reverse the changes. Wasn't sex enough of a release?

I unlocked the door and walked Jace to the kitchen. I didn't have a leash, but he seemed content to follow. I wrote a note to his mother, saying we were going to my place, that he was feeling better—just upset over a math test—and he'd call her soon. Then we left for my place.

I don't have much to say about what Jace and I did. What do you do with a dog? You walk it, feed it, pet it. I enjoyed every moment. I felt less lonely.

We're ending the day in bed. Jace has curled up beside me as I'm writing in my journal. I can't explain it, because nothing about your friend changing into a dog is normal. But tonight feels right.

*

Journal entry: September 25, 2011

"Aiden?"

Jace's voice woke me. I mumbled some sort of a response before realizing the implication of Jace's voice. My vision focused in the dusk-lit room. Jace's boyish, naked body was sitting in my bed. He was sitting up, half-covered by my blanket. He was calm. I was terrified.

"What's going on?" he said.

I told him everything about Gear and the transformation. "You were a dog," I said to sum up. "And a pretty cute one at that." Jace's face turned red, and I felt like I had crossed a line. "No—sorry—I shouldn't have said that."

"No, it's okay," Jace said. "Actually, about that." He took a deep breath. "I'm..." Jace went through exactly what I went through with my family yesterday. In our dreams it seems so easy, coming out, but when it really happens, it feels like it takes forever. "I'm gay."

"But—"

"I know," Jace said. "I was scared, then. I wasn't sure—about anything. My parents would freak out if they knew. And I've always been their 'perfect' child. And when you told me how you felt, I was overwhelmed."

He told me that a guy had talked to him before class. "He said he knew my secret," Jace said. Jace thought the guy was talking about his dog ears. He had grown a pair much like I had, which is why he wore the hoodie. "But he leaned in to kiss me."

"What did you do?" I asked Jace.

"I pulled away," Jace shrugged. "He made this noise I'll never forget. It was like a hiss, but it was of amusement." Jace mimicked the noise. "Ss-ss-ssss."

Then I understood.

Jace nodded, catching the realization in my eye. "He said his name was Gear and everything would make sense soon. He told me not to think. That I would be better off not thinking. I thought he was saying I wasn't smart enough... for you."

We sat in silence for a moment, before Jace continued. "So, what was it like for you being a dog?" I told him about all of my adventures and misadventures—even about Mike, Tony, the guy and his dog in the van and the guy at the park. Jace asked a lot of questions, like "What was it like giving a blowjob?" and "Did it hurt when you took the knot?"

"Well, I could tell you what a blowjob's like. But I could also show you," I said with a grin. "As for the knot, that might be harder to pull off." We laughed, and I tried to roll with the moment, but my question stalled with awkwardness. "Why don't we... start with a kiss?"

Jace turned to face me, smiled and said, "Sure."

After all my stories about wild, erotic sex, I have to tell you that this tops it all. Something about the kiss satisfied something deeper than lust. I could be cliché and say it was love, but let me attempt to be complete in my description: I felt understanding, comfort and excitement.

"I don't know what the future holds for us. But I'm glad I have you beside me," Jace said.

I decided then that I wouldn't be writing in my journal anymore. I had someone to share my day with, so there will be no need to write it down. But before I finish, I have one last event to share.

When we pulled away from our kiss, I noticed that two white dog ears stuck up from Jace's blonde hair. Judging by the expression on his face, I must have had dog ears too.

"Ss-ss-ssss."

[The end. Of this story, at least]