

**PranksTFer
And The
Kinky Bitch**

**Transformation Story
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Marlies tossed her bag into a corner and kicked her gym shoes off even before she had closed the front door. Rubbing her aching legs she leaned to the wall just a moment, catching breath after jogging all the way to her house. She removed the hair tie and freed her long blond hair, strands of it ended up sticking on her sweat drenched face. It had been an exhausting work out at the gym, her athletic body was aching and all she wanted now was to take a shower. Or a bath. Yeah. That sounded great. The more bugged she was when the doorbell rang.

Opening the door just a crack Marlies looked who was there. Outside stood a man in grey hoody and jeans. The hood concealed his face, making it somewhat grey, but Marlies could still see his two big eyes, somewhat glowing, and his shiny broad smile. Something was off. Uncanny. He held an open suitcase in front of his chest, stuffed with leather stripes, bits of string, metal scraps and glass pearls one broad-minded viewer would have called jewelry. "Hello miss..." began the hooded man, before he peered at the nameplate under the doorbell. "... Jensen! Could I interest you in some hand-crafted jewelry?"

Marlies actually wanted to slam the door shut. She really hadn't the nerves to deal with a junk selling door-to-door salesman. Especially not with one looking this shady. But before she closed the door, something within the junk in the suitcase caught her attention. It was a brown dog-collar. It at least looked like one, made of leather with a bone shaped metal tag hanging from it. Probably the guy had bought it in a pet shop and was now trying to pass it off as some sort of necklace. The hooded man smelled a little bit like dog food, also.

It was not like Marlies was into leather and latex or any other kink. Okay, she had a whip in her "toy box". And a rope. And handcuffs covered in pink plush. Toys, you know? It was not like she needed any of these things to come off. But they spiced things up. What she needed to come off was to be on top. Now, she had no dog-collar in her collection. And just seeing it gave her one or two great ideas for sexy times. Within seconds she was determined to buy it from the shady hooded man. Probably came cheaper than ordering one in a sex shop.

"Can I try these things on?" Marlies said, opening the door to the fullest extent. "But of course!" answered the hooded man, while his smile became a little broader. It literally reached from one ear to the other, if there were ears hidden under the hood. "Which items are you interested in, miss... em... Jensen?" She pointed at the dog-collar and the hooded man picked it from the suitcase and handed it to Marlies, who felt a little hesitant to grab it. The man's hands were grey also. This was certainly no human skin tone. She wanted to get done with this as fast as she could and quickly grabbed the collar.

The leather felt good on her skin when Marlies put on the collar, though she was drenched in sweat. Probably she would have to buy it anyway, seeing that it was stained now. At least it fit her. After locking the clasp, Marlies swallowed and moved her head, to see whether it was too tight or too loose. But it was a perfect fit. This somewhat cheered her up to the point, that she forgave the salesman his shadiness. She was totally going to buy the thing.

"Uh, nice. It suits you very well," said the hooded man still smiling. Marlies blushed at the compliment. Strange. This was not her usual reaction, but there was something in the hooded man's voice, she hadn't heard before. "Interesting choice," the Stranger continued. "Can't wait to see the effects..." Marlies felt funny. "Thank you. I'm happy with this... necklace. Let me fetch my money. How much is it?" Marlies said but the hooded man shook his head. "Oh, it's free for you." He tossed his suitcase away, making the rummage littering the pavement. "Now let's see whether this works... Let me in!"

The last three words the hooded man had spoken just a little louder than the other words. His firm voice and the commanding tone made Marlies freeze out of all the sudden. What was the salesman thinking? She was not going to let a stranger into her house! But something compelled Marlies to follow the stranger's commands. And the longer she stood there, not doing what she was told, the more an unpleasant feeling crept into her mind. She was disobeying. And this was not right. "Come on, be a good girl and let me in." A good girl. Yes! She wanted to be a good girl!

Marlies stepped aside, and the stranger stepped in. "Good girl!" he said when he passed her, reaching out to pet her head. Marlies allowed this, and his touch made the corners of her mouth rise. The hooded man's words had wiped away the strange, incorrect feeling, filling her mind with warmth and happiness. Yes, she was a good girl. While she stood there swollen with pride the hooded man had closed the door and made it to her living room. She heard muttering something like 'can't believe that worked' and watched him sit down on her couch.

Marlies shook her head. She was so confused. Why did she let him enter? Why did his words make her feel so strange? Why did she... let him touch her? He had called her... good girl, like a dog! What was going on? Apprehension filled her mind. The collar? Did it make her like a dog? That was a stupid thought! But... what if not? Marlies tried to open the clasp, but for some reason, she couldn't grasp it. Looking at her hands she gasped for air: her fingers shrunk in front of her eyes! Also, they were ending in dark, doglike claws instead of nails. Her hands were strangely elongated, making the thumb less useful. On top of that hair was sprouting on the back of her hands, and paw like pads were forming on the palms. Marlies wanted to scream, when she suddenly heard the stranger call.

"Come!" said the hooded man from her living room, again in his commanding tone. Come? Marlies began to walk. She was given a command and she couldn't but obey. While she walked down the hallway she lost her balance for a second. With her hands, that looked like a mixture of human hands and dog paws, on the wall for support she looked down. Instead of walking normally she was walking on her toes, while her feet grew longer, the heels sticking out of the socks. Four claws ripped through her socks, where her toes should have been, while her great toe was moving upwards under the fabric of her socks. But she couldn't concentrate on this oddity, or her hands. Marlies just wanted to make it to the stranger, nothing was more important to her. Awkwardly Marlies moved forward, making clickety-clack noises on the floor.

When she entered the living room, hair began to sprout all over Marlies' lean body, fur to be more precise. It was short, golden fur, a bit longer on the back and a bit darker than her blonde hair, out of which now two pointy dog ears began to stick out. In the backview, one could have seen how her trousers and panties were forced down by a tail growing from the end of her spine. The hooded man however was sitting in front of her on the couch. On her couch. With his feet on her table, he didn't even put off his shoes! A low growl escaped Marlies' throat, an animalistic sound that surprised her. But the second later, she already felt sorry for it when the hooded man said in a determined voice: "No! Bad girl!"

"I... I am sorry," said Marlies averting her eyes. No. She did not want to be a bad girl! Her tail, which had grown as long as her arm by the time, was tuck between her legs. The hooded man just smiled. "Sit!" he said, and Marlies sat happily next to him on the couch. "No!" the hooded man said in an commanding voice, while still smiling, amused by the sight. Marlies jumped up, as if the couch had given her an electric shock. "Not on the couch! Sit on the floor!" And Marlies did as she was told, sitting on all fours, straight arms in front of her body and bent legs, like a dog, whimpering and feeling deep guilt for making the stranger scolding her. Actually, she should have been angry at the stranger, not the other way round, she thought. But... she couldn't help it.

By the time, Marlies' nose was pushing forwards, and her teeth became pointy. Her lips twitched, as her mouth turned into a maw. Soon, she had a canine muzzle. Her dark nose was itchy and dry, so she stuck out her elongated tongue and licked it. That was better. With her new dog nose, however, she could smell the stranger's dog food scent more intensely. A scent, made especially to appeal to dogs, and it appealed to Marlies. She was certain, the stranger had something extremely tasty in his pockets. And so, her mouth was wide open with saliva dripping from her tongue, when the stranger suddenly had a bone shaped dog treat in his hand.

"Now, miss Jensen, tell me, what is your name?" Marlies licked her lips. "Marlies," she said, her eyes fixated on the treat. "No, that is a people name. From now on your name is Marly. What is your name?" Marlies just wanted the treat, at any cost. "Marly." "Good!" said the hooded man, and threw the treat at her. Marlies was surprised, how easily she could catch it with her mouth. It was a real explosion of taste on her tongue. It probably was the best she had ever eaten.

"But what do I have to see?" began the hooded man. "Dogs don't wear clothes. Off!" Marlies was hesitant. She did not want to strip off her clothes! No! Deep in her mind, she was screaming, struggling to disobey. Somehow, Marlies knew that it was the dog collar. It was controlling her! Taking his feet off the table, the stranger shifted on the couch, facing her. Again with a determined voice he said: "Off!" This command was enough to wipe away Marlies resistance. Her hands were like moving on their own as she took off her shirt as quickly as possibly.

Marlies well in shape body was now fully covered by golden fur. Yet, the outlines of her abdominal muscles could still be clearly seen. However on her exposed belly one could also see little bumps forming. While she was busy opening her bra with her pawlike hands, these bumps were slowly swelling, eventually giving her two sets of additional breasts. When she couldn't open the clasp, she just tore her bra off of her body, making her now six breasts bounce freely. Frantically she shook her legs and wriggled on the floor to get her pants off. Once her undies were off, one could see that a dog pussy was now nestled in her crotch instead of a human one.

Completely nude and feeling vulnerable, Marlies crouched on the floor in front of the unnervingly smiling stranger, afraid to what would come next. While she happily awaited the next command or treat, a part of her knew, she was fully in the stranger's hand. And Marlies was certain, the stranger would abuse his power over her. "Now, let's have some fun!" said the stranger, rising from the couch. Arms akimbo and towering over the still crouching Marlies the stranger smiled down on her. "Roll over!" Before Marlies could realize what she was supposed to do, her body had already performed the trick. Coming back on all fours, Marlies shook her head in surprise, her canine ears slapping against her cheeks. She didn't expect such a command.

Looking up again, Marlies saw the Stranger opening the back door. "Let's go outside!" said the stranger, pointing at Marlies big garden. Marlies got up and walked over to the door, not on four, but on two legs. On the threshold she stopped. Her garden was big, surrounded by tall hedges, but she was nude. And a part of her didn't want any of her neighbors to see her like this. The stranger turned around. "Come on," he said and produced another treat from his pocket. "Who's a good

girl?" Marly was! Marlies jumped out into the garden, sitting in front of the stranger, patiently waiting for him to give the bone shaped goodness to her. It tasted awesome. But while chewing the treat greedily, Marlies realized, she had thought of herself as Marly, just an instant ago. The collar, it was changing her! She somehow had to get rid of it.

Her thoughts were interrupted, when the stranger picked up a stick lying on the grass, waving it up and down. Marlies eyes were fixed on the thing. Then he tossed it deeper into the garden. "Go Fetch!" he called, and Marlies ran. Despite being spent by the work-out and the jogging, she raced after the flying stick as if it was nothing. She even overshoot it and had to circle back to the place the stick landed, picking it up with her mouth. Once she brought it back to the stranger, she put in front of his feet, and happily exclaimed: "Again!"

And so, the two kept on playing Fetch. Over time, Marlies got more and more used to running both on four and two legs, as her already muscular arms and legs became more chunky. It was like running in her garden was worth weeks of training! Marlies' athletic body bulked up, while she ran back and forth. Her lean, exercised shape shifted to a beefy, muscle bound one. Not only did she gain in strength and weight, she also gained in size: when she accidentally bit through the first stick, and the stranger had to look for a bigger one, she was already a head taller than him. In the end, she was atleast two heads taller, with shoulders far wider than the stranger's ones.

Heavily panting and sweating, a sign that she wasn't fully a dog, she let herself fall to the ground next to the Stranger before he could raise his arm for another throw. "Please... a break," said Marlies, glad that she could still talk like a human. "Aw, look at that. Who is a tired girl?" the stranger sunk to his knees, with another treat in his hand. With her large tongue, Marlies licked it right from his hand. "Who wants a belly rub?" And with that, the stranger began to stroke her belly. For a second, Marlies wanted to resist, seeing that the stranger's hands were also touching her extra breasts. But, it felt just too good, she couldn't just get to make him stop. "Who is a good girl? Marly is! Yes, you are!" The feeling the belly rub gave her, it was beyond imagination. It was even better than the taste of the treats. She sprawled across the grass, wriggling in joy, while the stranger kept petting her.

And then the stranger stopped. "Ugh! Just look at. You are one dirty dog! Time for... a bath!" "Nuuhhh!" The mere thought of bathing caused Marlies to whine. Funny, considering that just half an hour ago she would have happily jumped into the tub. But then she looked down at her body. Her golden fur was covered with green and brown stains, blades of grass and clots of dirt stuck to her arms, and her monstrous hands and feet were coated with mud. No wonder, her lawn had literally been ploughed by them. But it wasn't the dirt that shocked her. Up to this point, Marlies was so consumed with the stranger's commands, the fun of playing, she hadn't have time to realize what he had done to her. But now she saw what beast she had become, and a part of her liked her new form. Another part wanted to make the Stranger pay.

"Let's go in. I will prepare a bath for you, you dirty pup." Marlies did as she was told reluctantly. But aslong as she wore the collar she knew she had to obey. She hardly fit the back door anymore. Leaving a track of muddy footprints on the floor, Marlies showed the stranger the bathroom, and waited full gloom on the outside while he prepared the bath. However, this gave her time to throw a plan together, which wasn't easy. Merely thinking of a way to break the Stranger's control over her gave Marlies a terrible feeling of guilt. Finally the stranger called her in. The bathhub was filled with water and much foam. And she had to go in there, wether she liked it or not.

"M-master...?" she began, but the stranger cut in. "Oh, no no no. I'm not a master, Marly. I have a name. Call me Prank Tee Effa!" "PranksTFer?" The stranger sighed, his uncanny ever-smile shifted upside down. This was the first time Marlies could really study the Stranger's 'face'. His eyes were

like holes in cheese, but not static. The holes he had for eyes were like the bubbles inside of a lava lamp. Always moving, fluid. And on the inside, he was hollow, yet bright white, even glowing. All her alarm bells should have rang on the first sight of that thing. "Oh, no one gets it right. But it's close enough, I won't stay here forever, you know? For now, you'll have to bath, you are dirty, Marly." Marlies moved forward to the tub, then she turned towards the PranksTFer again. "PranksTFer... my collar. I don't want to get it all wet." This was Marlies' plan to get rid of the damn collar, and the best plan she could come up with.

The PranksTFer thought a moment. "You are right!" and smiling again he raised his arms to get the collar off of Marlies' neck. Every muscle in body was strained while she awaited to regain control. PranksTFer fingered the clasp, and quickly had it open. Marlies was about to bite him, pin him to the ground and maul him for taking away her free will. But she couldn't. "Now, get in!" the PranksTFer said, and Marlies obeyed. She couldn't believe it, she had been so sure about it! Desperated she entered the bath. Mostly she was desperate for she had to enter the bath, only a small portion of her was frustrated that her plan didn't work. The water was warm and just what her sore muscles needed right now. However, the tub was too small for her. It wasn't long enough for her to lie into it, and the water didn't reach above her navel while crouching. Lacking proper tools, the PranksTFer cleaned her with a shoe brush, the only brush fit for her dense, golden fur.

Spiritless Marlies let the PranksTFer wash her like a dog, brush her, what she did enjoy, and wash the dirt down with the shower head. Maybe this was her life now, being nothing but a pet? No. She had to find a way. A way to break free. But how? Finally done, the PranksTFer commanded her to leave the tub. He handed her a towel, taking one himself, rubbing her fur down together. Looking in the mirror, Marlies examined her reflection. She saw a tall beast, covered in muscle and golden fur. A monster? Or was that really her? Certainly she was bigger than the stranger, taller and stronger. She shouldn't let him push her around like this. She had a feeling like it was easier to think all this without the collar on.

"See? Nice and clean again. You are a good girl!" The PranksTFer held a treat in his hand. And the collar. No! It was the collar, that Marlies was certain of. She knew she mustn't allow him to put it back on. But the treat... how was she supposed to resist both the urge to obey and the treat? "Now, who wants a treat?" Marlies backed away. She had to resist the urge. "Oh, you don't want to be a bad girl, do you?" The PranksTFer waved the treat in front of her nose, she could smell the unresistable scent. "You know you want a treat." "...Yes." "Then be a good girl, Marly!" "..."

A good girl? Yes, she wanted to obey. There was nothing she wanted to me more than a good girl. A good girl, that was petted, cared for, loved. But... she just had to resist. For she knew, it wasn't her that wanted to be a good girl. It was... magic making her! Somehow, the collar and the PranksTFer were controlling her. And there was nothing Marlies hated more than not being on top. No, Marlies didn't want to be a good girl anymore. "No." Just saying this little word was a task impossibly hard, but somehow she managed to do it. "Oh," said the PranksTFer.

Something had changed, Marlies could feel it. The PranksTFer didn't sound commanding and determined anymore. Was the... magic broken? Marlies extented her arm, and the PranksTFer took a step backwards, but it was not enough to get out of her reach. Swiftly she grabbed the treat from his hand. Yes, she wanted a treat. But she didn't want to obey anymore. She bit half of it off. "I'm no longer a good girl." She said while chewing. "And my name is Marlies." "Oh," said the PranksTFer again. "Properfuck." And he turned and run.

Post Transformation

He made it surprisingly far. In the living room Marlies, a blur of gold and muscle, finally back in control, pinned him down. "YOU!" she shouted into his ears (if he had any) with a murderous snarl. "You did this to me! You! You turned me into... A MONSTER! You made strip in front of you! You... groped me! And made me bath!" "I taste terrible!" "What?" Marlies grabbed the PranksTFer and turned him so that he was laying on his back, not his belly. His smile, or inverted smile, had become a line of holes similar to his eyes. "You want to bite me, right?" He wanted to raise his hands, but Marlies pinned his arms down. "Just know, I taste like, eh... terrible."

Marlies frowned and growled. "No, I won't just bite you." Her eyes caught the collar the PranksTFer was still holding. The snarl turned into a smile. "I'll do to you what you did to me!" She pulled down his hood, revealing his bald, roughly human-head-shaped head. From his hands she took the dog-collar and managed to put it around his neck with her monstrous paw hands.

Remaining on top of the PranksTFer, Marlies looked down at him with a vicious smile. "Now... What to command you... how about... Roll Over!" Smilingly she waited for him to try to move, which was impossible as she was pinning him down, but the PranksTFer showed no intention to do anything. "Hey! Be a good boy!" She gave him a pet with a heavy paw, but he didn't move. He also didn't change into a dog to her disappointment. His mouth holes however slowly connected with each other again, forming a crescent smile once more. "Oh, you think the collar was a device of mind control? Well, no. It's disposable. A single-use instrument. It used to be special, but now it's just a regular dog-collar. It's used up. Sorry."

Marlies growled angrily. "What? But it made me obey you!" "Well," began the PranksTFer. "It changed you into a dog. But it didn't change your mind. Maybe a bit... Look, minds are... complicated. I rather botch up your mind before I could make you any more obedient." Eyeing the collar suspiciously, Marlies said: "That can't be true! Only when it was off, I could... break your control!" "Control? Nah. I change physical forms, not brainplaces. Behavior though is about expectations, you know? You became a dog, and thought you had to act like one. Obedience is dog like behavior, but maybe it was in you all the time?"

Grabbing the PranksTFer's hood, Marlies pulled him upwards. "Do you. Wish to imply. That I've always been. Obedient like a dog?!" "Easy girl," the PranksTFer kept on smiling. "Think about it. I've walked from door to door, and you are the first to pick the dog-collar. My idea was: who would ever pick it? Only a dog owner for his dogs, or someone who is into such kinky stuff. Pet play, ever heard? A dog owner would have become a proper pal for her doggies, a kinky person would have be enabled to outlive her..."

At this point Marlies let out a loud laughter. "Yeah, you got me. I might be 'kinky', but not the way you are describing it. If I'm anything I am not the pet, I am the master." The PranksTFer thought for a moment. "Didn't you call me 'Master'?" Marlies smile vanished. She... had been happy when the PranksTFer called her a good girl. When he gave her treats. When he played with her. When he rubbed her belly. That she couldn't deny. 'Pet Play' the word echoed in her mind, though not as role play. It was rather about being a pet, for real. But... that was not like her. Was it? After all, some portion of her had fought it. Thinking about all this made her anger at the PranksTFer abate, and she didn't really want to think about it anyway. In the end, the PranksTFer could just be lying to her. She should not stop being angry at him! Also, he was under her literally. "Hey! Let's go back to the point where you walk around trying to hand people dog-collars that transform them into 'this'!" At which she pointed at her body.

"Oh, yes. I transform people, that's what I do. Not usually into... two meter tall towers of doggy

muscle, but I found a dog-collar, and there was fresh dog genes on it, so I gave it a shot." Marlies stared down at the PranksTFer. "What? Why?!" "Why? Well, I guess it was in use, there were still hairs and few skin cells..." "NO, why do you transform people!?" "It's why I'm here. I liberate you people from your sooooo slow-changing bodies." "I. Didn't. Want. My. Body. Changed!" "To free the unfree is a duty. I didn't ask to liberate you, and you were equally not asked to be liberated. Also, you worked out. So you wanted to change your body. But I guess it took you weeks for them abs, am I right?"

Marlies let her grip over the PranksTFer go, making him fall back to the floor. "Being trained is something else than BEING A DOG!!" "Easy, easy. I left you a choice, touch the collar, or not." Marlies snarled. "What sort of choice is that supposed to be?" "Well, usually, I don't leave choices to anyone. Consider yourself lucky. You wanted the collar, for one or the other reason. And to me you seemed like a happy dog. An obedient one, too. I mean... you followed every command to the letter." Once again, Marlies growled. "You MADE me!" The PranksTFer however, tried to raise his hands in defense: "I could only make you because you were obedient like that. I thought it was safe to watch you change. I need to look after the transformation, you know, see how it pans out. Usually the transformium works just fine, but sometimes..."

Marlies let out an angry barking. She couldn't stand this strange thing's gibberish no more. "For the LAST TIME! I am NOT obedient!" The PranksTFer tilted his head. "Okay. Okay. This is going in circles, ehm... You know, to overcome your nature is an act of culture. Important for my people. Buuut... it's not accepted in this culture for people to go naked. Denmark might be tolerant..." Marlies glanced down. Indeed, she was sitting nude on top of the PranksTFer, giving him a nice view on her three sets of breasts. "Hey! YOU told me put off my clothes!" "Well," the PranksTFer smiled as ever. "First, you followed that command. Also, it's culturally acceptable for pets to go naked, but..." Suddenly, Marlies felt uncomfortable. Under her facial fur she was blushing. "... you want to be people, not pet, right?"

She wanted to keep on pinning the PranksTFer down. Not only was she still angry enough to break him with her teeth, for he had petted her, bathed her, make her go nude. There also were so many questions unasked. But her sense of shame was stronger than her anger, now that she was reminded of it. "If you think you had no choice earlier, now you have one." Quickly Marlies got up, pulling the cover from her couch, wrapping her nude body into it. People! She wanted to be people.

"Oh, and one last thing." Marlies whirled around. Just a few moments of distraction had been enough for the PranksTFer to get up and to the front door. "I know you are one happy puppy, for you never asked me to undo this." Angrily she stared daggers at him, already about to leap through the room, but her makeshift clothing she knew would not survive that act. "Usually it's like the first thing people ask me to do when they have a chance. Oh, by the way: I left you the treats on the floor. Have a nice day!" And the PranksTFer closed the door from the other side.

The End