

All Chained Up

A quick sketch of a post-apocalyptic doberman transformation. Explicit.

When I wake up, my hand goes straight for my knife, which isn't there. I roll around until I can get my knees beneath me, then stand up nice and slow. There's a heavy weight around my neck, and the clank of a chain as I move. I grab at my neck—there I find the collar, and the thick chain hanging down from it.

The sun's as bright as it always is, but if I squint, I can start to make out where I am. Outside of some raider encampment, it looks like. I wince and cradle my head as last night barrels right into my skull, right up until I see a pipe swinging for my head.

Could be worse, I guess. I could be *inside* the camp.

I follow the chain back to its end, where it's been wrapped tight around some bent, rusted rebar sticking out of a concrete block. I don't like this. It doesn't make sense, chaining a girl up outside the camp and just leaving her there. I try all the things you'd expect to get free, but the collar's been welded shut and no amount of scrabbling at the chain will get it off the rebar.

I break out into a cold sweat. I don't notice it at first, until my hands start shivering. Panting, brushing my forehead with my arm, I slump down onto the dry dirt and try to collect myself. It isn't working, though. My heart's going faster and faster and I feel like I'm burning up and freezing cold at the same time. I start scratching at my arms and neck, worrying that they dosed me with something.

Then I scratch myself hard enough to draw blood. It's not much, but it stings. I look at my hand, and end up staring, because I'm looking at five black claws poking from my fingertips, staring back up at me. Same deal on my other hand. The situation has officially escalated.

I start yelling. I don't care if the raiders hear me; something is fucked up. I grab the chain and pull as hard as I can—maybe the clasp that holds it to the collar is weak. No deal. The chain slips between my fingers, sliding against the thick, leathery pads growing from my hands.

"Help! Fucking help!" I shout. My throat feels scratchy; I figure it's because I spent a night sleeping out in the dirt. But it's getting worse. Each time I shout, it feels rougher

and sounds thicker in my ears. I wedge my big fat claws around the collar, and I can feel fur underneath it. Fur like the stuff that's crawling up around my palms, short and dark and smooth.

I fall to my hands and knees, with the chain trailing behind me. I wipe at my chin, but my drool's rolling off my lip and falling to the ground. I can't close my mouth right; my teeth are getting too big, too packed together. I can feel the fur spreading under my shirt, down my spine and over my chest and across my shoulders. My eyes are fixed on my nose in front of me. Every time I look, it's a little further from my face, a little thicker, a little darker.

"Gruhh," I groan. My tongue flops in my mouth like it doesn't know what to do. I try wiping off my chin again, but I give up. Splayed on the ground are my hands, with their thick pawpads, supporting my shuddering arms. A sudden strain rips across my shoulders and down my arms. My teeth snap together and I shut my eyes and curl my claws into the ground. It feels like something living inside of me, winding its way up around my shoulders, down over my biceps, all the way to my wrists, like snakes squirming under my skin.

When I open my eyes again, I'm looking at a pair of burly arms, packed thick with muscle, and covered in a thin coat of fur. I've only got a few moments to take them in before I feel that squirming, shifting sensation shoving its way across my ribcage. I shove my chest forward. The burn of sprouting fur and chill of sweat race ahead of the surging muscle. My shirt splits down the middle. torn apart by dark-furred pecs.

I curl back my lips and snarl, "Fuhh." Rearing back onto my knees, I tug at my shirt; it tears off like it's made of paper. I've got a full-on snout now, sticking out in front of me, and I can feel the heat in my ears as they're cupped and tugged higher up my head. I grab my jaw and work it a few times. It's like sticking my fingers in a dog's mouth.

There's a constant pounding in my head now. Not like a heartbeat, more like some big beast stomping my thoughts flat. A growl rises from my thick chest, my snout wrinkles, and the fur along my back bristles, but it's not like I can intimidate it out of my own head.

The shifting, writhing feeling hits my waist, and there it goes nuts. I fall back onto my hands, snarling, jerking one way and then the other. It feels like my guts are grinding against themselves. My tongue falls from my mouth and my eyes roll back in my head. With each jerk of my hips, a shaft slips out a little further between my legs, until, with a burst of relief, my knot slips free of my body.

Physical relief, that is. I am fucking pissed about this dog dick.

With a heavy snarl, I heave myself onto my feet, ignoring the shuddering of my legs as thick muscle wraps around them. The pounding is filling up my head now, and maybe half of me wants to stop fighting, lie down, and wait until someone comes and tells me what to do. The other half of me wants me to get fang-deep in some raiders' necks.

I yank on the chain. The concrete slab slides forward a foot or so. I bare my fangs, brace my growing claws against the ground, and heave. The slab jumps up into the air, chain flying behind it, and lands with a shuddering thud, shedding chunks of itself onto the ground. A couple more heaves, and it's crumbled enough that I can yank the rebar right out of it and pull my chain free.

I straighten my back, ears perked high above my head, muzzle split into a grinning snarl. By looks, I'd guess I'm some kind of doberman, if one had arms and hands and was ripped as hell. I have to assume these raiders wanted a guard dog out of me, but guess what?

I'm a bad dog.

12 March, 2018

[female](#) [human](#) [doberman](#) [gender](#) [ftm](#) [muscle](#) [blog](#) [explicit](#)