

Mini-Story: My Boyfriend's a . . . Werepuppy? (Anthro Dog TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Ever since a stray dog bit Jackson a few years ago, he turned into a female anthro golden retriever each full moon. Despite trying to hide it, his girlfriend has found out. But can they make it work? And is it such a curse?

My Boyfriend's a . . . Werepuppy?

It had been an accident. I had always done my best to conceal my curse, but my wonderful girlfriend Giana had arrived at my home for a surprise visit, having come back from her holiday two days early to greet me in a beautiful dress and a clear desire to take me to bed. Instead, she shrieked in horror as she saw me transform, the full light of the moon upon me through the window of my living room.

"Oh my God!" she shouted, throwing her present into the air in shock. "You're a - you're a werewolf!"

"I'm - aghh - not!" I shouted, even as fur raced along my body, even as my ears rose to the top of my hair.

"This can't be happening! I must still be dreaming!"

"Please, Giana! Get away! I don't want you to see me like this!"

My legs changed shape, and the familiar sensation of my nipples swelling and a new pair of breasts growing followed after. My jaw pushed forwards, giving me a canine snout. I began to pant, tongue lengthening, nose now dark and shiny, a tail emerging from my backside as I tore apart my cheap clothing.

"Am - am I in danger!?" she shrieked, stepping back.

"N-no! Of course not! But it's - ohhhh - embarrassing!"

"Why do you sound like a woman?"

"Because I'm - nnggh - becoming one! I'm a weredog!"

At this, her fear seemed to evaporate, turning into disbelief and curiosity. "A were . . . dog? Wait, what!?"

"It was four y-years ago," I grunted, focusing on my growing tail and emerging paws, on the new rows of nipples that had formed. "I was bitten by a strange golden retriever. Now, whenever the moon casts its light upon me in full, I'm doomed to become . . . a **WERE GOLDEN RETRIEVER!**"

I'd spoken the words dramatically, but even amongst the insanity of my changes, my girlfriend suddenly burst out into laughter, covering her mouth with one hand.

"I'm sorry! I shouldn't laugh, but what!? A *werepuppy!*?"

“A weredog!”

“But - but you’re growing blonde fur! Oh my God, you’re looking sooooo cute!”

I should have known. Giana loved dogs. Loved, loved, loved, loved them. And now here I was, my transformation finishing, leaving me as an anthro-golden retriever, fluffy and blonde, with a rather adorable expression on my face, I had to admit. My breasts weren’t too large, but with my wider hips and thinner waist, it was obvious that I was now female. The voice alone spoke to that.

“I’m not cute!” I said, standing up to my full height, which was over six feet now, the one positive of my change. I placed my hands on my hips, trying to look serious, but to my shock my girlfriend actually embraced me, stroking my fur.

“Awwwww! You’re so FLUFFY!”

My tag began to wag like crazy, and I started panting faster. God, she was getting the golden retriever part of me way too excited. When I got like this, I got all . . . bubbly.

“I know, right? And my tail is way fluffier! And I can run real fast, just watch!”

I dashed around the house, and Giana giggled with delight as I did circle after circle before collapsing in front of her. She immediately knelt down and yelled: “SCRITCHIES!”, at which point I showed her my stomach so that she could start rubbing it. It was only when I realised what I was doing that I pulled away.

“Agh! Sorry! I just - I can’t help myself when I get like this!”

“This is crazy,” Giana said, reaching out to pat me again, which I let her do because it felt so good. “So you turn into a were-puppy-”

“Weredog.”

“-during a full moon, and you never told me? Jackson, I thought you loved me! And you know I love you, and I LOVE dogs.”

“I know,” I said, panting in pleasure from the pats. “But it’s just so embarrassing! It’s my dark secret, and I can’t help but get all bubbly and ditzy when I’m like this. God, I really want to go run under the moon and be naked and let you throw sticks and let you play with my furry boobs and - shit! I’m doing it again, aren’t I?”

To my surprise, Giana just giggled, her hands on her mouth to try and conceal just how happy she was.

“Sorry, it’s just . . . this is a dream come true. Please don’t be embarrassed, Jackson!”

“But I become a girl! I’ve got furry boobs!”

“Yeah, but I’m bi!”

“And I’m a weredog!”

“My sexy werepuppy!”

I blushed, my fur thankfully concealing my embarrassment. Her words were getting me all excited again. I really wanted to lick her face. I wanted to lick it SO bad.

“You really don’t mind me like this?”

“Not at all! I love it! I love you even more now, Jackson. I wanted to surprise you with a date, but let’s have *your* date.”

I cocked my head, one ear flapping to the side. “What kind of date?”

Still grinning, Giana walked backwards and opened up the front door. She continued stepping out onto the front yard, which extended out to a forest strip I was very grateful to have nearby. Giana picked up a stick, smiled, and then hurled it.

“Fetch, my wonderful girl!”

Oh God, there was no way I could resist *that*. I pelted out the front door, my tongue wagging out the side of my mouth, and my girlfriend laughed as she raced me unsuccessfully to get it. I brought it back to her, my furry chest heaving from my effort, and I dropped it at her feet before standing to lick her face.

“Oh my God, this is like having the best dog ever!”

“You’re sure you don’t mind it?” I asked. “Because I’m such a silly klutz while I’m in this form.”

Giana kissed me immediately, causing me to lick my lips with excitement.

“I love it. And I love you. Now, why don’t we have a fun little dog date, hmm? And then you can take me back and we can have some nice, rough sex with this sexy werepuppy body of yours.”

“Weredog.”

“N’aww, my beautiful werepuppy.”

She threw the stick again, and off I raced. I was already looking forward to sex. This body *did* have a strong mating instinct. And besides, I suspected it was built for rough sex.

Or was it *ruff* sex?

The End