Prissy

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Chapter 1

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"Shoot! Sorry!" Alex called. "Misjudged it!"

"Well, you threw it." Nate said, hands on his hips. "Go get the frisbee." With a playful smirk, he clapped his hands. "Go on, boy. Go get the frisbee!"

"Really funny." Alex muttered, jogging after the red frisbee. He scooped it up and jogged back over to Nate and Sam, who had left their positions. It was only as he reached them that he realized he could have just thrown it to them and continued the game.

"Good boy!" Nate said with a cheeky grin.

"Who's a good boy?" Sam teased, rubbing Alex's head. "You are! You are!"

"Get off me." Alex shoved Sam.

"Go get it, boy!" Nate said, throwing the frisbee.

"You're joking, right?" Alex looked at the frisbee and took off running. If he timed it just right, he could catch it before he hit the ground. He just knew he could! It hit the grass and he almost skidded past it, quickly turning and scooping it up before running it back to Sam and Nate.

"Good boy!" The frisbee flew again and Alex found himself giving chase, determine to catch it before it hit the ground. He cried out excitedly as he did just that, hurrying back over

to them, grinning from ear to ear as they praised him. Sure, it still sounded like they were talking to a dog, but... he didn't let it bother them.

The frisbee flew out again and again with Alex chasing after it. Even though he was finding it harder and harder to catch his breath, Nate and Sam seemed to not ever get tired of throwing the frisbee and making him go after it. His feet began to feel more and more leaden as they kept it up.

"Ok." He said, heart pounding in his ears almost too loudly to even hear their praise. It had stopped being teasing a while ago and now seemed genuine. "Give me just a sec to catch my breath." He bent over, hands on his knees.

"Dude, you look exhausted." Sam said. Alex nodded and fell over onto his side with a chuckle, lying back on the grass. Sam and Nate kneeled down on both sides and began to, of all things, pet him.

"Who's a tired doggy? Who's a tired doggy?" They both said, rubbing and petting him all over, not just his head. Alex was too tired to fight back, lying there, trying to catch his breath. He smiled up at them and figured, if they thought he was a dog, he might as well pant like one. He comically held his tongue out of his mouth, panting.

"Who's a good boy? Good boy!" Nate said, rubbing Alex's belly under his shirt. He lifted Alex's shirt a bit more to show Sam the fur sprouting on their unsuspecting friend's chest. Grinning, they both redoubled their efforts, petting him all over, scratching his belly, and keeping up a constant litany of

praise.

"Ok, I'm feeling better now." Alex said, rolling over and onto all fours. He paused there on his hands and knees, groaning. "Uh, maybe not."

"What's wrong?" Nate asked, the petting stopping for a moment. Alex remained unaware of the fur poking out of his shirt and shorts or even the puffballs of fur around his ankles and wrists.

"Remember when coach ran us so hard we puked? That's how I feel."

"Well, you were running pretty hard." Sam observed. "Here, I'll grab some water for our good boy!" He dug around in his bag, his hand landing on a plastic bowl just as Alex's hair changed to match his fur. Both Nate and Sam were amazed that Alex seemed completely unaware of his droopy pink ears. Eagle eyed as ever, Nate made a show of petting Alex's lower back so that he could tug down his shorts and underwear just enough to allow his new tail to erupt out. He stared at it in amazement, touching its enormous pink puff ball at the end to see if Alex would finally notice.

Alex seemed a bit annoyed by the bowl of water Sam placed in front of him, but it was perfect for his new muzzle. He lapped up the water before it sunk in what he was doing.

"What the?" It was difficult for him to speak now, but he looked over himself. "What's going on?"

"You've been such a good doggy for us today." Nate said,

grabbing his pocket knife and cutting Alex's shirt off. "So, now you fit the part." Alex yipped and tried to get away from them, but his shorts fit his lower half weirdly now and he was trapped until Nate could cut them off. By that point, Sam had fitted him with a collar and leash.

"Not really sure why you're a pink poodle." Sam said with a shrug, as if it was really just a minor issue. "But hey, at least it looks like you're still a boy."

"Not that anyone's gonna check. They'll see your little pink vest and pompoms and think, she's a prissy girl."

"Prissy! That's a perfect name!" Alex growled and barked, but it turned into a whimper as he realized swearing only really worked when they could understand him.

"Sorry, but Prissy's a better name for a pink poodle than Alex is." Sam snapped a photo with his phone so he could show Alex, or Prissy, his new look. Alex snarled and barked, but his friends paid him no mind.

"And don't worry, we'll come here every single day so you can play fetch. It's clearly your favorite game!" Nate launched the frisbee. "Go get it, Prissy!" Alex took off, charging forward on all fours faster than he would have ever thought possible. He caught the frisbee in his mouth. At least that was cool, he thought as he returned back to his friends, who were cackling so hard, Sam had to support Nate.

"Look at this!" Sam said, showing Alex the video of him returning with the frisbee. "That confident little prance. Yeah,

Prissy's the perfect name for a prancing poodle like you." Alex snarled and barked again. It was all he could do.

"Calm down, Prissy." Nate said with a snort. He kneeled and pet the poodle. "Poodles are actually hunting dogs, you know. Sure, you're pink and trimmed now, but we'll grow your fur out and maybe then you'll look like a boy dog." He took the leash from Sam and smiled down at his friend turned dog. "Or maybe we'll just keep you pink and prissy. Would you like that, girl?" Alex snarled his opinion, but Nate just shrugged. "Don't think it's really up to you." As he started to walk, Alex felt the tug of the leash and realized he had no choice but to go along, along to his new, prissy spoiled poodle life.