

Not Exactly the Help I Meant

By [magicfixeseverything](#)

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Rachel always loved Dalmatians. When the opportunity came up to help her local firehouse get one, she jumped at the chance to help. Unfortunately, she just might not have understood exactly what they were looking for.



Rachel posing at the firehouse, before she became its new mascot.

When Rachel heard her local firehouse wanted to adopt a Dalmatian, she offered to do anything at all to help. She loved dogs, especially Dalmatians. Ever since she was a little kid, 101 Dalmatians was one of her favorite movies. She had always wanted to adopt one, but her apartment was too small and she knew she worked too much to be able to care for one properly.

Her friend Alice worked at the firehouse and told her they were finally looking into getting one. It was a little cliché, but they all finally decided that it would make a lively addition to the team.

Rachel immediately volunteered to help with the search. Or at least, that's what Rachel thought. When Alice called to tell her that she had talked it over with the other firefighters and they agreed Rachel would be perfect to help, she could hardly grab her car keys fast enough and sprint out the door.

When she arrived at the station, all the firefighters were very nice, though for some reason they seemed to think it was odd for Rachel to want to help.

Rachel was so excited. When she had to go over the volunteer paperwork, that seemed way longer than it needed to be, and required so many signatures, all she could think of was how she couldn't wait to begin the search. She knew her only problem would be choosing only one Dalmatian to adopt.

When the chief said she had finally finished the paperwork, Rachel couldn't wait to get started and said, "Alright, let's get started!" The chief replied, "Now, are you sure about this? Are you sure you're ready now, there's no rush..." with a look of doubt on his face. Rachel told him, "Absolutely, no time like the present! I've been waiting for this opportunity all my life."

The chief wasn't one to disagree and replied, "Well okay then, follow me, we've had so much trouble finding the right volunteer. I'm so glad we've found one this enthusiastic about the process that you're ready to go. I thought you might need to take a few days to get your affai..." Rachel declared gleefully, "Oh... I've been ready for a long time!"

Not wanting to discourage the woman the Chief said, "Okay then, it's just over here. Let me go get it. After all, we want to make sure we get this exactly right." Rachel should have been paying better attention, and said, "Of course chief, take your time!"

The chief picked up a small device of some sort and started carefully typing into its display. After a few minutes the chief had quadruple checked that he had entered everything correctly, and then said, "O.K. I'm ready. I entered the details of what we want into the system. Are you ready?"

Rachel replied, "Absolutely!" Then she walked over to the chief to read the list of qualities they wanted, she would make sure that she tried to pick a Dalmatian that was best suited for the firehouse. The chief said, "Rachel, would you stand right over there if you don't mind, around 10 feet away." Rachel found that a bit odd, but she was happy to do whatever was asked of her and replied, "Sure thing chief! Is this good?"

The chief replied, "Perfect! Alright, it'll be just a moment." The chief began moving the device slightly as if he were trying to get a better signal as he pointed it at Rachel and said, "Okay, whenever you're ready." Rachel wondered if the device was an old cell phone of some kind. She thought that maybe they were using some kind of out of date technology to take a photo of her. It looked, in a way, like an old cell phone you might see in the movies, but it was larger than an ordinary cell phone, still there was a display screen and that looked fairly modern.

The chief said, "Alright Rachel, here we go," he had found the perfect angle, with no one nearby Rachel and only a fire engine in the background. With the device lined up, he pressed the button. Rachel was still confused as to what he was doing, but she was glad that he was finally ready. After he had spoken, a bright flash temporarily blinded Rachel. It had made her feel a little dizzy and she began to stumble slightly as her legs felt a bit weak.

The chief put the device down and ran over to Rachel apologizing and said, "Sorry about that Rachel, I should have had someone ready to catch you. Or I should have, at least, told you to get on the ground. I've never transformed someone before, I've been reading, and re-reading, the directions for the past 24 hours since I rented this device." Rachel began licking her lips, her mouth felt dry and different. She was amazed when she was able to lick her nose, she had always been a bit tongue tied and could barely lick her lips.

He helped her to the ground and said, "Aww, you must be thirsty girl! I'll go get you some water!" Rachel was not feeling well. Her body was aching, and it felt like things were shifting around and moving. It seemed as though she were... transforming! Then it hit her; that was the word she had heard spoken earlier. Rachel realized that she wasn't really paying much attention to the chief earlier, but she had caught that word and suddenly it mattered. She was even more distressed when the chief returned with a bowl of water and sat it down in front of her.

Rachel couldn't believe her eyes, her skin was rapidly turning white, and it itched as tiny hairs were beginning to sprout all over her body, she was growing fur! Among her white coat, black spots were beginning to appear. Not only that, but she realized that she couldn't stand up anymore; she was now forced to remain on all fours. Rachel was in shock. As she began to think about it, she decided that her skin was starting to look like that of a common Dalmatian. No, it was more than that, she suddenly realized that this was exactly her situation; she was quickly changing into a Dalmatian, a dog, soon to be someone's pet.

Rachel could feel her entire body shifting and changing, her ears felt funny, her face felt like it was swollen and there was a lot of pressure on it, there was a strange pressure and itching at the small of her back where her coccyx is, or was, located. Even her hands and feet felt weird, her fingers felt like they were really stiff and, if she didn't know better, shorter. There were even weird sensations along her belly, when she looked down at it, she noticed small wart-like protrusions along both sides, five per side. Then she realized that these were small tits.



Early in Rachel's transformation process
(forced onto all fours, no longer able to stand up like a person.)

She could feel her nails beginning to grow out into claws, while her fingers retreated into her 'paws?' She was shocked to realize that her hands and feet were quickly transforming into paws. Before long her thumbs, and big toes, would be simple dew claws on the sides of her paws. And soon, the only way she would ever pick anything up again was in her mouth.

There was now a greater pressure forming at the base of her spine as her tail was growing out, and at the top of her head as her new canine ears formed, while her human ears began to disappear completely. Even her face felt funny, the unusual pressure was now forcing against her nose as though it were going to push it outward. Rachel saw something black appear in her vision, and as she tried to focus on it, she realized that her nose had turned black. It was indeed moving outward, as her face reshaped itself into that of a normal dog, Rachel wouldn't be emoting much anymore! All of this was just too much for Rachel to process and she quickly passed out.



Rachel, progressing quickly into her new form.

When she awoke, Rachel felt well rested. She was curled up in a comfortable blanket. Rachel began to get up and noticed right away that something was very different. She realized that she was on all fours and couldn't stand up on her two legs anymore. Yet, somehow, that seemed natural. Upon looking around, she could see that she was at a firehouse. When she looked at her hands, they were not there anymore, she had paws, Paws! Rachel was shocked, why did she have paws?

Then she suddenly remembered everything, Rachel had been turned into a Dalmatian. While the thought made no sense, she knew it to be true. After all, how could she deny it, she had paws, a tail, and she realized that she now had a muzzle with a black nose at the tip. When she began to scratch her ear, which was now on top of her head, with her

hind paw, things became even more surreal. At first this didn't make sense, but then the word "transformation" came to mind, and some sort of device that had been pointed at her. Rachel knew that technology like that existed, but she had never before witnessed it. The tech was expensive and to her, crazy.

She couldn't imagine why they would do this to her, until she suddenly realized something. She did this to herself. That's why there was so much paperwork. That's why some of the firefighters couldn't understand why she was so eager to volunteer. She hadn't meant she wanted to volunteer to become their new mascot!

Rachel tried to speak, but all that came out was loud barks, no matter how much she tried to form words, the best she could do was yowls, whines, and barks. Nonetheless, the new dog had certainly gotten the attention of the whole firehouse. All the firefighters and staff all came over to pet Rachel. They were all smiling at her and telling her what a good girl she was. Hands came in from all over, and were suddenly petting and scratching her.

Rachel started wagging her tail, and she grinned within, since dogs can't really grin with their simple muzzle. It didn't take long before Rachel, almost automatically, rolled over. As soon as she did, the belly rubs began. Rachel loved this, was thoroughly enjoying it, and would have been happy if it never stopped. The chief saw how much fun Rachel was having and was amazed. The chief said to Rachel, "I didn't think any human would enjoy being permanently transformed into a Dalmatian, but seeing your reaction is believing!" All the while, the chief continued to pet her head and smile.

Hands were still all over Rachel's belly. She heard and recognized the word "permanently" perfectly clear, but she didn't care anymore. If they kept this up, or at least did this occasionally, she was going to be more than happy to be the new mascot of the firehouse, even if she were now just a simple dog. Rachel thought about how amusing it was. Previously, had someone called her a bitch, she would have been greatly offended, yet now this was just the simple truth, she really was a bitch.

"I know you had said how much you liked 101 Dalmatians," the chief said, "Obviously we can't call you Rachel anymore as that would seem inappropriate. I was watching it and noticed that one of the dogs was named Penny. How does the name Penny sound to you?"

When Rachel tried to say something all that came out was dog sounds, and then she remembered that she could no longer speak words, the way a human does. Rachel smiled and wagged her tail, nodded her head up and down, and gave a loud bark to indicate yes. "I think that's a yes," the chief said as he smiled. "She's being such a good girl! Let's give Penny a treat," Alice said.

Penny excitedly barked loudly several times, wagged her tail, and everyone laughed. Alice reached down and fed Penny a few doggie treats. Penny was surprised, they were quite delicious for doggie treats, and then Penny had a realization, she was a now a real dog, so it made perfect sense that she would enjoy eating dog treats. Alice said, "I knew you would enjoy this Rach... I mean Penny, I'm glad I thought of buying these before we got you." Alice stroked Penny's head while the belly rubs continued. Penny decided she could definitely get used to this.

Rachel, no, Penny; realized that from then on she would be eating from a bowl, going to the bathroom wherever, and whenever, she felt the need, and being walked by her new 'owners.' It was going to take getting used to, but nonetheless she was going to have to get used to these things, after all, she was a dog and was going to remain that way!
The End



Penny, the new mascot of Fire Station #2 (What a good girl!)