

Becoming Alpha **By LancelotScreamalot**

“Are ya sure you don’t wanna come with us, Boyd?” Jackson asked while putting his baseball cap on. To which, Boyd looked at Jackson with a chuckle. “Nah...I got plans tonight...gonna be too busy.”

Boyd had just shut off his laptop whenever Jackson had asked him that. Boyd lived with his three roommates in a nice apartment. Each of them had their bedroom, bathroom, and closet. They even had a communal kitchen and dining room...even a laundry room! Boyd couldn’t help but chuckle to himself for a moment as he remembered all the awesome parties they had, the many drinks before returning to his room, usually with a babe...well, before a few months ago. Boyd’s room was on the east side, and being on the outskirts of the city, he could perfectly have the sunrise to greet him every morning...if he was even in bed. This blessing was also a curse. The moon also rose to greet him...and for him, it was frightening and ironic. For someone else...it was a sign to come forth.

A few months ago, Boyd had wandered away from a party. Hey, he was drunk out of his mind, don’t judge him. He had left the party because he pissed off his ex-girlfriend at the time(seriously, could he help himself with how hot that other chick was?) and wandered into the woods nearby. He was a dumbass...and it changed his life forever. The rest of that night was a haze, but he could remember a few things: being pinned to the ground by a big, hulking bestial werewolf; feeling that cock spread his cheeks and pound him; and most importantly, becoming a big werewolf himself...a gay one, at that, named Bo. He wasn’t gay as a human, he wasn’t! He didn’t like dudes like that, he loved chicks, he loved vaginas and boobs...but every time he thinks about that night, he has to stop himself from getting hard, as if some deep part of him looks fondly back on that day, and he knew exactly which part of him.

Boyd couldn’t help it whenever he even started to think about that night: The hot breath on his neck, his body in complete ecstasy, the shredding of clothes... “Ah, dammit!” He cursed to himself whenever he saw his member erect in his jeans. He would have to stop thinking about it since if he were to start masturbating, he would bring out Bo way too early. Bo was himself as a werewolf and...Bo had a taste for guys, for feet...it was weird. He didn’t want to be some gay-ass werewolf! Although, now that he was thinking about it, he couldn’t deny how exciting the changes were. His clothes would become too small, the fur would spread over his body, his muscles would burn, the musk... “Okay, stop...” Boyd whispered to himself, adjusting his hard member in his jeans. He needed to control himself. He wasn’t some gay werewolf, he was a straight dude. He would NEVER do it with a guy!...well, okay, Bo would, but that’s not the point!

“Yo, Boyd!” The sudden voice brought Boyd out of his trance as he looked to see who was talking. It was Jackson, his first roommate. Jackson was sort of nice, had curly brown hair and bright blue eyes. Jackson always had some goofy grin when he was

talking to one of the guys like he was trying to be one of them. Poor guy knew nothing about how the frat worked, how life was, being a freshman. Yet, he had a bit of charm to him. The kid hadn't become a bit of an asshole like the rest of the frat, hell, he was sort of cute, in a naive way. "I know you said you'd be busy studying...but I threw in some bucks and we're gonna pick ya up some food. Ya can just warm it up whenever ya want it." Jackson said with that same goofy grin. "Dude, ya didn't have to do that...thanks! Don't leave any of your leftovers in there, I'll grab them for myself." Boyd laughed, to which Jackson laughed as well.

"Yo, Jackson, c'mon!" A second voice boomed, then someone else dashed in. This second person was Boyd's second roommate, Peter. He had straight brown hair and a small beard with olive eyes. Standing next to Jackson, one could easily tell Jackson was the smallest of the quad-o-bros. "C'mon, man...we gotta go! You can suck Boyd's dick later." Peter joked and laughed. "It's short enough to do it." To that, Jackson blushed, seemed to force out a laugh, and dashed out like he was running away. Peter shook his head and shrugged. "That poor kid's about to get one hell of a wake-up call about life, huh?" To that, Boyd laughed and nodded, "Oh, one hell of a head kicker. Needs to be teased for bein' small! I'm surprised the coach let him on the team for being small..." Boyd was only speaking his mind. That didn't make him a douchebag! Peter snickered. "To be fair...he is pretty fast," Peter stated, and Boyd did have to admit, Jackson could run fast.

"Hey, assholes, the food's gonna get cold at BWW!" Another voice boomed, and Peter sighed before he waved off Boyd and headed out slower. Boyd waited, as he knew the last roommate would have something to say. Slowly, Matthew sauntered into the room. *Ugh, this guy...* Matthew was an asshole, through and through. With messy black hair, leering brown eyes, and a goatee, the guy looked like a woman stealer...okay, Boyd was one somewhat too, but still! Boyd would only hit on a guy's girlfriend, but once that ring is on, it's done, Boyd won't ruin that. Matthew is the kind of guy to keep going. It was like he's trying to ruin everybody's life. "So, ya scared to go to a damn BBW?" Matthew teased, to which Boyd sighed and answered, "Nah, man, I do got shit to do tonight." The black-haired guy snickered. "Gonna play with yer box o dildos? God, you're such a fuckin' fag." Matthew insulted him before turning tail(ha) to exit. However, he would first say, "Gotta work on your glutes if yer gonna be a good linebacker, after all~!"

Boyd scoffed. His roommates sure were some characters. Personally, they all teased him quite a lot. "They shouldn't be teasing me...assholes don't even try much with the damn game!" Boyd complained. Okay, aside from Jackson, but the other two liked to pull his hair(metaphorically) when it came to the game. C'mon, Boyd was in good shape! He was built like the other guys, typical jock body, short brown hair combed back, grey-blue eyes...He was handsome and meant for football, dammit! "Fuckin', fuck it, ignore them...gotta get shit under control for the night...they won't be here

whenever I leave, after all..." The three roommates of his had gone to eat at Buffalo Wild Wings, or at least pick it up and eat it at the park. He didn't want to go...tonight was the full moon, and he had to make sure everything was in place for him to get out of here. He had multiple plans and failsafes: His car was fully gassed and ready to go, but if that didn't work he had a map of a path through the forest that led to a clearing, and if all else failed, Uber or Lyft was waiting in case of an emergency ride. It was foolproof!!!

For now, Boyd kept an eye on the sun and an eye on the clock. Sundown was at 8 PM, it was 7:15 PM. He looked out his window and saw Matthew's pickup truck pull away with all three of his roommates packed inside. They wouldn't see where he was going, so now was the time. He grabbed a bag that consisted of the clothes Bo liked to wear and keys and everything he needed. He would have to get far away so no one could figure out he and Bo were the same people. He locked the door to his room, then the apartment itself as he dashed to the elevator...only to see an out of order sign on it. "Ah...well, good thing I've been working on my cardio!" Boyd exclaimed. Hey, no need to panic, he had plenty of backups! So, he ran down all 6 flights of stairs, and whenever he exited into the parking garage he grinned with determination. "Fuck you, universe, ain't gonna be here!" That was a mistake because the universe had different plans for him...

Boyd hopped into his chevy, grabbed his key, and turned the ignition. The car stuttered...then didn't start. The man blinked. "C'mon, girl, I know yer old but I need to get out of here..." He begged, stroking the dashboard of his car before he turned the ignition again. However, nothing else changed, and in a fit of desperation turned the key again, only for the car to not start! His car wasn't working...he would have to call a mechanic. He checked his phone, 7:25 PM. He didn't have time to call a mechanic! He took deep breaths to calm himself down. It was cool, he still had the map, and if all else failed uber was installed and in the background, ready to go. He looked at the entrance to the staircase...and groaned. Going up stairs was harder than going down them... He got out of the car and began to work up a pace in place. "Let's do this!" He then dashed towards the staircase, used his key to enter it, and began running up all 6 flights of stairs.

It took a hot minute, but Boyd got up the stairs only slightly slower than he had gone down them moments ago. He silently praised his coach for ushering him to practice cardio. "Note to self...never...EVER...judge coach's advice...EVER again..." He said between panting breaths, taking a second at the top of the stairs. However, reality came knocking again as his reminder alarm went off: 7:40 PM. "Fuck." He muttered before dashing off towards his apartment and fumbling for his keys. He had never unlocked his apartment so quickly before, and he barely even remembered to lock the door behind him. He dashed to his bedroom, again locking the door behind him as he fumbled to his desk. He opened one of the drawers and dug through it, trying to find

the little brown box he hid the map in. The top drawer had nothing except some condoms and pens, the second drawer had some scrap paper and a magazine or two...aha! The third drawer had the brown box sitting right there, and he grabbed it and opened it...only to frown.

The map was gone. In its place was a note, which Boyd hastily opened to read.

*Dear Bozo,
fucking hell, it's Matthew alright,
I dunno why you had a map into the woods and why the map smelled fucking rank
but knowing you, it's probably some sweet private area to take babes and bone
them. Well, thanks for the opportunity! I'll let the babe I take there know you totally
had the idea to do this, but she'll be screamin' my name instead. See ya, Bozo!
Matthew.*

Boyd clutched the paper in his hands, clutching it so hard his fingers tore it slightly and his knuckles went white. This dumbass...he had no idea what he was doing!!! Without that map, nothing was stopping him from getting lost and just circling back to the apartment building, or just heading to some other building on the edge of the woods. In a fit of rage, he yelled and tore up Matthew's note. He threw the shreds to the ground and clutched his head in an attempt to gather his thoughts. He fished his phone out of his pocket and checked the time. 7:50 PM. He made a quick second decision: An Uber driver finds out about him, or his roommates do... Yeah, the Uber driver.

Boyd took a deep breath to calm himself before he pressed the Uber app button. He waited while it loaded, but then he saw a message that sent him right back into a panic. 'The Uber servers are down for maintenance until 8:15 PM. Please be patient while we tidy everything up. Thank you!' His grey-blue eyes were wide, trembling, and his breath was quickening. He had no way out. His roommates would be back before then, Bo would be out before then, everything would be ruined before then. In a panicked frenzy, he went to the app store to download Lyft. He would have to make a new account, but if he hurried, he could be in the car whenever the moon rises. The poor driver would get a hand full of Bo on their hands, but he didn't care. Better them than his roommates. He must've entered something wrong with how fast he was typing since he was pretty sure he misspelled his name...as Bo. "Fuckin' STOP IT!" Boyd yelled. He knew his werewolf self would be snickering by now. "Fuck it, it works." He said as he entered his debit card quicker than he would say yes to an all-nighter to a cheerleader. Right as his finger was about to press confirm, the clock hit 8 PM. The moon peaked just enough over the horizon to touch the tip of his hair. He froze. It was too late.

Boyd could already feel the heat, that strange heat that always washed over him, the painful yet oh so pleasurable heat. Bo was coming. There was no stopping it, no slowing it, and no escaping it. He could already feel his body trembling--Out of fear? Out of anticipation? Not even he knew--as sweat beaded at his brow. The last thing he saw from his phone was a text from Jackson: 'Hey Boyd! We're on our way back with the food. We got done a lil earlier than we thought, but there's some traffic...hope ya don't mind us being there! XD' Every part of Boyd wanted to call and yell at them to stay there, to practically sleep in the truck so Bo would not find them, but he knew that wouldn't work. For one, they wouldn't believe him ('Hey guys, I become a gay werewolf on the full moon, don't come home tonight' is one hell of an unbelievable phrase). Not only that, but Matthew would encourage them to not listen just to spite him. God, DAMN, he hated that asshole...He so wanted to teach him a lesson, to make him listen! *Oh, don't worry, bro...we will~* Bo's voice said in his head, and he gasped. This was it. He was transforming!!!

Boyd groaned out as the heat magnified in his body. In the moment, he dropped his phone to the ground. He stepped on it and heard a beep, but didn't have time to see what the hell he had done. He could feel pain in his bones and muscles as if his very chemistry was being changed. Yet, through it all, he could look down and easily see his cock erect in his jeans as if some deep part of him loved what was happening, and it wasn't Bo, either. He threw his head back and yelled out as a loud crack echoed through the bedroom, and his fingers curled. He fell back onto the ground and thrashed a bit, gasping out and yelling as he could feel his insides changing. He held a hand up to reach towards the moon washing over him. He could then see yellow claws sprout from his nails, sharp and ready to slice. He was both terrified by how monstrous they were and aroused by the idea of tearing off guys' clothes. He heard the sound of popping fabric and looked down at his shoes. Sure enough, yellow claws had sprouted from his toenails as well, as he could see the tips poking through his sneakers. He had a weird excitement seeing them...and he knew why he was excited. "Dammit, no...no..." He begged, but it wouldn't stop.

Boyd was in the throws of his transformation now, no escape. He clenched his teeth together as they sharpened, drool seeped from his mouth and his nose was starting to look a little black. He reached again towards the moon, teeth opening as he groaned out to let his now big canine tongue flop out. "S...Ssstopp!...ahh~!" He yelled out, clutching the floor as he felt his hands contort. They grew bigger, manlier, meatier...then they were covered with white fur. He could see black pads form on the front side, making them the familiar hands of Bo. This may have excited him, but he knew he had to get out of here. With a lot of effort, he flipped himself over and started to stand up. Then, he felt his backbone ache. He gasped and fell back onto all fours before he stuck out his behind. A growth wriggled from his tailbone, stretching at his jeans as if begging to be released. Boyd bit his lower lip, drooling extremely as he could hear the fabric tearing. It grew and grew, getting longer and thicker until finally,

it burst free! A large, long, blue-furred wolf tail burst from his jeans, ripping out of them. In response, a howl slipped from his mouth, and his cock spurting seed into his jeans. It dripped from his stain onto the floor, making a puddle in the carpet that wafted musk up into his face. It only drove him WILDER.

Boyd was going crazy with all this lust. He stumbled and slowly stood up, panting loudly. His tongue lengthened and thickened, dripping drool underneath him. He was changing faster, and he was losing control. Boyd would be slipping out soon...he needed to get out of here! He did his best to step out of his room, his clawed hands scratching at the wall. As he did so, his arms were burning up, and he grunted. They flexed over and over and soon began to grow bigger! Thick blue fur covered them, and soon Boyd had muscular furry arms like an athletic stud. He stopped walking to look at his arms. Thankfully, he was wearing a tank top, but now he just stared at them, involuntarily flexing them. They were so big, so powerful, so hot... "Nnh...dammit, no..." He moaned softly, stopping the flexing to collect himself. He needed to get out. NOW. He kept stepping down the hallway, gripping at the wall and making even more claw marks. His chest heaved, the poor guy trying to catch his breath...only for his tank top to feel tighter. He grunted and reached to his tank, ripping it down the middle as he felt even warmer...only to see his body was getting more built. Bo was coming.

Boyd was panting heavily, inching past the entryway that led to the kitchen. He couldn't let his friends find out like this, he needed to move! He had just started to move past the kitchen whenever he heard a loud crack. He yelled out in pain as his torso got bigger, his back getting longer and becoming more muscular. His pecs grew in size and became extremely built, a hot six-pack of abs forming on his stomach. Blue fur spread from his arms to his torso, which coated it save for the white fur on his sides. He heaved with heavy breaths, his body burning up. Even the armband on his upper left arm was too hot! He roared and ripped it off, revealing that foot tattoo Bo had gotten them one full moon night. "Gotta...get...MOVING!" He roared out, stepping forward some more. His cock was throbbing harder in his pants. Was he enjoying this? Yes, of course, he was enjoying becoming big and hot and furry... "STOP IT!" He yelled, grunting as he kept walking. He could feel the fur spread more, moving underneath his jeans and covering his ass. His glutes worked themselves, making his ass nice and muscular. He looked back at it as it tore a bit down the middle of his jeans, his ass exposed to the world.

Boyd panted and made one more step, only to find himself face to face with the apartment door!!! He grinned. Now he just had to get out, run somewhere away from his apartment at least, that way the two aren't connected! It made sense in his mind. He reached for the handle...then froze. His cock throbbed hard. Then, it spurting cum! It kept spurting, and spurting! He grunted and drooled heavily, bucking his hips in time with the spurts. Fur covered his balls, dark blue. Then, his cock changed. The humanoid head became tapered and red, the foreskin pulling back to form a dark blue

sheath. His cock became longer and thicker, redder. It was becoming a wolf cock. He panted, dripping drool as he watched his bulge grow and change. One last twitch and growth made him snarl, and his cock burst free of his jeans. It pushed at the hem of his boxers, oozing cum after it had finished orgasming continuously. It was so juicy, so warm, so musky... He lost it. He gripped his wolfhood and started jerking it like a madman, snarling and growling. He hated to admit it...but giving in felt so good!

Boyd moaned and kept stroking off, the smallest grin spreading on his face as he lost himself to primal inhibitions. He had to stop, this was only bringing Bo more to the surface... but God DAMN did his cock feel good! He gripped it with two padded hands and fell back onto the carpet. His cock spurted corruptive canine cum as a thick knot formed at the base of his shaft. "Fuck...m...more...~" He growled, smiling as he felt the warmth get stronger. His legs burned up as they got longer and more muscular. Thick blue fur covered them as they slowly ripped out of his jeans. His tail wagged underneath him, the transforming jock now thoroughly enjoying his growths and changes. Then he felt his shoes get tight. "Oh...fuck...yes..~!" He said in excitement as he felt the flaps on the front break open. His feet were getting bigger, his shoes groaning. They became a huge size 27, those sneakers completely ruined. His feet gained white fur all over them, with thick black pads on the bottom of them. They were so smelly...he could smell them from here. He loved it.

Boyd panted and kept stroking himself off, his body just rocking with pleasure as he thrashed and fapped. He could feel the final changes approaching, and he knew there was no stopping it now. He grunted as his neck thickened, blue fur spreading to cover it. "Fuck....so...GOOD~!" He howled, his voice deepening considerably. He could feel his face snapping and cracking, someone pulling at the back of his brain. He closed his eyes tightly and growled as his ears became pointed and blue, moving to the top of his head. He could see the perfect way to become alpha, he could feel his feet being licked, his cock worshipped, his pits sniffed...it was amazing! He growled and snarled as his mouth pushed out into a thick, canine muzzle, with white fur and a black wolf nose. He barely even felt his short hair become long and dark blue, shaggy with sideburns, even a short beard forming on the underside of his muzzle. It was too good, he was free to have fun! A wide, toothy grin spread on his muzzle as he came to be his true self. He opened his eyes, now an icy blue.

Bo was back, a towering 7'8" werewolf of a stud! And oh, did he have amazing plans for his roommates. For now, though...well...he needed to take care of his hard cock. He gripped his throbbing canine cock with both hands, squeezing it for a moment before fapping it hard. He growled, he snarled, he drooled, he whined, he made all sorts of animalistic, canine noises. Soon, he felt his cock twitch hard, his balls clench, and he gave a wicked, devilish grin. He opened his muzzle and gave out a loud howl. His cock spurted cum everywhere, and he started humping the air with every spurt. Cum flew everywhere in the living room, making a puddle all around him. He was in goddamn

ECSTASY, it felt so good to be so horny! Whenever his orgasm subsided, Bo panted and let his arms fall to the side. “Huff...goddamn...that felt good~” He said with a grin and put his arms behind his head. However, he remembered how his roommates were on the way here... and he chuckled darkly. He stood up, ripped off the remains of Boyd’s clothing, and chuckled again. He started heading to his bedroom. He had a lot of planning to do, and not much time left...

Jackson sighed as he closed the door to Matthew’s truck. “And tell Boyd he can be more patient for his food!!! I want some goddamn pizza if they’re out of my favorite sauce!” Matthew yelled out of the open window. Peter sighed and rolled his eyes before he gave Jackson an apologetic look. Then, off they went. The trio had gone through all the trouble to get Buffalo Wild Wings...only for Matthew to find out his favorite sauce was out of stock. So, of course, he threw a fit and left. This meant they would have to eat even later tonight. Jackson wanted to say something, but he didn’t want to make Matthew even more upset. So, he simply asked for them to get a big pizza, as he’d go home early since it was on the way to the pizza place. He checked his phone, but still no response from Boyd. “Did he fall asleep...?” Jackson asked himself, then sighed. ‘Well, I’ll know the answer soon...’ He thought, then entered the apartment complex. Something was going on at the counter. Some dog was loose since everybody was complaining of howling...

Jackson just ignored it and went up the stairs. Of course, by the time he got up to his floor, he was exhausted. Damn elevator... He sighed and went to his apartment, unlocked and opened the door...only to be hit by an AWFUL stench. He groaned and covered his nose. It smelt like a wet dog and...well, Boyd’s dirty laundry!...don’t ask how he knows what that smells like...well, really, he may have had thoughts about Boyd, really gay ones, like hugging him...and smelling his shirt... Don’t judge, he wasn’t gay! He was just really worried about Boyd now. He must’ve gotten sick! So, he closed the door behind him, threw his pack to the ground, and looked around. “Boyd? You here, dude?” He called out. The living room had a gross white stain all over it...mold?! This was getting weird...and it was giving off this funky smell. Of course, the more he smelled it, the more Jackson’s cock would throb, even if he didn’t notice it.

“Oh...there ya are, Jackson~” A deep voice came from his left, and Jackson froze. It sounded like...Boyd but...deeper? He looked over...and froze. Standing in Boyd’s doorway was a giant anthro wolf!!! He was barely able to fit in the doorway. He had thick blue and white fur, with dark blue fur in places. Not to mention his outfit! A tight-fitting leather biker vest with the insignia of a foot on it. He had a coral bandana on his head with a pair of sunglasses on it, some torn black jeans with a gray and coral ban, a belt that had a wolf adornment, an orange earring on his left ear, a black collar

with a coral paw charm, two black bracelets with one on each arm...and the BOOTS. They were black biker boots...but the front was torn open, and poking out of them were thick, clawed, fuzzy white feet. Jackson was frozen, just staring at the beast before him. "H-How do you-" "Know yer name? Well, I'd know the guy I'm livin' with as a human..." The wolf said, stepping forward and grinning. "I can see why Boyd thinks yer cute...although he won't admit it~" And it clicked for Jackson.

"Boyd?!" Jackson yelled, looking up at his changed friend. The wolf laughed. "Bo, but I guess that's my stupid human name~" Bo snickered and reached to stroke Jackson's chin. He was frozen in fear, the claws frightening him--although coupled with the stench, weirdly exciting him. "The fact that ya aren't running means it's working..." Bo muttered and grinned, "That...or ya definitely seem to like what ya see~" To that, Jackson had no response. He should be disagreeing back and forth, no way in hell. Yet, seeing Boyd like this, in this bigger, manlier form, stinking of leather and sex--which he could now place was the scent in the entire apartment--was weirdly enthralling to him, as if some deep, buried part of him was becoming unveiled. He didn't even notice Bo gently leading him by the chin to the couch. Bo plopped down on it, taking up almost all of it, and then he chuckled. He didn't even have a hand on Jackson anymore, but it didn't matter. He knew the other wouldn't run now. It just took one whiff of the stench. "I know what ya want, kid...and I'm gonna give it to ya...ya have been pretty nice to my wimpy human form, so, I'm gonna be pretty easy on ya," Bo said, and grabbed hold of Jackson's chin again. "Deep breath~" And then he moved in to kiss Jackson on the lips! Jackson was of course surprised, but something clicked in his mind...it wouldn't be long, now.

Jackson's mouth was filled with a thick canine tongue, the saliva coating the insides of his mouth. He tried to rub his tongue against Boyd...Bo's, but it was so strong he could barely even push it. A hard throb from his pants brought him back to reality, though. He pulled back, a thick line of saliva still connecting their mouths, then gasped. His cock suddenly spurting cum, orgasming on the spot as a warmth spread over his body. Bo just grinned, his bulge twitching as he watched Jackson stumble back and fall backward onto the floor. The poor guy was yelling and moaning, his body on fire with how much heat was coursing through him. It was both so painful and yet so pleasuring. He gripped at the carpet on the floor. However, his nails began to sharpen into black claws, cutting into it and making obvious marks on the carpet. His shoes made a bit of a tearing noise, letting Bo know he had gained claws there too. The changing man bucked his hips into the air, still spurting cum occasionally. He moaned, but soon it turned into a pitiful howl. He heard a thud but paid no attention to it. His fingers would curl, but then fur began to grow on his hands! The tips were black-furred, but white fur took the rest of them. They grew to be much bigger, his hands, and they even gained thick black pads. He looked at his own hands and gasped, at two things: How much they had changed, and how much he loved them this way.

Suddenly, something thudded onto Jackson's bulge. He let out a yelp and looked. Bo had peeled off one of his boots and thrown it aside, and then he had put his massive footpaw right on Jackson's bulge. "There we go...good boy..." Being called a good boy made Jackson whimper, "Keep going...~" Bo urged his changes on. Then, the werewolf began to rub his foot up and down, against his bulge. Jackson yowled out and began to hump the soft pads. He looked at the ceiling, unable to fight the fact he loved being given a footjob by his crush. His tongue lengthened and thickened, hanging out of the side of his mouth as his teeth rapidly sharpened. He yelped whenever he felt his ears crick, becoming pointed and moving to the top of his head. The tips were black-furred, but the rest of their fur was white. His cute, brown curly hair started to become black, and grow longer and shoot in all kinds of directions to become a great amount of long hair. It was untamed, wild, perfect. "B-Boooo....moreeee...~" Jackson drawled out, a smile working onto his face as his nose became black and thick-skinned. He could smell everything more clearly: The leather, the cum, the sweat...it was amazing!

Jackson felt himself be pulled forward by Bo's foot. It would keep rubbing against his bulge, but then Jackson would hear another thump and feel the other foot plop onto his face. Seems his Alpha granted his wish. "Deep breaths, kid...it'll make this go by faster~" Bo laughed deeply. Jackson closed his eyes and began sniffing at that footpaw. It smelt manly, like his Alpha. He hugged the massive footpaw to his face and kept sniffing and occasionally licking at it. The fur would spread up from his hands, coating his arms. It was random patches of black and white fur, but his muscles burned and grew! He growled, flexing his arms as they burst out of his sleeves. He was getting stronger, and he loved it. It was intoxicating. He rolled his shoulders as they got covered in fur and widened, having to bear the huge, muscular arms now. Jackson was feeling gayer and gayer by the minute, the occasional gay thoughts of kissing Boyd now becoming so pronounced, he imagined himself worshipping Boyd's feet while calling him Alpha! The worst thing was that he NEVER wanted to go back!

Jackson snarled and huffed at his Alpha's feet, feeling his torso ache in anticipation of what was next. Bo watched with a horny grin, stroking his bulge while Jackson's shirt strained. The guy was growing bigger, his shirt starting to ride up a bit on his body. However, soon, his pecs began to inflate with muscle, becoming huge muscles that popped the buttons off his top! His almost nonexistent abs became a chiseled eight-pack, his back swelling and thickening with muscle and tearing out the back. He panted and started to endlessly lap at his Alpha's feet, tasting the sweat and letting it corrupt him further. He loved this. He loved it so much. He loved this more than being human! His mind had corrupted much more quickly than Boyd's, and soon, he felt his face crick and crack. He snarled as his mouth pushed out into a sharp snout, obviously not canine. White and black fur covered his face, his eyes glowing red as he grinned in joy. He wasn't becoming a werewolf...he was becoming a werefox!!!

“Hm...that’s new...” Bo tilted his head a bit but still grinned. If it was possible to make different werespecies...oh, he was going to have fun making as many different ones as possible. He began to wonder what kind of species he could make when- “HOLY CRAP! JACKSON?!” Peter yelled. He had come back early, having gotten tired of Matthew’s endless yammering on about BWW and how it screwed up their order, so he decided to see how his roommates were doing. Instead, he found Jackson, underneath the feet of a massive beast...and loving it as he was changed?! Jackson paid no mind at first, too busy worshipping his Alpha’s feet. That is until Bo moved his feet and stood up. “Well...guess ya got here too early, kid...” He said, shaking his head and stepping over his forming new pack member. Peter was no longer looking at his roommate, no, he was looking at the beast who was standing before him. Bo grinned. “Was gonna have Jac jump ya when ya got here...what do ya think? As a human, I’m so puny...but like this? Heh, Matthew won’t mess with me...and you certainly won’t either~”

Peter’s eyes widened. This was Boyd. But Boyd wasn’t gay! All that teasing from Matthew...did he know? What did he do to Jackson? Who the hell is Jac? The only thing that came out of his mouth was, “W-Who the fuck are you to change him?!” The werewolf raised a brow, shook his head, and tsked. “Now...that’s no way to speak to your Alpha, pup. I’m Bo, and you’re lucky enough to be a recruit to my new pack..” He said, grinning devilishly. “It’s already time for your first lesson...always pay attention to everything~” Before Peter could shake his head, run, punch the beast, do something, he felt something tear at his ass! “HEY! What’re you-” Jac had crept behind Peter when he wasn’t looking and had torn a hole in his jeans and boxers. Peter reached back to swat, but Jac pressed his cold nose against Peter’s entrance. Peter gasped and froze in response as his changing pal sniffed at his ass, then began to lap at his entrance. “C-Cold...oh...fuck...~” Peter let out a moan, blushing. He was being rimmed by his roommate-turned-werefox...and for some reason, it was turning him ON.

Peter shook his head, trying to clear out these gay, horrid thoughts, but then warmth spread over him. He gasped and arched his back, panting as he looked at the ceiling. His ass tingled, and he looked back to see it slowly growing! It placed on some muscle and made the tear Jac had made even bigger. Jac himself paid no attention, tongue delving into Peter’s ass. White fur was sprouting on it, bright and easy to see. “N..No...!” Peter yelled out, trying to pull away, but Jac gripped his sides and forced him to stay still. Peter let out a whimper but then shook his head, trying to not make those noises. Jac himself had his ass swell with muscle, breaking out the back, black and white-furred. From his backbone, a long, fluffy black and white fox tail sprouted, slipping from his jeans before swaying happily behind him. Peter wasn’t nearly as corrupted as his friend, but that didn’t stop his moans. And it didn’t stop his backbone lengthening! He grunted as it grew and thickened, gaining thick white fur, but being a wolf tail instead. It burst out from his pants, throwing fabric everywhere behind him...then wagged. No no, he wasn’t enjoying this...right?

Peter whimpered as Jac continued to ravenously eat out that new wolf ass. He stumbled for a second and then fell forward, falling onto all fours. "Already presenting yourself, huh? You'll make a good pup~" Bo rumbled, stepping forward and standing in front of Peter. Peter looked down, his eyes locked on Bo's gigantic stompers. His cock throbbed hard, and he shook his head as it leaked pre onto the ground through his jeans. "N-No... I won't submit to you!" He said, his words counteracted by his wagging tail. Jac responded by going in deeper, which made Peter yelp. The white fur spreads down now, covering his legs and making them grow longer. He grunted as they became much more muscular, white fur popping through the seams of his jeans. He grit his teeth together and growled, drool seeping from his mouth. Jac himself was getting his new legs, just as large, long and muscular, white with black spots here and there. Though, Jac was so far from being human that he didn't even react, just wanting to finish changing and clean Alpha's feet. Peter, however, was trying to think of hot babes, but it just wouldn't work! Images of bouncing breasts became meaty pecs, girls and their soft cheeks became muscular bro asses, and thinking about pounding wet pussies turned into thoughts of sucking cock. Not to mention the growing NEED to just start licking feet! It was unbearable!!!

Peter had done all he could to stop himself from succumbing, but it had just become too much to fight. He leaned down, his tongue slipped from his mouth, and he began to lap at the tops of Bo's feet. Bo laughed. "There we go! Good pup~" The Alpha licked his muzzle and raised his other foot to step on Peter's head, forcing him further into that foot. "Get acquainted with the smell...it's all you'll smell tonight~" Peter didn't even have a fighting response, just huffing those feet and licking them. As he did so, he started to change quicker! His ears pulled to the top of his head, becoming thick, white-furred wolf ears; his teeth sharpened and his tongue thickened and lengthened; his nose became black-skinned... He was quickly becoming a beast! His tail had now eagerly lifted for Jac, who smiled and almost shoved his snout in, nose at the base of his tail. Peter whimpered as he realized he loved being eaten out, he loved doing gay things. His eyes hazed over, and his cock throbbed. A white sheath formed, enveloping his balls and making them swell. His human cock rapidly became a huge, red canine one, leaking pre with a nice sized knot. "There we go...new member of the pack~" Bo said with a chuckle, rubbing his foot against Peter's new ears. "You're not Peter anymore...you're Pet now." Hearing his new name just made Pet's tail wag faster, and he smiled.

Bo was having fun. His pack was growing, and he was still the alpha of such horny gay beasts. Yet, he still wasn't done. Matthew would be home soon, so he had to finish these two pups off as soon as possible. Luckily, he saw Jac's shoes strain, and he chuckled. While Jac was eagerly eating out his changing packmate, his feet popped out of his shoes. They grew to be so big, with sharp white claws, and with thick black pawpads. Yet, they were still humanoid in shape. The ruins of his clothes were so

much smaller compared to the rest of his body, but Jac loved it that way. Pet himself was so busy cleaning his Alpha's feet that he didn't even notice his own feet growing, bursting out of his basketball sneakers and gaining sharp white claws. White fur covered them, the feet growing so huge that the sneakers couldn't even begin to cover them, not to mention the thick black pawpads as well! Soon, Pet's eyes widened as he felt his white fuzzy balls clench. He howled out and came onto the ground, tail wagging excitedly as he made a big puddle underneath himself of corruptive werewolf cum. Bo snickered and brought his feet back to watch the two pups be so gay and horny. "Good boys...~" He said with a grin. He walked over to flop onto the couch and prop his feet up on the table (he was so big he could easily put his feet at the end of the table). "Get to cleaning...you need to finish changing, Pet...Jac, why don't ya give him something to love about being a beast?" He asked. Jac grinned as he pulled out from Pet's ass, and nodded. "Absolutely, Bo...I can't wait to show Pet just how good it feels~"

Pet didn't hear a single thing either of them said. It was as if he was in a hypnotic trance, as he simply crawled after his Alpha's feet and began licking them happily. Bo laughed. "Dumb mutt...have at him, Jac~" At that, Jac walked forward...and mounted Pet. Pet yelped and looked back to see Jac prodding at his entrance. At first, a tinge of hesitance showed, as if his human self began to come back. However, he felt that thick, lupine cock shove into his ass, and all hesitance left. He howled out and grinned, the white fur spreading upwards from his hips. His torso grew in size, muscles defining and pecs growing as he easily tore out of his shirt. He was easily a several-hundred-pound beast now, and he wasn't even done. His arms ballooned with muscle, biceps easily tearing out of the remaining sleeves. Arctic white fur covered his arms and hands, said hands gaining black pawpads and sharp white claws. Jac hadn't even gotten started, and Pet was changing quicker! Jac growled and gripped his ass hard, thrusting hard into it and trying to breed the best he could. And oh, did Pet feel it. He moaned, he whimpered, he whined, and he lapped eagerly at Alpha's feet. Bo himself was enjoying the show, his own canine cock out, and eagerly stroked it. "Good boys~"

Pet arched his back and howled out before he pushed back into Jac's thrusts. He smiled happily. Bo chuckled and asked, "You like being pounded, Pet? Love being fucked by big cocks?" Pet couldn't help but blush and nod. "Yes, Alpha...I love cocks, I love hot boy asses, I love feet, PLEASE, change me more~!!!" He yelled, all humanity gone from his eyes. Bo grinned. "Knot him." At that, Jac pushed forward and yipped happily, shoving his knot into Pet's big, muscly ass. Pet howled out and came again! He easily spurted out whatever was left of his humanity as his mouth pushed forward into a canine muzzle, white fur capturing his head. His eyes became yellow with a canine pupil, eyebrows thickening, and his straight brown hair easily became wild behind him, growing into long white locks. He shuddered with lust as Jac also came, filling up the newly transformed werewolf until he was brimming with seed. Bo just

watched with a horny grin, loving this show of bestial lust from both of his new packmates. “Good boys...but we have one more guest to show the light. Well...not a guest, per se ~” Bo laughed devilishly, and the two new packmates pulled out of their sexual position to grin. “We’ll have to get a show going...get on each foot, boys. Be sure to let it be known what your human forms are...I wanna rub it in that I’M the alpha now~”

“God DAMN.” Matthew cursed as he finally got out of the elevator. “All this trouble for a fucking extra-large meat-lovers pizza...bet those fags would love it anyways.” He laughed to himself. All three of his roommates just abandoned him. Boyd stayed home to ‘study’, Jackson left on the way to the pizza place, and Peter left him at the pizza place. “They’ll eat up the meat-lovers anyways... a bunch of dumbasses.” He said and chuckled, striding down the hallways towards his apartment. On the door was a note, obviously left by an irritated neighbor: *Can you PLEASE let out your dogs?! They keep howling!* “Dogs? Oh, I swear to GOD if one of those assholes brought home a dog...” He said with an annoyed groan. He got out his keys and unlocked the front door, unsure of what would await him inside. If he did know, he would’ve stayed far away from that apartment, he would’ve gotten the military, police, or somebody. No, the second he unlocked that door and entered, his fate was sealed...Just like how he wished his nose was sealed from the obnoxious odor that assaulted his mind as soon as it was inhaled, already implanting the beginnings of corruption.

“GROSS!!!” Matthew yelled as he entered, the door closing behind him as he was left in the small foyer. The smell was like wet dog times B.O. He covered his mouth and nose as soon as he entered, but then he heard slurping. “...they wouldn’t...” He almost got his phone out as he walked forward, still holding the pizza. There, sitting on the couch, was Bo, his great big form taking up the entire couch. On his left foot was Jac, wearing Jackson’s ruined jacket, and on the right one was Pet, wearing Peter’s favorite pair of jeans. Matthew gasped. “WHAT THE FUCK?!” Bo looked up at the man who had entered and grinned. “Ah, there he is...just thought I’d establish how I run this apartment. I’m in charge...figured you wouldn’t mind.” Bo said, grinning devilishly. “W-What the fuck did you do to them you fag?! TURN THEM BACK!” Matthew yelled. To that, Bo tsked and said, “That’s no way of talking to the Alpha of this place...don’t you see that they lo-” He was cut off by Matthew, who had thrown the pizza to the ground in its box and raced to punch Bo square in the jaw!!!

At first, Matthew panted. “Fuck you.” He muttered, thinking he had one-shotted a great, towering beast like it was a video game. Although, that wasn’t realistic. In truth, Bo didn’t even flinch, just acting like he had barked while he had spoken. “Hmph. You need a lesson in manners, PUP.” Bo growled and grabbed the human by the head.

Before Matthew could even respond, he was shoved deep into something furry...and smelly. He realized, soon, it was Bo's fucking armpit! Matthew did his best to thrash, his fists going wild and throwing themselves at Bo, aiming to hurt him. All the werewolf did was laugh. "Ya call those hits? Feels like yer a goddamn child!" Bo said, locking him in the armpit by closing the arm down on him. "DEEEEP breaths, kid...let it corrupt ya~" It didn't matter how much he punched and thrashed, there was no escaping the armlock by the hulking werewolf. 'No! I won't...' His thoughts were stopped by a throbbing sensation. Every whiff of the beast's musk...it was making his cock throb with need in his jeans. His eyes widened. 'I'm no fag!!!' His thoughts screamed, but every few whiffs, his cock would throb hard, as if it was actively betraying who he thought he was.

Matthew's breath was trembling, as he was unable to pull himself out of Bo's sweaty armpit. While at first, he gagged, even with his throbbing cock, now he was starting to get used to the smell... In fact, he was starting to love the thick, manly musk of this huge beast of a man- 'NO! Stop!!!' His mind screamed, trying to overcome the growing gay need in him. He clenched his teeth together, not noticing their sharpening shape. Drool seeped from his clenched mouth, but he had to open it eventually since his tongue was suddenly too big for his mouth! It flopped out of his lips and found itself against Bo's armpit, and next thing he knew, he couldn't stop himself from occasionally licking at it. He tried his best to pull his tongue back in, but he just couldn't make it fit. He gripped at Bo's back and chest, his hands growing sharp black claws. It was painful, yet the scent of his Al- this beast made the pain turn into pleasure. He was gripping so hard, he was digging into Bo's flesh. However, he felt two tongues on his hands! Jac and Pet had noticed their newcomer brother and his hesitation, so they moved to make this go along quicker. Their corruptive saliva made white fur grow on his hands, while black pads formed on them as well.

"There we go...here he comes!" Bo announced with a laugh. Matthew tried to make a witty comeback, to call him a faggot and get away, but...with every whiff of Bo's pit, and every bit of saliva that touched his skin, he felt that want to pull away begin to melt. He just kept huffing, occasionally licking, like it was his job. Wasn't it his job...? He did like it...right...? He shook his head, trying to roll away the gay thoughts, but they kept coming back. His nose twitched, becoming black-skinned and canine. His ears pulled to the top of his head, becoming pointed and getting covered in golden fur with white fur on the inside. He could hear everything now: The cracking of his changing body, the dark growls coming from Bo, the slurps from the two beasts... It was driving him CRAZY. Jac and Pet moved to his arms, their saliva making white and light golden fur sprout on them. His shoulders widened, his arms beefed up with a ton of muscle. They shredded out of his denim jacket, the fabric tough yet still surrendering to his growing form. The worst part was...some deep, demented part of him was really growing to like this.

With his newfound strength in his arms, he grabbed at Bo and pushed away. He got away just for a moment to laugh and say, “HA! I’m gonna get free from here and kick your a-” Before both of the other packmates shoved him back in, and Bo locked him in even harder this time. “Shut up and huff up.” He said with a laugh. And thus, Matthew was locked in...did the smell get more intense?! It felt like it did, but really he had pushed himself further into it, huffing it hard. He just denied that he did it happily. He just stayed in place, huffing and licking while Pet and Jac worked at his torso. He was getting bigger, but not too big to where Bo couldn’t shove him into his pit. His pecs grew like two big steaks on his chest, abs becoming defined, back becoming more muscular. All the while, golden fur was growing everywhere except for on the front of his torso, which gained white fur instead. Each beast lapped at his nipples, which he admittedly enjoyed. So much so, a hand reached down to slowly rub at his bulge. Inside, his cock was changing. It grew and grew, popping out of his jeans and leaking onto the ruined denim jacket and shirt around him, gaining a pointed canine head and becoming red. A knot swelled at the base, and his balls churned and swelled before being enveloped in golden fur.

“Heheh, don’t hear much fighting now, pup~” Bo said with a grin, to which Matthew just grumbled and kept licking. However, he found himself free of the musk. Bo had pulled him out, the poor guy panting and blushing like a bitch in heat. “There we go...nice and needy,” Bo said and pet Matthew, who pouted...although he did like it. “S- Shut the fuck up...” Matthew said. Bo chuckled. “That’s no way to talk to your alpha...I’ve got a punishment for you being such an ass to me all this time...” He said. Then, he unzipped his leather pants and let his huge, canine cock flop out. “Suck me off. NOW.” Bo ordered, with a glint in his eye. Matthew was about to say no way, but then he felt an itch in the back of his mind. He immediately started leaning down. ‘Nonono! Stop!’ His mind screamed, but every other inch of his body wanted it. He needed to follow orders...his Alpha’s orders. His lips trembled, his eyes widened...yet, the second his tongue touched that huge, manly, canine cock...it all left. The salty pre on the top tasted so good, almost heavenly. With that, his brown eyes became amber, canine ones, his black messy hair becoming long and golden, just as messy though. He wiggled his ass in the air as his backbone extended, becoming a great big golden furred canine tail. It burst from his pants, and he panted, drooling all over Bo’s cock. He hated to admit it...but god DAMN, he loved this!

Just like that, the homophobic, asshole Matthew was degraded and changed into a great big horny werewolf. And he wasn’t even done changing! Bo laughed as the changing man sloppily lapped at his cock, an amorous growl leaving the blue werewolf’s throat. “Good boy~! Now, you two, get to work on my feet...he doesn’t need any more convincing~” He said, letting Jac and Pet immediately race down to his huge stompers and worship them. There Bo was, now the alpha of the house as he had a former asshole sucking his cock, and his other two roommates licking his feet. Matthew moaned as he took Bo’s cock into his mouth, smiling and blushing as his ass

swelled with muscle, bursting out of his jeans and being covered in golden fur. Bo moaned and gripped Matthew's ass, letting a hand slip in and finger it. "Mine." He growled, and Matthew whimpered like an obedient pup, submitting to his Alpha. The pain of the changes was gone, now replaced with a need to serve. Matthew kept giving one hell of a blowjob to Bo, no longer wanting to dominate chicks and make them his bitches, no...he was Bo's pup at this point. With that, golden fur enveloped his face and neck, and his mouth pushed out into a canine snout, which he easily used to envelop Bo's cock. He was happier than ever before.

Bo howled out in enjoyment, taking his fingers out of Matthew's ass only to spank him, then continue back to it. "Such a good cocksucker...Boyd's gonna love this, heheh~" He said with a grin. "You're not Matthew anymore, pup...you're just Mat. Because you're practically my fucking doormat at this point." He laughed. Mat whimpered, accepting the new name from his Alpha, and kept sucking. The pre that shot into his muzzle only made him even more corrupt, now wanting to be every pack member's bitch at this point. His legs beefed up, tearing through the remains of his jeans, as golden fur enveloped them. Thighs and calves swelled with immense power, rivaling the greatest runners in the country. Just then, Bo howled loudly, and cum started shooting down Mat's throat. He eagerly swallowed, and the more he swallowed, the more his feet grew, bursting out of his sneakers and gaining that nice golden fur with sharp black claws and black pads. Mat himself felt his pleasure reach maximum heights with his transformation finishing and tasting his Alpha's cum, that he whimpered around the cock in his mouth and came onto the couch. Whether it be just because they saw the other two cum or by sheer pleasure, both Jac and Pet howled and came onto themselves and Bo's feet, the pack having gained three members by the end of the night. Yet, the night was just beginning, and as Bo rode out his orgasm he saw three new packmates...and there were so many ways to break them in.

The sun was a pain to Boyd's eyes. "God DAMN...I feel like I've been hit by a truck..." He muttered, slowly opening his eyes. Blinded by the light, he shielded them and tried to place what the hell he did last night. Then he had flashes as if Bo himself was letting him know the horrors of last night. He shook his head to clear the fog and leaned up. He was still on the couch, wearing almost nothing. There was next to no hints of what happened the night before, the shreds of clothing in the trash, the only hint being the many stains and claw marks on the carpet and couch. 'Oh shit...the guys!' His thoughts screamed. He got up quickly, only grabbing a small blanket to cover himself up with to check on the others. It didn't take long at all to find them, though. Peter and Jackson were in Peter's bedroom. He only had to follow the moaning. Inside, Peter was having sex with Jackson, doing him missionary on the bed. Boyd had peaked in from the door, only enough to see the two slam their lips together in a passionate kiss. He

felt his manhood stir, and he shook his head. ‘There’s no way...not even Matthew could be like this. He’s a pure fuckin’ homophobe!’ His thoughts screamed. This was dashed by finding Matthew in his bedroom, huffing one of his shoes and fapping, whimpering. Boyd would have to peel himself away since a hand glided down to touch himself, and he swore he heard Matthew moan, “Boyd...”

Boyd rushed to his own bedroom, closing and locking the door behind him. He was panicking. He had fucked up. He failed to get out of the apartment before Bo took over, and now, his three friends...they were gay as fuck, almost no different from their werebeast counterparts! A note caught his eye on his desk, and he rushed over to read it:

Dear Boyd,

Yeah, I know, right? This has been one hell of a night, heck, one of the hottest! I just had to have some fun with those boys. To be honest, if you had completely different roommates, I would’ve just left and found some cute guy in the forest, but no. Those dudes needed to be taught a lesson: YOU are in charge. I’m the goddamn Alpha, and if that means I gotta make sure you’re the Alpha too, well, I’m gonna fucking do it. Jac, Pet, and Mat will only come out on full moons, or if ya will them to, heh. Enjoy being in charge, kid. After all, that’s our job as Alpha.

Bo

Boyd was unsure how to feel about this. Lycanthropy, or whatever it was for Jackson, was irreversible. He had to do so much to make sure he didn’t let any of Bo slip out on an average day, and now, he’d have to fight that daily at home! This was going to be super tough. Although, he couldn’t help but wonder exactly how much he could get away with. Just how far did his power reach now that he was, for better or for worse, Alpha of the apartment? Fuck, one test wouldn’t hurt, right? “MATTHEW?!” Boyd yelled. He could almost hear the panic in the next room, as Matthew soon opened the door, wearing jeans and nothing else, hiding his boner. “What? Whaddya want?” He asked, seemingly annoyed. Boyd then blinked and said, “Make some breakfast for us. Bacon and pancakes.” To that, Matthew froze, and as if driven by some other force, just sneered. “Fine...I’ll get to work.” And then he left to cook.

Boyd blinked. “Y’know...I could definitely get used to that.” He said. Hey, if the biggest asshole in the world is now listening to your commands...it’s gonna feel good. After all, it’s not like he’s gonna be like Bo...right...?