

To Be A Party Animal
By LancelotScreamalot

Grant put his leftovers away in the fridge. The poor guy had his internship soon, and he didn't have time to finish the rest of his food. Grant was an intern at the college's science lab. It wasn't what he wanted to do, as he would rather study space and the material that makes up the world, but instead, he was stuck in a biology lab studying reptiles and amphibians. He dreaded it, but it at least helped him get credits for graduation. 'That's all it does...' He thought, sighing softly as he rubbed his eyes and began to get his stuff together. He grabbed his notebook, his pencil/pen box, a book for reading on break, wallet, keys, phone, earbuds...wait... "Hey, Jamison? Do you know where my ID is?" Grant asked his roommate through the wall. Said roommate came out of his room holding the ID in his hand.

"Dude, you really need to work today? It's optional today, isn't it?" Jamison asked, to which Grant sighed.

"Yes, I need to. We're close to a breakthrough, and if I get it, I could get a huge pay bonus..." Grant said before he reached to snatch the ID and hook it onto his shirt.

Jamison rolled his eyes. "Dude, you work too damn hard...listen, Niall is having a frat party tonight. You never go out, dude! I know work is very important, but today is optional! Live a little!"

"I don't give a fuck about Niall," Grant said with a harumph, heading to the window to make sure he was presentable. Niall was an ass, a complete dickhead. He wanted nothing to do with him.

There was a moment of silence then Jamison huffed. "Grace would've wanted you to go, she told you to live a damn little."

Grant froze. Grace had left him because he wasn't "fun enough," and it's haunted him since then. They were supposed to get married after college was done...

Grant turned to look at him. "Don't fucking bring her up," He said, shaking a bit. He definitely wasn't over it, but Jamison stood strong.

"Maybe if you actually went to parties, she'd still be your fiance," He said before he went back into his room.

Grant sighed in sadness. He held back tears and took a deep breath. He was a very emotional guy, so he always had to calm himself down. He took a moment to fix himself in the mirror because he felt like he was now disheveled from the stress of the situation. Sure enough, his short black hair was a mess, that he

quickly combed down. He wiped his olive eyes and sighed before he headed out the door. The walk to the science lab on campus wasn't too far, but after that exchange, it felt like miles. Jamison shouldn't use that to make him come to a stupid fucking party. He may be a workaholic, but at least he gets his work done, dammit. He tried to put that out of his mind as he went to clock in. He made his way to his working area. While he disliked studying biology, he didn't mind the animals. In fact, the big lizard they were running tests of healing on was very sweet. Yet, Jamison's insult rung in his head and he sighed. He'd have to distract himself with his work. So, he made sure his utensils and everything were clean before he got himself to work on his studies. He was adamant to find something, to make a breakthrough. Then he'd get the time off he needed...

Grant sighed. "Test 154, failed..." Well, that certainly hadn't worked out. He'd been here for four hours, the clock was nearing 10 PM. He rubbed his eyes tiredly. There was only enough molted scales from the lizard left for one more test, and if that failed, he'd be going home and crying in his pillow. He wasn't sure if he was joking there or not. He took a few gulps of water and prepared himself for what would most likely be another failure. He was nervous as he set the settings for the experimental machine, trying to use it to cause cell regrowth. This could be a step towards regrowing lost limbs, curing cancers, even muscular dystrophy. A lot of lives depended on this research, plus his career, but that wasn't nearly as important. Hey, he may hate biology, but he has to admit, this research may prove useful for the world. He activated the machine and stood back. He crossed his fingers, felt tears well before his eyes. "Please, please, please..." The machine, hummed, sparked, he saw the lights flicker and panicked. Too much power!!! He immediately ran to turn the machine off...then the power went out. It went out for what felt like hours, then a hum signalled the power returning. In green words on the screen, "TEST SUCCESS." Grant forgot about the power outage and beamed. He rushed to open the machine, hitting a few buttons before he found the open button. Whenever it opened, he inspected the sample. It was just a bit of molted skin beforehand, barely bigger than a dime, but now it was the size of a dollar coin. "It worked!!!" He cheered happily, laughing and turning to write in his notebook and contact the professor...then he noticed another open door.

The glass door that kept the specimen inside was open. He might've accidentally hit BOTH open buttons... "Shit...where'd ya go, lil fella?" He asked, rooting around. Then, he heard breaking glass. He quickly followed it to find the lizard freaking out. "It must've been scared by the power outage..." He sighed softly and tried creeping on it. He noticed it'd knocked over some chemicals, but it seemed fine with some of them on it. So, he figured it'd be fine if he just got the lil guy cleaned up. "C'mere, cutie..." He said, trying to coax it and calm it...however, as soon as he grabbed the lizard, it bit him! "GAH! Hey!" He yelled, trying to keep a hold on it before it pulled out of his reach. He fell into the chemicals now, grimacing and waiting for a burn. Thankfully, there was none. Yet, the lizard disappeared down the hallway. He hit the wall next to him...and began to cry. He fucking hated this. He finally did something right only for it to be ripped from his arms. He may have finished the test, but all this damage...he's fired for sure. He tried wiping his hands on his jacket then wiped his eyes, not really caring anymore as he just cried and cried and cried. He wished he could just relax, he wished he could chill and hang out with friends, but he always had work to do, he always had to distract himself from how fucking stupid he was! He broke down in the hallway of the lab, wondering what the fuck he was going to do with his life as soon as his internship is over...yet, he felt burning from the chemicals, and figured there'd be nothing afterwards now...However, the burning became pleasant, so very pleasant...and it only got weirder from there.

Grant's breath quickened as he laid on the ground. He clutched his chest. It was somewhat hard to breath, his body was on fire, yet not a painful fire. It felt like it did whenever he was with Grace... He grit his teeth, flipping over onto his hands and gasping for air. He saw his hands and his eyes widened. Black claws had grown from his fingernails, and as his hands curled, they carved into the ground to show just how sharp they were. "W-What?!" He yelled, grasping his wrist and inspecting one of his hands. The claws were so very sharp, and the skin was darkening around them. The skin also hardened, breaking into thick scales. They were a dark grey, similar to the lizard who bit him. He was breathing quickly, freaking out. Not at the fact that this was happening, but at the fact this was happening...and it didn't hurt at all. In fact, it was quite the opposite. It felt so good. He panted now, his shoed feet trying to get a grip on the floor. He heard the leather of his loafers pop, as black claws grew from his feet as well. They scratched into the tiled floors. He tried grabbing onto a

counter to pull himself up, but he only pulled the counter down, knocking down the scientific instruments on it. “Dammit!!!” He yelled, punching the wall. He didn’t even feel pain, but he had punched through straight to the other side of the wall. His eyes widened. He had become extremely strong, hands alone...what the hell was happening to him? Whatever it was, a deep, demented part of him wasn’t against it...in fact, this same deep, demented part wanted
MORE!

Grant groaned aloud, withdrawing his hand from the hole in the wall and holding it in front of his face again. He was entranced by the new monstrous hand, which was now bigger than his own head. He then witnessed the scales spreading up his arms. He panted as they disappeared under his scientist’s coat sleeves. Then, he felt his arms thunder with power. He let out a moan as his arms began to thicken with intense muscle and size. They slowly tore through the coat, dark grey scales there for all to see. It was also strange that hearing his clothing rip made him...aroused?! He took a moment to take his glued look off of his growing arms and look at his groin. Sure enough, in his working slacks, his member had hardened, twitching, begging for a touch. He blushed hard. He couldn’t be seen like this, he knew it...but there was that deep, demented part again, hoping that he would get seen this hard. He shook his head, unsure of why he was having such lewd thoughts, but his cock certainly didn’t seem to mind as it twitched in approval of those thoughts. He clutched his head, trying to shake those thoughts away. Meanwhile, the scales enveloped his shoulders. He groaned as they widened, tearing through the remains of the sleeves as he gained the wide shoulders of what could only be called an adonis...well, a rather monstrous one. These arms were not at all human, covered in lizardlike scales that shone in the lights that illuminated the hallway. Yet, what was obviously so inhuman and monstrous...felt so right. It felt right to have these arms, and as he flexed his arms, he couldn’t help the slightest smile at seeing the biceps curl. It was a deep part of him that was becoming not so deep anymore.

Grant couldn’t help a guttural groan leaving his mouth as his cock twitched hard. A growl mixed itself with the groan, hinting at his incoming bestial nature. He bit his lower lip, but stopped as he felt a pinching on his lip. He raised a bestial hand up to his teeth. Sure enough, they were sharpening, becoming able to tear into meat easily. Not to mention he felt his tongue. It was

thickening fast, but instead of staying humanoid, it became a forked lizard one.

He could taste scents so much easier now, the chemicals he had fallen in, his sandwich in the fridge in the room nearby, and especially the smell of sex coming from his groin. His cock leaked with pre, to the point where it was unbearable to ignore it. A hand raced down to grope his bulge, and he moaned. It felt amazing to feel the gigantic hand constantly pumping his still-human bulge. His eyes rolled back as his tongue hung out of his mouth. As he pumped and squeezed his bulge, he felt his torso strain. Organs rearranged, bones grew, yet it all hurt so good. His flat chest inflated into great big pecs, so big he couldn't see his cock past them with his still-human head. They ripped out of his shirt, popping buttons off and making him gasp in relief at being able to breathe yet again. His slight gut pulled into his abdomen, fat melting away as he gained a nice, thick eight-pack of muscle. Finally, his back cracked as his shoulderblades grew in size, the muscles on his back swelling and breaking the remains of his shirt and coat off. As if to remind him where this body was coming from, he felt the scales appear on his torso. Dark grey scales covered his back, while normal grey scales coated the front of his muscular torso. His nipples were now coal black, which he eagerly squeezed and moaned. He was becoming so manly, and it felt fucking amazing!!!

Grant moaned loudly, on all fours while continuously squeezing his cock. It was so very close, and he didn't know why. He was thinking of Grace, of other girls, but no matter what he did, he just couldn't focus on them for long. He just couldn't get off to girls! This made him feel like he'd been cursed, but then a wandering thought got locked on. It was such a wrong thought to him...but it made him even harder, so it must be right. He had the thought of pinning Jamison underneath his feet at the apartment, making the guy clean them after a hard day's work, and then fucking him against the window for every passerby to see Jamison be demolished by him. His mind kept playing that on loop, making Jamison his bitch. He was so very straight, he was sure, but this thought made him growl with arousal. He was so focused on the fantasy, he barely responded to his tailbone beginning to grow. It pushed at the hem of his slacks, but it was such a pleasurable feeling, feeling the growth push at his formal slacks and strain. The lizardlike tail kept growing, pushing, straining. He could hear his slacks struggle to keep it contained. Until, finally, a loud rip echoed through the hallway, and his huge lizard tail plopped onto the floor. As it burst free, Grant roared out and finally came. He made a huge stain in his

slacks, still thinking of dominating Jamison in more ways. However, the orgasms kept coming. He kept grunting and moaning and growling as cum kept torrenting out of his cock, humping his hand. Every torrent made his cock grow and grow, and soon, not even the remains of his slacks could keep them contained. His cock burst free of them, and it was so big now, he could see it past his massive pecs. His cock was monstrous, even one of his new hands could barely wrap around it. It was jet black, unrecognizable to the cock he used to have, not to mention the humongous dark grey scaled balls that seemed to continuously churn with seed.

Grant panted, the growing of his cock almost overwhelming, even after it finished. He flopped onto his back, being careful of his huge tail, and looked down at his cock. It almost continuously leaked pre, adding to the chemicals on the floor. Not to mention the complete numbing it did of his thoughts. It was harder to focus on the science of this, of trying to make sense of all of this, all that mattered was getting his balls empty. "Fuck...need...more..." He snarled out before he gripped his cock and went to town on it. He moaned and growled, tongue hanging out of his mouth as he jacked off like a madman. He felt his legs taut up and pressed then against the wall so he could see them change. The skinny little chicken legs swelled with muscle, his thighs and calves ballooning into thick icons of strength. They burst out of what remained of his slacks, and he moaned with reckless abandon now as his changes neared completion. Yet, this next part made him weak. He heard his loafers struggle and looked at them. Sure enough, they popped open at the end, his clawed feet breaking through the leather and soon the cloth of his nice black socks. They kept growing, longer and wider and thicker, the two of his outer toes on each foot merging into one as they became gigantic lizard paws, with sharp claws and thick soles, especially with dark grey scales on the top and normal grey scales on the bottom.

Grant licked his lips at seeing his monstrous paws rip through his stupid shoes. They were slick with sweat, and he couldn't help but imagine Jamison and Niall licking them clean, two bros worshipping them. He realized now that he was having a very hard time thinking about science at all. His brain was filled with lewd thoughts of dudes, of licking, of fucking, of sucking, of being worshipped...That, and for some reason, he couldn't stop thinking about those hot jocks in those stadiums, wanting to join them then fuck them in their

locker rooms. Especially Niall, fuck, he was going to make that asshole his bitch. He realized he didn't want babes at all anymore, he just wanted his bros in all their hotness. As he realized this, his eyes became lighting blue, and he clutched his head(both of his cock and on his neck) as what remained of his IQ and humanity pooled into his balls. His face pushed out into a lizardlike muzzle, nose becoming a part of it as two slits, ears vanishing into his head, hair falling out. Dark grey scales enveloped his head, leaving him covered head to toe in their glory. Then, he grunted as grey spines formed along his back, from the back of his head all the way down his tail. His changes were finally complete.

Grant's eyes crossed as he felt his changes complete, as well as something else.

He let out a thunderous roar that shook the building as he came hard. Cum spurt everywhere, coating the walls, the floor, the ceiling, every single thing nearby him, especially himself. The orgasm seemed to go on for hours, even though it was just minutes. Whenever it ended, Grant licked his muzzle to get the cum off around his mouth. He shakily stood, chuckling as he saw himself. He was gigantic, maybe more than 7 feet tall, a towering behemoth of muscle and scales. The ruins of his clothes hung around him, and he had to reach down to peel off the remains of his shoes and socks. There was no way he could find clothes that'd fit, but he didn't care. "More to show off~" He said with a snicker, flexing his arms and chest, watching them bounce. He was only brought of his muscle-flexing trance whenever he heard something beep. He looked down at the ruins of his slacks and saw his phone poking out of the pocket. He reached down and picked it up with two fingers, and strained his eyes to read it.

'Party's still going strong. Sorry for what I said about Grace, just come to the party and I'll make it up to you, promise. J.'

Grant chuckled. He had to give props to Jamison for being polite, so maybe he won't be AS much of an asshole whenever he makes up in a very good way. He would've texted something back, but he broke the phone just by pressing his finger against it. He blinked and shrugged, discarding the broken tech. He started heading towards the exit, more or less forcing his way through doorways and breaking them incredibly easily. He knew where Niall's frat was, and he planned on making them both have fun...he just had a stop he had to make first. Hey, he's going to a party, gotta try to find something to wear, right? Well, luckily, he spotted a jock going home from his workout, and he

grinned. The jock was big, not nearly as big, but hey it was close enough to find any clothes. He walked up to the guy, who basically looked like he shat himself out of fear.

“Yo, bro. Sorry, but I’m gonna need yer clothes~”

Jamison tapped the screen of his phone in anxiety. He regretted saying that to Grant, he really did. The poor guy looked extremely hurt whenever he said that.

He wasn’t one to be silent, either, he’d always message back either saying “whatever” or “it’s okay.” No, not this time, he got no response whatsoever.

In fact, calling sent him straight to voicemail. ‘Did I get blocked...?’ He wondered. He was brought out of his thoughts by Niall suddenly putting an arm around him.

“Dude, are you STILL worried about that nerd? He ain’t comin’, just have fun here!” Niall said, laughing.

Jamison rolled his eyes. “Y’know, you should try getting to know him. He’s a pretty cool dude when ya get to know him...”

Niall blew air, “Whatever,” he said, then took a long drink of beer. The party was going well so far, he didn’t need some nerd to come to sit in the corner and cower.

“You’re an asshole, dude,” Jamison said, rolling his eyes and going to get another beer. Yet, Niall followed.

“He’s probably crouched down in his lab, crying like a lil baby~” Niall said with a snicker, a nearby bro of his snickering as well.

“Niall, we’re in fucking college. Stop treating him like ya did in High School. We’re supposed to be fucking adults,” Jamison said, trying to defend his friend.

“Whatever, bro. Why don’t ya marry him if yer gonna brown-nose him so much~?” Niall asked. Before Jamison could rebuttal, though, they heard a crash and a deep voice.

“YO! NIALL, JAMISON, WHERE ARE YA?!...oh, there ya are!”

People were gasping, a woman even screamed, and Jamison turned around...and froze. Standing before him was a gigantic beast, what could only be described as if a lizard took steroids, took viagra, then worked out for ten years straight after walking on two legs. He was so huge, he broke the archway that separated the kitchen from the living room. He was wearing very tight clothes, a jockstrap that barely covered his massive jet black cock, a tank top

that clearly has had its sleeves torn off, and a cap that was turned backward. If he was human, he'd be the epitome of human manliness. Yet, he was a monster. "Hey, jackasses! I made it to the damn party, asshole," The monster said with a laugh, flicking Jamison's forehead. He felt himself stumble backward for a moment. That was just from a flick?!

"U-Uh...who are you..?" Jamison asked, confused why this monster was acting like they knew each other.

The monster pouted then grinned. "I guess I did become SUPER hot, brah...guess ya gotta get used to it living with me~" He winked. Jamison's eyes widened. "G-Grant?! H-Holy shit, what happened to you?! We need to call a hospital, the government, hell, I'll call foreign governments, who did this to you?!" He asked, freaking out about his friend.

Grant laughed. "Bro, bro, chill! It's simple...uhh...something something chemicals, something something lizard, something something DNA...then BOOM!" He flexed and posed. "Me, baby~!!!"

Jamison didn't know what disgusted him more, the fact his once meek little friend was now huge, what could only be described as a himbo lizard...or the fact that seeing him flex made his dick twitch. Whatever the case, he didn't have time to ask any more questions. Grant picked him and Niall up by the collar of their shirts.

"Besides, bros...ya got some makin' up to do, no need to ask questions~!"

Soon enough, Jamison found himself sitting on the floor in front of a recliner. "Yo, you, gimme a beer! You, bring me a hot dog! I'm fuckin' hungry!" Grant roared, laughing softly. Jamison looked beside him, and Niall was sitting next to him, shivering in fear. 'That's the one good thing in all of this...' Before Jamison could reflect more on Niall's penance, though, something big plapped onto his face. Grant put one of his huge paws onto Jamison's face and pushed him to the floor with it there. The smell was awful, it reeked of sweat, cum, and general foot funk. Yet...then the smell became so very pleasant. He couldn't stop himself from smelling it, it was like the smell wormed its way into his very being. He felt arousal flood his senses as he pressed his nose into Grant's scaly soles. "There we go! Jamison is the first to do it!" Grant laughed and took a loud chug of a beer before being given another one. Jamison opened his eyes.

Some people had gotten back on the party, probably scared about what the gigantic lizard would do if they stopped, some were staring. Niall was trying not to even lean into it, but Grant was making it very hard, forcing the paw on

his face. The foot funk was getting to people, it seemed, as some were starting to get aroused themselves, one guy was openly groping himself. Jamison was very straight, he was sure...but...these paws smelled VERY good...in no time, Jamison actually held it to his face. He wondered...if it smelt good...and so, he let his tongue slip out and lap just once at Grant's paw.

One lap became three, three became nine, and soon, he was continuously licking it. "Whoa-ho! Jamison really loves my dawgs!" Grant said with a laugh, wiggling his toes on Jamison's face, making the human moan. Niall had just now begun sniffing the paw, but Jamison was far too gone. His eyes rolled up as he basically worshipped Grant's paw, his cock throbbing harder and harder. He lost control and reached into his jeans to stroke his member, aiming to get off in front of all these people who knew him. It only made it hotter. His mind was being warped by Grant's musk, body quivering with lust as his care about girls turned into a genuine lust for any guy he could find. Grant snickered and pressed his paw harder onto Jamison's face, which made Jamison lick at it harder. In fact, he suckled on one of his toes, moaning out. Soon, though, the hormone riddled musk made his lust reach an all-time high. He twitched and came in his jeans, moaning with his mouth around Grant's huge toe. He went limp after that, though, his body overwhelmed with lust. He felt himself be picked up, and whenever he came back to his senses, it was with a lizard tongue down his throat. He moaned and kissed Grant back, hugging him around the neck and holding himself close to the other. Grant grinned and kissed him deeply, and soon, they had made out for minutes. Whenever Grant pulled away, he looked down at Niall, who had finally started licking his paw. He chuckled. "Guess yer gonna be my babe, brah...well, my boyfriend," He said with a wink, which made Jamison blush. It was weird...but he liked it that way. He just chuckled and smiled lightly. Thus, they looked down at Niall.

"Guess he'll just be my foot cleaner...though, don't think he minds, hahahah~!!!"