

Whatever Happened to Max Foster?

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Supple bare feet crunched through the jewel tone dried leaves, the soft skin a contrast to the brittle remnants of a season's end. Each step was determined and focused, the tall and slender young man looking ahead while his hands clutched his prize wrapped in black satin. There was the faintest vapor to his breath as he inhaled and exhaled, though it was more than enough to fog up the glasses he wore. His heart raced. The audacity of what he was about to do was like a tonic that bolstered every cell in his body.

The path to the clearing was narrow and winding, affording some privacy. The trees were grown together, branches enmeshing, roots entwined - until they weren't. The trees stopped abruptly, as if they were avoiding the clearing ahead. Moonlight spilled in a sharp column, shining off the dew kissed grass and bringing out the color in the blanket of leaves that had blown from under the canopy. As Max stepped out, his long black hair shone, reaching down to the middle of his back. He was tall and skinny, elfin features from his fair cheekbones to his pointed chin. His feet were unaccustomed to being barefoot outdoors, though sturdy enough.

Max slowed as he approached his destination, coming to the center of the clearing. He crouched down a little, holding his precious cargo to his chest with one hand while using the other to brush back the leaves, revealing the surface of a large, smooth boulder. If it had been smoothed by water, whatever ancient river or lake had polished it had done a phenomenal job. If, instead, it had been glassed by tumbling through the atmosphere or being extruded from some volcanic vent, its story was even more impressive... but either way, the smooth dark stone offered the perfect foundation for Max to build off of.

With the altar cleared, Max carefully pulled back the black satin from the item he had been carrying so carefully. The moonlight stretched down to try and illuminate the object, but the black translucent rubber absorbed nearly all of it. It was but one of a vast collection he had, and yet it was his crown jewel. As the cloth covering fell away, the edges gave away its true nature. The tip was pointed, the edges curved and contoured. It was long, cylindrical, coming down to a bulging base with half spheres on either side. It was as long as Max's forearm, obscenely thick for what it was intended to do, all coming down to a meticulously designed suction cup base.

Max juggled his precious cargo once more, going to his pocket, pulling out a squeeze tube of liquid that he squirted onto the rock. Discarding the tube, he held up the magnificent item he had hauled out into the woods and brought it down with both hands. There was a squirt, a sna, and then the massive object was affixed to the altar like some sort of silicone obelisk. Max gazed at it for a long moment with an odd sort of pride. None of his friends knew just what sort of tastes he had, let alone how far they had developed. He'd worked his way up to being what anyone would consider a size queen and his tastes had grown more and more exotic on just what shape they should be, but nothing had prepared him for the Ghost Pepper.

The massive dildo standing before him was clearly not forged from human anatomy. It was distinctly canine. It surpassed the size any adult company manufactured and it put up with more abuse than any other possession. Max had hunted down this rumored prize, this precious possession, obtaining it from a very seedy shop in a town more than a little out of his way. It had been fairly expensive, though certainly within the budget Max was willing to pay. The item had

come with only one stipulation - never use it during the full moon. It had seemed silly, even ridiculous at the time. No doubt the warning was one more element to add to the Ghost Pepper's mystique, to make it more desirable and interesting... but for three months Max had done as he was instructed. There were certainly other times to use it during the month after all, but now? On this night? On Halloween? The temptation was too great.

While Max's friends were off drinking cheap beer out of red plastic cups, wearing slutty costumes to ogle one another in or play video games like they did every other night of the year, Max was going to celebrate. He licked his lips as he rose back to his feet, pulling off his shirt and setting it aside, folding his glasses and carefully depositing them on top of the cloth. He shed his clothing until his pale, naked frame nearly shone in the moonlight. He ran the tips of his fingers down his smooth, flat chest before brushing the thin ring of hair around his shaft. It had grown plump and semi-swollen in anticipation, but that was not the part of his body that Max was interested in stimulating.

His long, bare feet padded forward over the stone altar, one more breath exhaling from his lips before he reached down, squeezing the knot at the base of the dildo. The reservoirs inside expelled the thick lube he'd filled them with, allowing the two and a half foot long shaft to erupt with an orgasm of the synthetic liquid. It dripped down the pointed shaft, running along the curve of its length. The light of the full moon strained and struggled, trying to sink into the dildo, almost making the edges glow while the core remained dark, practically a black hole of its own right.

Max Foster closed his eyes, bracing himself before he lowered down. The thick, faintly pliant pointed tip nuzzled between his ass cheeks, finding his oft-stretched pucker. The ring of flesh relinquished its dominion with barely any resistance, welcoming the plastic puppy prick inside. A murmur escaped Max's lips as he reached the thickening length of the shaft, finally feeling his body give a little bit of a fight. He nearly jumped as somewhere in the distance there was a faint rumble of the under echoed across the sky, a sky that for the most part lacked enough clouds to block the radiant full moon glowing high over Max.

Inch by inch, Max surrendered himself to the Ghost Pepper. He felt it slide up inside him, filling the void inside of him. It surged through his intestines, occupying more and more space. He tried not to think how his anatomy must have shifted over the years as he trained himself to take bigger and bigger toys, but now he couldn't imagine life without them. As Max sunk down lower, his nipples began to tingle, his toes and fingertips throbbing as well. His teeth bit his lower lip as he settled and shifted a little before he dropped down a few more inches.

A shiver ran up Max's spine, his long black hair blowing in a faint breeze. He imagined how big the beast would have had to be to sport such a massive member. He imagined the creature grabbing him by his hair, bending him over and spearing into his ass, sliding so deep that it filled his entirety. Max began to push back up the dildo a little, using his legs as if he was doing some sort of squatting exercise. He rose and fell, lifted and dropped, going up and down, faster and faster. The beast in his mind worked him faster, using his clawed paws to pinch his nipples, to grope his prize, to fill him with more and more and more of his cock. Saliva would have dribbled and dripped onto Max's back, pouring out of the beast's muzzle.

Max panted harder and harder, exhaling with each movement that brought the dildo deep into his abdomen. He panted and moaned, throwing his head back, eyes opening to the full moon above... but they were not his eyes. The blue had been burned away, replaced with

gleaming amber. The teeth in his mouth sharpened, growing longer. At first Max did not realize something had changed, that he was in fact changing. The dark pigmentation from his long black hair began to blanch and fade, starting in the roots. An undergrowth of pristine white began to creep out from his scalp, extending out inch by inch, flowing through his long mane.

While Max's long black hair turned white, his pale nipples darkened into black discs, the nubs swelling and plumping as they thickened. As if the tainted flesh was taking deeper root, Max's flat chest began to swell and thicken. It was gradual at first, slow, steady, but as the mass increased, so did the speed. The flat surface began to curve, then round, then inflate. His pectorals lifted away from his sternum as his smooth stomach began to firm. Moonlight cast shadows as defined mounds of flesh formed beneath his skin, rounding into pillows. His narrow, angular shoulders began to curve and slope and round as well, bulking out to either side as well as further out over his back.

Max continued to rise and fall on the huge synthetic cock, feeling it plunge into his very soul, deeper than ever before. He moaned, golden eyes clenched shut, shivering as his ears stretched into points. His brow furrowed in faint, ignored confusion, though even his brows thickened as more cartilage, sinews and tendons worked their way, bringing out a dangerous fierceness to his expression. Max's palms stung as his fingernails, now stretched to points, began to scratch against his oddly calloused palms. Pops and snaps came as toes elongated and toenails sharpened.

The sheer size of the toys Max had pleased himself with had been on the edge of the obscene, a fact that brought its own sort of thrill, but the enormous ghost pepper cock no longer seemed to quite outmatch Max. It sunk in deeper than it ever had, plunging into a puffy, leathery black pucker. As his anus was corrupted by the presence of such a dark item, Max's flat ass began to swell. It was subtle at first, the skin looking almost a little loose before it lifted away from the outline of his pelvis. Layer after layer of muscle and fat filled in, pressing the ass outward. The cheeks rounded and swelled, pried apart by the thick black rubber column spearing into the not-so-innocent young man.

A look of rapture crossed Max's face, his orgasmic grin full of fangs, his brow extended and swollen over golden eyes clenched shut, pointed ears all but twitching. The last tendrils of black had been chased away from his long mane of hair, leaving pristine snow white locks. His eyebrows blanched to white, as did the stubble on his cheeks. Even the hair under his rapidly growing arms was white. The ring of white hair framing his aching hard cock began to spread out across his lap, creeping up towards his navel at the same time.

Despite experiencing more physical joy and bliss than he ever had before, a deep seeded greed, almost a gluttony, blossomed in Max. He rose higher and fell harder onto the toy, feeling it claim him, dominate him, and ruin him for anything else. His ass had doubled, then quadrupled in size. His arms had ached as they stretched longer, but the muscle and meat wrapped around his biceps and triceps were as wide as his waist had been mere minutes prior. Each pectoral was the size of a pillow, his abs as hard as river stones.

Up and down, in and out. It had been precise, meticulous, furious and frenzied. He'd pushed his body to the brink - or at least his old body. The pounds had been adding on with each thrust. He was taller, wider, thicker and stronger. It was just enough to throw off his center of gravity. As he reached the very peak of the dildo, he brought himself crashing back down, but

the trajectory was off. Amber eyes snapped open, a sharp inhale of breath passed through fangs and his pointed ears flattened against the side of his head.

A shimmering darkness speared through Max's groin, more energy and shadow than anything solid. The enormous phallic shape stretched out from his lap, leeching away light. Max inhaled until his lungs could hold no more air as his own shaft seemed to be swallowed, enveloped, absorbed. The shadow became flesh, the flesh became firm, and suddenly he felt the mighty heft of the Ghost Pepper anchor itself to him. His ass, newly enormous on its own right, suddenly felt emptier than it ever had before.

Heat radiated out from Max's new monster cock, the rubber turning to flesh. The skin glistened where the knot ached and throbbed with the beating of Max's heart. Veins, arteries, capillaries, skin and tendon. The black flesh fused to him, integrating, becoming inextricable. No human could support such a massive black dog dick, so Max Foster's body ceased trying to be human. All of the air he'd captured in his lungs escaped as a howl, his face snapping and popping as his jaw pushed out, his cheeks elongated, his nose tilted up and his nostrils became leathery. The white stubble on his cheeks grew into fur, spreading down his jaw, his throat, his neck while climbing up across his cheeks, his forehead and the bridge of his nose.

Clawed fingers flexed as fur burst out across the back of his hands, his palms and fingertips swelling to black leathery paw pads. His long white locks swept across a newly furry back, vertebrae bulging against skin stretched tight. Sweat beaded out of his shoulders before sinking into his furry coat, giving him the scent of a dog in heat. One ass cheek twitched, then the other, a wriggling mass of bone and flesh wrenching its way free as it stretched outward bone by bone. New segments filled in while the leathery flesh snaked its way out behind him, white fur bursting from dark skin.

The howl continued, the white wolf crouching on two legs as his toes bulged and plumped, each one tipped with wicked black claws. Crouched as he was over the smooth stone altar, his sack began to bloat and fill, descending between his legs. Velvety smooth white fur bristled out of the sack as the wrinkles disappeared, the skin growing looser and fuller. The balls inside were being pumped full of testosterone, shifting to accommodate such a massive member. They grew to the size of avocados, then grapefruit, tingling and burning, aching, and then, the unthinkable - they divided.

Max wasn't sure how he knew, let alone what he knew, but beneath the black obelisk rising up from his groin were four huge testicals, each of them acting as the reservoir for his own dark seed. The dildo that had once held lube was now his tool, ready to dispense preposterous amounts of seed. For most it would have filled them with pride to wield such a mighty member, and in a way it did for Max as well, but as his brain feebly tried to gain purchase once more, to reassert itself, he realized that he was not the master of the Ghost Pepper. His ass was hungrier than it had ever been, his cock more demanding. He was not the master of his dick, he was merely the horny, needy servant... just as he had always been.

The white wolf threw his muzzle towards the full moon and let out an even louder howl that echoed through the forest, the ominous tambour reaching all the way back to town. His nose grew moist and dark, the black flesh contrasting the white fur that framed his face. Black nipples poked out of thick chest fur. Long tufts of white hair stuck out from under his beefy, muscled arms and a thick, full tail swished behind his ass. The howl ebbed, silence swept back in. Max Foster looked down at his new lycan body. He'd invested so much time in books, anime,

games... He really could stand to work out a bit more, add some more muscle to his frame. By the time his friends saw him again, he was going to be jacked.

ONE YEAR LATER

A rumble echoed as distant thunder sounded, a single crack of purple lightning illuminating the horizon briefly before darkness fell across the town. Dried leaves danced down the street, collecting around the base of an old telephone pole. The long weathered wood had been plastered over with countless yard sale signs, pamphlets for support groups and sign ups for local bands. Each one had been stacked atop the others without much respect or care, save for one poster in the center. Everyone had made sure to leave the missing poster for Max Foster untouched.

The poster had been slipped into a plastic sleeve to protect it, but after twelve months the picture was still sun bleached and blurry from humidity. The image of the waifish, skinny, long haired nerd was fading into obscurity as much as the legend. The fact that Max had disappeared on Halloween had not escaped the notice of his friends either. Thanksgiving and Christmas had been quiet, spring had been solemn, but by summer they had started to go back to living their lives as best they could. Those that went to college had disappeared, leaving behind those less ambitious or more rooted to their hometown.

The headlights of an old rusted out red Honda wobbled as the vehicle lumbered up the road, following the same course it had for years. Time weighed heavily on the vehicle and the driver both. Declan's calloused fingers loosely gripped the wheel, the tail end of his mullet tickling the collar of his shirt while he kept glancing at the mustache he was trying to grow in the rear view mirror. His greasy brownish-blond hair was kept out of his face by a beat up red hat with almost as many stains as the carpet of his Honda. Declan was a man of simple tastes, and tonight he was hoping he could find just the right Halloween party that would turn a lame fall into a winning winter.

As Declan started to get his hopes up, karma decided to take its toll. The lights in the dashboard flickered and the uneven momentum the car had been managing so far began to ebb. Declan cursed under his breath as the car lurched, languished, and then rolled to a slow and gradual stop. The engine sputtered one last time before the vehicle went still. The dashboard lights went out, leaving only the creamy glow of the headlights on the road ahead. Declan let out a long sigh and lowered his head to the steering wheel, realizing only a moment or two later that it meant the horn wasn't working either.

The driver side door squeaked and groaned as it swung open, the twenty year old jumping out, his ratty shoes at the verge of revealing the fact that he wore no socks underneath. Declan circled to the front, reached through the grill to catch the home made release he added before hoisting the hood up. He dutifully lifted the metal spoke to lock the hood in place and proceeded to stare at the engine with his hazel eyes. One moment became two, then three. It was the same problem that Declan always had: he assumed that staring at the engine would evoke some natural instinct, some manly intuition that would allow him to fix his car. It never worked. He sighed and turned around, sitting down on the bumper, looking out into the night.

The houses in the neighborhood were all quiet, though they had been decorated for Halloween. Most had orange and purple lights, jack-o-lanterns, and a few inflatables. Still, no

fake spider webs, no music, no projections. It was clearly a well-to-do neighborhood not focused on the trick-or-treat crowd. It was exactly the sort of neighborhood he would have avoided back when he hung out with Max. Declan's heart sank in his chest like a stone tossed into a pond. How could the night get any worse? His car broke down, he had no job, most of his friends were off at college and it was the anniversary of the disappearance of his best friend.

Declan sighed even more heavily, shaking his head. He wallowed in his self pity, wondering for the thousandth time what must have happened to Max Foster, if he was still alive or if he was a ghost and that was why his car had broken down. Declan shook his head and rose to his feet, turning to get back in his car when he paused... Something had caught his eye, a gleaming white sphere of light in the night's sky. It wasn't quite as white as the moon had been - except for the fact that it was the moon. The contradiction made Declan's brain ache. If the moon was behind him now, what had been gleaming on the opposite horizon as he drove?

With caution and doubt, Declan turned around slowly. His eyes retraced the path they had been scanning, drifting along the road, lifting higher across the front of the upscale homes before isolating the perfectly white, unevenly round object just above the roof of one of the homes. As Declan gazed at it, he could see now that it was not a moon - at least not by the astronomical definition - but rather a moon in the sense that someone had bent over, reached back and grabbed each ass cheek before aiming their butt right at him. Declan could see the faint fuzzy outline of clawed hands and the support of thick legs now, nearly obscured by the big, juicy, perky, delicious balloon butt cheeks... the savory, hunky, round, full cheeks... the white furry cheeks framing that undulating, almost hypnotic black pucker, that furry ass that lit up like a beacon with refracted moonlight.

Blood rushed to the young man's groin, the scummy twenty year old unable to avert his eyes. Saliva built up in his mouth, threatening to crash over the dam that his lower lip provided. As he stared at the most perfect white furry ass before him, he saw the beast's tail start to sway back and forth, one side to the other. Declan's nipples hardened next as amber yellow pigment burned its way into his eyes, claiming him. His mouth hung open a little, an abnormally long tongue starting to slip out from it. His fingernails darkened from ivory to khaki to brownish-black, growing out into sharp points. Breath heaved back and forth over sharpening teeth as his mouth filled with fangs.

The full moon hovering just over the roof line swayed slightly, back and forth, rhythmically and hypnotically. It called to Declan, beckoning him, speaking to the carnal impulses inside of his heart. How many of his friends had he wanted to kiss? To lick? To hump? To fuck? How many of them had he fantasized about sniffing their underwear in the hopes of capturing the faintest remaining whiff of their natural musk, their manly scent, their essence? And here it was, floating before him, begging for his attention and presence, begging for his tongue.

After a lifetime of slothfulness, Declan finally made a snap decision. He sprung into action, feet pounding the asphalt as he ran towards the furry white moon before him. Every step surrendered more of his humanity. By the time he hit the lawn, the hair on his arms had grown thicker, pushing out into patches of brownish gray fur. The dopey grin on his face was framed not only by his thickening mustache, but also whiskers that pricked free of his cheeks, growing out longer. His mullet grew longer in the back as his ears grew taller, pointier, and furrier.

Clawed fingers sliced down the front of his shirt before he grabbed onto the compromised fabric, pulling it apart to reveal a diamond of soft white fur spreading out between his nipples.

Declan's gait began to grow stranger, less human, his legs loping along. He pawed at the fly of his pants, splitting the front open just in time to see a furry white sheath creep up over all seven inches of his cock, nearly making an audible pop as it closed over the tip. The heat and slick oily musk inside seemed to marinate him for only a few moments before the pink rubbery tip of a distinctly inhuman cock began to slowly ooze out of the furry confines. The animalistic grin on Declan's face only grew wilder.

As the grimey youth closed in on the side of the house atop which the furry moon floated, he pushed off with powerful legs. As the force rippled down his thighs and calves to his feet, the shoes exploded outward, the lack of socks making it abundantly clear as his toes reshaped, his arch shifted, his heel shrank and his feet became paws. Clawed hands, now complete with paw pads, grabbed onto the seam where the gutters and the gritty roofing tiles met on the house. Declan snarled, pulling himself up, his pants slinking and falling haplessly onto the shrubs in front of the master bedroom.

A newly formed, rapidly growing dusty brown tail swung over hairy butt cheeks as Declan heaved himself up, eventually scrabbling and clawing until he was on all fours. His head snapped up, gleaming yellow eyes, a fang filled mouth with an unusually long tongue. Fur sprouted from his chin and cheeks, his eyebrows growing together into one uniform line. Having closed the gap, Declan couldn't help but marvel at the magnificent beast before him. It was hard to tell with him bent over, but he had to easily be a foot or two taller than any human. He was covered head to toe in a pristine coat of white fur, his angular muzzle clearly lycan more than canine, and his pucker was so... so...

Declan had no more thoughts as he lunged forward, whipping his snake like tongue deep into the white wolf's ass. Max squirmed in delight, feeling his best friend's tongue writhing and wriggling, but his heart palpitated even more as he heard the familiar hollow pops and snaps as Declan's skull reshaped itself. Bone softened, becoming pliant, giving the former human the frustrating sensation that he was getting farther away from his goal as his face elongated into a muzzle. Thankfully his nose and mouth remained firmly planted between the mega wolf's ass cheeks.

Claws scraped against the roofing tiles as the two struggled to keep their purchase. Declan rooted around Max's ass, snuffling and sniffing, his nose turning up and growing dark and moist. New aspects of his sinus cavity opened up as he drew in more aromas, more particulate, and more awareness. Furry brows arched slightly as he realized this ass wasn't just familiar, it was very familiar. It was Max Foster... A surprised whimper escaped the sides of Declan's muzzle. Max merely reached back, grabbing Declan by the scruff of his mullet and pushed him in deeper. Declan's golden eyes slumped shut, a drunken grin crossing his face as the first few inches of his muzzle popped into Max's pucker.

Max murmured happily, breathing in and out. The air shifted slightly as Declan's puppy prick slid out of his sheath, revealing fourteen inches of glory moments before copious amounts of thick, sticky precum began drooling out unceremoniously onto the roof. It smelled spicy, acrid, and just a bit greasy, just like Declan. Max licked his lips. Declan was a good start. After a lonely year as a feral wolf, it was good to have something between his ass cheeks again, but he could tell this was just a start. He needed more.

When one had been able to grow a beard since the age of fourteen, it was only natural that Sam had chosen to be a caveman for Halloween. To his credit, he was likely the first red headed caveman to be wandering the streets of North Point. His strawberry-orange hair had been messed up as much as he could make it rather than his usual swept back look, while his three inch long ginger beard had been fluffed up to give it as much volume. It had always been a point of pride, making people mistake him for a senior when he'd been a freshman, and now that he was eighteen, mistaking him for a college student.

Sam had found a stuffed animal lion blanket on the internet and managed to make it into a tunic of sorts that hung over one shoulder by the tail tied and stitched to another piece while he'd fashioned a sort of kilt out of some spare pile material, doing his best to make it look like animal hide. He'd rubbed his feet back and forth through the garden until they were a bit dirty for authenticity before walking down the street to Corbin's house. The plan was to meet up with him before heading to Jake's kegger.

The red headed eighteen year old padded up the smooth driveway towards Corbin's house, realizing that the motion sensor light on the side of the house was already on. Thinking his friend might have had to take the garbage out before going to the party, he adjusted his heading. As Sam rounded the corner of the garage, he did see movement by the garbage cans, but it wasn't a simple errand. Sam's normally sleepy eyes widened in shock as he saw Corbin pushed over onto the garbage can, his costume ripped apart while fourteen inches of furious red dog dick plowed in and out of his friend's now furry black ass.

Corbin moaned and drooled, pointed wolf ears growing taller as the young man's shaved head sprouted silky soft black fur. Unlike Sam, Corbin had been forced to glue a fake beard onto his bare skin, but the synthetic material was sloughing off as thicker black fur sprouted beneath, claiming his cheeks and chin. Corbin writhed up as his nipples plumped and popped, stretching out into thick sausage like nubs, fur sprouting on his chest. His dark hand grasped at the garbage can, newly minted claws digging into the plastic and leaving gouges.

Sam was shocked and horrified, watching his friend's face contort and shift, losing its humanity as his skin stretched over a new muzzle. His pointed ears reached the top of his head, fur spiraling down his muscled neck, broad shoulders, even coating the tail that was wriggling its way up from between Corbin's back and his attacker's chest. His hands grew, his hips widened, and in the shadows Sam had no doubt that his feet were changing too. Sam wanted to help, but what could one do? The mutation was taking seconds. Sam had to help by warning people, by saving himself. He turned and ran, making it a whole to strides before he slammed into what felt like an impervious wall of furry brick. A large white paw shot down to catch Sam before he fell to the ground, pulling him back up to his feet. Sam stared up at the behemoth with wide green eyes, his mouth opening in shock. The white wolf grinned.

"You grew up hot, Sam. Ready to be the big dog on campus?" Max asked. Sam's fear was replaced with confusion as he recognized the voice coming out of the beast.

"M-Max?" Sam asked. Max chuckled a little as he grabbed onto Sam's hips and turned him around to face the garage of the house again. Sam inhaled sharply as he watched a seven foot tall, glistening black wolf emerge with a dusty brown wolf just behind him. Sam moved to

run again, but he was momentarily lifted off the ground before being plopped right back down. Max put one huge paw on Sam's chest, pulling him tight and trapping him in place. Max's other paw grabbed Sam's left wrist to give him a little more leverage. The black wolf leered at Sam, a pink tongue slurping along the lips of his muzzle.

"Glad you showed up, Sammy..." Corbin growled happily, reaching out to run his dark paw along the fluffy edge of the scrawny eighteen year old's full red beard, "It's time to party." he whispered with glee, "I love the costume, but I think it needs to be sluttier. It's Halloween after all." Corbin added before he grabbed onto Sam's kilt and tugged it down, letting it fall to the driveway. Declan grinned, pinching his own nipples as he watched what a predator Corbin had become in such a short time.

"Corbin..." Sam murmured with regret, looking at the black wolf, smelling something earthy and peaty radiating from him. Corbin grinned a little, reaching down to fondle Sam's junk with his warm paw. Despite every intention to resist, the combination of heat, leather and fur made Sam start getting harder. Corbin growled happily as Max held Sam in place, coiling his fingers around, giving Sam a few good pumps of his fist.

"You'll love it Sam, I've never felt more awake, alive, or horny..." Corbin whispered, "You've always been ahead of your time, just imagine what you'll be like as a wolf."

"I can imagine it, I think I'll go imagine it right now, you just have to let me-" Sam gasped suddenly as his cock was enveloped in something incredibly hot, slippery and strange. His eyes fluttered a little as he looked down, watching a black fur covered pouch sliding up the length of his cock until his entire shaft disappeared inside of it. Sam breathed through his mouth, panting softly, confused. It felt like he'd put his cock into a flashlight, but it was Corbin's sheath... or more accurately, it was the space between Corbin's hard canine cock and the outer wall of his sheath.

Corbin growled a little happily, reaching back behind himself. He slid a dark paw over his furry ass cheek before dipping one long clawed finger into his own ass. He wriggled it around, plunging it in and out, working it a bit before he withdrew it, reached over and slid it beneath Sam's nose, leaving the musky scent from his anal gland on Sam's mustache. The rust colored hair seemed to grow thicker in response, absorbing and trapping the smell. Sam shuddered, his nipples and cock both going rock hard instantly.

Max growled softly, running his dark moist nose along the top of Sam's head, sniffing his scent as he held him in place. He let go of Sam's left hand, moving his paw to massage the high school senior's pec, groping and massaging it, feeling it start to grow thicker and harder. Max gave the pup a lick, then another, though his gleaming eyes couldn't be pulled away from what Corbin was doing. He watched the dark wolf handle and squeeze his sheath, massaging Sam by proxy. The tube of fur lined flesh seemed to be growing tighter and tighter, the pressure mounting until both men were writhing a bit.

Somewhere in the distance an owl hooted, alerted by the activity before fluttering away. Declan smirked at the two younger wolves as he came up behind Max, massaging the alpha's impeccable shoulders, nuzzling close. He knew better than to distract from the metamorphosis, but he never wanted his master to feel neglected. He nuzzled the valley between Max's shoulder blades, giving a gentle lick before he reached around with both arms, clawed hands closing around the white wolf's massive black cock. He began to squeeze and stroke it, eyes

fluttering shut. Max appreciated the effort, though he was more invested in what was with his captive audience.

It had been enough, at least at first, for Corbin to envelop Sam in his sheath... He could feel his best friend warping and changing inside the confines, but it wasn't enough. He couldn't just remain outside of Sam, he needed to transfer his essence into him as well. The dark wolf slipped back a step, then a little more, using one paw to keep his sheath as far around Sam's manhood as he could. Still, given the move, Sam shuddered, looking down to see firm, rubbery pink flesh anchored to his groin, easily double the diameter it had been moments before. While the redhead focused on the base of his shaft, Corbin was focused on the tip.

While his brain now swept with the many wonders of what it was like to be a wolf, a fleeting thought did cross his mind - specifically, how much easier it would have been to line up their cocks before they had stretched into points. Still, with a bit of wrangling, Corbin felt himself line up against Sam as best he could. His eyes half closed, his tail tensed and tightened, going rigid behind him. His large, grapefruit sized balls seemed to throb, tugging up tighter against him. Corbin's prostate radiated immense heat, nearly crackling with energy. His paws tightened involuntarily before he gasped suddenly, eyes snapping wide, unleashing a torrent of everything that made him male.

Sam fell back against Max's chest, eyelids twitching as he hissed and gasped, feeling his manhood working in reverse. He felt thick, gooey, contaminated wolf semen working up through his cock. He could practically feel the sperm swimming upstream, working their way deeper, wriggling and tingling and invading and... Sam gasped again as his canine teeth stretched into fangs, the green of his eyes eroding into amber. His balls began to descend, growing heavier and heavier as they were filled. Cells divided, the testicles growing more and more complex.

Corbin panted happily, watching with hunger and anticipation. He looked down as red fur grew all over Sam's huge balls, but they weren't done growing yet. They went from huge to enormous, then monstrous in moments. The red fur began to creep and drip down his legs - legs that were rapidly growing stronger and wider to support his increasing mass. The fur blanched and grew white as it climbed up around his pink cock, the flesh growing puffy and swollen, stretchy enough to be a retracted sheath.

Excited by the changes, but wanting to keep Sam invested, Corbin popped a clawed finger into his hole again, then a second. He worked his fingers in and out, back and forth, getting them worked up just enough before he popped them free and brought them up to Sam's face. His golden eyes were glazed with lust, rust colored hair creeping up higher on his cheeks as his ears began slipping up the side of his head, reshaping to triangle shaped flags lined with fur. Sam resisted only a moment before he inclined his head forward, sucking and slurping on the fingers. In moments Sam was alternating between sucking the dirty digits and humping against the cock that filled him in reverse.

Max felt the growing resistance of his captive buffeting back and forth. The young man's scrawny form filled out with muscle and meat. Pecs ballooned, abs dimpled, biceps and triceps swelled and there were even cords of flesh climbing up from his shoulder to his skull, creating a sloping curve of muscle. Sam's carrot colored hair spilled out longer, creeping down along his neck, barely beating the rush of red fur as it swept down over his shoulders, pouring along his

spine, racing towards the rapidly inflating ass cheeks that pried themselves apart from a writhing black ring of undulating flesh.

Sam clenched and unclenched, shivering a little as a sloppy, wet squelching came. A nub of skin ripped free of his pelvis, tilting upward and stretching out, poking Max in the stomach before it grew longer and longer, bristling with red fur from the base almost all the way to the tip, though as the fur advanced, it began to lose pigment again, becoming a frosty white color that complimented the white fur that covered Sam from his collar bone down to his navel. Max tilted his head a little, smelling an odd sweetness to Sam's musk, realizing just moments too late as black furry ears poked up from a mane of rusty red that he had made a fox rather than a wolf... but that was alright with him.

Unrestrained, Sam's muscle bound arms darkened, covering him from elbow to finger in black fur that almost looked like some sort of long gloves. The fur darkened along his calves as well, sweeping down as his dirty bare feet stretched and grew. His toes snapped and popped, writhing as they elongated and rounded. His nails darkened, surging out and curving until they scraped on the driveway. Swelling paw pads pushed out, lifting Sam taller, though he hardly needed help. He'd already been gangly, but his fur covered flesh was stretching longer. Each and every vertebrae was growing longer and wider. His ribs stretched apart, making more room. Every fiber of muscle helped hold him together. His neck stretched, his arms and legs ached and burned as they grew. It was enough to make Sam throw his head back and howl, and as he did, he shed even more of his humanity.

Max Foster watched with a perverse glee as Sam's face stretched out into a muzzle. His nose warped, flattening into the rest of his face as his fur lined cheeks crept forward. The changing jaw made room for larger teeth. Eyelids were coated in fur, though black filigree marked the red of the skin past his eyelids. A flare of white bleached into the fox's beard, the hair hanging down from his muzzle abnormally long. He panted hard, inhaling deeper, huge chest filling with more and more air until he yipped out in bliss. This time it was Corbin's turn to be shocked.

The steady flow of semen that had been pouring into Sam came to a steady halt, then reversed, working its way back again. Corbin shuddered in shock, his own orgasm short circuiting. There was a push and pull, a give and take, then ultimately the only possible outcome. The pressure got to be too much and Corbin's sheath filled with the excess until there was a wet popping noise. Corbin fell back into the shrubs, Sam falling against Max, a geyser of wolf cum exploding outward between them. Sticky globs rained down across the driveway, both males unleashing their seed for almost a full minute before finally coming down.

Max took a slow, satisfied breath, his eyes closing. He savored the aroma; three wolves and a fox, manly, unbidden, realizing their true potential. It was so much better than the crude matter of humanity... But there was still much more to do before the night was done. He had to make his pack before Halloween ended. Max gave Sam one more nuzzle on the fox's head before he patted Declan's shoulder, turning to head down the driveway. Declan followed after, eager to do his alpha's bidding.

Was it possible for one to become well oriented with disorientation? If so, Todd was probably becoming an expert. Faced with the choice between a small grant for university in another state or a full ride for a local college, Todd had opted to become the big fish in a small pond... It just so happened that that pond was usually full of alcohol. As consciousness returned to him, Todd took a moment to let the spinning ebb before he tried to push himself upright - and failed. The pressure on his wrists was immediately apparent, and after a moment of shifting, so was the pressure on his ankles.

"Very funny guys, haze the team captain. It's the only opportunity you'll get!" Todd chuckled, though the mirth was tinged by an edge of frustration and the first seeds of anxiety. He turned his head and felt something tickle the back of his neck; tendrils of cloth. Wrinkling up his nose and blinking a few times, Todd realized he wasn't in a dark room, he was blindfolded. "I bet you've taken all the pictures you need to humiliate me, I get it..." Todd said, though the lack of a response was making his heart race faster and faster.

Moonlight spilled through the milky windows of the old boat house. Max Foster stood a few yards away, seeing the frat boy writhing on the yoga mat spread out on the workbench. Max considered Todd, almost as if reconsidering, though there was no way he wasn't going to proceed with his goal. Still, he thought back to when he'd been a human drifting through high school like a leaf on the wind, swirling around eddies and currents, never quite settling in. Declan had been close, Sam had tried to fit in with them, but Todd had been a year ahead and fiercely rigid when it came to the status quo. Any deviation from the norm had been met with derision, with merciless teasing or worse... especially when Max had caught Todd making out with the towel boy. No, he'd do much better as part of the wolf pack that would keep him on the not so straight and not so narrow.

"Guys? This isn't funny, I think it actually breaks some laws or something..." Todd called out, squirming. His dark brown hair had bleach blond tips, a red and white letterman jacket hugging his relatively fit physique. His jeans were a bit well worn in the knees, but a bit too perfect around the pockets, indicating that they had been distressed by design rather than utility. Todd clenched down his perfect butt, arching his back, straining against the straps, unaware that they were used to keep the incredibly heavy boats in place in stacks. There was a faint current of air, then a slight vibration.

Todd strained, his brow furrowing in concentration just above the edge of the black blindfold. He inhaled a bit, nostrils flaring. The air was very dusty and dank. They were somewhere near the water, but it was more than that, like water constantly exposed to wood and... sweat? Piss? Salty nuts? Todd shuddered a little, confused why his mind had gone there. Surely that wasn't what he was smelling. It had to just be dry rot or... the boat house! Yes, he'd been with Jase and Teek on the tennis courts getting drunk and they were closer to the lake than anything else... but how did knowing where he was help?

Max carefully regained his balance after climbing up onto the work bench. As much as he liked watching the effect he had on men, this was going to require a different approach. The massive white wolf turned to look at Todd's legs, clenching the muscles of his groin to keep his heavy cock from wobbling down too far. Max wondered slightly if the jock had any euphemisms for leg day before he began to crouch down lower and lower, inch by inch, feeling how hungry his ass was. Max had never been quite as focused on his own cock as he had his ass, pounding it with toy after toy, stretching himself to ever larger sizes. Was it his punishment that his best

toy had become his tool? Was he always destined to find someone or something to fill that void in him? Perhaps it was time to see if Todd was that implement.

"If there's anyone there, this isn't funny!" Todd called out. It had gone too far to be a practical joke. Even if it was, if the others had passed out or forgotten him, he could still be in real danger. Todd strained against the bindings once more, grunting and groaning before he collapsed, panting, breathing in and out, smelling that sweaty musk stronger than ever before. He blushed beneath the bandanna as his pants tented, his pierced cock stretching down along his right leg. He swallowed unevenly, trying to figure out why his face felt so hot and humid. He knew he was blushing, but it was more than that.

A heartbeat passed, then another. The sensory deprivation was enough that Todd had no idea that there was a pulsating, undulating, leathery black wolf pucker three inches above his face. All that he knew was that he was trapped, strapped down, and horn. It was the exact opposite reaction he should be heaving, although it did make him wonder if he was into that sort of thing... but he wasn't clear on exactly what he liked in the first place. He'd always had to pretend to like girls, to stare at them, to make lewd remarks... but it was never them he felt drawn to. It had always been the assistant coaches, the physical therapists, the towel boys, the analysts, the upper classmen, the... oh god, he was gay... He tried to frame it as thinking he was bi or going through a phase, but who was he kidding? He'd known it since that beanpole Max Foster had found him. The anger at the discovery had been too hot, the rage welling up inside of him.

Todd grunted and pulled against the ropes, a tear forming in the corner of his eye as he realized that he might very well die without anyone knowing who he really was, or what he really felt, or who he really longed for. He'd lived his life tied up by the stereotype of a jock's life, deluding himself as much as anyone else. Todd let out a guttural yell of effort and pulled up with all his might, his face smashing into the rubbery pucker that had been hovering there the whole time. Todd froze, at first because he had not expected to impact anything, but then he stiffened as he tried to figure out just what it was... He smelled sweat and cum and musk and peat and... and ass? It was rancid, fowl, unfiltered, and manly. It was like the scent of a locker room on steroids... and it was... delicious?

Todd shuddered, his erection becoming painful in his jeans as his cock tried to pry its way loose from the denim prison. Todd sniffed a little, filling his nostrils with the scent, then his sinuses, then his lungs. He inhaled deeply, exhaled a shuddering sigh, then inhaled again. A wicked grin crossed Max's muzzle as he crouched down a little more, pressing Todd's head back all the way down to the yoga mat. Todd didn't fight it as his head was pinned. In fact, he even shivered a little with delight as he felt his head pinned so tight that the white furry ass cheeks slid down on either side of his head like some sort of impact helmet.

The weight of Max's body forced his black leathery pucker to spread over Todd's mouth, enveloping both lips and then his nose. Todd couldn't quite inhale anymore, but he did force his mouth open, letting his tongue slurp out. Max grinned even more as he felt the wriggling tongue take its furtive first steps into a rich, nasty world. Todd shifted a little, pumping his hips into the air in a futile effort to stimulate his cock. His tongue began to slither in and out, back and forth, pumping in and out of Max's furry ass. He tensed, fingers digging into the yoga mat. Max glanced down, watching Todd's manicured fingernails grow dark, long and sharp. His hands

grew wider, thicker, and then hairier as brownish black fur sprouted from the backs of his hands and then his knuckles.

Max Foster took great pleasure to grind his ass back and forth, side to side, sitting well and properly on Todd's head. He could feel the jock licking his ass, savoring it, cleaning him inside and out. As he did, Todd's jeans grew tight enough that the denim began to strain, stretch, pop a few stitches, and ultimately tear. As one knee blew out, it revealed a furry brown knee. A moment later the other followed suit. A faint straining groan came from one shoe before more stitches popped loose. The rubber sole pried its way outward as five leathery digits stretched up higher and higher, gaining inches in length and width at the same time. Todd's perfectly maintained toenails grew rough, uneven, hard, and then dark as they curved into claws. Calloused toes grew rougher as flesh swelled and rounded, firming into paw pads.

There was something about the way that Todd carried himself that Max realized was a man that took too much pride in his appearance. He likely shaved and waxed everything, making the patches of fur growing out on his toe knuckles all the more satisfying. Max grinned and growled a little, shifting his weight back and forth, using it to engulf Todd's head. The jock didn't seem to mind, not even struggling from the lack of oxygen yet. The sound of more fabric tearing came as Todd's t-shirt ripped out, revealing unruly long tufts of fur stretching down from his armpits, each one rank and sweaty and far longer than the dusting of fur that was starting to sweep across his chest. Even his precious letterman's jacket was growing tight, barely able to contain the jock's expanding shoulders or widening waist.

Max panted, his white tail wagging above his furry white ass. His chest rose and fell with breath, his long cascade of white hair crashing down across his back like a frozen waterfall. He was huge, he was manly, he was gay and proud of it... But even he felt the thrill of corrupting Todd, watching his body grow beneath him. It didn't even take cum, or his magic ass cheeks on their own. Even exposure to the sweat on his pucker was enough. He was a potent alpha, and Todd was his now... No more of that wondering what the older boy thought, or if he might ever hang out. Now Todd would crave him, would need him, would long for him... and Max knew he had plenty to offer.

Todd strained against the work bench again, but this time not for escape. The blood pumping through the veins in his growing body required oxygen, and he required Max. He pulled tighter, his biceps and triceps doubling in size as he tried before the strap finally let loose. A clawed hand dug into Max's hip, making him yelp in surprise. Todd broke free with the other hand, slamming it into Max's other hip. With effort, Todd started pushing up. As the jock strained, he put everything he had into lifting Max. Both arms ballooned outwards, his pectorals popping and stretching, rounding and filling out with muscle and flesh until they were practically the size of watermelons. His nipples pulsed and tingled, elongating by an inch, then three, then five. They jutted out from his already immense chest as fur sprouted across it all.

As Max was lifted by his newest recruit, his pucker seemed to reluctantly slide off of Todd's face - or at least it tried. For every inch that Max rose up, another inch of Todd's face was revealed. His nose and mouth had stretched out, his cheeks elongating, all of it tapering to a point. It wasn't until nearly seven inches higher when a black nose and a brown furred muzzle popped free. Todd gasped for breath, his massive chest lifting and falling. His leathery lips parted and a tongue lolled out, the athlete moaning. His hearing fell away, muffled and inert

before the brown and white furry ears popped up near the top of his head, rising like twin peaks amid a field of frosted stalks of wheat.

Todd remained there, his blindfold a little looser now. He shook his head, ears flattening as the blindfold fell enough that he was able to get it free. He looked up with brilliant golden eyes at the beach ball sized ass above him, dimpled by the leathery pucker that he'd found so delicious and so perfect. Max slowly turned around on all fours, lowering himself down. Todd shivered happily to feel the immense weight of infantile wolf balls and an enormous cock resting against his own, coaxing and urging them to grow.

Max straddled his captive, watching the last of his fur grow in. Todd had packed on height and mass, gaining muscle and strength. He'd had enough to lift his captor even part way through the change. The fact that Todd remained now merely meant that he had gone from being unwilling to willing, that he felt the growth and change, the strength that had blossomed inside of him. Sure enough, Todd lay there beneath Max for a long moment. He sniffed and tilted his head a little, eyes widening in confusion and then eventual recognition.

The aroma of this white wolf, that blend of sandalwood and tea tree oil, of sweat and cum, it harkened back memories... It smelled like a locker that he'd once stuffed a kid into, a kid that had wound up disappearing at Halloween. It was the scent of Max Foster, a name that had haunted him, a name that he'd never forgotten. Todd swallowed again, an effort that was even more exaggerated now that he had a muzzle.

"M... Max?" Todd asked. A soft growl escaped the white wolf's muzzle.

"So, you remembered me..." Max said, "I'm going to make sure you never forget." he said, running a claw down Todd's chest, "But first I better introduce you to your new pack. I think you're going to like them a lot more than your frat bros." Max grinned wide.

The nearly full moon had been growing gradually lower moment by moment and wolf by wolf. As it declined towards the horizon, the air grew more humid and the dew settled, clinging to the blades of grass and bringing even more fragility to the dried leaves. A hazy fog had rolled in across North Point, but it had posed no problem for the new wolf pack as they crossed town to the old graveyard that sat by the woods. Huge paw prints had been left in the soft soil, the creatures retreating to the farthest corner before they crouched down and looked back at the town they had come from.

Even late at night, even on Halloween Night, the town glittered. There were orange and purple lights, glowing inflatables, porch lights and a few errant cars. It was a town of the lost, the confused, the undiscovered and the reluctant... at least for now. Max felt as though he'd made progress. He'd shared his gift with four more souls, liberating them from the shackles of an inferior humanity. Sure, they would spend the next year as feral beasts in the woods... but when Halloween returned, when people once again wondered whatever happened to Max Foster, they would be back to claim more young men for their pack. It was only a matter of time now until a fuzzy white moon would rise above North Place and corrupt again.