A chill ran down Harrison’s spine. He silently chastised himself for being such a wimp, but he couldn’t shake the eerie sensation that had hounded him all evening. The rumors about the mysterious disappearances and the strange sightings around campus plagued his mind. It didn’t help that this part of campus was poorly lit and sparsely populated, but Harrison tried to ignore the nagging doubt and the hairs on the back of his neck that stood on end.

Harrison had made this trek from the library to the dorms many times before, but usually it was either broad daylight or early evening when he did so. This was the first time he was out in the open past midnight. He had spent far too long cramming for finals and had lost track of time. He was half tempted to just pull an all-nighter when he realized it was already in the a.m., but he quickly decided better of it. There was no benefit in being so burnt out on cramming that he forgot everything he had studied when it came time to actually take the exam.

Harrison’s eyes darted to the shadows between buildings. He was sure that he had seen something moving, but now that he glanced over in that direction it seemed to have just been a trick of the light – or lack thereof. He silently chastised himself both for being such a wimp and for taking the dark shortcut this late at night. It would have only taken him an extra ten minutes to go the long way around and stick to the main roads, but for some reason he was dead set on saving those few minutes and forge ahead through the dark unknown.

Harrison paused abruptly. He thought for a second he had heard footsteps, but they were too heavy to be his own. As soon as he stopped walking the phantom footsteps stopped too. Strangely enough this did little to soothe his nerves. Had he really heard the sound of steps? And if he had had they just been an echo of his own footsteps bouncing off of nearby buildings? That seemed to be the most logical explanation, but Harrison’s mind was determined to conjure up every bogeyman and baddie his memory and imagination could contrive.

Harrison was just about to calm down enough to keep walking when he heard another sound. This time it was much louder… much closer. Harrison froze like a statue. He may as well have stared down Medusa rather than heard a strange sound. His whole body was rigid as a board.

The sound continued. There was no doubt in his mind that these were footsteps – huge, heavy, menacing footsteps. He could practically feel the ground tremble with each footfall. He half expected to find a T-rex strolling over to him if he turned around which was part of why he refused to turn around and look. Even when the footfalls were so close that they practically shared the same square of pavement on the sidewalk, Harrison still clenched his eyes shut tight and silently pleaded with his mind to stop trolling him. He begged his imagination to cool it for just long enough for him to get home. He prayed so hard that he half expected the mysterious, sinister sounds to stop altogether and vanish like a bad dream, but a hot, humid breath on the back of his neck was quick to prove how futile his prayers were.

“Hmm… yes… you’ll do nicely,” A voice like a low rumble chuckled in Harrison’s ear.

“W-what do you want…?” Harrison stammered meekly.

“What do I want? Why I want what everyone wants. A friend,” The deep, rumbling voice said.

Somehow such a seemingly benign statement made Harrison’s blood run cold. He had no idea what kind of friend this guy was looking for, but Harrison was sure that he wanted no part of it. Harrison summoned forth some long forgotten font of courage and prepared for a breakneck bolt to the lights at the far side of the dimly lit block. Somehow he felt that if he could just get to the crowded main roads he would be safe. All he had to do was make it a few hundred feet and he’d be safe… but he barely made it more than a single step. The second he started to bolt he felt a huge hand clamp down on his shoulder.

“Leaving so soon,” The deep voice asked.

“Uh… yeah… I have finals tomorrow so… I really ought to be going,” Harrison murmured awkwardly. It was a dumb last ditch effort, but it wasn’t technically a lie. He did have finals tomorrow, but he cared far less about his grades than he did about getting the hell out of there.

“Hmm… finals… how boring. I have a better idea,” the voice mused out loud.

“… and that is…?” Harrison asked meekly.

“Come play with me. We’ll have so much fun, and you’ll never have to worry about those silly exams,” The voice explained.

Some small part in the back of Harrison’s mind actually nodded along in agreement. He was so frazzled from studying so much over the past hell week that going along with whatever demonic entity he had encountered almost seemed like a good idea… almost.

Harrison shook off the heavy hand that rested on his shoulder, and in doing so spun around to face his mysterious new acquaintance. “As tempted as that sounds, I really have to get…” Harrison began to say, but his words stopped suddenly the second his eyes fell upon the figure that now stood before him. Harrison had already concocted ideas of what to expect when he turned around. Images of Jason Voorhees or Freddie Krueger popped into his mind as did images of giant reptile monsters or dinosaur men, but all his imaginary images were completely off base. What stood before him was an absolutely enormous, muscular, seemingly bare-assed naked man. Harrison was so floored by the massive, meaty pecs, the toned abs, and that thick V of an Adonis belt that pointed downward towards the man’s fat, flopping cock and huge nuts that Harrison almost overlooked the rest of the dude’s body, but even in the pail light it was clear that something was very off here.

The pieces slowly began to fall into place. This man was hairy… very hairy. He wasn’t hirsute in the way a sixties porn star would be. The hair that covered his body was more like a thick layer of fur than standard body hair, and the more that Harrison stared the more he realized that *it was* fur. The man was covered in a layer of silvery grey fur, but that wasn’t all. The man had a big, bushy tail that wagged excitedly behind him, and as Harrison forced his gaze to travel down past the man’s amazing bait and tackle, Harrison saw that the man’s legs were much different than your average person’s. Not only did the dude have thick, swole quads that matched the rest of his body for sheer brawn, but the guy seemed to have two separate knees on each leg, and beneath the double-jointed legs were a pair of huge, heavy paws! The dude’s legs were more canine than human!

Harrison’s fear rose as his eyes steadily drifted higher and higher – past the dude’s amazingly heavy cock and balls; past his absolutely shredded abs; past the thick shelf of his meaty pecs; past the lump of the dude’s well-defined delts until Harrison’s gaze fell upon a face that was somehow shocking and also fairly expected. Staring back at him was the grinning muzzle of a what appeared to be a Husky!

Harrison had always been a dog person, and had the face staring at him been attached to an actual dog and not a huge, hunky, hairy dude, Harrison probably would have knelt down and hugged the big puppy, but hugging seemed the be the last thing on Harrison’s mind. The first thing was running!

Harrison turned and bolted for the end of the street. He doubted he could outrun the husky-man, but he had to try! He ran as fast as he could. He pushed himself past his limits. His chest burned. His legs ached, but still he refused to slow down. It seemed like he might actually make it when suddenly another shape blocked his path. Harrison skidded to a halt and found himself once again staring down a half man, half dog creature, but this one was decidedly smaller than the one from a minute ago.

“Leaving so soon? I haven’t even gotten to the good part,” The deep voice behind him said playfully.

“And what’s that?” Harrison asked weakly.

“I just want to play is all.” The massive, ten feet tall husky-man said.

“There’s another one of you over there. Can’t you play with him?” Harrison said with a nervous chuckle.

“He’s already my friend… I’m looking for a new friend,” The husky explained.

Harrison didn’t like the sound of that, but what could he do? His escape was blocked, and he could see more shadows coming out from the nearby alleyways. There weren’t just two of these creatures – there was a whole pack!

“Sshhh…. Just relax,” the Alpha said soothingly. Strangely enough the soft rumble of his voice seemed to actually have a calming effect on Harrison. Harrison could feel the fear slowly fade away. The Alpha’s voice was so soft… so soothing… The Alpha’s fur looked so warm and inviting… and the Alpha’s icy-blue eyes looked so welcoming.

“That’s a good boy,” The Alpha said soothingly as he laid a huge, heavy paw on Harrison’s head and began to softly pet him.

Harrison knew he should try to escape, but his fight or flight instincts seemed to have abandoned him. Instead his fear had been replaced with something else… something akin to joy. It was strange, but feeling the huge hand softly petting him made him feel happy. The joy welled up inside of him until he was so excited he was practically bouncing in place. If he had had a tail it would have been wagging, and strangely enough he could practically feel himself wagging a tail. There was no tail there, but it was almost like some long forgotten part of his mind remembered what it was like to have one. There was this urge to wiggle forming at the bottom of his spine.

“Come here, boy,” The Alpha said soothingly. He stopped petting Harrison’s head and instead gently pulled Harrison in as if to hug him.

The Alpha was so much bigger than Harrison that Harrison found himself fact to face with the beasts huge, shapely pecs. They were so warm and inviting and the fur was so soft and fluffy that The Alpha’s pecs were like firm, fluffy pillows. Harrison couldn’t help himself. He found himself nuzzling against the cleft between The Alpha’s beefy pecs.