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The Alpha

By Ziel.

The Alpha

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. When he realized it was already in the a.m. he was half tempted to just pull an all-nighter, 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, but 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 to 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 impishly.

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 face to face with the beast’s 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, fuzzy pillows. Harrison couldn’t help himself. He found himself nuzzling against the cleft between The Alpha’s beefy pecs. As Harrison held his face against The Alpha’s chest the pure masculine smell of the creature that stood before him began to overpower his senses and further cloud his mind. His mind was filled with thoughts of how amazingly hot the Alpha was. Images of The Alpha’s buff, nude form flooded Harrison’s mind. Close-ups of The Alpha’s amazing cock filled his mind’s eye. Harrison’s own respectable cock was quickly stirring to life within his shorts, but even at full-mast his average stiffy would have paled in comparison to The Alpha’s enormous softy. Just the sheer size of it made Harrison even hornier and further drove home the disparity between the two of them. The Alpha wasn’t just the leader of the pack – he was the purest specimen of masculinity in existence. All other men, Harrison included, had no choice but to yield to his superiority and please him in any way they could.

As Harrison's mind floated between images of hot, hung, hunky, nude husky body and the ways in which he would please said body, Harrison could feel something strange. It was tough to really put his finger on because so much of his brainpower was devoted to silently worshiping The Alpha while he kept his face buried in the beast's chest, but there was definitely something different. For starters, Harrison's forehead could no longer press against The Alpha's pecs. Harrison's nose was still buried where it had been before, but it seemed like the tip of his nose was farther away than it had been a moment ago. Even stranger still, his jaw still pressed against the cleft between The Alpha's pecs.

That was only the tip of the iceberg though. Changes were happening all over Harrison's body. That feeling from before was back with a vengeance. The urge to wag his vestigial tail was greater than ever, but this time the desire was so overwhelming that he could almost feel his own tail wagging. It was almost like those tails he heard about phantom limbs where people who once had a limb could still feel it long after the part was removed, but with each passing moment the feeling became less phantom and more reality. It felt like the base of his spine was extending further and further past the small of his back until he had a small, bony nub protruding from the small of his back directly at the tip of his ass-crack. With each moment, the more and more links added to the bony chain that was his newly formed tail. Soon it was as long as his thumb, then as long as his middle finger. Soon it was a full foot long. His tail felt so cramped in the back of his

shorts that he had to fight the urge to shed his shorts right then and there just to let it out and get some air, but despite this newly formed appendage, Harrison was still so lost in the intoxicating haze of The Alpha's presence that he couldn't grasp what was happening to him. Even as his earlobes began to travel up the sides of his head and become more conical in shape, even as his knee lifted higher and higher along his leg, even as his ankles rose up and out of his shoes so that only the balls of his feet and his toes still rested in his shoes, Harrison still hadn't caught on that something was changing.

In the end it was the itch that got Harrison to break away from his worship of The Alpha's pecs. His whole body itched like he had a bad case of razor rash, but his body wasn't fresh shaven at all. Quite the opposite in fact. As Harrison glanced down at his arms he realized that his normally fine, blond body hair had become thick and shaggy. His arms were now covered in a dense layer of grey fur. His eyes traveled up his arms and towards his hands. His fingers had grown short and stubby. His fingernails no longer rested atop his fingertips and instead jutted out the front of his fingers like dog's nails.

It was then that he finally caught on to what was happening. It was then that he realized what – or rather who – the crowd of demo-huskies that crowded around them were. All the students who had mysteriously gone missing over the past few months – these were The Alpha's pack.

There was a brief moment of panic that welled up inside of him. That was going to be him soon. He was going to be yet another statistic unless he did something, but what could he do? He was already a freak. He was stuck in this between state of half human, half dog. His face had stretched into an elongated snout. His ears had become pointed like a husky's ears. A big, bushy tail extended from his backside. His transformation into one of The Alpha's pack was nearly complete! And yet... the more Harrison thought on it the less he cared. He could barely remember his old life, and the stud that stood before him in all his nude glory was so amazing that Harrison couldn't even begin to think of leaving the pack. He wanted to do more than stay. He wanted to serve The Alpha in any capacity he could, and he knew exactly how to start.

Harrison knelt down in front of the huge, hunky huskie so that he was now face to face with the beast's massive cock. The thing was enormous by anyone's standards. It was almost as thick as Harrison's forearm and about as long to boot! The enormous nuts that hung from the base of the shaft were the size of grapefruits! They were so massive that Harrison could only hold one of them in the paw of his hand. Harrison softly kneaded and played with The Alpha's nuts with one hand while the other gently stroked the shaft of The Alpha's fantastic cock.

As much as Harrison wanted to continue playing with The Alpha's cock, there was another pressing issue that demanded his attention. His clothes

were positively stifling. The fur underneath his clothing were pressing against the fabric in an uncomfortable way, and with each passing second, his fur was getting thicker and thicker which just made his clothing all the more insufferable.

Harrison pulled his focus away from the hot hunk of a husky which stood before him and his fantastic cock and began to lift up his shirt, but Harrison once more balked as he lifted his shirt up and over his now toned, fit, fuzzy midriff. Was he really ready for this? He now had the face and body of a were-husky much like The Alpha which stood before him and the crowd that circled around him. His clothing was the last vestiges of his past life. Losing these would be like losing the last of his humanity? He had to ask himself again. Was he really ready? But all it took was a smug smirk from the beefy hunk before him to dispel all doubts. Harrison could hardly remember his past life. He could barely even remember his name. His classes and family seemed like a dream to which the memories were quickly dissipating. Thoughts of his new master and his new pack filled his mind, and he wanted nothing more than to serve.

Harrison peeled off his shirt and then effortlessly stepped out of his shoes. The shoes were designed for a human foot which was much longer than the paws he now had and so they fell off easily. Next, he stepped out of his shorts. The shorts offered a little more challenge. His curved, canine legs bent in two places instead of at just the knee like his human

legs had, and he still hadn't fully mastered the art of standing on his hind legs yet, but given how effortlessly The Alpha and his pack could move on either their hind legs or on all fours, Harrison was sure he'd learn soon enough. For the time being he had more important matters to attend to – his Alpha's cock.

Harrison discarded the last of his garments – and with it the last vestiges of his human life. The fur on his buff body bristled with excitement as he knelt down to service his Alpha. The Alpha's now semi-boned cock was the perfect size for Harrison's newly elongated maw. It slid perfectly into Harrison's open mouth and laid across his tongue and even poked all the way towards the back of his throat and there was still some shaft left to spare. Harrison had never deep-throated a cock before, but he was sure this was the time to learn. He took more and more of his master's magnificent cock into his mouth until his chin was buried in The Alpha's fuzzy ball sack and his nose was nestled against the fur of his Alpha's crotch. Harrison couldn't help himself. Somehow having such a huge cock shoved down his throat was the hottest thing that had ever happened to him. His own dick reached full-mast before even his master's had. Harrison reached down with his spare hand and tugged at his thick dick while he licked and sucked at The Alpha's fat dick. Harrison could hardly focus on anything other than servicing his master's cock, but even as he felt The Alpha's huge dick digging into his throat, Harrison could tell that his own dick was bigger than it had been before. He had always been pretty average below the

belt, but now his massive dick was easily a foot long and filled his whole paw and then some. His dick was easily a two-paw job, but there was no way he was going to take his other paw away from kneading and playing with his Alpha's phenomenal nuts.

While Harrison sucked and slurped at his master's huge cock, The Alpha dug his fingers into the mop of hair atop Harrison's head. The shaggy brown locks were about the only part of him that remained from his past life, and even that had begun to blend in with the grey fur that now coated his whole body. "Yes... that's it... just like that..." The Alpha's cooed softly. His breathing was getting shorter and heavier. His body trembled. This new recruit was the most eager one yet, and he knew how to handle a cock better than any of the rest. The Alpha knew that this new one was going to make a great addition to the pack.

The thought of adding yet another servant – especially one as skilled as this was almost hotter than the head he was receiving. It was enough to send him over the edge. The Alpha let out a few feral grunts. His cock gave a few lurches and threatened to slip right out from Harrison's mouth, but Harrison was not about to give up so easily. He kept his mouth around the amazing dick, but didn't clamp down enough that his new, canine fangs would mar the amazing tool he was currently worshipping. The Alpha held out for a few seconds more, but with one last, feral grunt which sounded much like a growl the dam broke and thick ropes of warm, gooey spunk shot forth from The

Alpha's huge cock down into his new loyal subject's throat.

Harrison couldn't swallow fast enough to keep up with the huge amount of spunk being pumped into him. Try as he might, his mouth was soon overflowing, and he had no choice but to back off. He pulled back just enough that The Alpha's cock spewed the jizz directly into his face. The thick, sticky spunk sunk into Harrison's newly formed, grey fur. Thick wads of jizz clumped and clung to the fuzz on his face and dripped down his furry chest. Feeling the warmth of his master's spooge seeping into his fur was almost as amazing as feeling his master's cock deep in his throat. Harrison didn't even try to fight it. As cum dripped from his snout, more jizz spurted forth from his own dick. He came again and again, harder than he had ever cum in his life. He had never been so horny or so euphoric, and this was to be his new life now. Harrison could hardly even recall his own name let alone the details of his past life. All he could think about was how much he wanted to serve his new master.

The Alpha reached down and patted one of the few jizz-free spots atop Harrison's head. "Hehe... good boy," He said playfully. "I can already tell you're going to fit right in. Now, come along, boy. Let's get you home."

The Alpha turned towards one of the nearby alleyways and vanished into the shadows. Harrison gave one last look at his discarded school bag and clothing. They all seemed so foreign. It seemed

impossible that they had belonged to him in a past life. Harrison shrugged off any last lingering doubt and hunched down on all fours and dashed after his new master.