

Heathville Huskies – Alpha

“So, I’m honestly sorry for barging in so late...” Anya trailed off, with a forced conciliatory grimace that wasn’t quite able to veil her suspicions. The purple and white tracksuit-clad man in front of her surely had something to do with her boyfriend’s pup-like predicament.

Josh shrugged with a calm smirk, like people barge into his apartment after midnight, *every* night.

“Is there any reason...”

“...for why he’s looking like such a good boy?” Josh interrupted, playing down his sinister lack of surprise with a mischievous giggle.

They both studied Riley for a moment. The muscly jock stood in Josh’s amber-lit open-plan apartment, long toothy muzzle protruding from his otherwise human head, and panting out of habit. His forearms finished with stiff paws and he looked uncomfortable having chosen, for once, to wear something other than shorts. Turns out his jeans didn’t have nearly enough stretch to accommodate his claustrophobic tail – and worse, a fleshy-dog-dick-encasing sheath that now climbed up his abdomen well-beyond the border of his waistband.

“Sorry – does this seem *normal* to you?” Anya screwed her up her face in accusation toward Josh.

“Hmm – no! No... not at all...” Josh murmured, as if to stall while he processed the sight, before approaching Riley and reaching out for the boy’s loose white shirt.

“Let’s see...” Josh continued in contemplation, quickly lifting Riley’s shirt aloft to reveal his cosy-looking fuzzy grey sheath, cock hidden within its shadowy warmth.

“Do *you* mind!?” Anya shouted in shock.

“Does *he*?” Josh retorted, motioning toward Riley – who merely panted, a conspicuous rustling starting at the seat of his jeans.

“Riley?” Anya shot a glare at the silent jock.

“Wrrf? What?”

“What do you mean ‘woof what’?!” Anya’s face flushed red as Josh rolled his eyes.

“I think he probably means – you know – what’s the sense in hiding it? It’s not a stretch to imagine his whole body is being affected and, if I’m going to help, I need to know the extent of it.”

“Rr-ee? He can *rff*-help us. I told *arff*-you.” Riley carefully maneuvered his muzzle to speak somewhat comprehensibly.

Anya, face still aflame with mistrust, eyed both men up.

“Fine. But why even is it that *you* can help? Why isn’t this weird to you, Josh?”

“Oh, trust me – it is... I mean, this is very concerning. Mr Barker is our star on the pitch and he clearly can’t even catch a ball with those paws, let alone pass for human.” Josh sincerely stated his worries.

“No, I mean...”

Anya had only just begun as Josh pointedly raised his voice to speak over her.

“Not to mention the fact that – ! Wait... let me just check... Chase?! Here boy!”

Only a moment later, Riley’s tanky blonde teammate and owner of the muscly leg he’d so enjoyed humping on his first day in the changing rooms, scurried round a corner – skidding to a halt at Josh’s side.

“Sir?”

“Chase – check Mr Barker here will you... that he hasn’t broken the rules? Go on boy.”

To Anya’s giddy disdain, the jock dropped to his knees and began sniffing up against Riley’s crotch, a slight bulge growing to meet his nose. Using one of the hands that had stayed rigidly by his flank until that point, Chase also lifted Riley’s shirt and sniffed around the exit of his fuzzy sheath, prompting a pointed red tip to emerge.

“Urgh – I don’t know if I can watch this... Riley, aren’t you going to do something?”

“He can’t help it, Mrs Barker – he’s got a dog’s dick after all.”

Josh boredly consoled her, tapping his foot as he waited for the conclusion of Chase’s investigation. Riley simply stared into his partner’s eyes with apologetic resignation, his red dick climbing further for Chase to inspect.

Finally, the blonde boy stood up once more – now tenting his own sweatpants but doing nothing to hide it – and delivered his verdict.

“Riley has emptied his balls, Sir. Within the last three hours.”

Josh looked horrified – the most sincere emotion he had yet displayed seething across his face.

“Unbelievable! You know the rules, Barker! Keep your sack *full* before the game! And it’s tomorrow! Bad dog!”

Riley slumped his gaze downward, letting a deep long whine rumble up his neck and escape at the corners of his muzzle.

“Okay – what the *fuck* is going on here?” Anya intervened, to no response. “Riley?”

The half-dog jock continued to whine, the tail bulge in his trousers becoming less noticeable as it strained to tremble between his legs.

“You?” Anya shot daggers at Josh. “And by the way, I’m not Mrs Barker, yet... – my name is Anya.”

Josh let his sense of betrayal subside for long enough to respond.

“I don’t care what your name is – I suppose *you* are the reason my prize player has an empty ball sack?!”

“No, actually! – he’s become so messed up by whatever weird shit you’re into at that gym that he just fucked the carpet!”

“I see... Chase – go get the room ready.” Josh waved the blonde jock away.

“And is that one of Riley’s teammates? Why is he here? Do they live with you on some kind of slavery rota?” Anya began pointing and stuttering as she spoke, overwhelmed by the situation.

“Come on now... don’t you think you’re causing a scene?”

“Causing what? You! You’re the...” Anya’s voice faltered as she allowed herself to crumple to her knees.

“I know” Josh began, kneeling to place a hand on Anya’s shoulder. “It’s stressful sharing your boyfriend with his career... but I’m going to fix this. I want you both to stay the night.”

Anya looked up in horror, tears welling in her eyes.

“No... we can’t, because we have to...”

“I insist. You live over two hours away. It’s gone midnight. *He* can’t drive with those paws... and I think you need some rest and recovery.” Josh sold the logic with a flimsy smile, reaching into his pocket and pressing a purple-glowing remote.

Unable to muster any more words, Anya simply rose to her feet and allowed the purple and white-wearing man to guide her through to a room with a city lights-view, dutifully prepared and pillow fluffed by Chase. Riley joined her in short order and gave his best reassuring *wruff*.

The next morning...

Anya awoke groggily, like the weight of last night’s weirdness had crushed any restful dreams she may have otherwise had. Her mind felt foggy and she struggled to unclench her hand to reach for her phone – usually a surefire lifeline for dispelling morning fatigue. She lifted herself from the bed, taking a moment longer to notice that the sheets were clawed and torn, while Riley was nowhere to be found – aside from some fur he had presumably shed during the night. Anya’s mind rallied enough to shudder at the thought of being in Josh’s apartment without Riley nearby. She knelt down where Riley’s body had been all night and took a deep sniff into the musky sheets. She *loved* his smell.

Keeping only her pyjamas on, provided complements of Chase, she cracked the door open and made her way to drift down the corridor toward a tempting sizzling sound.

Turning the corner into the kitchen, she was met with the smell of bacon frying – Josh at the hob – and worryingly, both Riley and Chase sat at the base of the breakfast bar like dogs obediently waiting for a treat. Riley didn’t even have any bottoms on – his wagging tail having pushed his boxers down to reveal his faintly furred butt cheeks. He looked like even more of a dog than when they’d arrived last night! Chase, too, had taken on some doggish features overnight – or perhaps while playing *ruff* and tumble with Riley this morning?

“Josh! Wuuh...” Anya began, fumbling over her words when they didn’t come to her as easily as she would normally expect. “W- what have you done to them?”

“Morning, girl! Oh, these good boys? Well, I’m just about to feed them, but that’s really it. You want some?” Josh responded in a chipper tone.

Anya looked confused at being called 'girl'. She carefully formed her mouth to shoot back in anger but found herself drooling at the prospect of fried bacon instead.

"Oh, look boys! She *does* want some tasty bacon!" Josh pranced over, placing a bowl on the floor at Anya's feet – then balancing three fresh crispy rashers on a spatula and dropping them into it. "Here you go girl, eat up."

The stunned woman scrunched her face up, searching her juddering mind for the exact emotion she felt at his actions.

It began with an 'h'.

Then a 'u'.

"Hu – " she made the sound of the first two letters aloud.

"Humiliated?" Josh grinned.

No. 'Hungry', Anya thought – as she lowered herself to her hands and knees and grabbed a rasher with her teeth.

"Good girl!"

It wasn't until the bacon was devoured and the bowl licked clean of any leftover residue that Anya moved back to sit on the floor, holding her head.

"Feels weird, doesn't it?" Josh taunted, kneeling in front of her as he petted her boyfriend's muzzle in both hands.

"Huh?"

"Having your thoughts stolen away. Replaced... With dog thoughts."

"Yeah?" Anya puzzled in confirmation.

"I always wondered whether they got it right... you know? With the conditioning signal. Is it *actually* the sort of stuff that a dog thinks about?"

Anya tilted her head and licked her lips, letting her tongue loll over her lower jaw shortly after.

"Hmm. Seems to work well enough though, eh?"

Josh got back up, leaving Riley to affectionately lick at Anya's vacant face, before continuing his monologue.

"It would have been easy by the way – to 'fix' your boyfriend. We go through this same thing before every game – get the boys all worked up, let them transform into a bunch of horny musky dogs, then a quick simple command and *voila!* They are human again in an instant! Completely human. But completely obedient. And full of primal energy ready to tear the competition apart on the playing field. It's genius."

Anya's mind sparked back into action as she slowly deciphered the bacon man's words.

"...Command?" she managed to say.

“Oh no – no - no, doggy! I’m not going to say it – because I need to make the most of your boyfriend’s instincts ahead of this afternoon’s game... And just because it’s *your* fault he... what was it? Fucked the carpet? Well, because you let him waste his cum – I’ve managed to think of a way you can help to make amends!”

“No... won’t...” Anya protested, confused at her own speech. “Not going to... help you!”

“Doubt you’ll have any concept of how you’re helping anyway... soon enough. That bacon was delicious, right girl? Same great stuff as the Clawed Paw Fitness protein blend – super concentrated in fact.”

Josh smiled, patting her on the head and then clicking his fingers to get the two male dogs’ attention.

Riley and Chase bounded over in response to their master’s summon, studying his face for further instruction before their noses began to twitch and their thoughts flickered to the faint but familiar scent now wafting through the room. They turned to look at Anya, licking their long tongues over their wet black noses hungrily.

Anya stared into their eyes and felt some pang of a horrid memory in her head. She traced back to the previous night and those initial feelings of fear when Riley had been ready to pounce on her – but her quashed humanity couldn’t sustain the complex emotions behind such an event, her dog brain choosing instead to focus on the adjacent memory of a ravenous, musky dog boy lapping at her panties and massaging her labia with his eager snout. She felt herself become wet at the thought, panting harder without even thinking.

Patches of fur started at her extremities, her elbows, heels, along the ridge of her jawbone beneath her ears as they ascended and grew a coating of fuzz at their peaks. Her muzzle scooped up her drooping flat tongue as it grew, offering a much better fit that still didn’t dissuade her from panting. She felt weird and had just enough awareness left to attempt to take action – raising to her feet and quickly toppling back down onto all fours as her hips shifted to a quadrupedal shape. She looked up, her neck now thicker and better adapted to view things from this four-legged stance, then quickly looked back down – sniffing at her hands as if to diagnose the strange sensation of stiffening numbness that overcame them. Her fingers shrank and fused, thumbs retreating up the sides of her thin wrists.

Her hind quarters were now trim enough that her clothing fell loose – Anya herself struggling in a fluffy frenzy to paw off the pyjama top that still clung to her barrel-shaped chest, revealing parallel rows of engorged canine breasts along her underbelly. Now feeling her new body fizzing with compliance and instinct in equal measure, Anya tried her best to vocalise the vestiges of her humanity as her tail tingled and tugged from the base of her spine to begin wagging and wafting the scent of her sex through the air.

“Waff!”

“Hope she didn’t give you a hard time about being a pup back home Riley – considering she honestly didn’t do any better than you! Looks like she’ll make a fantastic bitch.” Josh summarised.

Chase moved toward the female first, inquisitively making his way around to her rump – still on his human hands and knees, but a keen dog nose pointing the way. He sniffed – fur peppering further along a rapidly stretching muzzle as he did. Her scent was thick, easily fuelling the transformation. Chase reared up and moved to place his hands onto Anya’s back – both quickly becoming padded paws as he drank in her smell again.

“Oh, look at that. This is perfect.” Josh marvelled.

“Ghrrgh-roff!!”

Riley growled out his disapproval and sprang forward, lunging and snapping at Chase’s neck as the blonde husky whined and fell backward – belly-up in submission.

“R-ARF!”

The territorial dog jock added an intimidating guttural bark to make his point and, satisfied with the blonde dog boy’s show of deference, turned to his girlfriend – though she was now a simple, brown-dappled husky dog. He craned his muzzle in closer to her behind, sniffing fast and deeply as her tail batted his face. Every hint of her essence sent electric jolts through his snout and shot down to his groin – pumping up his arousal to a frenzied lust in seconds. His dog dick had already emerged before he ever set his pads near the female, but now it was swollen and tight in his sheath – knot begging to burst out into the cool air.

Riley ran his flat, slobbering tongue up the length of Anya’s enticingly moist opening – also swollen with canine desire. He could taste her heat and pawed at his own muzzle, as if the close-up sensation was simply too overwhelming for a newly minted dog boy such as himself. His hips disagreed, bucking and scrabbling to force his dick closer to the warmth of Anya’s embrace. He was caught in a battle between his powerful nose and his dog cock, both wanting to bathe themselves in the source of the heavenly lustful smell. Anya’s tail wafted once more, allowing his nose to temporarily win out. He licked out every drop of Anya’s intoxicating juices, while his body morphed further and faster.

The husky boy’s arms erupted all over with thick fur, covering his shoulders as they rotated and locked into the perfect position for walking on all fours, digging and mounting things. His ears shot to the top of his dark-haired head, pointed and alert. His legs shifted to better accommodate the pneumatic humping motions his mind demanded as he saw Anya cock her tail to the side and arch her back, sensually still and ready to receive him.

“Wrrf – wrf – rrr-arrf!”

Riley barked out in between panting as he finally mounted his bitch – driving his dog dick deep inside her and pounding out his pleasure. Faster. Harder. Further. Until finally, with a concerted effort and trembling legs – he drove his ballooning knot past her tight swollen opening and massaged her inside walls with every inch of his maleness. His ardour built, crashing from synapse to synapse – entire clusters of once-human grey matter now aflame in dedication to the canine cause of driving himself to fuck and finish inside this beautiful bitch. He was entirely a dog, in body and mind. He could feel his furry sack tightening and ready to release his seed – hot cum collecting in the base of his shaft, ready for the peristaltic bliss of the breathless, drilling orgasm he would soon...

“Stop it – DOWN! That’s enough boy – come on!” Josh interrupted, not wanting Riley to waste another thick load before the game, now only an hour or so away.

Riley's dog brain fought to continue thrusting, his lust still peaking – his dick howling for climax and thoroughly stuck inside Anya's rump. But he couldn't disobey. The signal. The sound of his master's voice. The obedience now baked into his DNA. He slowed his thrusts, whining and reeling as he struggled to get a hold of his panting breaths. The smell of his and Anya's thwarted pleasure still hanging thick in the air, he came to a stop and looked pitifully up at his master, silently pleading to continue.

"Now – SIT!"

Riley obeyed, his trapped knot also dragging Anya's haunches to the floor in front of him as he did. Being buried in her, but unable to act on his instincts – trapped behind an impenetrable wall of conditioned compliance – was torture.

"Good dog, Riley. STAY." Josh gave him a quick pat on the head – a welcome consolation, before moving to lock eyes with Anya. "And you, Anya – have exceeded my expectations. Even better than that bitch Heather – but between the two of you, I think you'll keep our Huskies at the very top of their game."

Anya whimpered – somewhere between frustration that she hadn't felt the final spasming bursts of Riley's puppy juice fill her, and the realisation of Josh's smiling words warping and stamping out the last few hints of her humanity buried deeply within.

"Right then. We're going to be late for the game at this rate. Chase. Riley... HEEL!"

Four weeks later...

Riley, Anya and Chase chattered excitedly in a trio, standing near the entrance door inside the home team changing room. The Huskies were on fire, as usual – and the semifinals were upon them, though none of the boys seemed concerned. The other nine jocks were all immersed in their pre-game rituals – fiddling with helmet straps, getting a final shot of protein in, being naked and sweaty in each other's company – the usual. Riley gave Anya a loving peck on the lips, and Chase a firm pat on the back, before going to check on his pack of teammates. He moved around the room, sniffing each of them as he had done over five weeks ago when he first joined – though each boy more readily presented themselves for his searching nose to inspect, knowing by scent that their leader was nearby. A few human words were shared, but for the most part – there was no need.

Just as Riley completed his rounds with a final sniff of Raymond's musky pits, a familiar scent caught his attention – the signature purple-white tracksuit appearing through the door moments after.

All of the boys turned in unison to acknowledge their master, Anya also dipping her head in deference, as Josh stood surveying them – his ex-colleague Heather silently stood next to him, tethered to his hand by a purple leash.

"Carry on, boys! Game isn't for another half hour, so the pre-match warmup can wait..." Josh reassured them, prompting continued fiddling with their kit and, in some cases, each other.

Only seconds later, the fuzz on the back of Riley's neck stood static as the atmosphere shifted. Every other boy, Chase included – suddenly and without warning – adopted a hunched shrinking stance, their noses anxiously twitching and their butt-cheeks clenched nervously.

“What’s wrong?” Riley asked, directing the question to Chase with a growl as his initial question met with silence. “*Grrghgrf* – I said what’s wrong?!”

“Your nose not working or something, Riley?” Chase whimpered, now trembling.

Riley aimed his nose in the air and drank in the surrounding smells.

Master Josh and his human stink... damp tiles... deodorant... Anya... and her wetness, almost ripe...

Riley's nose blackened as arousing images swam in his mind. He sniffed again.

Protein shake... some snacks... urgh – the bin... *mm-rrrff* ten musky jock boys... wait... he sniffed again... this time counting their individual scents...

...seven, eight... with Raymond and... Chase... makes... eleven – who **is** that smell coming from?

Josh had been watching the cowering display of Riley's pack, and enjoying the theatre of Riley's slow realisation that someone else was fast approaching.

“You noticed it, Barker?” Josh prodded.

“*Wrrff—ggrrrrrgh* – **who-rrf is that?!**” Riley growled instinctively at the hostile scent as it grew stronger in his nose, making his stomach flip and turn.

Josh grinned mischievously.

“Your predecessor. And I can't wait to see what happens.”

The smell reached a tipping point, peppery and offensive in Riley's nostrils. He quickly fixed his glare to the entrance door as it swung open – slamming the wall tiles forcefully.

Towering at least 5 inches taller than Riley, in the doorway stood Alfie Striger – previously unstoppable and infamous team captain of the Heathville Huskies. He had a piercing stare and a resting snarl that made Riley hunch forward instinctively at the sight.

“Alf! Good to see you've recovered. I trust the Clawed Paw Fitness physios gave you their best?”

“Josh.”

Striger acknowledged the Manager with only a single syllable and a respectful nod, before locking fierce eyes back on the only boy who hadn't fully taken to cowering like a wounded pup.

“This the little mutt you brought in to replace me?”

“Al – fred! Come on now. Riley here has done a fantastic job in your absence. Now, I'm hoping you boys can sort out who's who nice and quick so we can get on with winning the game today. Will that be possible?” Josh queried, knowing full well the two alpha males would need to settle their places in the pack.

“O’course. Won’t take long.” Striger cut an intimidating stride toward Riley and arrived looking down at him from his higher vantage point. “I saw you play, Barker. Good games. And good name too, *heh*. So, what’re we going to do about this, hmm boy?”

Riley winced at the smell of Striger’s breath and the sound of his words grating in his ears. Worse was the smell radiating from beneath his clothes, intense and suffocating as it entered Riley’s sensitive leathery nose. The more he sniffed, the more confused he was. Normally he could easily tell what to do from the scents he picked up – whether to fight, dominate, fuck... but this was different. He sniffed again, tentatively. It was either... growl or submit. He didn’t know which. But the strength of it left him with no doubt. He would *have to choose*.

The smaller jock boy squared up to his monolithic rival and tried to put aside the novelty of this celebrity moment – imposing as he was, Striger was Riley’s favourite player in the Huskies for all the time he’d been watching them play.

He raised his eyes to meet Striger’s heavy-browed sneering glare and made his choice – muzzle beginning to push out as he curled his lips into a fanged snarl.

“Gggrrggghrrrr-roff!” Riley began, a hearty growl rumbling up his throat.

“GWRUFF!!”

Riley immediately recoiled, his raised hackles diminishing as he instinctively shrunk himself to make for a smaller target. He couldn’t stand up to the overpowering musk and deep thudding bark of this hell-hound Husky.

Striger let his aggression dip, maintaining a bellicose aura, even as he grabbed the smaller jock around the neck as a sign of accepting his swift surrender.

“Good boy, Riley – you’ll make a decent sub-Captain.” Striger announced.

“Emphasis on ‘sub’, by the looks of it!” Josh playfully added.

Riley felt humiliated, stuck somewhere between relief that Striger had seemingly accepted him and anger at his emasculation. At least he wasn’t nervously clenching his butt cheeks and whining like all the other boys. He looked across at Anya, her eyes damp with concern, and felt so small inside it hurt. He couldn’t let this happen. He couldn’t let Anya see him like this. This wasn’t how it was going to go. *He* was the Captain. This was *his* pack. He built himself up internally – straightening his posture and feeling his muscles pump with a burning desire to challenge the bigger dog.

Striger’s expression turned wrathful once more, now baring his fangs fully for the first time as his own muzzle began to extend. It was massive, more like a wolf than a husky, but Riley stayed the course and moved to tackle his opponent – pushing off his back foot and slamming forward.

He stopped dead, like he had tried to tackle a thick metal girder. The larger dog jock wouldn’t budge.

Striger placed a firm hand on Riley’s shoulder and leaned down so that the warm breath falling from his blackened lips could be felt on the little dog’s face.

“I’m impressed, Barker. But I can tell you’re new to this – haven’t you noticed?”

The wolf-like dogman gently pushed Riley backward, though from his perspective it felt more like an inextricable force – something fundamental, acting to repel him. He tried to resist, tried to bat the hand off of his shoulder – but nothing worked, he was too weak. He couldn't believe it. How could someone be this... dominant. His eyes widened with realisation as his black nose twitched.

"Looks like you're getting it, boy." Striger jeered, lifting his other arm to conspicuously scratch his muzzle – exposing his musky pit as he did.

Riley finally understood. It was Striger's scent. That invasive smell that had permeated the whole changing room long before the... Captain ever even entered it. That's why his teammates had been cowering. That's why he felt rattled, wanting to growl or submit – like a fight or flight response. It was automatic. Triggering something deep inside his canine olfactory centre. He entertained the idea of trying again to fight the instincts holding his masculinity to ransom, but found any rage, anger or courage immediately began to melt under the intense heat of Striger's overwhelming musk.

Nothing would help. No amount of denying it... or trying to understand it... or focusing on it... or nuzzling his muzzle under his Captain's heavy ball sack... or... actually – *that* might help, he thought. Riley lowered himself to his knees, glancing nervously toward Anya as he knew what he was about to do.

Striger licked his fangs and unzipped his trousers, letting his ample bulge hang out in his boxer briefs. Riley's nose locked on, followed shortly by his eyes. He blushed, gently pressing his snout to the Captain's clothed sack and sniffing deeply. His eyes fluttered shut with a feeling of pure safety. He lowered his muzzle and tucked it between those brawny thighs, before looking up at Striger's face with a buck of his head – the bridge of his canine nose now supporting the considerable weight of the Captain's dick and balls.

Riley's mind went blank – lost in the bliss of being dominated by the larger dog. He felt it. For the first time. No responsibility. No need to lead. No need to fight. Only to serve. And be kept safe. And obey. Whatever this scent told him to do. He knew he'd do it. He felt himself getting hard. How had he gone through his life so long without feeling... this?

"Good boy, Barker. Now, DOWN." Striger stated, now with a gentle sort of authority – as he knew there'd be no more opposition.

Riley reluctantly let his nostrils slip free from the warmth of his Captain's groin, falling to a submissive stance on the floor that, at least, mercifully hid his raging submissive hard-on.

"Riley – what the hell are you doing?!" Anya finally spoke, paralysed by the tension of the tussle between the two male dogs until now.

Riley just whined, brows curling with embarrassment. He looked to his Captain to respond for him.

"So, you're Barker's bitch, huh? Question you should be asking yourself is... what are *you* doing?"

"What... do you mean?" The corners of Anya's eyes wrinkled with trepidation.

"Disrespectful for a bitch not to properly greet her new alpha, isn't it?"

Alfie Striger turned to face Anya – bulge still breathing the air at his groin through his thin underwear.

She looked at her boyfriend as he cowered on the ground beneath the crushing intensity of Striger's alpha scent. She steeled her courage and fully intended to storm over to this arrogant jock asshole – slap him, give him a piece of her mind, tell him where to go, then pull her boyfriend to his feet and have both of them walk out of this weird canine jock-cult nightmare once and for all!

No sports career is worth this humiliation.

In reality, Anya walked toward the arrogant jock asshole, feeling the full force of his musk – tangible and harsh against her face like she was walking against the airflow in a wind tunnel. She raised her hands to somehow shield herself, noticing that her fingers had fused into paws. Her hearing became more sensitive as her ears travelled upward – the sound of her quickening heartbeat chiming in time with the pulsing pleasure building inside her vagina. Moving closer, her tongue escaped from her mouth – her own latent muzzle extending to complement it. The very same moment her nose reached its full canine capacity, the dominant male scent became gale force – a blizzard of pleasure wracking her body and mind and pushing her down to all fours. She tried to stay focused, still advancing toward Striger's bulging briefs – ironically willing herself to make a stand as she crawled.

I'm going to end this. I'll slap this arrogant jock asshole and... give him a piece... of... I'll... slap... that bulge is so.... *Ghrrhrff*... got to... tell him where... to... put his enormous...? No! *Grrrhghgruuff*. *Woof!* Slap him... and give him a piece... of... my... pussy? Is that right?

She placed her nose under Striger's sack, just as Riley had done half a minute earlier.

It's so heavy... his balls are so full... of hot dog cum... *Grrruff-hhrrruf!* I want it. *Wruff!* I want it in me!

Her tail had torn through the rear of her skimpy shorts and thrashed around excitedly, cocking left and right to welcome this new, more powerful male. She wanted the best pups. And she could only get the best pups if she got the strongest dog to mount and fuck them into her. She *needed* him to breed her.

Anya raised herself onto her back legs, pawing at the boxer briefs concealing her prize and managing to hook a claw onto the waistband to pull it down. Striger's beastly dick obliged her advances and snapped to an iron-hard 45-degree angle as she released it from its confines. The bitch wasted no time lapping at the underside of her stud's shaft, desperate for his attention. She slobbered over his whole length, only stopping to drink in another rapturous whiff of his dominating scent. She could feel her hind quarters getting restless, her lower lips engorging with a convulsing need to be filled.

Tasting his sweet, stringy pre and feeling the first involuntary clench of his hard cock in her muzzle, Anya could wait no longer – she dropped to all fours and turned to present herself.

Riley's nose tingled – a familiar scent filling it. He looked up from his submissive pose – seeing Anya enthralled, lust dripping from her mouth and rear for Striger's puppies. He tried to be horrified, but he couldn't be – he knew deep within that he was simply the weaker dog. That his Captain, his Alpha, *deserved* to breed this bitch. It didn't stop his cock swelling and tensing against the hard tiles beneath, perhaps from the scent of heat – but maybe as much inflamed by the burning humiliation he felt at being a pathetic canine cuckold.

He took the risk to lift his head from the floor while his Alpha was still mid-fuck, not to challenge – but just out of some vestige of human curiosity that peeked through the veil of his all-consuming

submission. He craned his head around the room, seeing his teammates all stood quietly at their lockers, appreciative at the opportunity to see how a real dog jock fucks. He saw Chase trying to covertly touch himself – rubbing a rapidly changing paw-hand over his tenting trousers. He looked back at Anya – *his Anya* – being railed by Alfie Striger and loving every monstrous leg-trembling moment of it.

She was so lucky, he thought.

Josh checked his watch – game time. He moved his hands into the position ready to clap. Mouth poised to give the command to...

“HEEL.”