

“Welcome to yer first day, boy!” Randy exclaimed as he extended a beefy hand. Mark took it reluctantly, not wanting to get it covered with grease. He knew that was silly; he’d be a grease monkey himself by the time the day was out! But still, it was the first time he’d worked in a junkyard, and he wasn’t sure he wanted to go all-in just yet.

20 years old, Mark had reluctantly returned to his hometown after dropping out of his second year of college. He’d barely scraped by in the first year, and his declining grades did not bode well for his continued education. With little remaining money, he was begrudgingly forced to move back home with his parents, leaving his friends, his activities, and the life he was working for all behind. Not desirous of a 'freeloader' back at his house, his dad was insistent that Mark find a job right away. Mark had no intention of flipping burgers, but even those establishments wouldn't take him on, citing his resume was either 'too lacking' or that his college years made him 'too overqualified'.

At last, Mark’s dad, frustrated by his son’s lack of success, called in a favor from one of his buddies that ran a junkyard outside of town. The guy was in his forties and had run the shop as long as Mark could remember. Mark hated the idea of dealing in auto repairs but hated the idea of manual labor even more. He was not happy to be stuck out here all summer, or perhaps longer, knowing that if he failed to show up to work, he would be out on the street. But, without the income to survive on his own again, Mark had little choice but to comply.

Tepidly, Mark reached out and shook his new boss's hand, almost forced to rock up and down from the beefy man’s strength. While thankful for the employment, How was someone like Mark supposed to work at a place like this? What would Randy have him do?

It was as though the bigger man could read his thoughts. “Don’t worry, boy, I’ll make a man out of you before the day’s done,” said Randy with a chuckle that made Mark unnerved.

Mark's chores for the day were set out for him, and the first of many tasks was to clean and sort supplies on an old greasy workbench. Mark sighted, the filthy rag supplied him barely scrubbing the top layer of grim. His hands were already black from soot, and he now carried the distinct scent of oil, grease, and cigarette smoke covering his ragged clothes as he carried on with the demeaning labor.

After about half an hour, a cold, damp nose on his hand suddenly startled him, and Mark looked down to gaze into the brown eyes of an excited Rottweiler. Mark went to pull his hand away in trepidation but was quickly reminded of the dogs he'd seen here in his youth. They, too, were Rotties, the friendliest dogs he'd ever seen. Though they sometimes barked aggressively at customers, it was all for show. Mark spent much of his time playing around the yard with them whenever his dad forced Mark to accompany him here.

Pausing his work, he reached down to pet the dog, who responded by nuzzling Mark's hand and guiding it to his ears, which Mark scratched obligingly. The dog whined his approval, and Mark was instantly transported to those childhood days. He didn't recognize this dog but figured that the ones he knew in his youth might not be around anymore. This dog was clearly male; Mark could see his testicles jiggling as the Rottie walked away, wagging his tail.

“That there's Russ. Just got 'em a couple of months ago. You 'member the dogs I had when you were a kid, right? Well, I had to put 'em' down a couple years back. Took me a while to build up the courage to pick up another one. He's just as cowardly as my old boys, and a real suck!” Randy laughed from under one of the cars in the garage. “Now, better get back to er'!” Randy yelled as he wheeled himself back under the car.

Mark sighed as the day wore on. He missed all that college had to offer; his friends, the booze and weed, the parties and women. His strict Christian father allowed none of those things under his roof. There was nothing for Mark in this town. And until he could put away the cash for it, there was no getting out. He

wasn't sure what this Randy guy was paying, but it was unlikely above min wage, under the table as it was. And with the rent his dad was charging him, it would take all Mark could save to eventually grant him freedom once more!

A few hours into the workday, Randy approached Mark with a cup in his hand. "Hey boy! Yer' doin' fine enough for your first day! Have a drink!" He said, handing the cup over to Mark.

Mark picked up the clear fluid and, with a cautious sniff, realized it was some kind of alcohol. A confused expression in his eyes, Mark raised his eyes to see Randy smiling down on him. "One of the perks of the job, boy. Ya get ta drink whenever ya feel like. Well, whenever I say you can when yer' on my clock. Anyways, this here's a homegrown moonshine! It'll put some whiskers on dem' cheeks a yers'!" He said, waiting for Mark to try his beverage.

Mark was an experienced drinker but figured this might be too much for even him. Yet the idea of doing the work while slightly buzzed held a certain appeal, and with a smile, Mark thankfully took a big gulp. It was much sweeter than Mark had expected and provided a welcome burn on the way down. Within a few moments, Mark had consumed the entire drink and looked up at his new boss with a bit of gratitude.

"I take it ya liked that boy? Well, you do a good job, and I'll have more rewards for ya," Randy said with a twinkle in his eyes as he went back to his task.

Mark, too, went back to work, his head ringing from the drink. Still, he found it easier to focus in his buzzed state, and before long, the bench was as clean as the day it was bought. Mark had worked up quite a sweat, and his oversized t-shirt was already hanging off him a little. He found himself wishing he brought a second one with him, or that he could head home and grab a shower to better work in the afternoon heat of the unairconditioned garage.

The crunch of gravel under boots indicated Randy's return, and to Mark's surprise, the bigger man walked in, shirtless with his bear of a belly in full view. There was quite a bit of flab there, but underneath seemed to lay hard-packed muscle, likely from years of manual labor. Yet of most significant note was the amount of HAIR the massive man sprouted. He was covered in thick black hair, focused in a treasure trail all the way down to his belly button, and likely extending the length of his bulging groin. It reminded Mark of a shaggy carpet.

Mark knew it was weird to keep staring, but for some reason, he couldn't quite tear his gaze away. Even though the dampness in his shorts, Mark could feel his cock growing erect, which made him blush in embarrassment. Why was Randy so...enticing? Mark had never been into men before, certainly not one twice his age. Even the sight of Randy reaching down to scratch his groin in plain sight made Mark moan. He couldn't deny how hot he found the burly man!

Mark found himself staring longing into the big man's belly before Randy walked over and put a beefy hand in his shoulder. "Ya getting hot there boy? Why don't ya take off yer shirt too!" He said as he walked away, giving Mark a view of the big man's furry back. Mark pulled off his soaking shirt with little fanfare, feeling a little embarrassed about his own flat, bare chest. He rubbed at it a little, his slick sweat fingers tracing over the smooth surface. Hey, if nothing else, the job might give him some muscle tone!

He went back to work soon after, cleaning and organizing another shelving area. The task went faster this time, Mark's full attention trying to distract himself from the gay thoughts still plaguing him. Why had he found that guy so hot? Must have been the moonshine. Right?

As the afternoon wore on, a peculiar fragrance started to waft into his nose, one that he hadn't noticed before over the pungent odors of dirt, grease, and cigarette smoke. He raised his nose, the stench starting to grow on him and bringing with it that familiar tenting in his shorts. He stood up and walked around a little, unconsciously seeking the alluring aroma.

“Ya smell that, son?” That’s the scent of a hard day of work!” Randy said, walking over and slapping Mark on the back. This time his massive hand stayed on Mark’s sweaty skin a little longer, making Mark feel he should protest or swat him away. But the disorientating scent had intensified, and Mark had a hard time pulling away from the evident source of the odor. He wobbled a little bit, unsteady on his legs as the musk took hold over his facilities.

“You alright there, boy? I think it's time for a break! Come on, sit down!” Randy said as his hand returned to Mark’s shoulder and guided him towards an inner door. He pulled out a remote and pressed a few buttons, and the door clicked and swung open. Past it was an office, dirty from overuse, with papers and wrappers and other refuse littered around the floor.

Mark was led to a dingy old couch in the corner, stained with what looked like oil, though Mark found himself hoping that was all it was. Still, he had to sit down, and the well-worn couch was surprisingly comfortable, giving him a moment to compose himself until the room stopped spinning. That pungent scent from the garage was even stronger in here, and though Mark still couldn’t place it, he found it to be the only thing he could focus on.

“I don’t let anyone cept' the employees in here boy. Even yer dad’s never been here! Consider yourself lucky!” Randy said as he went to the corner and pulled out a bottle of clear liquid that had to be more moonshine. Mark wanted to protest, but before he could say anything, a cup was in his hand, and he was sipping it back, his head swimming and finding it difficult to focus on why he’d been worried.

Mark’s eyes subconsciously scanned the room and noted several calendars of what appeared to show naked women, the kind of thing that he’d expect in such an office. Yet on closer inspection, they were too large, too muscled to be women. Mark squinted, and indeed the pictures were of mostly naked men, wearing only helmets to denote their place of work and silky underwear that barely hid

python-sized bulges. Some of the men were muscled, some were simply large and hairy. Some, in fact, reminded him all too much of his new boss. At that, his own modest member tented in his pants, making him move his hand to cover the embarrassment and shame.

Yet, to his chagrin, his unintentional reaction had not gone unnoticed. “Ya like that boy? I bet you do. Nothin’ wrong with the male body, now, is there?” Randy sat down beside him, putting an arm around the back of the couch. Again Mark felt he should have moved away, but he was suddenly aware that the pungent stink was amplified ten-fold in the presence of the older man’s sweaty body. The realization hit him all at once; it was the scent of the perspiring man that had enraptured Mark’s attention!

Randy seemed to get the signal to move in closer. Part of Mark wanted to protest, but that part felt far away. His thoughts were swirling, his sensibilities jumbled as he tried to make sense of what was happening. Was he drugged? It seemed likely. And yet, he couldn’t will himself out of this current funk. The scent in the room seemed to entrance him, making it difficult to long for escape.

This fact did not seem lost on his boss. “Ya like what ya smell, boy? It’s alright to be a little curious. Why don’t ya get in close and take a good whiff? And you work for me now, boy. You gotta do what I tell you if you want that paycheck!”

“Ummm...yeah...” Mark said, his thoughts feeling fuzzy. That wasn’t right, was it? His boss couldn’t make him...could he? He needed the money, didn’t he? For...what?

Without much hesitation, Mark found himself moving closer to the burly man beside him on the couch. This only served to accentuate the scents permeating the room, and he couldn’t help by turning his head to sniff the sweaty furry body before him. The moment he did, the man’s mammoth arm was on his back and shoving his head directly into the hairy armpit that lay before him. Mark almost

gagged from the putrid scent wafting into his nose while the man's powerful limb kept him firmly in place. Yet, the longer he remained there, the more desirable the male musk grew in his nostrils and made him crave it all the more. He inhaled deeply, breathing in the heady odor of grease and sweat that made his mouth water.

“There ya go, boy, see? I knew ya'd like it. Ol' Randy knows what's best for ya! If you wanna do anything else in there, feel free! It's all yers, and would make your Master mighty pleased!”

Part of Mark's brain was a little confused by that statement. Sure, such a sexy man wanted to show off! Sexy? Was that...right? Mark was certain it wasn't, but...wasn't he boned right now? And something else was off. Master? Did Randy call himself...Master? Not boss? No...he wasn't Master, right?

Randy seemed to notice the delay. “Why don't you take just a little lick there boy? That could clear dem thoughts up, I bet!”

Without hesitation, Mark did what the words instructed. Head still buried in the man's armpit, Mark reached out with his tongue and gingerly sampled the sweaty skin. The moment he did, the savory salty flavor washed over his tongue and forced his lips over the succulent flesh. Though there was a hint of putrid B.O., the longer Mark licked, the more his senses found the natural odors accentuating the already pleasant qualities. Soon Mark was lapping at the man's skin with gusto, the scent and flavor washing over him like a wave.

“That's a good boy. You just show me how good a boy you are. You just enjoy your Master's bod like a good pup,” Randy said soothingly, as he stroked the young man's hair, encouraging his ministrations.

Lost in the reverie of servicing the magnificent male, the words failed to register in Mark's mind. He knew there was something wrong. “Master” and “Pup” seemed like foreign, strange words to him, and in such a context should have disturbed him. But part of his mind seemed to regard the terms in a different

context. Something deeper, more...fulfilling? Yet it was difficult to focus with so much of his attention on Randy's sweaty body.

Finding it laborious to breathe, Mark finally raised his head, looking hazily into Randy's eyes. He had a sort of half-smile on his face, having enjoyed sucking at the masculine flesh. He was still uncertain about how the whole ordeal made him feel. Yet from the wide-grinned visage from his...boss? Master? Either was fine. Mark started to feel a little more relaxed.

“That’s a good pup. Such a good dog! Let’s get you another drink, to get you where you need to be,” Randy said, taking his nearly empty glass and pouring a healthy amount of moonshine. Mark was handed the cup and took another swig of the drink. A swallow the size that would have normally forced him to vomit. Yet this time, it went down his gullet like spring water, and the entire cup was emptied before Mark realized what he’d done.

A portion of his mind screamed at him, knowing that he shouldn’t have drunk that. It was getting more troublesome to think, and he knew that whatever was going on was prompted by the drink. He tried his best to stand up, woozy from the booze but determined to resist. Yet in his drunken stupor, he fell over once more, head landing in his boss’s lap.

“HeHe, a little lightweight there, Pup? Not to worry! It’ll pass soon, then you’ll be right as rain to serve your Master,” chuckled Randy, still grinning.

Again, the words flowed through Mark’s subconscious, and he tried desperately to stave them off, knowing that they shouldn't have held such a sway over him. But he couldn't deny how much weight they carried. And his Master smelled really good. He was a burly bear of a beast, and the sight of him made Mark's cock burble another drop of precum onto his shorts.

“Those things look like there’s gettin’ in the way, boy. Why don’t you get them off so Master can have a proper look? Let’s both get more comfortable. It’s awfully hot in here, ain’t it?” Randy said as he reached down for Mark’s pants.

Part of his mind screamed at him to stop the man's intrusion, but Mark couldn't force himself to heed the warning. It was different than rape, he was sure. Though Mark had little experience with such things, he'd been drunk plenty of times before. While it had impaired his judgment, he still had little desire to partake in activities he would not want to do sober. And here it was much the same. The voices in his head told him he SHOULDN'T want this. But there was a deep-seated desire to explore these sensations to their proper conclusion. He wasn't sure why he liked the sweaty stink of the much older man, but he couldn't deny the obvious attraction.

Grinning like a fool, he allowed Randy to pull down his zipper and helped the big man pull down his old jeans, exposing his gray underwear, stained with his rather taut cock. Randy took that beefy hand and teased the edges of Mark's member, making the skinny man moan. Despite the girth of his fingers, Randy's hands were rather experienced, and delightedly Mark felt the lust building inside of him, making his shiver as one of the bear's thick fingers reached down to tease his balls.

Lost in the sensations of being pleased, Mark hardly noticed a massive hand reach down and gently cup his buttocks, raising him up slightly. The skinny man's form seemed to pose no trouble for the muscled giant, and even as Randy lifted him up, he was able to run a finger over Mark's ass to find where his anus lay. Mark gasped as he felt his opening being teased through the thin damp fabric of his underwear. He'd never felt anything like that before and had to admit that it wasn't all that invasive. In fact, even the limited contact was highly erotic in tandem with the gentle touch over his manhood.

In his lust-filled haze, Mark barely felt the orgasmic onslaught before his testicles shot a modest load of cream into his underpants while his body shook and

trembled. Allowing the burly man to pleasure him in this way was far more intense than anything he'd learned from his experimentation with women. Perhaps he really did prefer men? Particularly older ones...

Randy chuckled as he sat the boy back down on the couch, panting and dripping with sweat. Mark was still shivering; he had not been expecting something so intense and was still vibrating from the intense orgasm. The booze, and whatever else, was still flowing through his system and was likely the culprit for his relaxed zen-like post-orgasmic state. But Mark couldn't deny how good it felt!

Even in his lusty stupor, he was acutely aware that Randy had been scratching at a sizable bulge in his own pants. Mark was embarrassed to say he was drooling at the sight of such a thick python hidden away in those tiny shorts. This did not go unnoticed by the bear-like shop owner.

“Aww, that’s a good pup! You wanna return the favor and have a little taste? You go right ahead, Pup. Let's get my rod all nice and prepped for you to go for a ride,” Randy said as he pulled down his underwear, letting an impressively thick penis flop out into the humid air for Mark to examine.

Once more, the hesitation crept into Mark’s mind, knowing he shouldn't be doing this but unable to stop himself as he got onto the floor. It was fucking EMBASSASSING to be on his knees, ready to sexually service a 40-year-old man who smelled of sweat and B.O. and engine grease. No matter how good it made him feel, no matter how much he craved more, it was wrong to indulge such sick lusts. He’d been given some kind of fucked-up drink, and this guy used such confusing phrasing. Boy? Master? PUP?

Yet the Master’s words hung heavily in Mark’s mind as he moved his face close to thick, beckoning cock, licking his lips as the smell hit his nose full force. The sweaty muck drenched in the cock’s fluids made Mark’s head swim. “Get a good sniff, Pup. Commit Master’s scent to memory. You want to be a good pup for

Master, don't you?" Randy said huskily, making Mark draw closer inch by inch as he stared at the dripping cock head. Maybe just a little taste wouldn't hurt...

Before Mark realized what was happening, Randy's hand was on the back of his head and pushing him down on his thick cock head. The moment Mark's lips touched the surface and tasted the first bit of precum, his mouth was already struggling to get over the tip, desperate to take in more. He gagged a little from the size, but the flavor was intoxicating, and he couldn't get enough. Despite never having tasted cock or even having gone down on a female lover before, the sexual juices were stimulating, the musky flavor growing more potent the more his mouth drank down. More than that, however, were the moans of encouragement he received from his lover, whose gentle hold on his head made him eager to carry on the important work.

"That's good boy...You suck cock real nice, Pup...such a good pup for Master..." Randy moaned, clearly a fan of Mark's talent.

Encouraged by the words of admiration, Mark took as much of the man's meat as he could comfortably fit in his mouth. It was a bit of a strain on his jaw to take in something so wide, but the relaxation he had achieved from the drink helped dull the ache as Mark felt the girthy cock tip tickle the back of his throat.

Mark wasn't entirely sure how to proceed. Should he move back and forth? How fast? Would he hurt Master? Yet Master's hand started pulling back slowly, prompting Mark to pull back as well. Soon, Mark found himself settling into a comfortable rhythm guided entirely by Master's hand. Mark slowly realized he was starting to truly think of the man as "Master", and although the idea had disturbed him initially, the more he thought of pleasuring the man, the more the notion of considering him as "Master" seemed to sit well within his psyche.

The more Mark sucked, the more comfortable and confident he felt in performing the action. He carefully reached out his tongue, teasing the shaft and even the tip as he rocked back and forth. His jaw was getting painfully sore, but his

Master's ever-present hand desired he suck further, and Mark's appetite for pleasing Master only grew. Soon Mark was moving up and down the shaft on his own power, eager to take as much as Master required of him, savoring the succulent flavor of pre and wondering what it would be like to taste the entire salty load.

Yet soon, the boss's hand removed itself, and slowly pulled Mark off. Mark was a little reluctant to give up, but it seemed to be Master's will he stop for now. He slowly let his mouth slide off the tasty treat, looking up into the loving eyes of Master, licking his lips with a precum-soaked tongue.

"That's a good pup. Good boy. You served Master well for your first time," Randy said, giving him a pat on the back. "But Master still has work for you to do. Are you ready to go even further? Serve your Master? Become mine in soul, and soon to be mine in body? You want to be a good pup, don't you?" Randy asked, the words dripping lust and desire.

Mark shook his head a little, not really sure how the words made him feel. He was still drunk, he was certain, to even be considering this. But the words bore into his skull and made his own cock rise once more, even though he'd just cum. He never had so much stamina in all his life. The idea of serving this man became the forefront of his thoughts, even through the silent protests echoing from deep within.

"Y-yes...Master...I...I want to serve you.." Mark stuttered, knowing it was so strange, so bizarre to say such things but wanting them all the same.

With a tussle of Mark's hair, Randy stood up and walked towards the drawer in the corner of the room and produced a collar and a leash, holding them up for Mark's inspection. Mark wasn't sure what to make of them at first. They looked identical to the ones that both the junkyard Rotties from memory wore. Why was Randy showing him these?

“You like these, boy? These are for you! A gift from your loving Master!” Randy said before coming over and setting them in Mark’s lap.

Mark stared at them for a moment, the worn fabric making him a little uncomfortable. Why was it that Randy wanted him to wear these? These were for a dog, right? And Mark wasn’t a dog, was he? But Master was calling him Pup, after all. Wasn’t he Master’s pup?

“You put those on now, Pup. Be a good pup for Master,” Randy said huskily, leaning down close to Mark’s ear. Mark shivered from the words, and gingerly placed the collar around his neck. Trembling fingers tried his best to fashion the snap, but Randy’s own fingers were soon present to complete the goal.

With a sharp tug, Randy pulled the leash and beckoned Mark forward. It was not enough force to pull Mark clear off the couch but Mark could easily tell Master was holding back. The Master didn't need any words. Mark knew what he wanted through that simple action. And it made his cock strain and burble more precum in his briefs at the thought of obeying Master’s commands without even a word of encouragement.

Mark sat up from the couch as Master tugged the leash in the opposite direction. Mark obeyed, turning himself around so his backside faced Master. Mark found himself wondering what Master’s goal for him was. Though he had regained much of his cognizance, certain things were still fuzzy, and Mark had a hard time interrupting the situation. He hoped he'd been a good boy and that Master would soon make things clear.

“That’s a good boy! Yer a fast learner! Now, let’s get you all prepared for Master!” Randy declared as he reached down to tug off Mark’s underwear. Mark felt elated from the praise. He wanted to...what? A phantom tingling in his backside wanted to twitch but Mark had no such appendage there. All he felt was a bit of soreness and a tingling in his spine that confused him.

Yet he was quickly distracted by the sensation of something cool and fluid on his pucker. He shivered violently but dared not look back for fear of displeasing Master. He could feel a fat finger inserting itself smoothly in his anus, and Mark was once again delighted with the prior memory of Master's previous play so fresh in his mind. This time, his finger was covered with some sort of gel that Master seemed to generously apply. Still, Mark enjoyed the feeling of being fingered and could tolerate the gel if it meant allowing Master to pleasure him!

Yet all at once, the finger was removed. Mark wanted to protest, but he didn't want to raise his voice to Master. Still, he audibly whined, the needs in his cock growing more insistent with the inability to touch himself from his position on the couch. Soon the finger was replaced by something thicker, something leaking a warm fluid that rubbed its way around Mark's rim. It quickly began poking at Mark's anus, as though trying to force its way in.

It was only then Mark realized what was to happen. He was going to be fucked! He started to panic, wondering how he'd let himself so willingly get into this position. Yet this was what Master wanted from him. Right?

“There, there, boy. This is the best way to service Master. You want to please Master, don't you? You want to be a good dog, right boy?” Randy said as his fat cock head pressed against Mark's opening.

At the simple words, Mark found himself starting to relax, and, slowly, his sphincter muscles opened up enough for Randy's thick dick to work its way inside. It didn't take long for Master to start thrusting, and although Mark found it uncomfortable, it didn't hurt, not really. It was strange to be filled in such a way, but it gave his cock such pleasure. It opened up a part of his insides Mark wasn't aware he had.

The waves of pleasure rocked through to his loins and made him feel amazing. Not only was he enjoying being fucked, but Master had called him a good dog! Wait, dog? He was Pup, right? A pup was a dog, but still...

His attention was drawn to an insistent itching that rose from his ass like prickling skin. He couldn't alleviate it with his arms being used to hold himself up at an angle to take Master's cock. The itching was rapidly spreading across his ass cheeks, running down in-between his legs, and even his fuzzy groin. He whined a little, irritated by the sensations and his inability to deal with them.

Yet the now-familiar fingers started scratching his ass cheeks, and Mark relaxed, the feeling of relief almost as good as the fucking itself. Mark moaned a little as the fingers played over every inch of skin that was becoming enveloped with that annoying itch. It ran all the way down his back, his thighs, his legs, and even started on his belly. But each time an itch arose, Master's fingers were there to help. At the wonderful feeling of Master scratching him, Mark felt one hind leg twitch reflexively.

"That's a good boy. That's a good pup. Just relax and let it happen," Master whispered as he reached up to rub Mark's hair, teasing those thick dirty fingers around Mark's ears. Mark could feel them tingling oddly, and he wanted to rub them, but Master was taking care of that for him.

Master was so good to him. He almost wished his ears were larger so that Master would have more skin to rub. As if in response to his desires, it almost felt like Mark's ears were beginning to widen, followed by the same prickling that was plaguing his hindquarters. Just like before, however, Master's steady hands were there to rub away the irritation. Mark was barely aware that Master's hand was moving higher, to match the tingling that rose further on Mark's head.

His nose felt damp, and he sneezed a few times, as though he was congested. Opening his eyes, they were drawn down to a black protrusion where his nose should be. Mark had to cross his eyes to see it properly, but it did look a little out of place on his face, as though it was....bigger. Yet he was distracted by the odors wafting into it, and his expanded nostrils took in a few powerful whiffs of the already potent male musk swirling in the air. The scents seemed to have increased

in intensity and made Mark quiver all the more in anticipation of the sweet release that awaited him.

Mark could feel the cock firmly implanted in his rectum, warm and moist as it leaked its potent fluid. He moaned as his ass seemed to contract around the glorious rod of its own accord, as though it was shrinking. Either way, Randy's frantically uncontrolled thrusts, and panting groans were all that Mark needed to know his Master was getting close!

"Yer a good pup! Gonna fill you up with Master's cream...Take it, bitch! Be my up and take it!" Randy bellowed as his entire body rocked violently. His growls of satisfaction were followed by a warmth spreading through Mark's bowels as he was filled with cum.

The Master's words, bizarre as they were, had the desired effect of refreshing Mark's libido. The knowledge that Mark had pleased his Master in such a way was more than enough to send his modest cock into orgasmic onset. A thick hand finally reached under him to help achieve his end, and Mark growled his approval in a voice that wasn't entirely familiar. Somehow it felt as though his cock wasn't as large in the beefy man's hand as it should be, but such a realization did not serve to diminish the sensations. Mark panted with relief as his cock shot another modest load all over his Master's hand and his own belly.

All at once, Mark felt a painful tug on his rectum as the Master moved to exit. Mark fell backward from the force of the girthy dick pulled from his bowels. His anus clenched open and closed, seemingly disturbed from the lack of stimulation. Even though he had just cum, he wanted MORE, the assurance that Master's seed would stay within him, and everyone would know who his Master was. Yet despite that, he still collapsed, fatigued from the twin consecutive orgasms he had experienced.

Tired as he was, his ears perked up to the sounds of Master pulling out a damp cloth, and cleaning his member off from their combined juices. Part of Mark

wanted to lick clean his Master's member himself but was a little off-put from the idea as soon as it had crossed his mind.

Mark slowly rose, wanting to clean himself up as well. He felt a little dirty from the recent activities, and now they were over the shame started to set in. How would his dad treat him if the older man was to find out? More to the point, how did Mark feel about this becoming a regular part of his workday? He needed some time to reflect on the conflicting thoughts.

Yet, Randy seemed hostile towards Mark's movements. "Dogs like you don't need cleaned up, Pup! You best stay dirty for the next time you get used. Shame it won't be me, though. I'm many things but I don't go no further once it starts! Still, yer gonna be living with Master a long time, and I'll take real good care of ya!"

Mark pulled back, ashamed that he had upset Master. He whined a little, before realizing what Master had said. Dog? Mark wasn't a dog! He wasn't even sure he wanted to be a pup, but...And what was it Master meant by "living with"? None of the words made any sense!

It was only then Mark remembered the feelings of his ears stretching during the intense rutting he'd received. He reached up to touch them with some trepidation, sure the bizarre sensations were just a product of his imagination. Much to his horror, however, his ears didn't seem to be in the same place! Mark panicked for a moment before reaching up to feel the fuzzy points on his head. They were there but...much larger than they should be. Mark felt all the way along their expanse, noting they were relatively massive, having folded over into floppy triangles covered with a light layer of soft fuzz. And Mark realized, in terror, he could MOVE them, new muscles twitching under his control if he focused.

Mark suddenly became aware of the particularly pungent odors permeating the room, making him cough a little. It was then that Mark recalled the thick black protrusion in front of his face where his nose once sat. The skin his fingers reported

was rough and slightly damp, clearly not the human nose he'd had only moments ago.

He couldn't help but notice that his nose seemed to protrude further from his face than it had. A quick exploration noted the contours of his face had shifted, and that his gums felt rubbery, his canine's more pointed. And his face was covered with that soft texture, reminding him more and more of...

A quick glance down, spurred by the memory of the itching he'd felt while being fucked, made him gasp. A forest of short black hair covered his hips and groin, spreading down his bare legs as his backside continued to itch. It was so thick in some areas that he could hardly see the skin, which itself seemed to have warped in texture and shade. It both looked and felt familiar, reminding him too much of the touch of Randy's canine companion from earlier.

A chuckle from the corner of the room made him raise his head, the expression of fear still firmly planted on Mark's features. "Aww, yer finally starting to realize! I bet ya wanna see 'em happen while you can still think! Here, let me help ya!" Randy said as he lifted up a large mirror propped along the wall in Mark's direction.

Mark gasped at the sight of his distorted face. The ears, the spreading fur, the nose, along with a steady warping of his facial features, reminded Mark of a Rottie. Was he...turning into a dog? How was that possible?

"RRhat *cough* what are RRou doing to me!" Mark managed to growl out before raising his hands to his lips, embarrassed by his voice. Too late, Mark noticed how long his nails had become, as though he had not cut them in months. Mark stared entranced as the formerly dull keratin nails started to blacken, discolored like a jar being filled with fluid. The base of each thickened as the dull tips continued to stretch before his eyes.

“It’s an ol’ family recipe, boy. Makes a man out of whoever drinks it. Used to set boys straight in the family, making them highly suggestible. Has some canine essence or whatever, makes em’ as obedient as a hound! Me, well, I found a few more uses for it! Seems if ya concentrate it enough, you can turn a man into a dog just as much as make em’ obey ya!”

"And, of course, as you seen, I got some other preferences of my own I like to indulge in. This ere’ small town don't take kindly to folks like me being public ‘bout it. And besides, I like to use a little persuasion to help my conquests along. Some of em’ are more into it, and I get to play with those boys a little longer.”

“But either way, I play too long, and they always change in the end. I got a mighty good rapport with the rescue op in town, and all them' doggies get good homes. But, if I like 'em enough, then they get a good home here with me, especially if they end up Rotties, like yer gonna be!”

"Sides’, even if you were inta playin’ a little longer, yer pappy would shut me down awful quick. Shame I had to make it a one-time thing, you seemed pretty into er’. Still, you’ll be happy enough living here, and ol’ Russ out there will make sure yer needs are well attended,”

Randy finished as he glanced at the door.

At the sound of his name, a bark echoed outside the door, followed by the instant scratching of blunt nails. Randy got up and opened the door to allow Russ to bound in, tail wagging and tongue panting.

Mark was still trying to comprehend the full extent of Randy’s speech. What was he talking about? Was he...turning Mark into a dog? That wasn't possible, was it? He'd clearly been drugged, and despite how much of an asshole his dad was, he would rain hell down if his son was drugged and taken advantage of, no matter how much Mark thought he enjoyed it at the time!

Yet his thoughts were soon distracted by a damp nose on his crotch. Looking down, he saw the excited noise of the dog sniffing his nethers. Mark went to push him away but was suddenly aware of how much black fur had spread over his hands, and how stiff his fingers felt. The momentary distraction was all that Russ needed to lap at Mark's crotch, bringing him to full erection for the third time. Mark knew he needed to stop this, that it was a dog, and even if he had been human once it wasn't right. But soon, the tongue played over his privates, and Mark could do little but moan at the welcome intrusion.

"Seems Russ likes ya, boy! I figured he would, he was as much a fag as I was, and he was into the whole sub' thing from the drink. He didn't know it was gonna turn him into my pup fer real, but he seems happy enough now! And he's been whinin' for a mate for a while, best I can tell anyway! There's at least sometin' of him in there!"

Mark was hardly aware of Master's words as a tingling started to spread across his privates, as though spurred on by the dog's gentle, insistent advances. Russ's tongue was moist and seemed to be eagerly lapping up the cum he had previously expelled. Despite himself, Mark was easily brought to full arousal from the careful ministrations, and soon his cock was leaking more streams of clear fluid.

Yet the feelings of warmth were from more than just the tongue. Mark could feel fur covering around what he thought was a patch of skin that had pooled up just under his penis. The shape of his member was all wrong, the contours of his head diminished as the tip converged into a point.

The warm caress of the dog's tongue reached lower, covering Mark's groin with slobber as well as more warm fur. Mark could feel the fuzzy sheath swelling over his balls as something at the base of his cock swelled up with it. A whine escaped from his blackened lips that would have bothered him had he not been lost in the rapture of Russ's skilled and very eager tongue!

Mark's balls seemed to swell with seed as a warm layer of black fur covered them. It spread down his perineum towards his anus, which itself had started to pucker. Mark was reminded of the sensations of being filled with Randy's thick cock, and he immediately clenched his anus. In response, Russ's flat tongue moved its way higher, touching Mark's anus and even inserting himself inside. The moist appendage was even better than Randy's finger had been!

Lost in the reverie of the attention he was receiving, Mark was hardly aware his backside was starting to reshape now. The fat of his buttocks melted away as his hips contracted into the expanse of his still-human stomach. The flesh of his heels extended for every inch that was robbed from his thighs and calves. The aches and twinges ran through Mark's body, yet Russ's insistent tongue kept him well distracted from the canine changes as he lay on the couch in absolute bliss.

"That's a good dog! Yer just lettin' it happened! Such a good boy for Master!" Randy said as he came over to pat the changing young man's hair, the long black curls falling away for the patch of Rottweiler hairs replacing the follicles. Randy scratched Mark's canine ears again, and Mark started kicking his leg reflexively. He rolled over, and suddenly yelped from a pain in his spine, as though he'd sat on something. The butt appendage underneath him started thumping against the couch, and Mark was suddenly too aware he was now in possession of a canine tail!

It was the pain in his backside that finally broke Mark from the trace he'd been in. He was changing into a dog! And he was just letting it happen! He couldn't want this. No matter how fucking good it felt, he was a human being, damnit!

He tried to get up, to struggle off the couch, and get away before any more of him was lost. Yet Russ was evidently unimpressed by his new mate's attempts at escape. The dog growled, lowering his muzzle down towards Mark's balls and lapping at them with his tongue before quickly wrapping his blunt muzzle around them. Mark whined and started to pull back, but the dog gently, yet firmly, held

Mark's testicles in his muzzle. Though the Rottie had not bitten down, his growls made it clear that Mark's attempts to escape would not end well. Mark was effectively stuck like this!

“Careful there boy! Yer new Alpha ain't so nice about you gettin' away! He's gonna have his way with ya, whether ya like it at first or not!” Said, Randy, almost amused by the predicament.

“Dontcha worry none there boy! I think yer gonna like being a dog! Ya already make a good beta for him!” Randy said with a laugh as he pulled out another bottle, this time a brown fluid that he drank straight. Actual alcohol, Mark thought. Something he would never taste again if he allowed himself to be Randy's new Rottie!

Mark could feel his back start to ache as his hips continued to compress into his sides. His stomach was stretching thin, the already trim waist contracting into the belly of a dog. The tingling from before intensified as more rows of nipples became prominent, and his stray hand, though hesitantly, was forced over them to accentuate his pleasure.

Mark could feel his asshole clenching as his entire being begged to be filled by that magnificent cock on full display under the former human. Mark wagged his growing tail, twitched his hips, and swung his ass. It was so hard to focus on anything else with the pungent scents wafting in the air. They beckoned for him to be fucked and bred by his Alpha. Wait, Alpha?! Mark had to fight harder, he was losing himself!

Soon the dog let go of his nuts for just a moment in an attempt to position himself to breed his eager beta. The fleeting fringes of Mark's mind had enough sense to push his suitor away with still-human hands as he bolted to the door. He knew the only way to retain his humanity was to get out and get help before he changed too much further. Yet a part of his mind was conflicted at the thoughts. Did he really want to leave, when he could stay here and please both his Master

and his Alpha? Even as he desperately tried to cling on to his human fear, the feelings of canine bliss wheeling in his mind formed a warm blanket that slowed his movements ever so slightly.

Yet the door was not far, and Mark's hands were quickly grasping for the handle, the last barrier to his freedom and potential humanity. He was shocked that neither Randy nor Russ had moved to stop him, but currently, he didn't care. The priority was to escape, after all. Yet the more his nails played over the wooden structure, the more confused Mark became. Where was the handle? It was one thing to have the door locked from the inside, but there had to be a way to open it, right?

His grunts of exasperation became increasingly canine the more Mark frantically scratched at the wood, not seeing a semblance of a handle or knob, the one thing that would lead to his escape. Had he the human cognizance to realize it, he might have recalled that Randy used an electrical switch in his hand to open the lock, a rather advanced security feature for the old-fashioned garage. It was perhaps a necessary one to save someone from stepping across Randy's secret. Still, Mark failed to look behind him at Master's raised hands holding the device. Though even if he had, any attempt to steal it would only be met with Master's disapproval, and his increasingly canine mind would be ashamed to earn Master's ire!

Without a clear plan in mind, Mark started scratching frantically at the wooden door, his claws scraping the wood, and tearing off flecks that fell on the floor. He lacked the current tactile sense to feel similar scratches adorning the door all over, other former humans' attempts to escape that were all met with failure. Still, Mark's struggling mind was set on its singular goal, one simple enough for his canine sensibilities to grasp and prevent them from fighting when the scents of Master and Alpha begged him to stay.

As Mark scratched the wood like the beast he was becoming, he was hardly aware of the stiffness in his pawing digits, in particular, his thumb. He didn't

require their flexibility for the current task, and their sturdy formation had the opposite effect in digging deeper into the wood of his prison. The rough skin forming on the fingertips of each too helped steady his changing hands on the door, and for a moment, Mark felt a glimmer of hope. Yet the stiffness persisted, and even in his panic, Mark could see the fingers shrinking as the tendons and joints snapped almost painfully to reconfigure into canine front toes.

It was only when his digits were half their human size that Mark realized he was losing his hands. He desperately tried to wriggle them, to keep them intact, yet only to feel a webbing spread from the skin at the base as he lost all their motility. His thumbs were gone as well, sliding up his stretching wrists and snapping into place, where they diminished into a dewclaw.

“RRROot my RRRands!” Mark cried out, voice guttural and sharp as his jaw cracked out another centimeter, and his flat tongue lolled out of it. The reality of his situation was setting it; he was no longer human, had no way to escape the fate thrust upon him. He could only stare with tears in his eyes as his palms flattened, the bases forming thickened pads to match the ones on his hand until he was left with a perfect pair of black-furred Rottweiler paws.

Randy chuckled at his new pup’s attempt to escape. “Course boy! Pups like you don’t need hands! Yer’ new paws are gonna be a big help when yer’ down on all fours like your Alpha. Seeking o’ which. Russ! Ere’ boy! Get em’!”

Immediately, Mark felt something gooshing his asshole one more, the cold nose of his Alpha on his anus before that wonderful tongue wrapped itself around Mark’s jewels. Mark whined and struggled, but he was helpless as the dog pulled him closer to the floor and his permanent position. As though in response, Mark could feel his spine aching as it stretched out, forming more room for the canine hanches that were finally snapping into place. Mark struggled to hold the door with a last effort, but soon, he slipped and fell onto his front paws where he would stand for the rest of his days.

Pleased his beta was in the proper position, Russ started lapping at Mark's backside with gusto, that wonderful tongue sneaking its way into Mark's ass and making the changing man whine. He wanted to protest, but even the human parts of his mind were unable to argue against the intrusion. He was far too changed to consider escape anymore, and despite the circumstances, it felt amazing to give into Russ's ministrations. The canine part of his brain was finally given an inch, and instinctively Mark raised his tail up and to the side, making his mate's eventual intrusion more accessible.

As he did so, Mark began to feel his heels stretching up his thinning legs, making it easier to expose his damp, needly pucker. The cold stone floor, once uncomfortable, was starting to relent as his foot was forced upward. The remaining sole of his feet left him with thick paw pads as they shifted to a more digitigrade stance. New canine nails tore painlessly from his toes as they too swelled up with paw pads and shrank into the stable webbing between them, covered with black and brown fur while his big toes were lost inside canine dewclaws.

Yet none of that mattered with the prospect that his anus was soon to be filled with canine cock. Russ pulled back his tongue, but wasted no time leaping up, situating his paws on the new Rottweiler's expansive back, and digging his nails in. Mark tried to cry out in pain but could only force out canine bark as the male started humping him, looking for the wide-open pucker to take his beta properly.

"That's a good boy, that's a good dog!" Randy said, the insistent slick slapping signaling that the burly man was enjoying the show as much as Russ.

RRRRim...RRRRot...a RRRRog...RRRUUUUFFFF!" Mark whined, the last human words fading under a series of canine barks. It was a final act of defiance, though, in truth, his fading human intellect was well aware he'd already lost the battle. The moment that seeking Rottweiler cock touched the tip of Mark's pucker, any semblance of resistance was erased from the sensual shivers coursing through his body. Its presence in his pucker only served to have Mark raise his hips to better accommodate his Alpha.

At this point, Mark's body was nearly canine enough to match his mind. The first few thrusts of doggie cock sent ripples running through his chest, causing his shoulders to finish compacting and his chest to barrel out with thick muscle. He was a proud breed, his massive chest a sign of his power and stamina. The weight of his mate's own heavy body became more manageable the larger Mark became. The pleasant sensation of his swelling chest made Mark pant delightedly as his neck started to thicken and hold up his swelling skull.

All that remained was the still-human head adorned with canine features. But any semblance of the human Mark was soon to shift under the sweeping changes mutating his once-human visage. His jaw cracked forward, each thrust of his mate adding another inch to his muzzle, and rearranging the bones of his skull. His thickened jowls were drooling now as Mark whined his ecstasy of being fucked. The thick black nose atop his muzzle allowed him to better drank in the scents of their mating and of Master close by. The room started to dim as Mark's eyes shifted, the pupils darkening from their normal white to brown and taking with it his primate visual acuity. But with his other senses enhanced, Mark hardly seemed to notice.

All that remained was his rounded skull, and as it began to contract and slope, all of Mark's human thoughts were taken away in his shrinking cranium. The worries and doubts that had plagued his consciousness were pushed to the side. They dissolved in his mind like the precum leaking from his canine cock. Both his Master and his Alpha were present, and he had served them well. He was still serving them, from the slick sounds of Master rubbing his cock, and the sensation of Alpha plowing his bowels.

The feeling of being fucked by his fellow Rottweiler was far more exciting than even Master had been. He had a vague recollection of Master teasing him, but those thoughts felt so distant now, like another life. He could not recall never having served Master, never having a wonderful Alpha to please. Any of the

conflicting thoughts were soon washed away as Alpha's pointed tip reached further and further inside of him.

Mark growled a little from the feeling of something plump and heavy painfully pressing against his anus the quicker Alpha's thrusts became. Yet part of his mind wanted more of Alpha inside him. He was still too empty, and Alpha had not yet filled him to ensure successful breeding. Mark wished Alpha's scent inside him, to secure his place in Alpha's pack. Reflexively, he relaxed his rectal clamps until the massive weight was pushed inside. He growled from the sudden agony, yet the pleasurable sensations overrode it with the knowledge that Alpha could no longer escape until after he spilled his seed.

The force of the knot inside him was too much to take as the newly changed Rottweiler felt his balls tense up and shot his modest load all over the ground, some of it dripping into his sheath as he howled his release.

Foreign memories flooded his mind of past orgasms, but none could compare to the sense of satisfaction that not only had he released, but that he had served his Alpha's needs in the process. His clenching ass was more than enough to bring the balls slapping against his own to release, and Mark could hear Alpha whine as a pleasurable warmth filled Mark's bowels.

He could hear Master's voice now, a burst of laughter that bothered him a little. He couldn't understand the words, and the tone was off-putting. But soon, a primal cry of release flooded his ears and was quickly followed by the scent of seed being spilled, so Mark paid it little mind as he finished feeling his Alpha fill him.

Mark the Rottweiler lay down with his mate firmly on top of him, spent from recent activities he was only vaguely aware of. His Alpha foolishly tried to pull away, but the pressure in his knot in tandem with Mark's growls of protest was enough to keep him present. It ensured Alpha's seed stuck and provided the necessary marker for all other canines who investigated them.

His mate peaceful, and knot firmly in his bowels, Mark finally closed his eyes and allowed himself to drift into pleasant slumber, assured finally of his place in the world.

Randy watched with some amusement as his newest Rottie lay with another male's knot lodged deep in his asshole. He had been looking for the perfect mutt, one that would make a good fuck first. There weren't many good looking boys left in town, and it had been a few months since he'd last gotten his dick in that young man Russel, a sexy boy that had only been a few years older than Mark.

Still, Randy did regret that he couldn't keep Mark human a little longer. The boy's dad wouldn't take to kindly to his son being a fag and Randy wanted to keep his secret. He'd just say that Mark never showed up for work, and Randy had ways to make a car disappear. Mark's dad would be sad, but he'd always been disappointed in the boy. And Mark himself was miserable in his human life. He would be much happier here, his ass full of another Rottie's knot as they lived together as pack mates to protect their new territory.