

“Thanks again, man. I’m gonna crash. Night!” Alec said, lying down on the couch and pulling the blanket over him.

His buddy, Mac, bid him goodnight and went into his room alone with a sigh. The recent breakup with his girlfriend was rough, and, despite knowing that they weren’t good for each other, the loneliness still hurt. He hated coming home to an empty bed, but it was not preferable to be in a toxic relationship.

In truth, he would never have wanted Alec to spend a night at his place, much less the assumed weeks and months that it would take Alec to get back on his feet. His former buddy was a hardcore stoner and has just lost the lease to his apartment for not having paid it up in several months. He had no job, no family support, and, worst of all, no ambition to improve things. Alec was essentially a drain on resources that Mac did not have.

But, lonely as he was, Mac thought the company would help cheer him up during such a troubled time. Besides, Alec had nowhere else to go, and he didn’t want to see his buddy out on the street, begging or getting into harder drugs as an escape. He felt bad for the dude, though in a way one might feel for a lost puppy.

The two hadn’t really talked much since high school, but Mac knew Alec’s home situation well enough that he was sure the man had nowhere else to go. Besides, Mac always had a soft spot for strays. He’d wanted to take in dogs several times during his former relationship, although his apartment didn’t allow it, and Beth was allergic.

Alec’s stay was proving to be...interesting so far, to say the least. That first night, Alec had confided in his old friend that he had just wished upon a star, hoping to find someone who would take care of him and that he could love in turn. Mac wasn’t sure why his old friend seemed so interested in that but was content to oblige his more bizarre behaviors in exchange for the company.

Alec went a little off-topic then, his next words not making sense. Alec delighted over talking about dogs for a time, lamenting how humans did not care about each other in the same way that they cared about dogs. The world would be a better place if people did, Alec argued. Something Mac played off as hippie shit. Still, since he would be living with the guy for the foreseeable future, Mac thought it best to humor him.

He had to admit, it was nice to know someone was in the house with him as Mac drifted off to sleep. It was like having a burglar alarm, he mused, knowing that a potential thief would have to come through the front door or window where Alec was sleeping. Though he’d never been broken into before, his apartment was not in the best part of town and the threat of robbery

always hung over his head. It was one of the reasons that Beth had left him, in the end. She wanted to move to a better part of town, and Mac had agreed with her. Yet, on their combined low-income salaries, many nights were spent in screaming matches over those unrealistic possibilities.

Mac had an early shift in the morning; he worked as a prep cook for a restaurant, often for ten hours or more. The understaffed place left him tired and weary. Still, it was better than nothing, and he was likely to get his buddy a job there too. Places like his work were always hiring, after all. Even a vagrant like Alec would have a shot!

Yet, as he roused, the scents of bacon and eggs met his nose, surprising him. Beth had never cooked breakfast for him, and...Beth didn't live here anymore. Was...Alec cooking for him? No. If anything, his new roomie was cooking for himself. Mac didn't mind; the guy had to feed himself, after all. And he was supposed to head out early today to apply for social services and the like to help him get back on his feet.

Yet, walking out into the main room, Mac was shocked to see that his friend had indeed made breakfast for the two of them. Mac even had time to eat before his shift started, something rare with his chosen profession.

"Thanks, dude," he said, eating quickly.

"Don't mention it! It was the least I could do for you!" Alec replied, almost bouncing in his chair. Mac was surprised to see his old buddy so enthused but figured it was the start of a new day in his life. He could be happy for the guy and hope such behaviors continued.

Work was shit, as always. The supply order was late, nothing had been prepped the previous night, and the place was far too understaffed for even the day shift. Mac found himself hoping his new roomie was having better luck out on the town. Though, he wished that Alec would get a job here if for no other reason than to help out!

In the end, Mac was late getting off work, as usual, coming home after dark and assuming that his buddy would be home by now. Yet, Mac was ill-prepared for the *smell* that hit his nostrils. There was a stench of cleaning chemicals, one that delighted his nose to think that his roomie would have done some cleaning.

But another odor hung in the air, it was almost putrid and made him *retch!* It was like a rank, unwashed body, stinking of days old BO. There was no denying that it was coming from his friend. Alec was standing there, smiling proudly, yet sweating up a storm even as he did so.

The musky stench was almost palpable, hanging in the air like some sort of cloud. How could he possibly stink so bad after *one day!*

“Dude, take a shower!” Mac said, though instantly regretting it. He didn’t want to chew his friend out after he had just having cleaned his apartment. But, the stench of the guy’s BO was overwhelming. Mac didn’t know how much more of it he could take!

“S-Sorry! Ma-dude!” Alec said, surprising himself. He immediately went to the bathroom, that horrid stench trailing behind him as he did so. Alec, in his defense, hadn’t realized the fetid odor was coming from him. It had gotten worse as the day progressed, but it hadn’t bothered Alec until Mac had called him out on it. Now, all he could feel was a deep sense of shame.

Mac sighed. He smelled pretty bad himself from work. He wanted to have a shower but he was tired as fuck. 12 hour days would do that. He had to work again in the morning, so, figuring he could just shower then, he decided it was best to hit the hay as soon as possible.

Yet, the overwhelming stench seemed to follow Mac into the room, even though Alec was now in the shower. It had evidently sunk into his nostrils, making him breathe through his mouth. He found the more he tried to focus on anything else, the more the odor seemed to seep into his nostrils.

As he got into bed, Mac noticed that he was starting to get a bit of a half-chub without knowing why. What the hell was making him so hard? Mac had half a mind to rub one out but was asleep before he had the chance to grab some tissues. Yet, before he could think upon it much further, he ended up falling asleep, the fatigue of the day finally catching up with him.

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Waking him early in the morning, before even the sound of his alarm, was the potent reek from earlier. It had invaded his dreams all night, reminding him of past girlfriends as he started to rut against his pillows slightly, trying to relieve the tension that had been building.

Yet as he roused from slumber he realized that the odors from before were far stronger than he recalled from last night. Mac inadvertently took a big whiff, gasping as he did so. It was *rank!*

It took a few moments for Mac to regain the clarity to realize that the stench was actively pervading the room. Had Alec come in during the night...?

It was then that Mac realized that there was a pressure at the foot of his bed. Getting up quickly, he noticed the naked form of his buddy, just laying there, curled up in a little ball, fast asleep.

Mac wanted to yell out, to tell him to get the fuck out of there. But the pungent body odor still clung cloyingly to his nostrils, making him nearly gag. It was so much that he dared not even open his mouth to speak.

Yet, there was a part of him that wanted to breathe in the smell. That part was sending shooting spikes of arousal into his now-turgid erection. That stink had to be the source that was making him hard as hell. There was nothing else in the room that could explain it.

The stirring of his buddy made Mac freeze for a moment, pulling the blankets over him to hide his boner. His buddy seemed not to notice, opening his eyes slowly and smiling once he realized that Mac was staring at him. There seemed to be no reluctance in his eyes to indicate that he had any problem being in the same room, naked with another man. In fact, from the sight of his cock, Alec seemed to enjoy it!

“Morning, M-Mas-Oh shit! Your breakfast! I’m so sorry!” Alec said, running out of the room, erection bobbing with his balls as he did so. Mac wanted to call out to him, to yell at him for being naked in his bedroom. What the hell was he doing?

Alec himself had no idea what was going on, or why he was naked at the end of the bed. It felt *right* in a way that he could not explain. Only a modicum of social convention made him feel shame that he was naked. Yet, why wouldn’t he be naked in front of master? After all—wait, master? Was that right?

Mac couldn’t deny the sight of Alec’s naked body did not turn off his boner. Mac was embarrassed; it was hard to deny that it was the sweaty stench of his buddy’s BO that had turned him on. That, and Alec’s naked body and obvious erection. Was Mac gay? Judging from the boner his friend had, it seemed Alec might be as well.

Mac went through his workday trying not to think about the events of the morning. That funky stench seemed to linger on him, giving him more than one boner that required Mac to take some time in the bathroom will it down. He was even tempted to touch himself on more than one occasion.

Getting off a little earlier, Mac sincerely hoped he would come home to find that his new roomie was out for the day. Part of it was fear of that disgusting stench, but another, deeper part was threatening his very sexuality. Yet, to his disdain, the moment he opened the door was the

moment that fragrant odor of unwashed body hit him all over again. Worse, it immediately forced that uncomfortable boner to assault his loins.

Alec, meanwhile, could not bring himself to shower that day, despite how much his odor had offended Mac the day prior. It was as though the water was a deterrent, threatening to wash away his essence. Still, needing to be clean, Alec settled on a tongue bath instead, thinking that sufficient. Yet, the moment his tongue had met the taste of his armpit...

The reeking man looked up almost expectantly as Mac came in. Alec had his head in his armpit, the skin damp where he had been licking it. Mac felt he should have been disturbed by witnessing such a thing, but the more he stared, the more the sight enraptured him.

Mac hardly had the wherewithal to move before Alec came up to him, panting in a manner that should have left him perturbed. However, Mac remained frozen, even when Alec started sniffing Mac's erection through his pants. Despite himself, Mac was excited to see what Alec did next!

A seeking tongue reached out and started lapping at the leaking stain. A moan escaped Mac's lips; the sensation was far better than anything he'd ever experienced with Beth or any past girlfriends. He nearly shot his pent-up load right there!

Yet, before he could cream his pants, Alec stood up, staring at his buddy in the face. Mac was unable to resist the gaze as he regarded the eager man with interest. There was something about Alec's features that seemed a little off. It was as though his pupils were black, the iris starting to fill in with a muddied brown that should not exist on a human face. Yet, instead of fear, Mac could only think to admit that the sight before him was *hot*.

Alec, too, felt a modicum of fear from his forwardness. He wasn't gay, and he had shown no interest in Mac prior. Yet, Mac had taken him in, fed him, cared for him. Wasn't that what Alec had been seeking? He would do anything for such a friend, and master. And right now, it seemed that Mac had needs...

Lost in reverence as he was, Mac was not prepared for the sensation of Alec's lips against his, taking the prone man in a passionate embrace. The stench was even more potent with the proximity, but as Mac breathed it in, he couldn't help but find himself relaxed. The taste of his friend's lips, though unwelcome, was rather pleasant.

Mac pulled in his friend without thinking, rubbing Alec's back and reaching down to stroke the erection the Mac knew was there. He couldn't explain his sudden actions; he had never

even taken Beth that passionately before. Yet, he couldn't help himself. His loins were screaming to embed themselves into a needy bitch, and Alec seemed ready and willing!

Alec, too, seemed to get into it, reaching down and rubbing his friend's cock with an eager hand. Alec's fingers were rough and a little sharp, as though he had not trimmed the nails in quite some time. But in the moment, Mac was remiss to care, the contact erotic as Mac let out a moan.

Much too soon for Mac's preference, Alec pulled away, leaving a trail of spittle in his wake. Mac started to protest when suddenly, Alec was pulling the other man's work shirt off, leaving Mac a little stunned. Alec seemed to inhale deeply into a scent that Mac was sure he couldn't detect. A quick glance down at Alec's nose revealed a somewhat shocking sight. It seemed to be taking on a black sheen, the tip growing wider as the base started to curve upward, forming what could only be described as minute slits that slowly slid up the man's features.

Yet, Alec seemed not to notice the bizarre transfiguration, instead looking up and down Mac's body with the eagerness of a first-time lover. His face was inches away from Mac's body, though Mac kept perfectly still, cock leaking fluids at the thought of what Alec might do.

With a sudden motion, Alec thrust his nose into Mac's underarm, making Mac pull back reflexively. But Alec was insistent, thrusting his nose forward to eagerly breathe in the stench of Mac's armpit. What had possessed the other man, Mac had no clue. He was acting like a dog that had found a particularly interesting scent!

The sensation on a tongue on his armpit almost made Mac draw away again. Yet, for some reason he forced himself to stay still to let Alec do his thing. It was as though Alec could detect a scent through the grease and sweat that Mac couldn't, one that made him light up with a canine enthusiasm that Mac could scarcely comprehend. Whatever it was, Alec was *hooked*.

Alec stayed like that for several moments, sniffing and lapping and huffing occasionally as he went about his work with the insistence of a starved man to food and drink. It seemed as though nothing could deter the man from licking and sniffing the rank odor of Mac's hairy pits. Mac was slightly self-conscious of their unkempt state but such did not seem to bother Alec in the slightest.

At last, he stopped, breathing slowly as though waking up from a long dream. Alec's pants were soaked through with fluid, the act making him intensely horny. Alec shucked them off, leaving him clad only in underwear that exuded more of that potent aroma. Where was that stench coming from? Surely, no human could produce it. There were notes of unwashed body but mostly a rank, oily scent that lit Mac's groin aflame.

Mac didn't know what was going on until Alec's pits were thrust into his face, stunning him from the intensity of the male stink. Mac would have gagged from the overwhelming odor, but he had grown accustomed to it somewhat in the passing minutes, and simply let himself drink it in.

It took no time for instinct to take over and for Mac to reach out his tongue and start to sample what was offered. The taste and odor were extremely pungent, and Mac had to slobber profusely to try and cleanse his pallet. But, the more he lapped and sucked, the better the flavor became. Emboldened, Mac even traced his tongue across the man's chest and nipple, eliciting a whine of eagerness from his old buddy.

Mac felt none of the same alterations to his own nose or body as he continued to tease his friend's flesh. Yet there was a distinct need to pleasure and tease Alec, one which it was obvious that Alec seemed to share. It was more than a desire; there was a primal *need* to service this other male, even in the most intimate of ways.

He hadn't even noticed that Alec had removed his underwear until the eager man pulled his body away, a smile plastered on lips that were blacker than Mac remembered. His cock was eagerly hanging in the air, bobbing and leaking its fluids. Mac wondered for a moment if he should suck it.

Yet, Alec seemed to have other ideas in mind. Getting down on his hands and knees, Alec's now-brown eyes looked back at his buddy with a pleading expression. Alec needed nothing more than to be taken at the moment, to have his rump filled with seed. Master would claim him as his own, and then Alec would have what he'd wanted. A home, a provider, a lover...

"Please! Frrcuk me!" Alex moaned, a tone escaping his lips that were blacker and gummier in texture, though Mac couldn't be sure. And did Alec have a little more body hair than before?

Mac hesitated a little, having never fucked anyone in the ass, or any man in general before now. His cock was thicker than most men he'd known, and Beth had always struggled taking it without stretching herself with a toy first. One of the many reasons that they fought and broke up, in the end, was the lack of sex due to his situation. How was such a girthy member supposed to fuck a man in the ass without tearing him in two?

Yet, there was something in the other man's expression that was far too tantalizing not to give in. And besides, Mac was horny as hell, and Alec was presenting and eager like a boned-up slut!

It took only a little pre-cum to use as lube for Alec's tight hole. To his absolute shock and delight, Mac was still able to insert his mammoth cock. The sensation was tighter than anything he was prepared for, making Mac horny as hell!

Alec did his best to stifle a moan as he was opened up beyond anything he could have prepared for. It hurt like nothing he was prepared for, Alec gritting his teeth a few moments before more and more of the massive phallus was forced inside. Yet, Alec was determined to see it through as the pain finally started to lighten at the pressure against his prostate. He would be a good little slut for Master!

The actual act was relatively short from the sheer lust the two felt for each other. Mac fucked with the fervor of a horny teen not knowing how to find his pace inside his lover. He was barely aware of his hand reaching down and cupping his friend's cock from below. Mac was going faster and faster now, not caring for his sexuality or the rank stink of his buddy's unwashed body. The act was turning him on more than he could have ever imagined!

"Alec...fuck!" Mac shouted as his cock exploded, filling the smaller man's rear with cum as his balls slapped against his lover's own. The rectal walls gripping him were so tight, far beyond anything that sex with Beth or anyone else had ever provided. It was absolute bliss!

Much too quickly, Mac felt his testicles empty, only to be gripped again as his partner took Mac's cock deeper before blowing his own load. The heavy stench of sex and BO radiated through the apartment like an overpowering miasma. Yet, Mac had never felt more relaxed in all his life. Nothing compared with the release that he experienced. More than that, he felt a kinship with the man that had so eagerly offered himself up. It was like the experience had bonded the two of them in a way that Mac scarcely understood.

Shaking his head free of the musk, Mac went to take a shower, trying to reason through what he had done. Though the heady stench was diminished by the water, his cock was still hard, much to his dismay. How was he so turned on by a guy? Was he maybe gay all along?

And then there were the changes to Alec's body. First of all, was the *stench*! It stank like wet dog, but Alec seemed fearful to go near the shower. Yet the rank BO and musk was such a turn-on that Mac couldn't even bring himself to complain about it any longer.

There was something about his buddy's eyes that didn't sit right. Was it perhaps the way they reminded him of the eyes of a dog? And what about his lips? The body hair? There was no explaining it away, be it hormone imbalance or birth defect. Was his buddy perhaps sick? Should Mac try to get him a doctor?

Mac had to put it out of his mind. He had work the next day, after all. He did come out to see Alec bent unnaturally, licking the cum off his cock, but that, for some reason, wasn't alarmed by the sight. He instead made his way to his room, trying to shake the events of the day and his erection down as he went to rest.

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Mac woke up to the now-familiar stench that made his cock throb. Dim recollections were of having sex last night, though part of him was sure that Beth had broken up with him and no longer lived there. Yet, that meant that the only one he could have relations with was...

The sensation of something at his feet made Mac stir slightly, not wanting to push away what he felt to be a dog. It took him a few moments to recall the morning before when Alec had been on his bed. Yet, despite this, Mac didn't find the idea of his friend sleeping on the bed unwelcome. In fact, it made his cock harder once more...

Alec, smelling the odor of his friend's erection, seemed to stir, grinning at Mac with a loving expression. Mac was a little off-put by the shaper teeth and black, rubbery gums that Alec seemed to sport. His canines, in particular, seemed a little too large for Alec's mouth, giving him an almost bestial appearance. But, it was hard to be bothered with such a loving expression on his friend's features.

Mac wanted nothing more than a morning fuck with his old friend. It was harder to think of the man as a friend now than an object of sexual desire. Yet, there was something else there that Mac couldn't readily identify. Another feeling, this one more sensual and less familiar. More like he saw Alec as a...

Alec was already up and licking Mac's lips, slobbering over them as a dog might. His tongue seemed more flexible, maneuvering its way into Mac's lips and coating his teeth. Though Mac should have found the motion disgusting, there came with it a sense of peace, as though Alec was simply showing Mac that he belonged to him. That seemed to sit well with Mac's sensibilities.

Like the night before, Mac buried his nose in his friend's pit's, inhaling deeply of the musk as he lapped with the eagerness of licking an ice cream cone on a hot day. The rank BO

should have been revolting, but Mac once again found it palpable and savored it. After he'd had his fill, he allowed Alec to do the same, licking at him and slobbering over his chest and nipples lovingly.

Turning around and presenting his ass for Mac's inspecting, Mac couldn't help but notice how dirty Alec's ass was from the cum of yesterday's fucking. Feeling curious, Mac stuck a tongue out, teasing the rim of Alec's pucker and making the hairy man squirm. The raw taste of dirty flesh and dried semen met his tongue, but somehow, the need for the salty, tangy flavor grew. Mac continued to tease his lover's backside, soaking it with his spit as he gripped Alec's butt cheeks.

Feeling adventurous, Mac shoved his nose deep into Alec's dirty backside, sniffing deeply under his balls and inside his gaping hole. The rank, raw male stink was heavenly, driving him to reach out and start tonguing the prone man. The squirming of his lover's body only encouraged him on.

Yet, the needs in his own cock soon took precedence as Mac reluctantly pulled his face away and inserted his much-larger cock. Alec moaned and writhed with discomfort, but Mac was insistent, and Alec soon opened up properly and allowed his Master entry.

As they fucked with the same intensity as the night before, Mac was a little stunned when Alec's ears started to stretch as though made of wax. They seemed to be growing pointed at the tips as thick patches of hair sprouted along their edges. The man's own hair seemed shaggy and somehow shrinking to match the hair on his head.

Yet, the sight was more powerfully arousing than frightening, prompting Mac to thrust harder. His thick cock forced its way further inside his lover than Mac would have thought possible. The prostate stimulation came to a head as Alec came like a shotgun, coating Mac's bed with his rank cum. Rectal muscles clamped so hard on the larger man's cock that Mac hardly could hold back either.

"Alec...Ugghh...Good Boy...!" Mac cried out, without really knowing why. Yet, at the moment, the words felt right to him as his cock unloaded his semen deep into his bitch!

They lay together in a heap after that, the heavy stink of musk and sweat hanging in Mac's nose as Alec audibly sniffed at it. Mac found it was easy to allow himself to bathe in their male perfume. Yet, the sound of his work alarm jarred both of them from their relaxation, and Mac realized that he had to get up and get ready or he would not have a job to support them.

Yet, the look of disappointment on his lover's face sent a shiver of sadness through Mac's body. "I'll be back soon, boy," Mac said, surprising them both. Hadn't he meant to say 'buddy'? The words confused him for a moment until he seemed to conclude that they were indeed right.

Despite his best efforts in the shower, the stench of Alec's unwashed body clung cloyingly to him. No one else at work seemed to notice, or at least comment on its presence, which was a relief. Still, it did make Mac long for the chance to be home and be with his... what? Friend didn't seem to be the right term for their relationship at present. What was Alec to him now, then?

The answer came later that day when Mac found Alec naked on the floor, trying to suck his cock. Though it should have been impossible for any man, Alec seemed tantalizing close to performing the activity. His cock was red, different from a normal penis. The way the skin hung off it, covered in the same black fur that seemed to be thickening over his body, it looked almost as though the phallus of some sort of animal. Mac was overcome with the need to smell it.

At the sight of his Master's return, Alec leaped up, shaking his ass in a way that made Mac drool. Making his way to the prone man, Mac pushed him down, leaning over the potent phallus before sinking his lips down on it. The musky taste of cock was divine, perhaps better than the other flavors of Alec's body that Mac had sampled thus far. Best yet, it continued to leak salty fluids that Mac drank down eagerly as he went up and down on Alec's rod like a pro.

The faster he sucked, the more of that tantalizing fluid leaked into his mouth. He didn't care that the shaft was growing thicker in his mouth. He didn't care that there was an expanding bulb at the base that seemed to swell the faster he tried to suck into it. It mattered not that the tip was getting pointed, lodging its way back into his throat. The flavor was heaven!

As Mac sucked with enthusiasm, a hand subconsciously reached out to rub his buddy's belly, loving the soft texture of Alec's expansive body hair as he did so. A strange sensation greeted his hands, as though he was rubbing at something through the hair, like lumps or nipples. But these were far too low to be Alec's own. Yet, he did find several more, spaced out as one would find on a dog. Mac found it rather exciting to feel Alec's squirms of pleasure as he rubbed all eight of the lumps he found in tandem as best he could.

Much too fast for his preference, Mac could feel the cock in his mouth start to throb uncontrollably with the need to explode. Not caring about the sheer quantity, Mac lapped greedily, the salty load more flavorful than anything he had ever tasted before.

Slowly managing to come off Alec's cock without spilling a drop of precious cum, Mac looked his friend in the brown, canine eyes as Alec licked the last bits of seed off Mac's lips. He

then leaned down, looking at his master's cock with the eyes of a starving man. Mac braced himself for the blow job of his life as Alex sank his lips over the thick rod that Mac had waiting.

Moaning into his mate's mouth, Mac reached down to tease Alec's ears, loving the soft texture as he traced down towards his furry cheeks. More fur seemed to accentuate Alec's face as he sucked with gusto, though each alteration only made the man more handsome in Mac's eyes. He didn't even mind as Alec's mouth flowed out into a muzzle as he continued to suck. So long as Alec didn't cut him with those sharper, canine teeth, though Alec was as gentle as could be.

Mac felt himself cum much too soon, Alec eating the rank fluid down like it was the finest meat. Mac seemed to produce far more than he thought possible, though he certainly wasn't complaining. Not a drop was left as Alec pulled back and kissed him, a lovely flavor of seed on their lips as they made out in post-orgasmic reverie.

Mac invited Alec to sleep in bed with him that night, though Alec seemed more interested in sleeping at the foot of the bed as might a dog. In fact, as Mac considered those words, the more they made sense now. It seemed as though Alec *was* a dog, or dog man, by this point. Alec, too, seemed to relish the idea, taking to his new role far faster than Mac would have ever thought possible.

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Mac was quickly becoming accustomed to the notion that he was gay, and that this changing man was his mate. He saw Alec as something to be protected, cared for, fed, as he would a dog. It was akin to having a pet, in some ways, rather than a roommate or a lover. But Alec was much better than that. There was a level of companionship between the two as Mac did all the shopping, making money for the household while Alec continued to cook, clean, and take his cock as Mac required.

As the days went on, Alec's features gradually shifted into a form more reminiscent of the canine he was acting like. The body hair continued to coat him a little more each day until it was hard to see the skin in some places. The only concern to Mac, however, was his ability to find those sensual nipples and tight rectum that he loved to lick before sticking his girthy penis inside.

Other, subtle changes became more noticeable the more fuck sessions the two underwent. Alec's facial structure was starting to alter outward to make more room for those sharpened teeth. His fingernails and toenails had been replaced with blunt claws, and both his hands and feet grew thicker pads on the bottom. His perky ass had a growth above it that wriggled with excitement every time Mac came home.

Alec even acted like the beast that he was becoming. He never wore clothing anymore. Thankfully, he still used the toilet, though there was a part of him that wanted to go for walks and perhaps mark his territory like the canine he was. But, he could still talk, still reason, even though he was often horny. He viewed Mac as more of a Master now, both as a canine and a human playing pup might.

About two weeks after Alec had joined, the two were engaged in their nightly activities. Very little of the human remained in Alec's expression by this point. Though Mac only found it more attractive. Judging from the lack of visible shifting in the dog boy's body, he was nearly finished. That suited Mac just fine. He wanted a fuckable dog-boy, rather than a real dog, after all!

Taking him from behind as he normally did, Mac was excited to feel the nub out of his spine starting to grow, pressing between his cock and belly and wagging its excitement. It was soon far larger than it had been previously, becoming a full, swishing canine tail that truly showed off Alec's love for his master.

The sensation of such a bestial appendage against his belly excited Mac in a way he didn't think possible. It felt as though his dog-boy was complete now, and that Alec truly belonged to him. Alec seemed to share the sentiment as he prepared to blow his load!

"Yes! AAWWWRRRRROOOO!" Alex howled in a truly canine baritone as his cock shot all over the bed. Mac couldn't hold back as he screamed his own release. He filled up his dog-boy, holding on for all he was worth as the two rutted and came together.

As he lay there, his dog boy wrapped in his arms, Mac felt himself relax in a way that surpassed even the best days that he'd had with his ex. Not only did Alec love him, more than any human could ever possibly feel that emotion, but he was also loyal to him. The dog-boy was happy to do whatever his master wanted of him and loved him unconditionally.

Alec, in turn, would be loved and cared for. Partly as a pet, but also as a lover and companion. One happy to be in the presence of his Master and one that would eagerly take care of all his master's sexual needs. It was the ideal arrangement for both of them, it seemed.

Smiling, Mac breathed in the heavy musk of their lovemaking, pulling in the dog-boy in closer as he reached into the drawer to pull out a recently-purchased gift. Alec, who had moved to allow his lover to get up, was excited to see a canine collar, an imprinted 'Alec' on the side

“I love you, Master,” Alec said, licking Mac’s hand as he felt the new collar being fashioned on his neck. Mac reached down to kiss his lover, allowing Alec to slobber on his teeth as befitting a beta submitting to his master.

“I love you too, pup,” Mac said, kissing his dog-boy as they lay there in a pile of their lust and romance.

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The ensuing weeks were some of the best in his life. Mac was promoted at work to kitchen manager, finally able to start saving some money. With Alec at home to handle all of the domestic chores, he was much more able to focus on his professional life, even going out of his way to apply for better jobs. Any day now, he was expecting to land something that would allow them to move into the city. He could get a house in the suburbs, preferably one with a backyard and a high fence for Alec.

One day, Mac unexpectedly ran into Beth, seeing her in line behind him at the grocery store. The state of his clothes and the smile on his face likely did not go unnoticed, given how often she gazed his way. Mac’s sense of smell had improved slightly, though he had not changed as Alec had. Yet, he was still about to ascertain that she had not been with a man in several weeks. Furthermore, Beth seemed uncharacteristically disheveled. Though he wished her no ill-will, there was still a part of him that enjoyed the idea that he clearly looked as though he was better off than she. A wonderful man was waiting for him at home, after all!