

Simon Erikson was a loser. A failure, a bore, a waste of oxygen. At least, that's what everyone told him, and that's what he saw in the mirror every morning. Not that he had any standing to say they were wrong. He'd accomplished nothing in his life. He was a college dropout, stuck in a worthless dead-end job. No girlfriend, no hobbies, no real reason to exist. If he were to simply disappear tomorrow, he could think of only one person who would be slightly disappointed, and that only because he'd no longer be able to make Simon do his work for him. In fact, here he came now.

Simon looked up from his computer as the other man swaggered up. "What do you want now, Jack?"

"Hey now, no need to get snippy, kid," Jack Slaton said. He only had five years on Simon, but still insisted on using the diminutive nickname. "I just need to ask a favor."

An exasperated sigh escaped the younger man. "Favors get repaid, Jack. What you ask me to do is bitch work."

"Haha! Good one, kid. Anyway, we got some new reports in, and I need the data entered by tomorrow morning."

"It's 4:30," Simon complained, "Does it really have to be done now?"

"Sure does. I knew I could count on you. Ciao." And Jack was gone, not even giving Simon a chance to refuse.

What he really meant was that Simon was the only one he could count on not to quit when repeatedly told to give up his evenings. Simon rubbed his eyes and stifled a groan. One day he'd tell Jack to shove it. One day he'd quit this piece of shit job. One day he'd escape all this. One day.

For now, he had no choice but to buckle down. If he hurried, maybe he could finish the work by the time the subway stopped running.

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In the end, he caught the last train back to his neighborhood. He'd spent the ride uncomfortably enduring the the stares of a man sharing the train car with him. He didn't want to antagonize the stranger, so he sat in silence, averting his eyes.

He was fairly hungry from skipping dinner. Unfortunately, the little grocery store on the corner was closed, and he knew his fridge was empty. He didn't need to be skipping meals, given that he was already dangerously skinny, but it often happened on late nights. His stomach growled as he ascended the steps to his apartment. He hoped he had enough snack foods left to at least hold him until morning.

His roommate, Greg, was just leaving as Simon got to the door. "Hey Sye, I'm heading out to the club. I ate the last of your energy bar things, hope you don't mind. Oh, and I'll have my half of the rent next week. Later!"

Greg was halfway down the stairs before Simon managed to mumble his response, "Sure you will, just like when you said the same thing last week." He was always pulling this shit. Simon would have preferred to live alone, and only tolerated a roommate to help pay the bills. He couldn't afford to subsidize a deadbeat like this. He really should stand up to him or kick him out, but he knew he'd never man up and do it. He entered the apartment and resisted the urge to shout in frustration. It would just carry through the thin walls and get him yelled at by the neighbors later.

He decided a quick jog would help him work out his anger. He changed out of his work clothes and headed out, locking the apartment behind him. At least he'd probably avoid too many other people by going out this late at night. He didn't want to give anyone else a chance to give him grief.

Simon set off for a loop of the few blocks around his apartment building. If he was lucky, he might run across an open convenience store or something. He was enjoying the exercise, just starting to work up a sweat in the cool air, when his eye was caught by another person on the sidewalk. He was about to run past one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen. Dark hair, curvy, leggy, everything he personally loved. She fixed him with a predatory stare and a confident grin. As he moved forward, he twisted his body to keep her in view, slowing down slightly.

She blew him a kiss and Simon stumbled slightly in surprise. He stopped on the spot and turned around, placing his back to a dark alley, and pointed a questioning finger at himself. Suddenly, a hand holding a strong-smelling rag clamped over his mouth. He yelled into the cloth and struggled to pull away from his attacker. However, Simon had no self defense training, and the arm holding him in place seemed to have superhuman strength. He thrashed his arms and legs, hoping to get a lucky hit that would free him, but only succeeded in breathing in more of whatever the rag was soaked in. Within seconds he was sagging loosely to the ground, and his vision faded to grey.

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Simon awoke to a splitting headache and oppressive darkness. He was lying naked on a cold tile floor that seemed to leech the heat from his body. Sitting up slightly, he groaned and rubbed his head. The room was far too dark to make out his surroundings. He vaguely remembered something happening to him while out on a run, and given he didn't live the kind of life where one wakes up naked in strange places, he knew someone must have brought him here.

There didn't seem to be anyone around him now, so a brief hope of escape entered his mind. He started to stand and got unexpectedly yanked to the floor by a pointed chain around his neck. He fell to the ground coughing as he pulled at the metal prongs clamped against his throat. His hands traced the chain from his neck to the floor, where it was anchored securely. A training collar chained to the floor? What kind of sick fuck was he dealing with?

The collar didn't seem to come loose enough to get over his head. He was truly stuck. He recovered from the coughing fit and started to shout for help, hoping he was in some residential area and someone would be passing by. He knew that anyone who was prepared with a windowless room with chain anchor points in the floor would have thought of that as well, but he had to try. The hollow, echoless tone of the room confirmed his suspicions. The walls were probably soundproofed, but he kept on yelling until he was hoarse. It was better than thinking about what was probably going to happen to him.

Several hours later, he was curled up on the floor, trying to keep warm while ignoring the pain in his throat. A sliver of light appeared along the floor of the opposite wall, nearly blinding after so long in total darkness. A previously invisible door opened,

revealing a low shadowy form framed by more dazzling light. Simon held up a hand and squinted as his eyes adjusted. Instantly, he decided he must have fallen asleep on the tile floor. The alternative, that there really was a huge wolf with fur as black as night approaching him, was unthinkable. Bright yellow eyes pierced him as the frighteningly large lupine approached, a low growl intimidating the scrawny man.

But was it a dream? The cold still froze him to the bone. He ached from crouching low to the ground. And with the fear that was filling him, shouldn't he have woken up by now? He started to back away, moving only a couple feet before the collar pulled at his neck again. The wolf crouched low and leapt at Simon. He screamed and shoved himself to one side. However, he moved too far and the pointed collar dug viciously into his neck. He collapsed face first onto the tile floor, choking and gasping for breath, and the wolf was instantly upon him.

The dark canine pinned him to the ground, breathing heavily into his ears. Simon struggled weakly against the massive wolf, but couldn't dislodge himself. Visions of his mauled body with throat torn out filled his mind. Was this why he had been kidnapped, to be a meal for this beast? Tears filled his eyes as he realized he was going to die. In fact, he started to wonder what the wolf was waiting for.

Something warm and stiff probed against his exposed buttocks. *Oh God no, he doesn't want to eat me! This is even worse!* Simon thought. He renewed his struggles, desperate to move his ass away from the wolf's eager member. His writhing was useless, though, as the wolf gave a quick thrust and speared him on the thick shaft. A scream of agony filled the tiny room as his virgin asshole was violently stretched. The shouts only urged the black wolf on, and soon the lupine cock was pistoning rapidly into Simon's tortured rear. He was sure the canine was doing permanent damage, and he thought he felt blood leaking down his thighs from the torn tissues there. He sobbed in revulsion and misery as the animal worked him over, unable to do anything to stop it. The creature knew no mercy, using the man only to slake its own bestial lust, its huge dick stretching him beyond any human limits.

With a sudden deep thrust and a deafening howl the wolf planted his hips against Simon's back, loosing a stream of seed into his bowels. A fresh scream was absorbed by the walls as the man felt the burning semen fill him. How could it be so hot? It felt like it was searing his intestines as it flooded deep within. The wolf cut off his howl and bit savagely into Simon's shoulder, the fresh pain overwhelming the man as his blood dripped thickly to the tile below. He fell into a sea of blackness, his mind filled with horror and suffering.

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He awoke to pain, though not as much as he should have felt. There was a distant ache in his shoulder, and a knot in his back from laying on the hard floor, but none of the sharpness of a fresh wound. Simon got to his hands and knees, careful to avoid the pull of the chain that still tethered him to the ground, and took stock. The deep blackness of his last awakening was gone, replaced by harsh fluorescent light. He could see, but wasn't sure he really wanted to.

There was evidence of the recent violence. His chest was coated with dried blood, as was the tile floor below him. He examined his shoulder and was shocked to

find what looked like faded scars in the half-circle shape of a bite mark. How could he be healed, but still be covered in blood?

"How long was I out?" he quietly asked himself.

"Oh, just a couple hours," a voice behind him announced.

Simon jumped in surprise and twisted onto his back to face the owner of the voice. He arranged his legs to hide his genitals, which were attempting to hide from the cold on their own anyway. His visitor was dressed simply in jeans and a plain blue t-shirt that clung tightly to his muscular chest. His feet, which Simon had the best view of from the enforced low point of view, were covered with black motorcycle boots. The look on the face beneath the short black hair wore a friendly smile, but something about the man set off warnings in Simon's head. If he weren't chained to the floor he'd be scrambling away.

"No, you're not alone this time, pup. I tell you, I love to take a new bitch as a wolf the first time. That mixed look of fear and confusion on their faces, like they have no idea what's going on but it still scares the fuck out of them is my favorite. That shit is *delicious*," the man said. He spoke with an accent Simon couldn't quite place. If pressed, he'd say it was like an Australian cowboy.

"Wh-what are you-" Simon started, fear choking off his sentence.

"You haven't figured it out yet?" the dark man scoffed. "I thought you were just weak, not dumb. That big black fucker that took your ass and bit you was me. I'm a werewolf, pup, and now you are too. You're going to be my new bitch. Welcome to the pack."

Simon recoiled in horror. Werewolves? It would explain how his shoulder healed, but...no. That kind of thing simply wasn't real. It couldn't be. This guy was clearly not joking, so he must be a psycho. He tried to keep the doubt from his face, knowing it would be a mistake to contradict his captor, but he must have failed, as the man's face suddenly went red with rage.

He advanced quickly toward Simon. The restrained man was already at the limits of the chain, and could only lamely hold up his arms in defense. His forearms were easily knocked out of the way and he received a brutal right cross on his undefended face. Simon saw two of his teeth skitter away on the floor before his vision blurred.

"Do *not* doubt me, bitch!" the man yelled. Simon's concussed mind struggled to make sense of the words through the ringing in his ears. "I am your Alpha. Your world is defined by what I say. You *will* learn your place!" He stormed out of the room, and the lights shut off again.

Simon was once again alone in the perfect darkness. He spat out blood and another dislodged tooth and wondered if his head injury was severe enough to kill him. A cerebral hemorrhage might be preferable to whatever this crazy asshole had planned for him. He laid down on his back and prayed for death.

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He didn't know how long it had been since the light went out. Time moves strangely when you take a blow to the head. However, by the time the room was again flooded with light, he no longer doubted his captor. The dizziness had faded too quickly

for natural healing, and if that wasn't enough, his missing teeth had grown back in. When he ran his tongue over them, he discovered they were more pointed than the ones that got knocked out. With the return of the light, he saw another difference. At first he thought the hair on his arms had disappeared, but a closer look showed it had just turned a very light grey. The same appeared to be true for the rest of his body hair, even around his groin. That kind of crazy shit doesn't happen in a sane world. He had no choice but to believe the insane story his jailer had told him.

The door opened and the dark haired man strolled in. He had swapped his blue shirt for a nearly identical dark red one, giving Simon his only clue so far about the passage of time. He looked down at the chained man and smiled. Simon tried to return his gaze, but found his eyes sliding down from his captor's face. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't seem to look him in the eyes.

"So, believe me now?" the dominant man sneered. Simon just silently nodded. "Good. Now, I'm going to give you a special treat. Since I'm sure you're very confused, and you won't be allowed to question me in the future, I'm going to let you ask me some things. What would you like to know?" A sadistic smile crossed his face, implying that even this "treat" was done for his own twisted amusement.

Simon wasn't exactly sure what to ask. The entire situation was too weird. He fell back on the first thing he remembered from watching movies, "If I'm a werewolf, will I change on the full moon?"

The man laughed uproariously. "The moon, how Hollywood! Oh, I never get tired of that question. No pup, the moon doesn't have shit to do with the change." He held up his right arm, and Simon watched in astonishment as it quickly shifted to a wolflike shape. Midnight black fur poured down the arm, and the hand shrank into a wolf's paw, tipped by savage black claws. "I can do that whenever I want. Impressive, huh?"

The crouching man looked on open-mouthed and nodded. Any lingering doubts were washed away by that demonstration. As his captor shifted his arm back to a human shape, Simon asked, "Will I be able to do that?" Being able to do something interesting like that might be one bright spot in this nightmare, and provide a possible avenue for escape.

The werewolf shook his head and chuckled. "No, of course not. A submissive runt like you? You're lucky you have enough power to heal. Hell, you've been here for hours and have barely changed. My first time took fifteen minutes. The only way you'll be changing is if I use my power to do it, but you shouldn't count on that happening. I keep my bitches in half wolf form. Helps 'em know their place." Simon sagged in disappointment. He was destined to be nothing more than a toy. Even the very shape of his body was beyond his control. He tried to keep tears from his eyes, knowing it would only result in being called weak again.

"Well, that's enough sharing for now. It's time for your first task as my newest bitch," the man said smugly. He quickly unfastened his pants and dropped them to the floor, exposing his large manhood surrounded by thick black pubic hair. "Suck it," he ordered.

Simon had seen something like this coming. It was about what you'd expect from someone who would kidnap a man and keep him chained naked in a bare room. The rape by the wolf seemed distant and unreal, a product of the head injury he'd

received and the fact that he had healed away any lingering evidence, but it was another sign of what his life was going to be like.

He cringed away from the dominant man, but at the same time, there was something in him that wanted to obey the order. There was a soft voice in the back of his mind, whispering reassuring words he couldn't quite make out. He got the message though. If he obeyed, he would be happy. If he pleased the Alpha, he wouldn't be hurt again. It felt like there was a hook in the center of his brain, pulling him closer to his captor. He didn't want to do it, but if the feeling didn't let up, it would drive him insane. He resisted as long as he could, an increasing grimace of pain distorting his features. The other man wore a satisfied smile, like he knew what was happening in Simon's head.

Slowly, the submissive man crawled closer, easing the pressure in his head and satisfying the whispering voice. Nothing was more important than making the ache in his head stop. He squinted his eyes shut and wrapped his lips around the erect member. The scent of the other male overwhelmed him. His sense of smell had never been this good before, but the confusion that brought on quickly disappeared. Some aspect of the scent spoke to him, made him want more. He needed to be closer to the Alpha, needed to please him.

Simon licked around the head of the cock, tasting the wolfish musk of the dominant male. He was rewarded with a groan of pleasure and redoubled his efforts. He took the member deep into his throat, burying his nose in the thick hair at the base. He inhaled deeply, savoring the confirmation that he was as close to his Alpha as he could be. He licked all around the shaft, moaning to add vibrations to his efforts. The Alpha was thrusting forward, fucking Simon's face violently as the crouching man caressed his balls. A sudden tightening alerted him to an imminent orgasm. The Alpha pressed a sharp claw against Simon's neck. "Swallow it all," he commanded.

The naked man's mouth was suddenly filled with burning hot cum. He remembered the heat from the previous rape, and still didn't understand it. How did his testicles not burst into flame? He swallowed the semen as quickly as he could, desperate to remove the pain. To his surprise, the passing left behind not the severe burns he expected, but a pleasant warm tingling.

As he detached himself from the dripping cock, his mind suddenly cleared. What the fuck had he just done? He had sucked a man's dick, and loved it. It was horrible, it was disgusting, it was...making him sick. He dropped to the ground as dry heaves wracked his body. He felt feverish, his skin burning even in the cold room. The heat concentrated briefly in his ears and hands and then dissipated quickly, leaving him abruptly cold again.

The Alpha snickered as Simon twitched on the floor. "Oh, didn't I tell you?" he said tauntingly, "Sex is how alphas share power for changes. You're being too slow on your own, so I'm changing you faster. This way will also let me choose how you look. You're going to be one hot little bitch."

Simon slowly raised to his hands and knees and tried to figure out what he was talking about. He first noticed that the grey hairs on his body were substantially thicker. His new fur coat was coming in nicely. As he stared at his furry arms, he noticed his hands were different as well. His fingers looked shorter and the undersides had darkened and toughened into doglike paw pads. His fingernails looked almost out of

place on the tips of his new digits. Remembering the matching warmth in his hands and ears, he reached a hand up to feel his newly pointed and furred lobes. He gasped in surprise. He had been told this was coming, but it was still a shock to see it actually happening. Speaking of strange, was he...fatter? He squeezed his arm, now slightly more padded than his previous physique of skin and bones.

"Nice, huh?" The Alpha asked. "I like my bitches soft. You'll get used to it." He turned to walk away. "You're off to a good start, pup. That was a bitchin' BJ you just gave. Good girl."

"I'm not a girl," Simon corrected, surprising himself. He had never spoke up for himself in his life, and he decides to start now? He knew it was the wrong thing to do, even without the now-louder voice in his head yelling at him. The Alpha slowly turned back around and stormed back over to the crouching man.

"Did you not hear me before?" he yelled. "*You are whatever I say you are!*" He brought his heel down strongly on Simon's ankle, viciously crushing the bones beneath his boot. The smaller man screamed as the sharp pain tore through him, and he attempted to use his uninjured leg to move away. The chain wouldn't let him get far, and the Alpha only came forward again, stomping a booted foot onto his other ankle. Simon howled in pain as bones tore out of his skin. Fresh blood painted the floor as he writhed on the tile. His world was filled with agony, but the beating wasn't over yet. The Alpha kicked him repeatedly in the chest, and the man could hear the sickening snap of his ribs cracking. He curled into a ball to protect his injured front. A final kick to his face sent him spiraling back down into darkness.

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A boot to the gut roused Simon several hours later. As before, the worst of his pain was gone. Only a deep itch remained at the sites of the worst of his injuries. He cringed and looked up at his tormentor, remaining silent in an effort to avoid another beating.

"Good bitch, you're learning," the Alpha laughed. "It's dinner time. I bet you're getting hungry by now." Simon nodded. The Alpha brought a hand around from behind his back and set a live rabbit on the ground in front of Simon. "There you go. Enjoy." He stood back and watched to see what the submissive man would do.

Simon stared at the small animal. He suspected it had come from a pet store, as it was too clean and fat to have been captured in the wild. He was desperately hungry. It had been hours, maybe a day or more since his last meal, and the repeated healings and transformations probably didn't help. He didn't know what was expected of him, though. He'd never even been hunting, nor did he have any idea how to ready an animal for eating. Was he supposed to just eat it raw?

And why did it have to be a bunny? They were Simon's favorite animal. His one successful petition to his parents had gotten him a pair of pet rabbits when he was a kid. He had loved taking care of them, and he'd been broken up when they died. The rabbit in front of him now looked exactly like his pets had. He couldn't kill it. It simply wasn't in him.

"What, I thought you were hungry, bitch. Afraid you can't catch it?" the Alpha taunted. He bent down and easily snapped the rabbit's rear leg. Painful squeals filled

the room, piercing Simon's ears and awakening a hunger inside him. "There, it's injured. I bet you want it now."

It was true. He could smell the animal's fear, and strange instincts pulled at him. The new voice in his head was screaming, *Please the Alpha! Take his gift! You're hungry, you want it, why stop?* He *did* want it, more than he had wanted any food in his life. He wanted to kill, to tear, to take the life of the prey and feed. He reached out a changed hand toward the bunny. It would be so easy. The prey was injured and weak. The voice agreed, *Yes. Easy. Take the prey!* His hand brushed the rabbit and it twitched in fear. No! He wouldn't do it. That's not who he was. He recoiled and clutched at his arms, afraid they'd reach for the rabbit on their own.

The Alpha berated him, "Pathetic. This is what you are? You can't even kill a little rabbit. This is why I took you, you know. I was looking for a submissive little bitch, and you were the most worthless excuse for a man I could find. You disgust me. I'll be back later for your next lesson. The rabbit will stay, in case you change your mind."

Simon watched him leave, grateful to be alone. Now was his chance to find out what had changed while he'd been knocked out. He moved as far from the rabbit as the chain would allow and examined himself. His ears had finished their change, and sat wolflike atop his head, which helped explain why the pained noises from the rabbit were so clear. Feeling across his face, he found his mouth was starting to push out into a muzzle shape, but was still mostly human. His ankles had changed the most, having received the worst damage. Long foot bones separated his ankle from a pawlike foot. If he could stand without choking himself, he'd be on the balls of his feet. The blows to his midsection had healed his waist into a slimmer shape, especially noticeable next to the increased fat deposits across his chest and hips.

With growing horror, Simon started to suspect something about how he was changing. A glance at his crotch confirmed it. His manhood was shriveled and tiny, much smaller than would be explained by the cold. His testicles were pulled tight into his body, almost invisible. He couldn't believe it. The crazy asshole was turning him into a woman. Sure, he'd been called "bitch" often enough since arriving, but he never expected it to be meant literally. He thought back to what he had said before the savage beating: *You are whatever I say you are.*

He had to escape. No matter what it took, it couldn't be worse than being turned into a furry female plaything for a sadistic rapist. He was struck with sudden inspiration. There was a way out of the room, but he would need something sharp to pull it off. He looked around the room, not really expecting to find anything. The nondescript walls held his salvation. Whoever had put up the drywall had failed to pound a nail all the way in. If he could reach it, he could put his plan into motion.

The voice pleaded for him to stop. It warned of the anger of the Alpha if he was caught. It promised the happiness of obedience, the pleasure of not having to worry about anything but making the Alpha happy. Simon blocked it out. He didn't need any distractions while he did this. He stretched to the end of the chain, and extended his leg toward the nail. All he had to do was grab it between his toes and pull. The tip of a clawed toe brushed his target. He just needed a little more length. Stretching further, the prongs of the training collar bit into his neck hard enough to draw blood. He gritted his teeth against the pain. It would heal easily, and soon enough it wouldn't matter. The end of the nail slipped between two shortened toes, and he clamped it as hard as he

could, giving a quick strong yank. The head of the nail tore twin deep gouges in his toes, but in the end it dropped to the floor. He pulled it closer with his paw, leaving a smear of blood across the floor.

Simon pumped a fist in silent victory. With this he could escape. It was such a simple plan, he wondered why he hadn't thought of it sooner. He gripped the nail tightly and smiled. Now he could make it all stop.

He closed his eyes, pressed the nail against his wrist, and did the first brave thing of his life.

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When the Alpha returned, Simon was a broken man. He was crouching low to the floor, staring at the thick fur that now covered his wrists. His blood stained the floor, but it wasn't enough. Not even close. Over and over he muttered, "Why won't it work? Why?"

The Alpha laughed cruelly. "You stupid bitch. How can you not understand this shit yet? Seriously, a nail? You think that's enough to do the job?" He walked over to where Simon was crouching. "Only another wolf can hurt you now." He shifted a finger into a clawed form and scored a deep gouge across the bridge of Simon's barely human nose.

The smaller man whimpered and brought a hand up to feel the injury, only to have it slapped away. "Let it bleed. You need to learn." Simon hung his head as the blood dripped down his short muzzle into his mouth. The metallic taste was disturbing, but somehow familiar and enticing.

The Alpha's attention turned to the rabbit which was squeaking pathetically in the corner. "That fucking thing. You never took care of it?" Simon shook his head pitifully. The Alpha walked over and snapped the small animal's neck. Simon knew he should be horrified by the casual cruelty, but really, after everything that had been done to him and probably would be done, the death of a rabbit was nothing.

Despite that, tears filled his eyes as he looked away. He was pathetic and weak. Either killing and eating the rabbit himself or stopping it from being hurt would have been better, stronger, more noble. Doing nothing was the worst, but that's all he was good for.

"Can't even feed yourself," the Alpha taunted. "I know one thing you're good for, at least. Hands and knees, bitch!"

Simon cowered away. It was going to happen again. How much would he be changed this time? He didn't think he could take any more. The voice in his head was yelling at him now, louder than ever and sounding distinctly feminine. *Do it! Please him! He'll hurt us again!*

Slowly, not completely in control of his actions, Simon raised up into position. Tears streamed down his face as he raised his ass toward his tormentor. Maybe if he was good it would be over quick, and not hurt as much. The voice agreed, urging him on. Behind him, he heard the sound of pants hitting the ground and soon the Alpha was on him.

It hurt, of course. The Alpha didn't bother with lube, and had no interest in being gentle. Still, compared to the first time with the wolf, or especially getting his ankles

crushed, this was almost...nice. The part of him increasingly represented by the intruding voice loved it. *So good! Alpha is happy!* The large man rode him hard, stroking the growing fur on his sides. The caresses lit up his body, completely unused to the feeling of hands on fur. *See? We feel good when Alpha is happy!* Simon shook his head. If the voice was happy, it couldn't be good. He's not supposed to enjoy rape. He focused on the pain in his ass. This was wrong! He shouldn't be happy about being violated.

A feminine moan of pleasure escaped his lips. Oh God no! The voice could control his body now? He tried to pull away from the Alpha, but instead bounced harder against his hips. He squeezed down on the invading shaft, knowing somehow it would make things better for his rapist. He cried, but only in his head. From the outside he was an energetic partner.

The alpha slammed his hips forward, once more spraying Simon's insides with hot seed. He groaned in overwhelming pleasure as the heat of change spread through him. His legs burned and shortened slightly as they shifted to a fully wolflike shape. His arms changed to match, with his hands looking like large paws, capped with sharp claws. The new shape would be useless for any careful manipulation, but would do fine to support him in the low posture he'd be spending a lot of time in. A rush of heat to his face signaled the full extension of his wolfish muzzle, filled with sharp teeth.

The most significant changes followed. His physique plumped out more as small breasts grew on his chest. A row of nipples extended down his lower chest to his groin. He gasped as the heat concentrated there, like someone was holding a torch to the sensitive area. When the heat faded, the last of his manhood was gone, replaced by a tight pussy.

Simon reached a paw down in wonder and gasped at the sensitivity of his new equipment. He pulled away as if burned. He could barely hear his own thoughts now. The other voice was drowning him out. *Wonderful! The Alpha makes us pretty for him! We pleased him well!*

The Alpha bent down and did something on the back of the collar, removing it and dropping it to the floor. "I think you're ready for this. Now, I don't want you to try to escape or hurt yourself again. Can you do that for me?" The new wolf girl nodded happily. *Easy! It's good to obey!*

Simon cringed on the inside, but he had minimal control of his actions. The happiness of the other persona was infecting him. The Alpha walked away, pausing at the door to give one last order, "When I come back, I'm going to break in that new cunt of yours. Think about it."

Now alone, Simon had no choice but to obey. He wanted desperately to exploit his new freedom, to run out that door and never look back, but he couldn't make himself move in that direction. He had free run of the small room, as long as he didn't approach the door. He was similarly halted when he tried to bring a claw to his wrist. He could barely even think of hurting himself.

His stomach suddenly demanded attention. The growing hunger was painful. He turned his eye to the rabbit in the corner. *Gift from Alpha! Still warm!* Why hadn't he eaten it yet? He knew there had been a reason, but he couldn't recall what it was. He stalked over on all fours. Rabbits were tasty, right? He didn't recall ever eating one before, but he somehow knew it would be delicious.

He gripped the white bunny in clumsy paws, and tore at its soft belly. Blood coated his new muzzle as he consumed his meal. He was right. It tasted wonderful.

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The Alpha's last order was especially cruel. As soon as his hunger was sated, his mind could only dwell on what was to come. The female voice was only too happy to help, supplying his imagination with a variety of images. The Alpha doing him from behind, on top, in all manner of positions, in human or wolf form. She told him repeatedly how good it would be to be filled, of the pleasure that was possible. She delighted in the thought of carrying the Alpha's pups, gravid belly hanging below her as she continued to get fucked repeatedly.

Simon could do nothing to stop it, only try to ignore the hardness in his nipples and the wet heat from his nethers.

The Alpha entered, already naked. He smiled at his bitch, enjoying the warring emotions on her face. "It's time to finish this," he announced. "Get ready."

Simon instantly got to his hands and knees, offering his damp cunt to the Alpha. He hardly even realized he was moving. Arousal instantly built in him. His cheeks flushed, his soaking pussy dripped onto the ground. He felt like he was in heat, ready to be mated by a strong male.

"Good girl," the Alpha said, sending thrill of pleasure down his spine. *You see? Alpha is happy! Feels good!* Simon heard a loud howl as the Alpha shifted to full wolf form. A moment later, he felt a heavy weight on his back as the wolf plunged into his ready slit. He moaned loudly as his body exploded in pleasure. Why had he been fighting this? He loved being stretched around a fat cock, his breasts bouncing as he was rocked by strong thrusts.

He suddenly realized what was happening. The Alpha made him love it! This wasn't natural. Electric sparks bounced between his clit and his breasts, clouding his thoughts. He was losing himself in the sea of pleasure. He tried to keep hold, but every stroke of the cock against his sensitive lower lips was like an eraser across his mind, taking his memories, his thoughts, his *self*. He struggled to retain his identity. *I am Simon Eri--Bitch!--I am a--toy, pet, slave!-- data entry clerk for--the Alpha! I belong to the Alpha!*

His yell of defiance twisted into a howl of release as an orgasm shook his wolfish body. A spray of juices exploded around the Alpha's shaft as the wolf girl's pussy clamped down on it. The Alpha echoed the howl, releasing a torrent of cum into the hungry depths of his bitch's cunt. The strongest heat yet spread through the female, transforming her body into the Alpha's ideal form. The wolf backed off of her and she collapsed to the ground.

She slowly recovered from her first proper coupling and sat up like a dog. She was finally complete. A long sensuous tail wagged behind her as she looked at her body. She lifted her impressively large breasts in her forepaws, smiling at the sight of three smaller sets below. The Alpha had finished making her pretty. And best of all, that annoying voice in her head was gone. That silly male had done nothing but complain and get them hurt. It was so nice to be in full control, free to obey and please her Alpha.

The other wolf shifted back to human form. He walked out the open door and returned with something in his hand. "Good bitch, you earned this," he said, wrapping a leather collar around her neck, the symbol of her role. Her tail wagged faster at this confirmation of the male's happiness. *I did good! I pleased him!* He patted her on the head and led her out the door. "It's time for you to see your new home."

The female looked around as she walked on all fours through the house, following loyally behind the Alpha. Several other people were standing outside the small room, waiting to greet her. They looked human, but she could smell wolf on each of them. One of them, a female, looked familiar, like she had been interesting some time in the recent past. The Alpha introduced her to the pack, each one taking the time to scratch or pet her. The new bitch could tell they were all stronger than her, but that was fine. She knew she could keep them all happy.

The Alpha led her up some stairs to a bedroom, stopping her in front of a mirror so she could get a good look at herself. Her tail swung wildly behind her as she admired her new form. Even with blood on some of her fur and cum leaking down her thighs she was beautiful. Thick, soft, light grey fur covered her body, except for the nipples on her shapely breasts and around the cleft of her vagina. A half-circle of pure white adorned her shoulder, matched by a thin line across the top of her muzzle, signs of where her male had marked her as belonging to him.

She was grateful that her Alpha had made her so pretty. She didn't even care that she didn't have the ability to shift on her own. Why would she want to look any different? She rubbed against the male standing next to her and licked at his hands. He was the center of her world, and she loved it.