

# Social Media Only Ever Tells The Truth

By Terinas Tiger, For Shiftshaper

Viktor had made his peace with his body.

It wasn't that he didn't want to be physically fit. The young man tried to get in at least one hour of cardiovascular exercise every day, and frequently lifted weights besides. He tried to limit his fast food consumption and made sure to eat a lot of fruits and veggies. But no matter how hard he tried, he never really seemed to pack on much muscle. He'd tried protein shakes and powders, eating an extreme amount of chicken, and yet he never seemed to make much progress.

So by the time he had turned twenty one, Viktor had made peace with his body, and laid the idea of becoming a muscular god to rest.

He could still dream, though.

And, after a night of dreams of a perfectly muscular body, Viktor arose from his bed, walking over to a full body mirror, and stared at himself in the mirror, appraising himself. Human, but in his own mind he wasn't a particularly prime example of one: Scrawny noodle arms and skin the color of bread dough, with sandy blonde body hair that you could barely see unless you looked at it up close. As Viktor curled his arms and struck a muscular pose, he imagined his biceps and triceps swelling out with a flex, ripping the sleeves of the white shirt he'd worn to bed. "Hrah!" He grunted, hopping slightly to land with his legs square with his shoulders, half-crouching as he struck a pose. His thighs at least looked a bit thick, though the muscle he had down there was covered with a fine layer of squishy fat that made his green boxers jiggle a bit from the leap. Feeling that brought a frown to his face, his baby blue eyes narrowing. "Ugh, I can never be rid of that baby fat, can I?" As long as he was daydreaming, Viktor imagined his butt tightening up, chiseled into a properly toned set of glutes. Asscheeks tight enough to bounce a dime off of. A sigh escaped his lips, as he tilted his head. His hair, shaggy and slightly curly and running down to his neck, bounced off of his shoulders. "Man, if only." He reached down to his chest, feeling it through his shirt. He imagined his flat chest puffing out with sculpted muscle definition, cum-gutter abs quivering as a woman ran her hand along his body. His pecs rigid enough to cut diamond off of. "I tried everything, and I never seemed to get any bigger or burlier. Sometimes I wonder if it's just that I was born human." He knew several guys in his fraternity who were a different species who seemed to bulk up with no effort at all. "Predator guys like Roger or Steve never seem to have any trouble getting big. Heck, Tony's a horse and he's like one of the strongest guys in the frat." Viktor allowed himself a private moment of jealousy, before

shaking his head and walking away from the mirror. “Ugh, whatever. I’ve got classes to go to. I’m going to be late.”

Getting dressed was easy: Toss on the blue jeans he’d worn last night, and swap shirts to something slate gray hanging in his closet that was loose enough to hide his body. Viktor considered and then decided against wearing a belt, threw on some socks, shouldered a book bag and shoved his phone in his pocket, and then made his way towards the door to his dorm room. He had to race if he wanted to get to Intro to Fitness in just twenty minutes, and he had slept in late enough that he hadn’t even left himself enough time to grab breakfast. His hand grabbed the doorknob before he heard a wolf’s howl and felt something buzzing at his side. His smartphone had just buzzed. As he stopped to consider checking it, he felt it buzz again, his notification noise of a wolf’s howl filling the air. And then it happened again. And again. The phone made noises and vibrated rapidly enough that it was hard to tell when each vibrate started. “What in the- is someone calling me?” Viktor reached down to pull his phone out of his pocket and stared at it.

There was no phone call. Instead, what he saw was that someone had left a like on a number of posts he had made on some social media site called FITR. “What the heck is FITR?” Viktor’s forehead wrinkled in frustration. There was an app on his phone corresponding to the notifications, but he didn’t remember ever installing it. Or using it. He opened it up for a moment, examining the UI, and then arched one eyebrow. “This looks like some app for guys who do a lot of body building. Did I install this and forget about it?” It was possible. He’d tried everything he could think of in his ill-fated pursuit to get buff. “Huh. Looks like I’ve had a FITR profile for like eighteen months... that was around when I bought this phone, so maybe I created it as part of the setup process and forgot about it?” He scrolled his thumb along the phone’s screen. “Looks like it has a ton of updates from me though. All the ones that got liked are pictures.” Checking the Liked pictures didn’t get him very far. They were all blurred out images with a message “Flagged as adult content: Tap to view” overtop them in bright white letters.

“Adult content?!? I wouldn’t upload adult content to some social media site! This FITR site is a dang liar.” Viktor scowled. “I don’t have time to deal with this now. I’m gonna be late for class!” He was pretty confident he’d never put up any sort of lewd selfie or anything onto a website. He hadn’t ever even taken one. Viktor hadn’t considered himself to have a body worth showing off. Shoving the phone into his pocket, he stormed off to class. “I’ll look into this later.”

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Viktor's first class was an excessively tedious history elective that almost put him back to sleep. He didn't need to listen to the professor's lecture if he could just read his history textbook, because all the tests in the class were just regurgitating dates and names from his textbook anyway. So the scrawny young man spent most of his time doodling wolves in his notebook while daydreaming about his future lunch. However, drawing during his lecture started to lose its appeal after a little while, and his gaze drifted back to his phone and the FITR app he'd seen on it.

Pulling the smartphone out of his pocket, he unlocked it and accessed the FITR app. The fact that it had pictures listed as adult content had concerned him. And now he had literally nothing better to do than seek answers. Opening FITR, he went to the updates that had been liked, swiped down to the earliest one, and tapped on the picture to remove the blur concealing the "Adult Content".

Viktor didn't know what to expect, but he certainly wasn't expecting what he saw. The picture showed him surrounded by three other guys, all of them shirtless, with the two guys on either side of him wrapping their arms around his shoulders. The quartet were all laughing. Viktor saw a scrawny lion, and two other humans along with him, all of them skinny as twigs. The only thing even remotely "adult" about the picture was that the Viktor within it had two fingers reached up to press against his left nipple, as if he was teasing it for some reason. And the outline of the bulge in his workout shorts... but that was something he could hardly help. At eight inches of cock, Viktor tended to bulge a bit down there no matter what he wore. There was a caption underneath it:

*Getting ready to get swole with the bros! #Musclequest #2Buff4Brains #BroteinShotz*

The oddest part of the whole picture was that Viktor had a pair of bright gray wolf ears perking out of his hair. If he looked between the gaps of his legs in the picture, he thought he could see a large, bushy tail as well. "What the fuck? Is this thing doctored or something? I'm human, not some half-furry or whatever. Is that even biologically possible?" He frowned, feeling his pointed canine ears twitching as he stared at the picture. The longer he stared, the more strangely familiar the picture seemed to be. "Who are these guys? That's the campus gym, but I don't remember having any workout buddies." His tail twitched behind his legs, thumping at the chair he was seated at. "Weird. This feels familiar, but..." Underneath the picture were some comments. A user named "LionPryde" with an avatar that had the same face as the lion in the photo told him he looked sexy. And another user named "1ceUgoBlk" who was obviously the panther praised him for being brave enough to upload the picture.

Viktor growled, frowning. "I don't know who the fuck these guys are." He shook his

head, before scrolling up towards the second picture in the set of liked photos. “Maybe the next photo has more context to it.” The second photo unblurred rapidly, and the sight behind it made Viktor’s eyes go wide and his ears perk up. “Huh?!?”

In the picture, he was laying on a gym bench, an exercise bar with weights on it clutched in two fuzzy paws. He was shirtless again, though this time it looked like the gut of baby fat he’d always had shrunk from the previous picture. Above him the lion from the first picture was standing and spotting him. Viktor’s shoulders were covered in gray fuzzy fur that ran down his arms. His right ear was pierced with several metal loops, each a different color forming a rainbow. In the picture he was grunting, his arms a bit thicker as he looked like he was pumping iron. In the speedo he was wearing, his full ten inches of erection he was lucky enough from his wolf genetics to have were outlined as he pumped weight. He could almost feel that cock throbbing as he stared at the picture. Lifting always felt so good. A caption went along with the photo:

*Rings are out 2 show support for my buddy Pryde as we get bigger together!  
#ShowUrPride #2Buff4Brains #Besties*

Something was itching on his right ear, so Viktor reached up to scratch at it, feeling the fuzzy, furry thing twitch as he scratched at it and hearing some bits of metal clattering as he rubbed around them. “Huh... why does my head feel so funny?” It felt a bit like it was hard to think, as Viktor lowered his arm. “Why do I have that fur on my shoulders? I mean, I know I’ve got a bit of Wolf in my genetics on my mother’s side, but all I have are the ears and tail, right?” He rolled his shoulders, feeling something fuzzy rubbing between his arms and his shirt. “Don’t really remember when someone took this pic of Pryde and I, but we look cool in it though.” He grunted, his canine tail wagging at the sight of his leonine best friend. They’d been workout buddies since college, even if Pryde was a bit of a horndog who couldn’t stop flirting with every guy. Almost as if he had spoken of the devil, his phone howled and buzzed, as a text message from his feline best friend invited him to get some protein shakes after class. He stared at it, looking down at a long list of text messages from the maned feline before it and feeling a bit confused. “Have... those texts always been there?” He tapped on a few, seeing Pryde gush about his boytoy-of-the-week from a few weeks ago and rolled his eyes. “Ugh, how could I forget!” he muttered. It wasn’t as if text messages going back months in the past had only appeared on his phone a few minutes ago.

The wolf howl notifying him of his newest text had not gone unnoticed, however. His professor glared at him, and he winced and hastily tucked the phone away after texting a confirmation to the lion.

Maybe his best friend could remind him when he'd taken these photos and what the heck FITR was.

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Once his class was dismissed, Viktor turned to race out of the building, heading towards his campus' Physical Education building, a duffle bag tucked under one arm and his backpack slung over his other shoulder. In addition to being where the Gym was, the PE building had a smoothie place that he could remember Pryde and he loved hitting up before workouts for bodybuilding shakes. And he didn't have another class today, so his visit was probably going to turn into a workout. He needed to make sure he got some nutrition in his stomach first.

Pryde was sitting there at a table, reading a textbook. Just staring at him, Viktor felt the memories flooding back: How he'd grown up neighbors with the lion family. How his parents had taken Pryde in when coming out to his parents went disastrously for Pryde. How they'd been roommates last semester before Pryde learned the big crush he had on Viktor wasn't reciprocated. Walking up towards him with a wag in his bushy gray tail, Viktor sat down. "Hey, Archibald."

The lion with the golden fur and fiery red mane cringed. "Ugh, you'll never let me forget my icky old name, will you?" He stuck his tongue out at Viktor.

"Maybe when you stop telling people about that incident of mine in High School with the pepper cake and tripping." Viktor stuck his tongue back out. It was a bit longer than he remembered it being, like a canine tongue.

The two broke into a laugh, before Pryde looked up. "You wanna grab some Protein shakes and people-watch for a little while?"

Viktor found himself rolling his eyes. "Sure, but I know that 'people-watch' is your code for scoping out guys."

Pryde gave a cheeky little laugh. "Guilty as charged! Hey, we're in our second semester of college and I still don't have a boyfriend! It's like... girl, what am I even doing wrong when I already have-" He gestured to his body. "This?"

With a smirk, Viktor stared at his friend's slender body. Pryde was bigger and buffer than he was, though still slender for a lion. He was also as gay as the day was long, dyeing his mane in a different color of the rainbow every month. "You come on way too

strong, is all.” Eager to change the topic from his best friend’s man-cravings, Viktor got up with the lion and got in line for shakes while intent on changing the subject. “Hey, you ever heard of an app called FITR?”

Pryde was standing just a few inches behind him, and giggled as he heard the name of the app. “You mean that social app for people serious about exercising? I forgot I even had it installed on my smartphone until yesterday.” Pryde reached into his pocket and pulled out a smartphone in a bright pink case. “Some weirdo liked a bunch of pictures on my account yesterday. Looking through ‘em reminded me how much my life’s changed, you know?”

Viktor’s eyes went wide. “Huh? That’s a coincidence. Some guy online did the same thing with my account. I don’t even remember making an account for the app, though.”

His feline friend arched one eyebrow. “Oh come on, honey. We installed the app on the same day, remember? All four of us! When we decided we wanted to get serious about bulking up.”

Viktor gave a confused shrug as he turned around to face his friend. “But me and the others were never able to even get as big as you, Pryde. Isn’t that right?”

His friend’s response was to reach out and start rubbing at his chest. “Uh huuuuuh. I call bullshit, floofytail. I’ve got a lot of experience with man-boobs, and this one’s got some muscle underneath it.” Viktor blinked as Pryde continued. “I mean, sure, you’re not as big as in some of our pics after we started taking the Brotien Shot, but-”

“Huh?” Viktor found himself pulling out his own smartphone and re-opening FITR. “What are you talking about?” The third censored pic loomed at him, as if the app had a mind of its own and wanted him to open it. In reality, he’d just minimized the app there after his classes, but it still felt weirdly spooky. Tapping the picture, he uncensored it. “I’m nowhere near as big as-”

The third picture was of him and one of the guys he barely remembered from the first pic, this time covered in spots and with a distinctly hyena-ish snout. Both of them were nearly naked save for jockstraps. There was a big wide smile on Viktor’s lupine muzzle as he and the hyena hybrid flexed, showing off rock hard abs and pecs for a camera. Both he and the hyena-ish individual had rainbow hoop earrings in their right ears, and were arm-in-arm. Pryde lay between them sprawled on a gym bench. In the picture his mane was dyed a bright blue, as he stared up at two trembling erections tucked into his friend's jockstraps and licked his lips. A caption was underneath:

*Brotien shots and working out are starting to pay off! Check out these #Gainz, dudes!  
#BrotienShots #2Buff4Brainz #Fucksohorny*

“Wurf?” Viktor blinked, feeling confused. His head was spinning a bit. Thinking was hard all of a sudden. It felt like he was used to not thinking that much at all. “Duh...” He licked his chops, his wolverine muzzle curling into a grin as he let Pryde step up next to him.

The cat’s paw was still stroking his chest, as if they were boyfriends engaging in a PDA. Pryde pointed down at the picture on the smartphone screen. “You see? You look just as big now as you did then, I told you. If anything, you’re a bit more buff now.” Viktor could feel the heat of Pryde’s body as the lion cuddled into him. “Jakey-poo’s getting pretty buff in that pic too, but he still got even bigger after.”

“We-we did?” Viktor stared down at the picture on the phone. He could remember that moment! The trio had been pumping iron for nearly two hours in the gym, and he’d gotten so sweaty and horny he’d almost said yes when Pryde offered to give him a hand job in the showers. Jake, their hyena buddy, actually HAD said yes... just thinking about that moment in the showers made Viktor blush. He could still hear Jake’s snorts and whines as Pryde wrapped his paw around their friend’s cock, pumping up and down as that hot water cascaded out around them both. It had been a bit like a car wreck. Viktor couldn’t have helped but stare, his own five inches of cock hardening as he watched Jake grunt and start humping into the lion’s paw. The three of them had felt so dumb later. Jerking off in the showers without any fear of consequences. But at the same time, in his head Viktor could admit it was kind of hot. Watching Jake’s tongue flop out like a dog’s as he climaxed all over the floor. Seeing Pryde lean up to kiss the hyena on the cheek and proclaim out loud that he’d “turned Jake gay” before sashaying away to towel off. Viktor shuddered, feeling his cock tenting in his pants again. The lion had been kidding with that proclamation, everyone involved knew that.

But looking back at Jake after that day, Viktor couldn’t remember the hyena really dating any girls after that workout session.

Only other guys.

“Huh, kinda weird.” He muttered to himself, as he made his way to the front of the line and then ordered his shake, letting Pryde order behind him.

“What is?” Pryde arched an eyebrow. “That once you started getting buff off of Brotein Shots and Protein shakes, your cock started to shrink?”

Viktor almost dropped his strawberry protein shake. “What?!?”

A feminine titter escaped the lion as he leaned up against Viktor’s body. The half-wolf felt his face getting hot as Pryde pulled in close. “You know... I’m quite familiar with your man-stick, hun. And in the past few months as you’ve been getting bigger and buffer, it’s been getting smaller and leakier...” His tail wrapped around Viktor’s thighs, the tuft of it tickling against the man’s bare skin.

“P-p-p-Pryde!” Viktor pulled away from his friend, his face as red as a tomato. “W-we agreed not in public!” He watched as a pout crossed the lion’s muzzle, before blinking. “Wait, did we?” Had he played with the lion before? He couldn’t quite remember clearly what his relationship with Pryde was... hadn’t the femme lion just played with Jake that one time? “And my c-c-cock isn’t shrinking...” He took his protein shake, letting Pryde follow him as he reached into his pocket without thinking to pour a Brotien Shot into the shake, stirring to mix the colorful blue powder into it as Pryde followed suit, pouring a pink powder into his.

“Hmmp.” Pryde folded his arms and gave a disdainful huff. “You’re such a scaredy-pup sometimes, Viktor. At least you’re pretty cute for such a total himbo. Take a look at the next pic. You’ll see how much fun we’ve had.”

Viktor trembled, setting his shake down on the table as he looked down to his phone. “I-I- Really?” The FITR app was still open, displaying the last photo he’d revealed. There were still two more pictures to unveil. A trembling hand moved down to un-blur the next picture.

It was absolutely not what he expected. A caption under the picture read:

*Boyfriends and Boifriends having some fun getting buff! #Hunkyhimbos #2Buff4Brainz #Brotien #2Hawt2Handle*

But Viktor barely read it. The picture above it was what occupied his attention. His shirtless body was seated on the seat of a lateral pulldown machine, furry pecs trembling, pink nipples swollen and standing out against his fuzzy body. There wasn’t a single part of his body that looked human at all. Viktor’s fuzzy muzzle was contorted into an expression of pleasure and exertion, his tongue lolling out as his eyes rolled back. To the right of him, Jake the Hyena was using the campus Gym’s other Lat Pulldown machine, a goofy dumb grin on his snout while he also looked overstimulated. Both males had their thighs spread, workout shorts at their footpaws. Viktor stared at his



softening three inches of dick, a trail of cum running from it up towards a certain someone's muzzle. Sitting in front of them on their knees, naked as well, were Pryde and a twinkish black panther Viktor somehow remembered was the fourth of their quartet... both of them licking their lips. Cum was spattered all over Pryde's face, and the panther's white fur was also covered in white goo.

"I- I remember this." Viktor's eyes went wide. Why had he thought he was some scrawny human? He was a wolf. A big, buff, dumb wolf... "Jake and I were w-working out, getting hard all over, a-and you and Jaime came in and started teasing our teeny weenies with your tongues and-"

And then they'd both spurted. All over their femme boifriends. Pryde and Jamie both purring like housecats as they nursed their boyfriends for their "cream". Now that he'd seen the picture, Viktor couldn't forget that moment. The big wolf felt like his whole life felt so strange, so off, but with each picture he saw it was harder to remember it any other way. A comfortable fog settled over his mind as he drank his Brotein-drugged shake, the steroids in the beverage helping him swell in muscles.

"See?" Pryde leaned up against him, the lion having dyed his short mane bright pink this time around. He cuddled up to his boyfriend. Though the lion was smaller in frame, his body was toned and fit. His chest was puffing out against a sports bra he'd started wearing in the past week or so. He had no sense of shame, always waddling around campus in just that bra and a speedo as he walked to the gym with Viktor, his ass swaying back and forth for every guy to see. "The Blue flavor of Brotein gets you and Jakey soooo swole, but you've been saving off inches every shake." He cooed, brazenly reaching down to rub at Viktor's cock through his pants. "No ball shrinkage though, so you still leak the same heavy, yummy loads of splooge for me." His eyebrows waggled as he licked his lips.

Viktor rubbed his head. "I- I guess you're right..." He mumbled, drinking more of his protein shake, swallowing the creamy blue-stained beverage. His balls were churning at the touch of his boyfriend's paw. "G-gah... so horny... you know not t'rile me up before a workout..."

With a wide grin, the lion moved his other paw to trace up and circle around Viktor's right nipple. "Why? Because my puppy will fuck me? Your itty bitty bit can't even fit anymore, remember?"

He moved down to tap the last picture for Viktor, revealing it as the wolf watched the distortion resolve into a clear form with a perverse sort of fascination.

The picture was of Pryde and himself, perched on top of a gym bench. But this time, they weren't even making a show of working out. The lion's estrogen-laced Brotien supplements had been doing work, because his pecs had swollen outwards to B-cup sized breasts. Pryde's mane was gone, bright pink hair along the top of his head now pulled back into a sporty ponytail. The feline was leaning forward while straddling Viktor, his new boobs jiggling in the wolf's muzzle. The slender, toned lion's tail was lifted as his bare butt and tight pucker flexed for whoever was holding the camera. However, he wasn't riding Viktor's cock. Instead, Pryde's muzzle was turned back halfway towards the camera, a sly smile on his lips as the cat pushed his own cock inside what looked like a fuzzy slit perched just above Viktor's wolven balls. The lion looked amused, caught on camera mid-thrust, while Viktor's own canine muzzle was contorted into a picture of flushed, mindless bliss. A caption beneath the pair read as follows:

*Showing all our followers that Vikky's "girlfriend" is the one who fucks him. ;P  
#Enjoytheshow*

Viktor's eyes were wide as he stared down at the picture. He didn't even notice Pryde had moved around until the lion's lips whispered right into his ear. "Your cock has shrunk down to less than an inch. We can't even see it when you piss, puppy. But you've got that fleshy hole... it's almost like you've got a sissy clitty. It feels so good when I pump into you, doesn't it, pup?" Pryde's hot breath hit Viktor's ear, sending a shiver down the wolf's spine. "You wanted to be muscular so much that you'd sacrifice anything... and now your weenie's as tiny as your brain."

"Guh..." Viktor just drooled a bit, his eyes glazed over as he felt Pryde's paws moving down to rub and stroke at his nipples. They'd only grown larger and pinker since he'd gotten on Brotien Shots and started logging his fitness progress on FITR. Each pet and stroke from his femme lion boyfriend left him groaning out loud, as people in the smoothie place stopped and stared. A warm wetness filled his pants. His tiny cock was drooling. It'd been leaking so much since he met up with Pryde. "K-kitty... yer such a tease t'me..." He shuddered.

Pryde's nose twitched for a moment. "Mmm... Puppy, I can smell how horny you are. You're going to be a braindead bimbo until we milk your boy-pussy, won't you?" Taking Viktor's paw, the slender lion pulled his wolf Boyfriend up to standing, and tugged him towards a bathroom. "Nothing to see here, folks! Just draining some pressure from the pipes!" He purred, a playful grin crossing his muzzle as he wrapped an arm along Viktor's back. "I'm glad you're this horny and dumb. Because I'm pretty worked up too. Come on, let's risk expulsion in the bathroom together."

“S-sure...” Viktor mumbled, feeling his fleshy hole, with his teeny tiny weenie inside it, growing more and more moist with every step. He felt hot and tingly all over. He could barely remember why he was even in College. All he remembered was that his girly boyfriend was going to sex him up!

The bathroom was a single-person one with a lock. As Pryde led him inside, Viktor remembered how many times they'd had rough, messy sex in there. The second the door was locked, Pryde pushed the big wolf onto the toilet seat. “Drop those shorts and take your shirt off, puppy! I want to see you in all your glory.”

“Duh... ok...” Viktor wasted no time obeying his cute girly boyfriend. Tossing aside his shirt and his soaked shorts and briefs, the big wolf sat there, spreading his thighs on instinct and leaning back as he flexed. He could see himself in the mirror hanging over the sink. And wasn't he quite the snack! The body of an adonis, with bulging biceps that made his fur ripple along them when he flexed, and fuzzy cumgutters for abs. His pectorals had swollen out enough that they almost resembled a-cup breasts, with bright pink nipples nearly twice the size of his eyes. They were super sensitive too. Whenever they rubbed up against his shirts and got hard it was always a struggle not to moan out with his deep, husky voice. His glutes were rigid as steel, his muscles below the belt just as cut and statuesque as he was above. A pair of balls almost as large as apples hung between his thighs, but perched above them wasn't any visible cock... just a large, fleshy thing that could easily be mistaken for a pussy when his balls were dangling beneath it and pulling the hole “shut” on each side. It was still drooling, precum leaking out of his “pussy” and dripping down into the toilet below. “D-do I look good, Kitty?”

Pryde's eyes glinted as he heard his nickname. “Mmm... you look fucking hawt, Puppy.” Tugging down his speedo, the girly gymnast lion walked forward, letting his five inches of cock poke out. He was smaller than most males of his species between the legs, but bigger than his silly hunk of a boyfriend. “Certainly big enough to satisfy...” The lion said as he gripped at his cock, climbing his amazon and mounting him. Two muzzles lipped as the lion pushed into his lover's hole, pumping back and forth as they started making headway into their third fuck of the day, just before another workout.

Viktor's mind was awash in pleasure. He couldn't think of anything else than that shaft pumping in and out of him.

He loved getting big, dumb, and slutty.

And he loved how FITR had tracked his descent. There was no going back now. The big

wolf loved his new life, and he couldn't wait to get bigger, buffer... and more brainless.

His fierce girly boyfriend of a kitty could do the thinking for both of them.

Just like Pryde had intended when he'd installed FITR on his friend's phones.

**The End!**