

Surprise Stall

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For my Patrons

The door to the bathroom swung open as Blake moved in, still feeling quite cold from the walk to school. He had on his thick green coat with the fuzzy, furry gray lined hood, but his black jeans weren't insulated enough for the plunging temperatures. He passed the mirror, his feathered brown hair bleached at the tips. His narrow, rectangular glasses looked to be almost iced over. He had thought about going to the bathroom in the nice, newly remodeled wing since it was warmer, but the bathroom in the language arts wing was less populated.

Blake moved to the end of the bathroom and swung open the unlocked stall, his eyes going incredibly wide. Standing there in the middle of the stall was another student, his back arched, both hands working around his shaft. It was Asher, one of the school slackers. His hair was dyed a rich cinnamon red, contrasting with his black eyebrows and reddish brown stubble goatee.

With each thrust of Asher's hands, his piercings swung; his nose ring, his spider bite lip rings, even the beads on either side of the bridge of his nose and either side below his lips. He wore nothing more than a black t-shirt with a silver pentagram necklace, though his camouflage pants were in a heap on the floor next to his shoes.

Blake went to excuse himself from the embarrassing situation, but his eyes drifted down to see the gigantic, oddly red, pointed inhuman cock that his classmate was working on. It had a tapered tip, a glistening red shaft, and the base was puffy and swollen. Yellow eyes turned, looking at Asher and the slacker moved in a blur. Asher was knocked to the ground, landing in a thud. Sharp claws cut through his black jeans and his underwear. The cold air hit him as the other teen positioned himself over him.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-" Blake gasped as his cold cock was met with warm fingers. Asher lifted it up out of the torn clothes, then placed his burning hot cock next to it. His other clawed hand reached up and tugged and pulled on the pooled red furry sheath at the base of his cock, drawing it out of its hiding, slipping it down and down and down, over his canine cock, and over Blake's as well.

Blake's eyes glazed over suddenly as he felt something silky, warm, slick, and tight trapping his cock next to Asher's. Blake started breathing harder, looking up in wonder. Asher gave his rare grin, the grin of getting away with something, of breaking the rules. He leaned down and pressed his lips to Blake's. Blake shuddered, laying there, no longer wanting to fight it. He closed his eyes and opened his mouth in time for a pierced tongue to drop down inside.

Asher had known that Blake was gay, of course. He could smell the remains of cum on his clothes, the slight spicy change of his scent when he looked at the boys coming back from football practice, their muscles strained. He hadn't been sure that Blake was his type though... His frail form, his nerdy looks... but maybe that's where the hotness would be. He could mold Blake, change him, bring him into the fold.

Blake gasped more as the red sheathe came down to the base of his cock. That heat, that wet, that tight, with another male? It sent all the signals that he was having sex and his

body reacted accordingly. His cock started to stretch and grow and bloat, fighting for space against the huge, hot, canine cock trapped next to his. Blake moaned more, his nipples tightening. Asher licked his lips at that and reached down to brush his necklace, the silver pentagram pendant turning black for a moment.

A flash of pain beneath Blake's shirt made him gasp. The pain was ice cold, then hot, then heavy... He wasn't sure what had happened at first until he realized his nipples were stiff, and as he shifted back and forth, something IN them was dragging against his shirt. His jaw opened wider and he looked into Asher's yellow eyes with shock.

"Wh... What is this?" Blake asked. Asher gave that grin again and leaned down to lick and then gently bite Blake's chin.

"It's paradise, Blake." Asher grinned, "I'm going to free you from your boring life. You're going to be like me..." Asher whispered. Blake was speechless. He wasn't sure what that meant exactly. He'd seen Asher in a lot of classes, almost always in the back... Asleep, on his phone, doodling pictures in a notebook that never contained notes. He'd always found his alternative style kind of hot, but he'd never known about this, about-

Hot, wet, thick. The cum filling up the sheathe was potent and pure. Asher moaned, his eyes slipping shut as he pulled back a little, lining up his cock to Blake's and started cumming harder as he thrust back and forth against the human rod. Blake inhaled more and more as he felt that hot, thick seed not only covering his shaft, marinating it, but also filling it. As the canine seed invaded, Blake's cock began to thicken and stiffen, blood rushing in, turning it from pale to pink, pink to red, and red to almost purple.

The base of Blake's cock started to slip out of Asher's sheathe as it grew longer. The skin was tougher, more rubbery. Veins throbbed, the base began to stretch outward like a tennis ball cut in half, and as it emerged, it was nearly double in its original width. The brown hair covering Blake's groin was getting oddly soft, though the flesh was getting pliable and plump as well. It wriggled and shifted, tingling as it changed until tiny slits opened up on either side of his fat cock base.

The inside of the skin burned for only a second before its satiny soft lining formed. The outside was thick and furry, and the flesh grew swiftly, forming a waiting sheath of his own. Inside the sleeve, docked against another cock, Blake's shaft pushed out inch after inch, stretching to eight, ten, then twelve inches. The mushroom shaped head strained and elongated into a point, the urethra widening, the cock throbbing.

Asher moaned, loving feeling another dog dick against his. He slid a clawed hand up under Blake's coat and shirt, finding the nipple piercing he had given him. He gave one a tug, making Blake gasp, then did the other. He started to tug and tug, mercilessly, though the skin had healed. Blake moaned, arching his back. Again Asher whispered words under his breath.

That cold, hot, throbbing pain came in Blake's lips, making them feel puffy and swollen as two cold black rings of metal formed over his bottom lip. The pain dropped down, aching beneath his lip as two beads formed. Asher shuddered, cumming harder, a huge, fluffy, red tail springing out of his pants behind him. It swung back and forth as it bulked out, turning into a rotund immense mass.

Asher knew that he couldn't keep it up, not like this. His tail hole was too hungry. He pulled back, slipping his sheathe off his prey. The sheathe kept sliding back and back and back

until Blake's huge, foot long canine cock sprung free, furiously red and bloated at the base. Blake looked down in shock at his new rod, then up at Asher.

For once Asher didn't have his shit eating grin. He was whimpering, panting, moaning. He moved forward and came down, a swollen, puffy, aching black hole stretching over Blake's newly minted cock. Blake moaned out loud, his voice echoing on the bathroom walls as Asher impaled himself on inch after inch of that cock.

Blake was surprised. His fear, confusion, and doubt melted away. He had a cock, and this punk wanted him to use it. Blake's hips started to lift and fall, building up speed, thrusting into that hole. Asher nearly squealed as he lowered onto that pistoning shaft. He groaned more and more, riding up and down, eyes half lidded in pleasure. But he was far from done. He reached to his necklace and closed his eyes, starting to whisper under his breath.

The nerd moaned, fucking that ass harder and harder, feeling Asher's knees on either side of him. He jack hammered into that ass, starting to drool. His glasses fogged over, though they started to feel uncomfortable, sitting wrong as the bridge of his nose stung. Tiny beads of metal oozed out of his nose, turning black like obsidian. His right cheek stung as well, another pair of bead piercings forming there... and then his ears throbbed and ached as a double set of rings formed in both ears, heavier and thicker than the rest.

Asher opened his eyes, looking at his creation, seeing the nerd marked with piercings galore... but he wanted more. He bit his lip and kept whispering. Blake thrashed as a thick black ring formed in his nose, piercing his septum, hanging down and then locking shut. Blake thrashed and snarled like the beast he was becoming... and Asher wanted more.

The dark words spilled from the slacker's lips and Blake continued to warp and change. His thrusts became more powerful as his arms and legs thickened with bloating muscle. His pectorals thickened, jutting his pierced nipples out more. His coat strained and stretched until the zipper popped, revealing the incredibly tight t-shirt beneath. His biceps and triceps thickened, bloating the coat's sleeves. His thighs and calves got thicker... and that cock got bigger.

Blake continued to thrash and moan, getting deeper into Asher's ass. Asher loved it, but it still didn't feel complete. He kept uttering words, trying to get them right as he moaned. Blake's open mouthed panting got a bit more menacing as his canine teeth stretched out into fangs, and then his other teeth did as well. His ears took on points, his pants rumpled and shifted and bloated before a fuzzy brown tail began wriggling out of the back.

Asher grinned more and whispered. The cold, hot, stiff tingling spread up his wolf cock as eight beads of metal formed through the sensitive flesh. Blake suddenly lunged, knocking Asher over. He landed on all fours in confusion before his yellow eyes went wide. Blake was taking him doggie style, plowing into his ass with his massive pierced cock. The slacker let out a howl, scraping his claws against the cement floor, loving this.

He feebly reached up and grabbed his pendant, continuing his spells. The sound of tearing clothes came as Blake's coat gave up, his shirt split, his pants tore. They all practically exploded off of him, landing in scraps, revealing a sweaty, hot, muscled body with patches of fur on his chest and around his wolf tail. Soon the back of Blake's ears got furry, the pierced wolf ears sticking out from his head.

Asher drooled onto the floor, barely able to speak, but managing a few more spells. Blake's fingernails turned from ivory to black, sinking into his fingers before emerging from the tips as long, curved claws. His feet grew bigger, stretching longer and wider, bloating to size ten, twelve, fifteen, seventeen. The testosterone surging through his body caused his moans to drop in pitch.

With each pant, each thrust, each grind, Blake's chin was darkening. Soft fuzz emerged from it, becoming wispy, wirey, thicker. It was brown but with a hint of blond at the tips. It surged out an inch, bushy and thick, then another inch, and another. Blake thrashed and growled as the hair extruded from his chin like a pharaoh, dropping down to six inches, then seven. He felt it sway with his fucking, thick and robust. He was a man - no, more than a man. He was a beast.

Blake threw his head back and let out a snarling roar as the fur spread out from his chest, wrapping around his shoulders and crossing his torso. It billowed down his back. The hair on his arms and legs got thicker and thicker until you couldn't see the skin. It covered his immense feet, and soft fur spread out across his cheeks, across his nose, surrounding his eyes. He snarled more as his face began to pop and snap and contort, extending outward into a muzzle.

Asher looked up in the stainless steel fixtures of the toilet. He couldn't get a proper reflection, but what he saw was beautiful... A huge, fuzzy brown wolf pounding his ass. Asher came again and again, spewing cum across the floor, his ass quivering and his tail slapping against Blake's chest. Blake felt the ass massaging his cock, squeezing it, kneading it... and that was more than enough.

Blake bore down, thrusting deep as the base of his cock expanded wider, bloating into a knot, locking him in. His cock gushed forth a modest pearly load of seed, then another, then a third. With each jet, it was getting yellower, thicker, more potent. Soon he was going off like a fire hose, filling Asher with his seed, pumping him full. The red headed slacker went limp on the floor, grinning ear to ear as his colon, and then stomach was bloated with cum. He felt like the luckiest boy in school.

The bell for the end of the day sounded, and moments later students came flooding out of the doors, heading toward the busses, waiting cars, and any other avenue to go home. As some walked by the big trees on campus, they couldn't help but notice Asher in the arms of another punk... The red headed teen was leaning against the broad chest of a much larger, muscled guy with a long, willowy goatee and a fuck ton of piercings.

Blake grinned to himself as the students glanced at them with side eyes. None of them knew that the clothes he wore were stolen from the gym, or that he'd cut a hole in the back of Asher's pants to fuck him again in plain sight. Asher wriggled gently on the immense canine cock stuffed up his tailhole, knotted in him. His stomach was slightly rounded with the cum of his lover, and he adored being right there, teens thinking they were just cuddling.

Asher leaned back, resting his head on Blake's shoulder, feeling his lover's cock squirm again as it unleashed even more cum. Blake kissed Asher's head, smelling his spicy, woody, wolfy scent. He had been so surprised to burst into that bathroom stall, but he'd never regret it.

The slacker punk he'd had a crush on was his now... his lover, his pup, his boyfriend. Things would never be the same, and he didn't want them to be.

Asher slowly lifted one hand up to his pendant and whispered another spell. The words were careful, calculated, powerful. As he finished whispering them, the metal pendant turned black and then, abruptly, broke. All ounces of magic in the talisman had been used up... but if the words worked, then it would be worth the cost. As Asher looked up around the campus, he started to smile.

A skater boy had been sitting on the steps and looked over at Blake and Asher, looking confused and then amazed as he realized what was happening. A few feet away, a dread-headed stoner noticed too, reaching down to rub himself through his baggy pants in solidarity, feeling his cock stiffening and swelling. To Asher's surprise, a bleach blond wrestler that was heading towards the busses stopped and looked over, starting to grin lewdly. Asher murmured to himself. They would be beautiful pups to serve Blake, and they'd make even better punks to amuse him as well. The seed had been planted, the boys already gay... all he had to do was nourish them and grow them into their new lives.

