An Eiji Otaka Creation

Elusive Friendly Yeenwolf Writer

Corrupted Transformation Architect

Hank’s Smelly Socks

Wear ‘em or give ‘em a sniff. Either way you’ll be licking paws when you’re done.

OVERVIEW

Hank, and his two nephews Huey and Brewy, plot to turn the football captain at the local university until a filthy yeen by swapping the socks in his locker with Hank’s. While waiting for their victim, they are surprised to find the team manager going through the lockers and huffing the dirty laundry. Things get really interesting when he comes across the captain’s locker and finds the corruptive socks left by Hank. It’s not long before he’s turned into a giggling faggy paw slut gnoll and Hank’s newest favorite nephew to round out the trio.

Story

Hank and his two favorite nephews, Huey and Brewy, were eagerly preparing for their latest scheme to convert the football team's captain into a giggly jock werehyena. Though Hank preferred to let his padded feet out into the air with his slobby sandals, Huey had convinced him to wear some football tube socks to get nice, wet, and smelly to swap out with the football captain's. They'd get the socks effectively oozing yeen corruption and once the captain wore them, he'd transform into Hank's newest gay nephew. Hank sat back on the couch, wearing the yellowed socks, scratching the bulge in his jockstrap as he had one foot planted on Brewy's drooling muzzle and the other kneading into Huey's fat uncut hyena cock, doing his best to tease his nephews while soaking up their slobber and spunk.

"This was a great idea, boys. I can't wait until that football jock is playing for our team. I'll have a new nephew and you two will finally have a little brother to join our stinky family. Once he's ours, we can corrupt the rest of the team into giggling gay slutty jock gnolls," said Hank as Huey moaned around a cigar-thick blunt in his blocky muzzle and leaked musky precum into the socked paw massaging the head of his cock.

"Unk' you're the best. I can't wait to see the look on his face when he sees his own dick upgraded into a fat yeen cock, heheh. And ya know he's gonna love having fat stinky paws like you. Stompin' around and leaving sweaty footprints everywhere he goes, hehehEEHEEHaHAAHAAA..." said Huey, his eyes rolling back with puffs of smoke curling out the sides of his muzzle as the musky foot forced him to spew fresh hot gnoll spunk into the soggy fabric.

"Yeah...I can't wait to make the whole football team sniff our pits and turn them into a pack of giggle grunts BRROAAARRRP!," said Brewy, drinking a bottle of Longtongue Lager in between wet slurps before belching out hot breath and drool. He clamped his paws on Uncle Hank's sweaty foot as he sniffed it, slobbering on the thick sweaty pads and toes.

Hank grinned, "It's a great idea to swap my socks with the captain's. These are gonna be perfect for turning him into a dick-brained foot fag. Let me get these nice an' wet then we can head over to the football field.

The three continued to enjoy their stinky fun before Hank finally got up and took off the socks. The smell of his feet wafted out and made them all shiver with excitement.

"Get the socks ready, boys," said Hank as he wiggled his toes.

Huey and Brewy grabbed the socks and stuck them into Uncle Hank's well-used jockstrap, letting his ball and ass musk soak into the yellowed fabric. The socks were already soaked and magickally absorbed the musky reek of his scent. Huey and Brewy were drooling, and their cocks were hard, making wet spots in their underwear as they each took a sniff of their uncle's crotch.

"This is gonna be perfect," said Hank.

He slipped on his sandals and the three of them headed out to the SUV.

Hank drove with Huey sitting in the passenger seat and Brewy in the back. While the two younger gnolls rode along, they couldn't help but get even hornier in anticipation. They were breathing deeply, taking in the intoxicating smell radiating off of them in the vehicle. Huey had a hand on his crotch, squeezing his dick through his shorts, as he leaned over and sniffed Hank's crotch while he drove. Brewy was content in the back huffing his own pit stink as they neared the university stadium. Thankfully, the season hadn't started yet, the only people there were a few scattered members of staff and students. Easy enough to avoid so they could get to the locker room.

They pulled up to the side entrance of the athletics building and parked.

"Alright boys, time to get this plan into action. You know what to do," said Hank with a sneer of confidence.

"Yep," said Huey, "We'll sniff out the captain's locker and swap his socks with yours. He'll be as good as ours once he puts them on. Then he can help us convert the rest of the team. I can't fucking wait!"

"That's right. Now, let's go get my new nephew," said Hank.

Finding the facility door locked, Hank stuck his paw hand into his crotch and smeared his magik-laden juices over the key card reader. The lock rusted and warped as it gained a greasy texture. With the chirp the door unlocked and the three werehyenas were inside. Hank led them into the locker room, musk wafting around them in a swamp green haze as he went. The three gnolls were leaving sweaty footprints in the wake as they made their way into the locker room with enough luck to not be seen. Hank in particular was dripping sweat, his balls and ass crack oozing their corruptive liquids, making the socks in his crotch sodden with corruptive musk. They walked past a few lockers until they found the one with the captain's name on it.

"This is it, Jalen Fettway," said Huey.

"Perfect," said Hank as he pulled the dripping wet socks out from his jockstrap.

Huey and Brewy quickly got to work, opening the locker and swapping the socks out with Hank's musky ones until Hank saw the dirty white cleats sitting there begging for his attention.

"Wait. Let's spice things up a bit more, just in case he notices the socks," said Hank. Taking a sock from Brewy, he squeezed out some of the slobber, precum, and foot musk into one cleat before doing the same with the sock Huey was holding into the other cleat. Despite that, through magik or some other means, the socks were still soaked and dripping with his stinky fluids. He sat them on top of the cleats, closed the locker, and then signaled for his two favorite nephews to hide with him just as they heard the door to the locker room open.

Logan, a dark-haired sophomore at the university, was the team's assistant football manager, but that mostly meant washing the team's dirty laundry when he wasn't writing down stats for the team. He wasn't complaining though. Despite his masculine appearance he was a closeted foot fetishist and jock gayboy that couldn't help but perv on the different socks and shoes of the

football team. He would come into the locker room after practice, put the dirty clothes into the laundry basket, and then take the time to sniff each sock and shoe. He couldn't help but imagine what it would be like sniffing and servicing the players' feet right after practice. The smell of the players' feet was intoxicating and he couldn't help but get a little hard as he huffed and breathed in the musk from their footwear while they were away. He loved how gay and naughty it made him feel.

Today was no different. The locker room was empty and he was all alone with the players' dirty clothes. He eagerly picked up each sock, sniffing each one deeply, drooling slightly as he inhaled the musky, sweaty scent. He loved the smell of stinky feet and he couldn't help but fantasize about sucking and licking each player's toes until they were clean and glistening. He knew it was wrong, but he couldn't resist. He had just gotten to the team captain's locker and picked up his socks. They were particularly sweaty and musky today. Yellowed slimy juices oozed out over his fingers as he gripped the fabric, but he paid it no mind in his eagerness to smell the podiatal treasure that lay before him. He inhaled their scent deeply, wisps of green air curled up his nostrils sending a spike of shock of how foul they were before the invasive odors befouled and triggered the soothing lust of his deviance. He hummed to himself as he savored the smell. His cock was throbbing in his shorts. He was so turned on by the smell of the captain's feet, he couldn't resist reaching down and rubbing himself through his shorts. He moaned softly as he sniffed the socks, imagining what it would be like to suck the captain's toes. He was so lost in the moment he didn't notice the three gnolls stifling giggles from their hiding spot.

Hank and his nephews watched as the human fagboy sniffed at the socks, drooling and rubbing his crotch through his shorts. Hank smirked at this new development. With a foot slut this eager, the football captain could wait. He watched with a sneer as the green hazy stench from the soiled locker soaked into the young man sniffing the corruptive socks.

Logan was rubbing the slimy socks all over his face as he gasped and panted. His cock strained down the leg of his shorts, spurting precum as he ignored the slimy film smearing over his lips and nose. His stubble thickened as his boyish face soaked up the gnoll's liquid stench. His lips already dark as his nose grew bulbous and wet, he rasped as a lengthening tongue flopped out his mouth over growing fangs. His ass and back covered with dark fur as his hair grew longer and sweaty. He plopped down on his growing ass as heat flushed through him. His pores opened up and ejected a sheen of sweat over his body as he moaned and licked the socks, growing more wild and lust-driven by the second. The whites of his eyes were polluted with yellow as he casually stroked his cock down his shorts. His brain was lost imagining the players and their feet. Every image became more lewd in his mind as the men and their feet became increasingly bestial. Big furry jocks, Fat fuzzy toes tipped in dark claws. Slimy stinky sweaty paws pressed to his face, his cock, entwining with his own toes and warping them into big

smelly paws like he craved. His imagination ran wild at the thoughts and then as he imagined those paws bursting from shoes, he opened a swampy green eye to look at the soiled cleats in the locker before him. A panting smile curled up his lips. His other eye, still its human blue, made him look all the more deranged. He dropped the socks onto his crotch and pulled out the cleats. The green haze rising from them only excited him further as he drooled down a fuzzy chin. He pulled one to his nose and huffed, legs twitching as the pink head of his growing cock peeked from the hem of his shorts and drizzled precum. Cheeks covered with dark fur he licked into the cleat as was rewarded with a wet slimy substance. His body shook as he tasted pure sex and feet, human brain short-circuiting as he rewired with foot gunk, fur, and cum. His mind a parade of bestial gay lust as he kicked off his own shoes and socks. With wild pants he wiggled his own toes in freedom before putting the sock Brewy had slobbered over on his foot and up his calf. He moaned as gnollish arousal and power surged up his leg and into his crotch. His calf and leg swelled with muscle and fat as fur started to spread up his knee. He quickly pulled the cleat on his socked foot as it soaked in the stink and merged with his own. His foot was already swelling in the confines, but he could only giggle manically at the site of the shoe starting to warp under the pressure. He was getting ready to put the other sock on his still bare albeit sweaty foot when the throb of his cock caught his attention. He hadn't noticed his fingers swelling and growing dark claws, but he was more than happy to put them to use to free his cock. With a slash, his shorts tore open and out flung his pulsing cock. It had grown, now 8 inches and much thicker than it was before. But still pink. Still human. Still not smelly enough. His balls churned at where his thoughts led. With a cackle, he took the sock Huey had cum over while Hank wore it, and slid it over his own needy shaft. The filthy hyena foot gunk and gnoll cum drenched in the sock, soaked into his shaft, and Logan immediately started stroking himself. He barely had the brainpower to slip the second cleat onto his barefoot as he sat there changing and masturbating.

"Oh yeah. I think this new nephew of mine will be a perfect fit," said Hank as he watched the human turn into one of his giggly nephews.

Huey and Brewy were giggling as they watched the human stroke his cock, his body morphing into a more hyenaenid-like form. Their cocks were hard and they couldn't help but rub them as they watched. Hank was drooling as he watched the human grow bigger and hairier, his cock swelling in the sock as it darkened and changed. The human was completely lost in the moment, huffing the stench radiating around him and stroking his cock, his mind completely consumed by the thought of huffing and tasting beast feet. As he stroked himself, he devolved further into a more bestial state. His hands became more paw-like and his claws grew sharper and crusted with cum and foot sweat. He didn't notice his fingers changing, but he did notice his toes and feet as they swelled within their confines. With a pop his furry big toe burst from the tip of the cleat, still covered in the slimy sock but even the sock couldn't contain the dark claw

pierced through it. Logan giggled at the sight and drooled as he imagined what the rest would look like. His spine cracked as a swampy tail pressed out above his furry buttcheeks and flitted from side to side. He moaned as dark brown fur riddled with greenish black spots covered his body. His hair growing out as it darkened into a greenish black mane damp with sweat as a thick lock fell over his still human eye that slowly was overtaken by a feral green. His furry thighs swelled as they filled with muscle and fat, packing his hairy ass with cushion as it filled out beneath him. He let out a girly moan as he leaned forward and his pink human pucker between his furry cheeks darkened and swelled into a wet musky donut hole fitting for a gay gnoll. Logan's tongue dangled out the side of his mouth as his face cracked forward. Drool poured from his proto-muzzle as his bulbous dark nose dripped green mucus from flaring nostrils. His ears twitched and covered with fur as they grew slight points and rounded as they spread out. He shook and grinned as the change brought him more giggly gay lust. His sweaty furred body started radiating a green feral stench not unlike Hank and his two nephews nearby. He kept stroking his cock in his grimy paw, but the fabric of the sock was much more snug over it now. He could see the soggy fabric stretched over the leaking head of his darker cock. He felt his furry black balls churn and swell to the size of tennis balls as the gnoll foot sweat and cum marinated his cock with a permanent stink. He heard a whine and looked back down just as his feet tore through the cleats. Big sweaty plantigrade paws burst through the footwear dripping slimy sweat and gunk as green miasma rose from them. They were at least size 15 and still growing. Oh how good they felt and how even better they'd feel pressed against some human's face until they changed into a drooling muzzle of a foot slut hyena femboi like him. Is that what he was becoming? A depraved foot fag jock beast? A gnoll that craved licking the sweaty toes and soles of males? A filthy degenerate hyena that was a total paw slut and liked seeing others become faggy drooling beasts like him? Fuck yes! Yes, he was!

With this revelation, Logan lurched and convulsed in perverse bliss. His cock tore through the sock. His new foreskin trapping in the foot sweat and precum as the slimy jet back shaft sprung free at almost 12 inches. A fat gnoll cock for a stinky femboi jock beast. His cock spewed ropes of musky yellow hyena cum, purging out the humanity left in him as his drooling snotty muzzle finished growing with almost pouty black lips. The rank seed splattered over his feet and floor, soaking his nasty paws in more corruptive reek as he yipped and chortled with release.

"Yeeesss...," growled Logan. "I'm a total foot slut. I love the smell of stinky feet. I want to lick them and suck them until they are covered in my drool."

He sniffed the air, his nose picking up the scent of something that made his cock throb. He looked around and saw a pair of sandals sitting on the bench beside the locker he'd been sniffing. He reached over and picked them up, his cock throbbing and leaking pre-cum as he sniffed them.

"Fuck, they smell good," he said as he inhaled deeply, taking in the scent of the sandals. He could tell they belonged to someone who had sweaty beast feet. The rank musk and sweat emanating from them was divine to his twisted mind. His cock was throbbing and he couldn't help but start stroking it.

"These must be the same owner of the socks I was sniffing," he said as he stroked his cock.

Logan giggled and laughed as his body shook with each stroke. His cock was pulsing and throbbing in his hand as he breathed in the scent of the sandals. The smell of the sweaty feet was making him feel horny and he couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to lick the feet that had worn the sandals. He wanted to suck on their toes and make them nice and clean. He was so lost in the moment that he didn't even notice his nasty nose pick up the scent of the gnolls nearby.

Hank and his nephews watched as Logan sniffed their uncle's sandals. His cock was throbbing and leaking precum as he inhaled the musky scent. His body was shaking as he stroked himself, the sight of his bottom-heavy yeen body was enough to make the three gnolls drool with lust. They couldn't help but rub their own cocks as they watched him. Logan was completely oblivious to their presence and continued to stroke his cock and huff the sandals.

Logan giggled in gay revelry, the sound of his voice was low and inhuman interspersed with high pitched yips of glee.

Hank motioned to his two nephews and the three moved out their hiding spot to walk up to the newly changed gnoll slut before them.

"Looks like my stink did a number on you, boy. Betcha' liking my sandals even more than them socks," said Hank as he lumbered over to Logan. Logan's ears twitched at the voice and looked up to see three stinky gnolls standing over him. The one to the left a bit chubby, but burly with fatty muscled pecs at 6'3", covered in blondish brown fur with a reddish wild mane. A 13 inch leaking gnoll cock with a slimy foreskin, fat balls, and a big ass that was dripping a musky slime to the floor from between his furry cheeks where a slimy swollen dark donut pulsated. He smelled like sex and weed. The one to the right, shorter, maybe 5'10". His fur a bluish gray with blue-black spots over a wide muscular frame. He was built like a brick house with a mildly toned beergut, his muscled arms couldn't hide the thick dark fur sticking from his pits that drizzled thick sweat. His face looked more brutish, brow thicker than the others, with a heavy black bottom lip that drooled and revealed thick yellow tusk-like fangs. Uncut cock throbbing at 10 inches with a tip covered in piss-laden spunk. He reeked of beer, piss, and sex. And the biggest on of them all stood in the middle at 6'9". Big all over, sweaty pecs with thick dark nipples, a fat gut covered in fur, yellow fangs curled up in a grin around equally yellow tusks as a large 14 inch

shaft stuck out the side of its jockstrap and bobbed and flung hot precum from its foreskin as fist-sized balls churned in the soiled pouch. Even better were the big juicy sweaty paws, bigger than even Logan's own, pouring out their stink. Logan drooled at the sight, looking over each of their big paws, taking in the details of each of them and imprinting them to his corrupted mind he panted wildly before looking up into their rancid green eyes with his own.

"Fuuuuck~ You guys are so sexy. And those feet! I've got to have a taste. They look and smell sooo yummy!" said Logan, breaking free of his masculine chains and embracing his giggly gay feminine side.

The gnolls laughed at his words, their cocks throbbing as they looked down at him.

"That's right, boy. We're sexy as fuck and our paws are the best," said Hank as he flexed his toes. "Why don't you go ahead and get a taste? Show us how much you love feet."

Logan giggled at the words, his cock throbbing as he reached out and grabbed one of Hank's paws. He pulled it to his face and started sniffing it, his nose picking up the scent of sweat and musk. He could feel his cock throbbing and leaking precum as he breathed in the musky scent. He opened his mouth and started licking the paw, his tongue swirling around the sweaty pads. The direct taste and smell of Hank's corruptive stench soaked into him, turning his already warped mind into fuzzy gnoll mush which the big hyena was more than happy to mold.

"Yeah that's a good pup, get in there good between your Uncle Hank's toes. You're my kind of nephew. Doesn't your brother, Loogie, look so fuckable and perfect slobbering on my feet, boys?" said Hank with corruptive magik curling off his breath.

At that moment, Huey and Brewy's eyes glowed as their reality was warped to include Loogie. Likewise Logan, now Loogie's eyes dilated and glowed as his existence was enmeshed in Hank's corruption and foot stink. Uncle Hank was the best. His favorite. He raised Loogie from a stinky pup, and he and his brothers were Hank's favorite nephews. Brewy was his drunken pit slut of a frat gnoll big brother. Huey was his stoner slut jock gnoll oldest sibling. And Loogie was the femboi foot fag jock runt of the family. All unapologetically gay. Each an aspect of Uncle Hank's depravity. Each in his likeness. and if Uncle Hank was a hyena. That meant he was one too. He'd always been one. Loogie gasped as he came as his filthy furry brain connected the corruptive dots and rewired him down to his DNA and deeper. His slimy yena cum splattered the chin of his muzzle and Hank's furry toes before he eagerly licked that up too.

"Yeeesss. I'm Uncle Hank's favorite nephew. The best foot faggot ever. I just love the smell of feet and can't get enough of your big sweaty paws, Unc'. Your musk is the best," said Loogie as he slobbered on Hank's toes.

"Second favorite," teased Huey as he pushed his own furry toe bean into Loogie's bestial ear to smear his brain with gnoll sweat.

"Third favorite," growled Brewy before he added his own paw to scritch under Loogie's cum-crusted muzzle.

"No need to fight, boys. All three of you are my favorites for different reasons. And your brother here is the best foot faggot I could ask for," said Hank as he watched Loogie slobber all over his paws. "Now why don't you show me how much you love feet and give my boys here some of that good foot faggot lovin'. I'm sure they could use it after you spoiled our plan for the football captain."

Loogie giggled as he looked up at his brothers, his cock throbbing as he thought of sucking their toes. His leaking nose twitched as he picked up on their musk, his senses enhanced by the corruption of his gnoll nature. He could smell the reek and sweat coming off their big paws and it made his mouth water. He couldn't wait to get a taste.

"Okay, Uncle Hank. I'll give them the best foot bath they've ever had, hehehee" said Loogie as he reached out and grabbed one of Huey's paws. He pulled it to his face and started sniffing it, his nose picking up the scent of weed and foot musk. He could feel his cock throbbing and leaking precum as he breathed in the pungent scent. He opened his mouth and started licking the paw, his tongue swirling around the sweaty pads.

As Uncle Hank slid his 14-inch cock into Loogie's ass, the little femboi jock slut gasped as his corruption continued to take hold. The feeling of his Uncle's cock sliding into his tight ass sent shivers down his spine and he couldn't help but giggle with excitement. He loved feeling his uncle's cock inside him, it was like a dream come true.

Brewy growled with excitement as he looked down at his brother slobbering on Huey's paws. He loved seeing his brother getting fucked by Uncle Hank, it's a sight to behold. He can't help but slide under and start sucking on Loogie's cock, his muzzle wrapped around the thick shaft as he slurped on it. His big tongue swirls around the head of Loogie's cock, tasting the precum that coats it.

The feeling of all of this is overwhelming for Loogie. He loves feeling Uncle Hank's cock in his ass while he slobbers on Huey's paws and Brewy sucks his cock. He can't believe how lucky he is to be part of such a close-knit family. He feels so loved and accepted by his uncle and brothers, and he knows that they would never abandon him. He can't imagine his life without them.

Uncle Hank continues to fuck Loogie, his big paws squeezing the smaller gnoll's ass as he thrusts into it. Loogie's moans of pleasure fill the room and he can't help but giggle with excitement. The feeling is like nothing else in the world. His own cock throbs and leaks precum into Brewy's muzzle and he can feel his climax approaching.

"Oh yeah, Unk. Fuck me harder! I love your cock inside me! It feels so good! Don't stop!" Loogie moans as he feels his uncle's cock pounding into him.

"You like that, boy? You like feeling your uncle's big gnoll cock inside you?" Uncle Hank grunts as he thrusts into Loogie. "You're such a good nephew. You take my cock so well. It's time to fill you up in reward"

"Fuck yes Unk! Fill this pup up!" cried Loogie between slobbering gasps. "I want it! I want all of your cum!"

"Fuck, that's hot," grunted Huey as he watched Loogie begging for his uncle's cum as he stroked his own cock.

Loogie moans with excitement as he feels his uncle's cock throbbing inside him. He knows that his uncle is about to cum and he can't wait to feel it inside him. His own cock is throbbing and leaking precum as he feels his climax approaching.

The wet slap of their fucking fills the locker room as Loogie bounced his big furry booty back into Hank's thrusts. Every smack of their fucking causing his cock to bounce and squirt nasty gnoll precum.

Loogie started wildly barking and giggling as his aching prostate was rammed back to back, "HeEHEEHeee-Oh yeah! I'm gonna cum! Cumming! Cum- CUMIIIEEEGH! HEEHeergh! AHAaagh! AAARgh!"

Loogie's eyes rolled up in pleasure as he sprayed hot steamy gnoll cum down Brewy's throat as Hank started to hose down his insides with potent rank gnoll spunk, filling him deeply with pure corruption as he fucked even harder. The sound of wet slaps bounced off the walls as green miasma poured off the four hyena beasts. Huey found himself cumming all over Loogie's sweat-damp mane before lifting his brother's muzzle up from his paws and shoving his spewing cock into the lust-crazed new hyena's maw, and forcing him to gulp it down. Brewy was so thoroughly satisfied drinking Loogie's corrupted seed that his cock throbbed and started spraying shots of his rank hyena spooge all over Loogie's furry chest and even under his armpits. The unison in their orgasms caused the room to fill with rancid gnoll magik as they all synced their existences together. Loogie's false memories of them as his raunchy infectious family becoming reality in past as well as the present. His brothers didn't remember a moment

without Loogie by their side. They were Hank's, together. His favorites. The Tickled-up Trio. Gay, slobby, stinky, jocks, hyenas, and total sluts driven to force as many human males as they could to join the family, be their horny cousins, and Uncle Hank's ever-expanding cackle of gnoll nephews. Just as Uncle Hank raised them to be.

With their trifecta finally in place and fueled by Hank's heavy corruption, the three felt the last iota of their human souls warp into that of reeking pureblood gnolls and link together. No magik could bring them back. The fetid heat of their beings burned in their chest. With a rumble up his chest, Huey lifted up his blocky muzzle and belched long and hard, expelling waves of green smog that cleared any glimmer that was any humanity left behind. They were gnolls. They were hyenas. They were Hank's. The three of them looked up at their Uncle Hank and grinned as they rubbed their musky paws all over their bodies.

"Fuuuck yeah... That was great, Unk!" said Huey as he rubbed his paw over his musky nuts. "I can't wait to do that again."

"Yeah, it was great," said Brewy, rubbing his belly with a burp, "I love the feeling of drinking cum. It's the best. Outside of beer at least."

"And I love the feeling of your cum inside me, Unk," said Loogie as he rubbed his paw over his dripping ass before licking his padded fingers. "It's so warm and sticky."

Hank laughed as he looked at his three favorite nephews. He loved seeing them so happy and satisfied. They were the best nephews he could ask for.

"You boys are the best," he said, "And I'm so proud of you for becoming true gnolls."

Loogie's ear twitched, "We've always been true gnolls though."

"That you have. Haha I love you all so much."

The three of them smiled as they looked at their uncle. They were so happy to have him in their lives. He had given them the most deviant upbringing they could ask for. They were lucky to have him.

"We love you too, Unk," they said in unison.

The three of them hugged their uncle and shared a big sniff of his musky pits.

"Let's go home and celebrate, boys. I think it's time for a big feast," said Hank as he wrapped his musky paws around his three favorite nephews. "And then we can fuck some more. I can't wait to see you three in action. You're gonna make such a great team."

The four of them laughed as they headed home to celebrate. The football team could wait. The family of beasts were complete, but there was always room for more later.

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GOALS

1. Debut story for Loogie Hyena.

Story

Hank and his two favorite nephews, Huey and Brewy, were eagerly preparing for their latest scheme to convert the football team's captain into a giggly jock werehyena. Though Hank preferred to let his padded feet out into the air with his slobby sandals, Huey had convinced him to wear some football tube socks to get nice, wet, and smelly to swap out with the football captain's. They'd get the socks effectively oozing yeen corruption and once the captain wore them, he'd transform into Hank's newest gay nephew. Hank sat back on the couch, wearing the yellowed socks, scratching the bulge in his jockstrap as he had one foot planted on Brewy's drooling muzzle and the other kneading into Huey's fat uncut hyena cock, doing his best to tease his nephews while soaking up their slobber and spunk.

"This was a great idea, boys. I can't wait until that football jock is playing for our team. I'll have a new nephew and you two will finally have a little brother to join our stinky family. Once he's ours, we can corrupt the rest of the team into giggling gay slutty jock gnolls," said Hank as Huey

moaned around a cigar-thick blunt in his blocky muzzle and leaked musky precum into the socked paw massaging the head of his cock.

"Unk' you're the best. I can't wait to see the look on his face when he sees his own dick upgraded into a fat yeen cock, heheh. And ya know he's gonna love having fat stinky paws like you. Stompin' around and leaving sweaty footprints everywhere he goes, hehehEEHEEHaHAAHAAA..." said Huey, his eyes rolling back with puffs of smoke curling out the sides of his muzzle as the musky foot forced him to spew fresh hot gnoll spunk into the soggy fabric.

"Yeah...I can't wait to make the whole football team sniff our pits and turn them into a pack of giggle grunts BRROAAARRRP!," said Brewy, drinking a bottle of Longtongue Lager in between wet slurps before belching out hot breath and drool. He clamped his paws on Uncle Hank's sweaty foot as he sniffed it, slobbering on the thick sweaty pads and toes.

Hank grinned, "It's a great idea to swap my socks with the captain's. These are gonna be perfect for turning him into a dick-brained foot fag. Let me get these nice an' wet then we can head over to the football field.

The three continued to enjoy their stinky fun before Hank finally got up and took off the socks. The smell of his feet wafted out and made them all shiver with excitement.

"Get the socks ready, boys," said Hank as he wiggled his toes.

Huey and Brewy grabbed the socks and stuck them into Uncle Hank's well-used jockstrap, letting his ball and ass musk soak into the yellowed fabric. The socks were already soaked and magickally absorbed the musky reek of his scent. Huey and Brewy were drooling, and their cocks were hard, making wet spots in their underwear as they each took a sniff of their uncle's crotch.

"This is gonna be perfect," said Hank.

He slipped on his sandals and the three of them headed out to the SUV.

Hank drove with Huey sitting in the passenger seat and Brewy in the back. While the two younger gnolls rode along, they couldn't help but get even hornier in anticipation. They were breathing deeply, taking in the intoxicating smell radiating off of them in the vehicle. Huey had a hand on his crotch, squeezing his dick through his shorts, as he leaned over and sniffed Hank's crotch while he drove. Brewy was content in the back huffing his own pit stink as they neared the university stadium. Thankfully, the season hadn't started yet, the only people there were a few scattered members of staff and students. Easy enough to avoid so they could get to the locker room.

They pulled up to the side entrance of the athletics building and parked.

"Alright boys, time to get this plan into action. You know what to do," said Hank with a sneer of confidence.

"Yep," said Huey, "We'll sniff out the captain's locker and swap his socks with yours. He'll be as good as ours once he puts them on. Then he can help us convert the rest of the team. I can't fucking wait!"

"That's right. Now, let's go get my new nephew," said Hank.

Finding the facility door locked, Hank stuck his paw hand into his crotch and smeared his magik-laden juices over the key card reader. The lock rusted and warped as it gained a greasy texture. With the chirp the door unlocked and the three werehyenas were inside. Hank led them into the locker room, musk wafting around them in a swamp green haze as he went. The three gnolls were leaving sweaty footprints in the wake as they made their way into the locker room with enough luck to not be seen. Hank in particular was dripping sweat, his balls and ass crack oozing their corruptive liquids, making the socks in his crotch sodden with corruptive musk. They walked past a few lockers until they found the one with the captain's name on it.

"This is it, Jalen Fettway," said Huey.

"Perfect," said Hank as he pulled the dripping wet socks out from his jockstrap.

Huey and Brewy quickly got to work, opening the locker and swapping the socks out with Hank's musky ones until Hank saw the dirty white cleats sitting there begging for his attention.

"Wait. Let's spice things up a bit more, just in case he notices the socks," said Hank. Taking a sock from Brewy, he squeezed out some of the slobber, precum, and foot musk into one cleat before doing the same with the sock Huey was holding into the other cleat. Despite that, through magik or some other means, the socks were still soaked and dripping with his stinky fluids. He sat them on top of the cleats, closed the locker, and then signaled for his two favorite nephews to hide with him just as they heard the door to the locker room open.

Logan, a dark-haired sophomore at the university, was the team's assistant football manager, but that mostly meant washing the team's dirty laundry when he wasn't writing down stats for the team. He wasn't complaining though. Despite his masculine appearance he was a closeted foot fetishist and jock gayboy that couldn't help but perv on the different socks and shoes of the football team. He would come into the locker room after practice, put the dirty clothes into the

laundry basket, and then take the time to sniff each sock and shoe. He couldn't help but imagine what it would be like sniffing and servicing the players' feet right after practice. The smell of the players' feet was intoxicating and he couldn't help but get a little hard as he huffed and breathed in the musk from their footwear while they were away. He loved how gay and naughty it made him feel.

Today was no different. The locker room was empty and he was all alone with the players' dirty clothes. He eagerly picked up each sock, sniffing each one deeply, drooling slightly as he inhaled the musky, sweaty scent. He loved the smell of stinky feet and he couldn't help but fantasize about sucking and licking each player's toes until they were clean and glistening. He knew it was wrong, but he couldn't resist. He had just gotten to the team captain's locker and picked up his socks. They were particularly sweaty and musky today. Yellowed slimy juices oozed out over his fingers as he gripped the fabric, but he paid it no mind in his eagerness to smell the podiatal treasure that lay before him. He inhaled their scent deeply, wisps of green air curled up his nostrils sending a spike of shock of how foul they were before the invasive odors befouled and triggered the soothing lust of his deviance. He hummed to himself as he savored the smell. His cock was throbbing in his shorts. He was so turned on by the smell of the captain's feet, he couldn't resist reaching down and rubbing himself through his shorts. He moaned softly as he sniffed the socks, imagining what it would be like to suck the captain's toes. He was so lost in the moment he didn't notice the three gnolls stifling giggles from their hiding spot.

Hank and his nephews watched as the human fagboy sniffed at the socks, drooling and rubbing his crotch through his shorts. Hank smirked at this new development. With a foot slut this eager, the football captain could wait. He watched with a sneer as the green hazy stench from the soiled locker soaked into the young man sniffing the corruptive socks.

Logan was rubbing the slimy socks all over his face as he gasped and panted. His cock strained down the leg of his shorts, spurting precum as he ignored the slimy film smearing over his lips and nose. His stubble thickened as his boyish face soaked up the gnoll's liquid stench. His lips already dark as his nose grew bulbous and wet, he rasped as a lengthening tongue flopped out his mouth over growing fangs. His ass and back covered with dark fur as his hair grew longer and sweaty. He plopped down on his growing ass as heat flushed through him. His pores opened up and ejected a sheen of sweat over his body as he moaned and licked the socks, growing more wild and lust-driven by the second. The whites of his eyes were polluted with yellow as he casually stroked his cock down his shorts. His brain was lost imagining the players and their feet. Every image became more lewd in his mind as the men and their feet became increasingly bestial. Big furry jocks, Fat fuzzy toes tipped in dark claws. Slimy stinky sweaty paws pressed to his face, his cock, entwining with his own toes and warping them into big smelly paws like he craved. His imagination ran wild at the thoughts and then as he imagined those paws bursting from shoes, he opened a swampy green eye to look at the soiled cleats in

the locker before him. A panting smile curled up his lips. His other eye, still its human blue, made him look all the more deranged. He dropped the socks onto his crotch and pulled out the cleats. The green haze rising from them only excited him further as he drooled down a fuzzy chin. He pulled one to his nose and huffed, legs twitching as the pink head of his growing cock peeked from the hem of his shorts and drizzled precum. Cheeks covered with dark fur he licked into the cleat as was rewarded with a wet slimy substance. His body shook as he tasted pure sex and feet, human brain short-circuiting as he rewired with foot gunk, fur, and cum. His mind a parade of bestial gay lust as he kicked off his own shoes and socks. With wild pants he wiggled his own toes in freedom before putting the sock Brewy had slobbered over on his foot and up his calf. He moaned as gnollish arousal and power surged up his leg and into his crotch. His calf and leg swelled with muscle and fat as fur started to spread up his knee. He quickly pulled the cleat on his socked foot as it soaked in the stink and merged with his own. His foot was already swelling in the confines, but he could only giggle manically at the site of the shoe starting to warp under the pressure. He was getting ready to put the other sock on his still bare albeit sweaty foot when the throb of his cock caught his attention. He hadn't noticed his fingers swelling and growing dark claws, but he was more than happy to put them to use to free his cock. With a slash, his shorts tore open and out flung his pulsing cock. It had grown, now 8 inches and much thicker than it was before. But still pink. Still human. Still not smelly enough. His balls churned at where his thoughts led. With a cackle, he took the sock Huey had cum over while Hank wore it, and slid it over his own needy shaft. The filthy hyena foot gunk and gnoll cum drenched in the sock, soaked into his shaft, and Logan immediately started stroking himself. He barely had the brainpower to slip the second cleat onto his barefoot as he sat there changing and masturbating.

"Oh yeah. I think this new nephew of mine will be a perfect fit," said Hank as he watched the human turn into one of his giggly nephews.

Huey and Brewy were giggling as they watched the human stroke his cock, his body morphing into a more hyenaenid-like form. Their cocks were hard and they couldn't help but rub them as they watched. Hank was drooling as he watched the human grow bigger and hairier, his cock swelling in the sock as it darkened and changed. The human was completely lost in the moment, huffing the stench radiating around him and stroking his cock, his mind completely consumed by the thought of huffing and tasting beast feet. As he stroked himself, he devolved further into a more bestial state. His hands became more paw-like and his claws grew sharper and crusted with cum and foot sweat. He didn't notice his fingers changing, but he did notice his toes and feet as they swelled within their confines. With a pop his furry big toe burst from the tip of the cleat, still covered in the slimy sock but even the sock couldn't contain the dark claw pierced through it. Logan giggled at the sight and drooled as he imagined what the rest would look like. His spine cracked as a swampy tail pressed out above his furry buttcheeks and flitted from side to side. He moaned as dark brown fur riddled with greenish black spots covered his

body. His hair growing out as it darkened into a greenish black mane damp with sweat as a thick lock fell over his still human eye that slowly was overtaken by a feral green. His furry thighs swelled as they filled with muscle and fat, packing his hairy ass with cushion as it filled out beneath him. He let out a girly moan as he leaned forward and his pink human pucker between his furry cheeks darkened and swelled into a wet musky donut hole fitting for a gay gnoll. Logan's tongue dangled out the side of his mouth as his face cracked forward. Drool poured from his proto-muzzle as his bulbous dark nose dripped green mucus from flaring nostrils. His ears twitched and covered with fur as they grew slight points and rounded as they spread out. He shook and grinned as the change brought him more giggly gay lust. His sweaty furred body started radiating a green feral stench not unlike Hank and his two nephews nearby. He kept stroking his cock in his grimy paw, but the fabric of the sock was much more snug over it now. He could see the soggy fabric stretched over the leaking head of his darker cock. He felt his furry black balls churn and swell to the size of tennis balls as the gnoll foot sweat and cum marinated his cock with a permanent stink. He heard a whine and looked back down just as his feet tore through the cleats. Big sweaty plantigrade paws burst through the footwear dripping slimy sweat and gunk as green miasma rose from them. They were at least size 15 and still growing. Oh how good they felt and how even better they'd feel pressed against some human's face until they changed into a drooling muzzle of a foot slut hyena femboi like him. Is that what he was becoming? A depraved foot fag jock beast? A gnoll that craved licking the sweaty toes and soles of males? A filthy degenerate hyena that was a total paw slut and liked seeing others become faggy drooling beasts like him? Fuck yes! Yes, he was!

With this revelation, Logan lurched and convulsed in perverse bliss. His cock tore through the sock. His new foreskin trapping in the foot sweat and precum as the slimy jet back shaft sprung free at almost 12 inches. A fat gnoll cock for a stinky femboi jock beast. His cock spewed ropes of musky yellow hyena cum, purging out the humanity left in him as his drooling snotty muzzle finished growing with almost pouty black lips. The rank seed splattered over his feet and floor, soaking his nasty paws in more corruptive reek as he yipped and chortled with release.

"Yeeesss...," growled Logan. "I'm a total foot slut. I love the smell of stinky feet. I want to lick them and suck them until they are covered in my drool."

He sniffed the air, his nose picking up the scent of something that made his cock throb. He looked around and saw a pair of sandals sitting on the bench beside the locker he'd been sniffing. He reached over and picked them up, his cock throbbing and leaking pre-cum as he sniffed them.

"Fuck, they smell good," he said as he inhaled deeply, taking in the scent of the sandals. He could tell they belonged to someone who had sweaty beast feet. The rank musk and sweat emanating from them was divine to his twisted mind. His cock was throbbing and he couldn't help but start stroking it.

"These must be the same owner of the socks I was sniffing," he said as he stroked his cock.

Logan giggled and laughed as his body shook with each stroke. His cock was pulsing and throbbing in his hand as he breathed in the scent of the sandals. The smell of the sweaty feet was making him feel horny and he couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to lick the feet that had worn the sandals. He wanted to suck on their toes and make them nice and clean. He was so lost in the moment that he didn't even notice his nasty nose pick up the scent of the gnolls nearby.

Hank and his nephews watched as Logan sniffed their uncle's sandals. His cock was throbbing and leaking precum as he inhaled the musky scent. His body was shaking as he stroked himself, the sight of his bottom-heavy yeen body was enough to make the three gnolls drool with lust. They couldn't help but rub their own cocks as they watched him. Logan was completely oblivious to their presence and continued to stroke his cock and huff the sandals.

Logan giggled in gay revelry, the sound of his voice was low and inhuman interspersed with high pitched yips of glee.

Hank motioned to his two nephews and the three moved out their hiding spot to walk up to the newly changed gnoll slut before them.

"Looks like my stink did a number on you, boy. Betcha' liking my sandals even more than them socks," said Hank as he lumbered over to Logan. Logan's ears twitched at the voice and looked up to see three stinky gnolls standing over him. The one to the left a bit chubby, but burly with fatty muscled pecs at 6'3", covered in blondish brown fur with a reddish wild mane. A 13 inch leaking gnoll cock with a slimy foreskin, fat balls, and a big ass that was dripping a musky slime to the floor from between his furry cheeks where a slimy swollen dark donut pulsated. He smelled like sex and weed. The one to the right, shorter, maybe 5'10". His fur a bluish gray with blue-black spots over a wide muscular frame. He was built like a brick house with a mildly toned beergut, his muscled arms couldn't hide the thick dark fur sticking from his pits that drizzled thick sweat. His face looked more brutish, brow thicker than the others, with a heavy black bottom lip that drooled and revealed thick yellow tusk-like fangs. Uncut cock throbbing at 10 inches with a tip covered in piss-laden spunk. He reeked of beer, piss, and sex. And the biggest on of them all stood in the middle at 6'9". Big all over, sweaty pecs with thick dark nipples, a fat gut covered in fur, yellow fangs curled up in a grin around equally yellow tusks as a large 14 inch shaft stuck out the side of its jockstrap and bobbed and flung hot precum from its foreskin as fist-sized balls churned in the soiled pouch. Even better were the big juicy sweaty paws, bigger than even Logan's own, pouring out their stink. Logan drooled at the sight, looking over each of their big paws, taking in the details of each of them and imprinting them to his corrupted mind he panted wildly before looking up into their rancid green eyes with his own.

"Fuuuuck~ You guys are so sexy. And those feet! I've got to have a taste. They look and smell sooo yummy!" said Logan, breaking free of his masculine chains and embracing his giggly gay feminine side.

The gnolls laughed at his words, their cocks throbbing as they looked down at him.

"That's right, boy. We're sexy as fuck and our paws are the best," said Hank as he flexed his toes. "Why don't you go ahead and get a taste? Show us how much you love feet."

Logan giggled at the words, his cock throbbing as he reached out and grabbed one of Hank's paws. He pulled it to his face and started sniffing it, his nose picking up the scent of sweat and musk. He could feel his cock throbbing and leaking precum as he breathed in the musky scent. He opened his mouth and started licking the paw, his tongue swirling around the sweaty pads. The direct taste and smell of Hank's corruptive stench soaked into him, turning his already warped mind into fuzzy gnoll mush which the big hyena was more than happy to mold.

"Yeah that's a good pup, get in there good between your Uncle Hank's toes. You're my kind of nephew. Doesn't your brother, Loogie, look so fuckable and perfect slobbering on my feet, boys?" said Hank with corruptive magik curling off his breath.

At that moment, Huey and Brewy's eyes glowed as their reality was warped to include Loogie. Likewise Logan, now Loogie's eyes dilated and glowed as his existence was enmeshed in Hank's corruption and foot stink. Uncle Hank was the best. His favorite. He raised Loogie from a stinky pup, and he and his brothers were Hank's favorite nephews. Brewy was his drunken pit slut of a frat gnoll big brother. Huey was his stoner slut jock gnoll oldest sibling. And Loogie was the femboi foot fag jock runt of the family. All unapologetically gay. Each an aspect of Uncle Hank's depravity. Each in his likeness. and if Uncle Hank was a hyena. That meant he was one too. He'd always been one. Loogie gasped as he came as his filthy furry brain connected the corruptive dots and rewired him down to his DNA and deeper. His slimy yena cum splattered the chin of his muzzle and Hank's furry toes before he eagerly licked that up too.

"Yeeesss. I'm Uncle Hank's favorite nephew. The best foot faggot ever. I just love the smell of feet and can't get enough of your big sweaty paws, Unc'. Your musk is the best," said Loogie as he slobbered on Hank's toes.

"Second favorite," teased Huey as he pushed his own furry toe bean into Loogie's bestial ear to smear his brain with gnoll sweat.

"Third favorite," growled Brewy before he added his own paw to scritch under Loogie's cum-crusted muzzle.

"No need to fight, boys. All three of you are my favorites for different reasons. And your brother here is the best foot faggot I could ask for," said Hank as he watched Loogie slobber all over his

paws. "Now why don't you show me how much you love feet and give my boys here some of that good foot faggot lovin'. I'm sure they could use it after you spoiled our plan for the football captain."

Loogie giggled as he looked up at his brothers, his cock throbbing as he thought of sucking their toes. His leaking nose twitched as he picked up on their musk, his senses enhanced by the corruption of his gnoll nature. He could smell the reek and sweat coming off their big paws and it made his mouth water. He couldn't wait to get a taste.

"Okay, Uncle Hank. I'll give them the best foot bath they've ever had, hehehee" said Loogie as he reached out and grabbed one of Huey's paws. He pulled it to his face and started sniffing it, his nose picking up the scent of weed and foot musk. He could feel his cock throbbing and leaking precum as he breathed in the pungent scent. He opened his mouth and started licking the paw, his tongue swirling around the sweaty pads.

As Uncle Hank slid his 14-inch cock into Loogie's ass, the little femboi jock slut gasped as his corruption continued to take hold. The feeling of his Uncle's cock sliding into his tight ass sent shivers down his spine and he couldn't help but giggle with excitement. He loved feeling his uncle's cock inside him, it was like a dream come true.

Brewy growled with excitement as he looked down at his brother slobbering on Huey's paws. He loved seeing his brother getting fucked by Uncle Hank, it's a sight to behold. He can't help but slide under and start sucking on Loogie's cock, his muzzle wrapped around the thick shaft as he slurped on it. His big tongue swirls around the head of Loogie's cock, tasting the precum that coats it.

The feeling of all of this is overwhelming for Loogie. He loves feeling Uncle Hank's cock in his ass while he slobbers on Huey's paws and Brewy sucks his cock. He can't believe how lucky he is to be part of such a close-knit family. He feels so loved and accepted by his uncle and brothers, and he knows that they would never abandon him. He can't imagine his life without them.

Uncle Hank continues to fuck Loogie, his big paws squeezing the smaller gnoll's ass as he thrusts into it. Loogie's moans of pleasure fill the room and he can't help but giggle with excitement. The feeling is like nothing else in the world. His own cock throbs and leaks precum into Brewy's muzzle and he can feel his climax approaching.

"Oh yeah, Unk. Fuck me harder! I love your cock inside me! It feels so good! Don't stop!" Loogie moans as he feels his uncle's cock pounding into him.

"You like that, boy? You like feeling your uncle's big gnoll cock inside you?" Uncle Hank grunts as he thrusts into Loogie. "You're such a good nephew. You take my cock so well. It's time to fill you up in reward"

"Fuck yes Unk! Fill this pup up!" cried Loogie between slobbering gasps. "I want it! I want all of your cum!"

"Fuck, that's hot," grunted Huey as he watched Loogie begging for his uncle's cum as he stroked his own cock.

Loogie moans with excitement as he feels his uncle's cock throbbing inside him. He knows that his uncle is about to cum and he can't wait to feel it inside him. His own cock is throbbing and leaking precum as he feels his climax approaching.

The wet slap of their fucking fills the locker room as Loogie bounced his big furry booty back into Hank's thrusts. Every smack of their fucking causing his cock to bounce and squirt nasty gnoll precum.

Loogie started wildly barking and giggling as his aching prostate was rammed back to back, "HeEHEEHeee-Oh yeah! I'm gonna cum! Cumming! Cum- CUMIIIEEEGH! HEEHeergh! AHAaagh! AAARgh!"

Loogie's eyes rolled up in pleasure as he sprayed hot steamy gnoll cum down Brewy's throat as Hank started to hose down his insides with potent rank gnoll spunk, filling him deeply with pure corruption as he fucked even harder. The sound of wet slaps bounced off the walls as green miasma poured off the four hyena beasts. Huey found himself cumming all over Loogie's sweat-damp mane before lifting his brother's muzzle up from his paws and shoving his spewing cock into the lust-crazed new hyena's maw, and forcing him to gulp it down. Brewy was so thoroughly satisfied drinking Loogie's corrupted seed that his cock throbbed and started spraying shots of his rank hyena spooge all over Loogie's furry chest and even under his armpits. The unison in their orgasms caused the room to fill with rancid gnoll magik as they all synced their existences together. Loogie's false memories of them as his raunchy infectious family becoming reality in past as well as the present. His brothers didn't remember a moment without Loogie by their side. They were Hank's, together. His favorites. The Tickled-up Trio. Gay, slobby, stinky, jocks, hyenas, and total sluts driven to force as many human males as they could to join the family, be their horny cousins, and Uncle Hank's ever-expanding cackle of gnoll nephews. Just as Uncle Hank raised them to be.

With their trifecta finally in place and fueled by Hank's heavy corruption, the three felt the last iota of their human souls warp into that of reeking pureblood gnolls and link together. No magik could bring them back. The fetid heat of their beings burned in their chest. With a rumble up his chest, Huey lifted up his blocky muzzle and belched long and hard, expelling waves of green smog that cleared any glimmer that was any humanity left behind. They were gnolls. They were hyenas. They were Hank's. The three of them looked up at their Uncle Hank and grinned as they rubbed their musky paws all over their bodies.

"Fuuuck yeah... That was great, Unk!" said Huey as he rubbed his paw over his musky nuts. "I can't wait to do that again."

"Yeah, it was great," said Brewy, rubbing his belly with a burp, "I love the feeling of drinking cum. It's the best. Outside of beer at least."

"And I love the feeling of your cum inside me, Unk," said Loogie as he rubbed his paw over his dripping ass before licking his padded fingers. "It's so warm and sticky."

Hank laughed as he looked at his three favorite nephews. He loved seeing them so happy and satisfied. They were the best nephews he could ask for.

"You boys are the best," he said, "And I'm so proud of you for becoming true gnolls."

Loogie's ear twitched, "We've always been true gnolls though."

"That you have. Haha I love you all so much."

The three of them smiled as they looked at their uncle. They were so happy to have him in their lives. He had given them the most deviant upbringing they could ask for. They were lucky to have him.

"We love you too, Unk," they said in unison.

The three of them hugged their uncle and shared a big sniff of his musky pits.

"Let's go home and celebrate, boys. I think it's time for a big feast," said Hank as he wrapped his musky paws around his three favorite nephews. "And then we can fuck some more. I can't wait to see you three in action. You're gonna make such a great team."

The four of them laughed as they headed home to celebrate. The football team could wait. The family of beasts were complete, but there was always room for more later.