
An Eiji Otaka Creation & Collaboration with Soda Jerk

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There's a Werewolf in Dad's Basement Part 3 - The Summer Moon Pack

What's yours is mine. What's mine is mine.

OVERVIEW

With the festival taken, the entire town is soon to follow. Cyrus goes to wipe out and convert the last of the hunters.

Story

Ralph was at his wits end. He and his fellow hunters, Carl and Norman, had been looking for that alpha werewolf for hours now in the woods and hadn't found a sign of him yet. He grit his teeth, and pressed a finger to his gray-haired temple. Kaden just had to let the beast go. He knew the boy would grow soft going to some big city college, but this was the worst possible scenario.

"You think he's out here?" asked Norman, his voice low and gruff.

"Of course he is. Werewolves are creatures of habit. He'll be back," said Ralph, his voice firm and resolute.

"I hope you're right," said Carl, with tired eyes, "It's been a long night."

Ralph sighed and shook his head.

"I know it has. But we have to keep looking. That alpha is out there, and we need to find him before anyone else gets hurt."

The three men continued their search through the woods, their flashlights shining through the darkness as they looked for any sign of the werewolf.

Suddenly Norman's phone buzzed in his pocket. He pulled it out and saw that he had a text from his wife, Margaret Baxter, one of the other members of the town council.

"What is it?" asked Ralph.

"It's a text from Margaret. Something about the festival being attacked by monsters," said Norman.

Carl and Ralph looked at each other, their faces pale in the moonlight.

"We have to go, and fast," said Ralph. "This town will be crawling with the beasts if we wait too long."

As the three men raced through the woods, their flashlights shining through the darkness, Ralph called Lily to no answer.

"Lily's not picking up. You two go to the festival and see what you can do. I'll meet you there after getting more gear from the house, and checking if Lily's there."

Carl and Norman nodded before splitting off from Ralph, their boots pounding against the ground as they ran towards the festival. Ralph continued on towards his house, his heart racing as he thought about what might have happened to his wife. As the old hunter reached his home, he saw that the lights were on. Hoping his wife got too caught up baking he rushes to the door. He found it unlocked and rushed inside, calling her name.

"Lily! Lily, are you here?!" he yelled, his voice echoing through the empty house. "Lily!"

Ralph searched the house frantically, but couldn't find any sign of his wife. His heart sank as he realized something terrible had happened to her.

Suddenly, he heard a noise coming from upstairs. He grabbed his rifle and headed towards the noise, his footsteps heavy against the floorboards. As Ralph reached the top of the stairs, he heard the noise again. It sounded like someone was moving around in one of the bedrooms.

"Lily! Is that you?" he yelled.

There was no response, but Ralph knew he had to investigate. He crept down the hallway, his rifle at the ready, and pushed open the door to their bedroom. The room was dark and empty, but Ralph could see movement out of the corner of his eye. He turned to look, but there was nothing there. He stepped into the room cautiously, his rifle raised as he tried to find whatever was lurking in the shadows. Suddenly, a voice rang out from behind him.

"Hello Ralph," said Cyrus.

Ralph spun around and saw Cyrus standing in front of him. The werewolf was huge, towering over Ralph as he loomed in the doorway. His fur was thick and shaggy, his muscles bulging as he flexed his claws.

"You... you did this," said Ralph, his voice trembling with rage. "You attacked the festival!"

He tried to shoot, but Cyrus grabbed the barrel and moved it out the way before he wrenched it from Ralph's hands and kicked the man deeper into the room.

"I did no such thing. Your son attacked the festival. I just watched. And your wife. Well..."

"You fucking monster! You better not have laid a finger on her!"

"Hahaaa... I did more than lay a finger. She is mine after all. Isn't that right my dear?" said Cyrus with a deliciously sharp grin as he motioned behind the infuriated man. Ralph spun around to see his wife Lily standing behind him. Her body was covered in thick fur, her breasts were large and swollen, and her leathery canid pussy dripped with slimy arousal. She grinned at him, her eyes glowing amber as she stalked towards him.

"Hiii honey!" said Lily, licking the dark lips of her muzzle, "Our dear alpha Cyrus was kind enough to pay me a visit while you were out hunting for him, and helped me finish my cookies for the festival. Who would have thought such a beast knew his way around the kitchen. My pussy is just drooling thinking about it. That's more than you ever did."

"Lily... No..." Ralph said with a tear in his eye before his brows furrowed with white hot rage, "I'll kill you!"

"You wish. Should have finished me when you had the chance. Now you'll be mine. Just like the rest of this town will be," said Cyrus as Lily restrained him. He tried to struggle, to reach the wolfsbane in his satchel, but she was too strong and threw him into the bedpost before grabbing some linen and tying him up to it. He cursed and wriggled on his knees as the two wolves towered over him.

"I'll never be yours. Never!"

"Oh you will. You're already mine," said Cyrus, his voice low and husky. "You just don't know it yet."

Ralph struggled against his bonds, but couldn't break free. He watched helplessly as Cyrus and Lily approached him, their eyes glowing amber in the darkness.

"Leave me alone!" he yelled, his voice trembling with fear. "I'll never submit to you!"

Cyrus laughed, his voice deep and confident.

"You don't have a choice," he growled, "Give him a taste of what's to come. Then he can watch me take you like I took the boy."

Lily nodded and panted as she stuffed a few of her fat padded furry fingers into her drooling black canine cunt. She moaned before pulling them free, webs of slimy juices dripped from them before she forced a finger into Ralph's mouth. Just as quickly, she pulled her finger free as he spat.

"You fucker! It'll take a lot more than that to turn me."

"Good, I want you to be able to process all that I've taken from you and made my own, before you break," said Cyrus as the bestial Lily walked up to him and dropped to knees, dark wet nostrils flaring as they took in the scent of the alpha's cock as it slid from its sheath to stand 13 inches in pointed proud red glory. She drooled, tongue dangling out the side of her muzzle before she gave the slimy wet shaft a lick with a flick of her floppy tongue.

"Mmm... That's it my dear. Show our new omega what he has to look forward to," said Cyrus with sinister glee. Ralph growled and struggled against his bonds, but couldn't break free. He watched helplessly as Lily licked Cyrus' cock, her tongue slurping over the thick shaft as she lapped up his pre-cum.

"You'll never get away with this," said Ralph, his voice trembling with anger. "I'll stop you, even if I have to do it alone."

Cyrus laughed at his defiance.

"You're not going anywhere," he growled, "Now watch as I take what's rightfully mine."

Lily moaned and panted as she sucked Cyrus' cock, her furry body shaking with arousal as she took his thick shaft deep into her throat. Her dark lips stretched around his girth as she slurped and gagged on his cock, pre-cum dripping down her chin as she serviced him. Ralph watched in horror as Cyrus fucked Lily's mouth, his cock throbbing with need as he watched the two werewolves fucking like beasts. He struggled against his bonds, but couldn't break free. He was helpless to stop them as they mated in front of him, their bodies writhing with pleasure as they fucked.

"Fuck yeah," growled Cyrus, his voice low and husky with his amber eyes glowing, "You like that don't you? You like being my bitch?"

"Mmm... yes," moaned Lily, her voice muffled by Cyrus' cock. She looked up at him as her own eyes glowed amber, her tongue dangling out the side of her muzzle as she sucked his thick shaft.

Ralph growled and struggled against his bonds, but couldn't break free. He hated that he had failed to save his wife. Hated that this werewolf had tainted her, turned her. Even their son, and set him off on others like some depraved animal. Now he was forced to watch her eagerly serve the foul creature he tried to protect her and everyone from. Licking and slobbering over the alpha werewolf's red throbbing shaft. Slurping up as much of his tinted yellow precum as she could. Her nose bumping against his hard knot as the excess cock slime and pre drizzled down her chin and onto her furry boobs. He hated that he was being subjected to it, but there was something more. Something hidden, but growing. A flicker of lust? No, he'd been sure to drink a tincture of wolfsbane before he went out for his hunt. He was immune, or so he thought. He could feel it though as he watched Cyrus fuck Lily's mouth, the alpha werewolf's thick cock stretching her dark lips as she gagged and slurped on his shaft. The scent of lycan musk filling the air, causing Ralph's cock to throb with need as he watched the two werewolves fucking like beasts. It was wrong. So very wrong. He should be disgusted by it, but instead he found himself aroused by the sight. His body trembling with desire as he watched them mate in front of him, their bodies writhing with pleasure as her muzzle was pressed again and again into the male werewolf's crotch. Why was this so arousing? Just a taste of her fluids shouldn't be this potent. Not with the wolfsbane, but here he was, hard, skin feeling hotter and hotter. He tried to figure it out. Mind trying to fight through the building lust even as drool trailed down the corner of his mouth. The alpha. He'd bred her. It wasn't just her fluids she'd forced into his mouth earlier. It was the leftover seed the alpha beast had filled her with. Potent. Musky. Seed. Mixed with her juices. The scent and flavor seemed to bloom in his mouth and nostrils at this revelation as specs of amber filled his eyes. So hard. So horny. The alpha. Ralph tried harder to resist, even as Cyrus' dominant werewolf infection burned through the wolfsbane in his system.

He wanted to take his eyes off of them, but they were locked onto the two. Watching what was formerly his wife do her best to force the knot into her muzzle. His muscles tensed, veins throbbing as his ears were hot, with not anger, but growing lust and change. The cartilage popped as they grew into points. He gritted his teeth as they sharpened. Shaking in his confines. The fabric of his tightening clothes caused his own hard cock to rub against his hiking pants.

"Storrrp this...!" Ralph growled out as more drool poured down his chin.

"Oh but- This. Is. Just. The. Start-" said Cyrus punctuating each word with a thrust before he jammed his knot in and came down Lily's throat. The excess seed sprayed out the corners of her dark lips in slimy yellow as she unhinged her jaw and pulled off her alpha's shaft to lick her chops. Her pussy oozed and throbbed for more. "Now before I take cunt of yours my sweet, give him a good wag and whiff."

Lily barked as she got on all fours and flashed her wet spaded pussy in front of Ralph's darkened nose. She wagged her tail, fanning her scent into his nostrils before she backed up further and

pressed her dripping black folds onto his face. Ralph's eyes were consumed with feral amber as he took in her heat. He snarled and growled for more despite himself, attempting to break free once more, but still he wasn't quite strong enough.

"Smells good doesn't it my horny omega. Enjoy the taste because you'll never have her again. Now my pretty bitch, lift that tail for me. I'm going to give you another load of my pups before I show him his place in our pack," said Cyrus.

Lily eagerly obeyed and quickly turned and presented herself to him. The heat in her ovaries begging for him to give her alpha pups.

"Yes alpha! Give me your pups!" she barked out with a whine.

Cyrus grinned as he watched her lift her tail, exposing her dripping cunt to him. Her furry pussy was swollen and wet, her clit throbbing with need as she begged him to breed her. He couldn't resist such a tempting offer, and quickly mounted her, his cock sliding into her tight hole as he fucked her like the beast he was.

Ralph watched as Cyrus fucked Lily, the alpha werewolf's thick shaft thrusting into her tight hole as he bred her. Lily moaned and panted, her body writhing with pleasure as she took Cyrus' cock deep inside her. She looked at Ralph, her eyes glowing amber as she licked her dark lips, her tongue flopping out the side of her muzzle as she panted with lust.

"That's it," growled Cyrus, his voice low and husky, "Take my cock. The first of my personal harem."

Lily barked and moaned as she took Cyrus' cock, her furry body shaking with arousal as he fucked her. Her glowing amber eyes rolled with feral pleasure, her tongue dangled out the side of her muzzle as she drooled on the floor. Ralph growled and struggled against his bonds, muscles growing as thick hair spread across his forearms and chest, but couldn't break free. He was helpless to stop them as they mated in front of him, their bodies writhing with pleasure as Lily's pussy gushed around Cyrus' thick shaft.

"Mmm... yesss... More!" moaned Lily, her voice rough and wanton. Her tail wagged as he pounded into her.

Ralph snarled and struggled, the fabric of the sheets starting to tear against his growing frame. His feral eyes stuck on them as Cyrus fucked Lily, his cock throbbing with need as he saw the alpha werewolf's knot stretch her tight hole. He wanted to free himself. Tear off the sheet that bound him. Tear off his clothes, and force the male from his mate and drill her cunt until he knotted her and gave her his pups. He huffed and shook his head as fur crawled down his hairline. No, that's not what he wanted. He wanted... He wanted to stuff her muzzle with his

cock. Have her slurp his shaft while the alpha, the superior male, filled her and allowed him to empty his aching balls. Fuck... No! That's not right! He kept shaking his head to ward off the twisted thoughts, but they kept worming their way in even deeper the next time. His body covered in a light coating of fur under his growing muscles as at last his cock tore from his pants in freedom. The 8 inch shaft now uncut, and bobbing as the red pointed tip leaked goeey infected preseed. He panted and growled as his foreskin covered with fur, the same as his balls, while the foreskin thickened and slowly slid down his shaft to become a brown furry sheath. His muscled hairy ass tore through the back of his pants as a hairy nub insistently pressed out, spine popping as it grew into a furry tail sliding around the side of the bedpost. His asshole darkened and swelled as a foreign need itched into him. His face cracked forward as fur covered his cheeks and overran his short beard. As the need under his tail deepened so too did the the bestial psychology branching through his brain, rewiring his rational as he continued to struggle against the weakening cloth. He knew what he wanted now. What he needed. To force the female werewolf from his alpha so he could take that cock for himself. To feel the alpha's seed filling his canine cock hole. To knot him and claim him for the pack. For the alpha!

Just as Cyrus howled and spewed pints of feral alpha wolf cum into the bestial Lily, Ralph finally tore through his confines, thick claws ripping through the fabric and cloth as the alpha's howl rippled and reverberated through his brain shaking away his sense of humanity and dignity. He howled and spurted precum before kneeling before Cyrus and turning to offer up his ass when the dominant male popped his knot and cock from his shewolf's pussy. The omega was ready to be claimed by his new alpha.

Cyrus grinned as he watched Ralph offer himself, his body hairy and muscular as he knelt on all fours in front of the alpha werewolf. His cock throbbed with need, his furry balls swollen with seed as he waited for the alpha to claim him.

Cyrus laughed, his voice deep and rumbling.

"I knew you'd submit. They always do," he growled, "You want me to fuck you don't you? You want my cock inside you?"

Ralph growled and moaned, his body trembling with need as he felt Cyrus' thick shaft pressing against his ass.

"Please alpha. Please fuck me master!" whined Ralph. He pushed back against Cyrus, his wolf pucker begging for the alpha werewolf's thick shaft.

Cyrus grinned. He grabbed Ralph's furry hips, and thrust into him hard and fast. Ralph's body shook with pleasure as he felt Cyrus' thick cock stretching his tight hole. His anal virginity was taken like so many others in the town that night.

"Yes...," growled Cyrus, pumping with reckless fervor. "You like that don't you? You like being my bitch?"

"Yes! I love it!" moaned Ralph, his voice rough with lust. He pushed back against Cyrus, his ass clenching around the alpha werewolf's cock as he was fucked.

Cyrus growled and fucked Ralph harder and faster, his body hairy and muscular as he pumped deep into the former hunter's tight hole. Ralph moaned and panted, his body writhing with pleasure as Cyrus fucked him like the beast he was.

"Fuck yeah," growled Cyrus, his voice low and husky, "I'm gonna fill you up with my seed. Everything you are is mine. And from her on my little omega. You will serve this pack. You will serve me, and be grateful I didn't end you like the human hunter trash you were."

Ralph moaned and nodded, his body trembling with need as he felt Cyrus' cock throbbing inside him. He knew he couldn't resist the alpha's dominance. He knew he belonged to Cyrus now, and he was glad for it.

Cyrus grinned as he pumped into Ralph harder and faster, his cock throbbing with need as he bred the former hunter like a bitch in heat. He could feel his knot swelling as he fucked Ralph, his body hairy and muscular as he took what was rightfully his. Ralph moaned and panted, his body writhing with pleasure as Cyrus fucked him hard and fast.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Breed me!" moaned Ralph, his voice rough and wanton. He pushed back against Cyrus, taking every inch of the alpha werewolf's thick shaft deep inside him.

"That's right," growled Cyrus, "You're mine now. You belong to me."

Ralph nodded and moaned as he felt Cyrus' knot stretching him. His body shook with pleasure as he felt Cyrus' thick shaft pumping deeper until with a pop the werewolf's knot slipped inside of him and sprayed his insides with corrupt lupine cum. Ralph howled as he accepted his place in the pack, knot bulging before his own 8 inch wolf cock sprayed the floor with infectious yellow cum.

Cyrus grinned as he watched Ralph cum, his body hairy and muscular as he fucked the former hunter like a beast. He could feel his knot swelling as he pumped into Ralph, his cock throbbing as he filled the former hunter with his seed.

"Good boy," said Cyrus with a sharp grin. Now to check on his omega's hunter friends before he took the rest of the town's seat of power.

Earlier, just as Ralph was being defiled, Carl and Norman had just arrived at the festival and weren't prepared for the mayhem taking place. There were werewolves everywhere. People screaming and running from the greedy wolves all around as they were pounced onto and bitten, bred, or both. The sounds of screams were being drowned out by howls and growling barks more and more with every passing moment.

Norman heard a familiar scream and turned to see his wife being tackled by one of the males. Her dress lifted as she was speared between her legs while trying to crawl away. The wolf rapidly started pounding his cock into her as she gripped the dirt with growing claws, moaning and drooling as her body bulked and trembled with muscle. She saw Norman and screamed out his name, reaching out with an increasingly hairy hand for help. Norman quickly aimed his rifle and shot the werewolf in the chest. The bullet seemed to only barely graze the beast as it started pumping harder. Margaret moaned through sharpening fangs as drool began to pour from her blackened lips. Begging for Norman to help her. He shot again, this time hitting the werewolf in the face, and causing it to yelp and recoil as it pulled away from her to look for easier prey. Norman started to run to his wife, but slowed to a stop as her moans seemed to shift. Still on the ground she looked at him with feral yellow eyes, sclera darkening with every huff and pant.

"NoRRrrhman... I frRRreel so hot," Margaret growled out and drooled as the wolver heat spread out from her loins, "I need you."

She slowly crawled towards him on all fours, hairy clawed toes tore through her flats as they swelled and her heels extended. Her growing body pulsing with musculature that filled out the sleeves and torso of her dress. A long tongue hung from her changing mouth as she approached him. He was struck with fear and remorse as he watched her unable to find the will to move as she drew closer. Her skin, wicked with sweat that soaked through her tightening clothes, was becoming increasingly hirsute. The thick hair grew longer and denser over her as it filled in as sweat-damp fur. Her breasts ballooned to 3 times their previous size under her dress, causing rips to spread through the fabric as her nipples stiffened and grew fat, dark, and leaky before they burst free. Two large furry mounds of tit-flesh bouncing and swaying as her freed dripping nipples grazed the grass beneath her. Norman watched in horror, trembling as she changed. He tried to shoot at her, but couldn't force himself to pull the trigger. Just as she got within 6 feet of him, ready to pounce and seal his fate as her mate, a shot boomed out next to him. His wife turned she-wolf flew back and howled out in pain despite the relatively minor injury. He looked over to see the smoking barrel of Carl's shotgun, broken from his trance.

"Fuck! That's my wife! You could've killed her!" yelled Norman.

"Not anymore, Norm."

"No. We-We could have restrained her. Found a way to cure her with the wolfsbane," Norman sobbed.

"You know it doesn't work like that. It has to already be in your system before you're infected. And she's not dead. That blast should have put a hole in her and she's still getting up. We need to run. Find Ralph. Regroup," said Carl.

The werewolf that was Margaret rose back up to all fours, not even a glimmer of damage on her. She howled out in anger and lust as the heat consumed her mind completely. Face cracking forward into a complete muzzle with furry pointed ears at the top of her skull, big fluffy tail jutting out her spine through her torn dress as her leathery canine cunt gushed and drooled her renewed arousal in steamy slimy juices between her furry muscled thighs. A few other wolves heeded her call and gathered as they started to prowl towards the two humans.

Just as Carl and Norman slowly backed away Cyrus arrived at their rear with Lily and Ralph in tow.

Cyrus basked in the sounds of moans and howls that filled the air as he approached. He could see the pack fucking and breeding in the moonlight, their bodies twisting and changing as they transformed into beasts before running into the streets to find more to change and corrupt.

He spotted Carl and Norman at the edge of the crowd of werewolves, fighting them off as best they could despite finding that silver bullets were no better than regular ammo. As the two men slowly backed away, thinking to find Ralph and regroup, Cyrus grinned as he watched. They didn't stand a chance against the horde of werewolves. His horde of werewolves. His pack of greed wolves.

"I hope Ralph was coming with something that can take these beasts down," said Carl.

"We have to get out of here like you said!" said Norman trying to fight the ever present fear.

"Ralph! Where are you?" said Carl through gritted teeth as they continued their measured retreat.

Cyrus laughed, his voice deep and rumbling as Ralph stepped up beside him.

"He's right here," said Cyrus, "And he's mine now."

Carl and Norman turned around and stared in horror as they saw Ralph standing beside Cyrus, his body furry, muscular, and bestial as he grinned at them with sharp fangs.

"Ralph... What happened to you?" asked Carl, his voice trembling with fear.

"He's one of us now," said Cyrus, "He belongs to me."

Carl growled and charged at Cyrus, but the alpha werewolf was too fast for him. He grabbed Carl by the throat and threw him to the ground.

"You'll pay for this!" yelled Norman, his voice trembling with rage. He aimed his rifle at Cyrus, but before he could pull the trigger he was grabbed from behind, big furry breasts pressed into his back. He looked up to see his wife-turned-werewolf looking down at him with a lust-filled smile on her muzzle.

"Take them my thralls. Breed the humanity out of them, until there's only wolves left," commanded Cyrus. He, Lily, and Ralph watched as two werewolves pounced onto Carl, tearing his clothes off as they humped and nipped at him. A male quickly forced its red pointed cock down his throat as another took him from behind. Norman struggled in Margaret's clawed grasp before she threw him to the ground after disarming him and before he could so much as whimper, her big furry ass was sitting on his face, marking him the juices of her spaded onyx pussy, claiming him, as she clawed at the crotch of his pants to get her real prize.

Carl struggled as a werewolf forced his thick red pointed cock down his throat, his furry balls slapping against Carl's chin as he fucked his mouth. He gagged and choked on the werewolf's shaft, his stubble growing and body shaking with increased muscle as he was bred from both ends.

Norman's moans were muffled under the furry ass and drooling sex of his bestial wife as she ripped off his pants and started licking and lathering his cock, her tongue slurping over the shaft as she prepared him to breed her. His mouth filled with her slimy tainted juices as she sucked on his cock, her dark lips stretching around his shaft as she took him deep into her mouth.

Both men moaned and panted, their bodies hairy and muscular as they were changed into werewolves by the pack's corrupting fluids. Their minds started to brake down as they gave in to the pleasure of being fucked like beasts, their humanity whittling away as they submitted to Cyrus' dominance.

As Ralph watched, he felt a spark of horror and sadness but also wild arousal as Carl and Norman were fucked and changed into werewolves. They were his partners in crime and being reduced into breeding beasts like the rest. A tear fell down his furry cheek as before the human sentiment was overwhelmed with greedy lust.

As he watched Carl and Norman succumb, the last vestige of his humanity succumbed with them. Sclera turned black and inhuman as he let go of the hint of resistance and gave himself

over to the wolvern urges completely. They were still his. His pack. They were being made better. Made beasts of greed and lust, just as he was. Just as all humans should be.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck them! Change them!" growled Ralph with wanton drool. His tail wagged in joy at their corruption and Cyrus was more than pleased.

Cyrus grinned as he watched Ralph give in and let his mind cement the lustful lupine instincts and avarice that had filled his brain. With a howl and spray of cum he had another two join his pack. Through his Greed he could feel his pack's numbers growing, quickly outnumbering the humans as his lycan infection spread.

He led a large number of them through the town, changing everyone they came across until they reached the town hall. As they arrived, they were greeted by another pack led by a brown furred male and female with a ruddy coat of fur. Kaden and the others had returned from their horny rampage through the streets, cocks and cunts still dripping from their escapades.

"Kaden... Glad you could join us pup. As you can see we've brought your dear old dad into the fold. The whelp that he is," said Cyrus. Kaden padded over and kneeled before Cyrus before rising to look at what had become of his father and sneered.

"Better a wolf than human, but why keep him, my alpha?"

"Every pack needs an omega or two. Ralph here will fill that role nicely. You though, you've done so well growing my pack. I couldn't ask for a better pup in my image. From now on, you'll be my right-hand and heir, and your mother will be my consort. Isn't that better than the human family you had before... son?" said Cyrus, eyes glowing as he poured his Greed magik into Kaden, infusing the young wolf with his genome until Ralph's human heritage was wiped away. Kaden's fur darkened as he grew larger, cock spewing as the alpha's lycan magik reformed his DNA to a pureblood werewolf. He was of Cyrus and Lily now.

"Yes, my alpha. My father. No longer bound by human blood. I am yours now and always."

"You," said Cyrus indicating Ralph, "Lick my pup's cock clean before we take city hall. Just as a reminder that he's no longer your son. He's mine, and you are beneath him. Understood?"

"Y-yes, my alpha," barked Ralph before eagerly scrambling over and licking up Kaden's, his superior's, fluids.

"I'm so proud of you, honey! Now we're the perfect family again thanks to our master, Cyrus," said Lily, pinching one of her nipples.

"Good, now let's take the last of the humans here," said Cyrus as he led the pack into the building.

Just as the secretary was attempting to bar the door to the mayor's office, the werewolves burst inside. There he found the mayor cowering inside and a few other members of the town council as the rebuffed secretary lay on the floor groaning from the forced entry. The bestial Carl quickly was on top of her and sliding his fat canid shaft into her as she screamed. The mayor, an older man who once had a strong friendship with Ralph when he was human despite the latter's wild conspiracy theories that now seemed to be true, cried out in fear at seeing his assistant accosted by the big furry beast. Tall and thin, he'd normally stand out amongst a crowd, but now hiding behind his desk and too scared to assist the very one who always assisted him, he seemed like any other human. Weak. Pathetic. Cyrus grinned as he watched the scene unfold, his body hairy and muscular as he stalked towards the mayor.

"What-What are you?" asked the mayor, his voice trembling with fear.

"I'm your alpha," growled Cyrus, "And this town is mine."

The mayor shook his head and tried to hide under the table, but there was no escape from Cyrus' dominance.

Cyrus grabbed the mayor by the throat and threw him against the wall, his body hairy and muscular as he towered over the human as the rest of the horny pack descended on the city council.

"It feels so good to be owned, Will. The alpha helped me see how much better it is instead of worrying about monsters and aliens all the time. All we need is the alpha's cock and to take any and all humans in our territory," said Ralph with barely contained glee.

"Ralph!? Oh god! Please no! What is happening," wailed the Mayor.

"I already told you. I'm making this town mine. You're officially impeached," said Cyrus before forcing the gray-haired man to suck his cock and submit as the sounds of the rest in the room devolved into horny growls like the other werewolves. Soon they were surrounding him as Cyrus forced his knot into the man's changing mouth. Each of the greedy beasts rubbing their cocks or cunts at their alpha taking the final seat of power in Stein's Mill. With a howl Cyrus came, and pumped load after load of his corrupted seed into the mayor's belly. The wolves around them joining him as they spewed lycan cum and milk all over the changing older man until he burst through his clothes, body covered in thick gray fur and a tail stretching out from his spine as his own pointed canine penis joined them in orgasm and covered the floor in hot yellow werewolf spoooge.

Ralph eagerly licked up the cum from the floor after getting a good sniff of his old friend's furry ass with Carl, Norman, and Margaret soon helping him in efforts to get more of the corruptive spunk themselves.

By the crack of dawn the town of Stein's Mill, formerly known as werewolf hunters centuries prior, had been utterly remade into the home base of one of the most powerful werewolves there were. With the former mayor changed into another pack bitch like Ralph, the now lycanthropic city council announced Cyrus as the new mayor and owner of Stein's Mill to the victorious howls of the pack in celebration, with Kaden and Lily by his side.

Epilogue

It had been over a month since Cyrus had taken over Stein's Mill and named its mayor and alpha to cement the territory as his. While much of the daily activities seemed to stay the same, the corruption underneath was ever-present. All but a few of the female wolves had been given a new job of providing lycan milk to be exported. Like a second work shift, they all went to a nearby farm throughout the day, spending an hour hooked up to a retrofitted cow milker, and pawing themselves off as their tits were drained of the infectious cream. The males, when not breeding, would work in the factory to prep the milk for shipping. But to anyone passing through, it just seemed like another small town with oddly possessive locals. Cyrus was in the mayor's office, reclining in his seat and on the phone as Lily basted his cock in her muzzle.

"The hunters of the formerly infamous Stein's Mill are of no concern anymore," said Cyrus to the person on the other line.

"Well, you asked me to investigate if they were a threat, Fenrir. I just so happened to remove any threat they could be to us and took their town as my new seat of power. Stein's Mill is my domain now."

"Yes of course, I've put the former hunters to work spreading misinformation amongst their networks, but they clearly didn't know much. They were still trying to use silver bullets for god's sake. Can you imagine?"

"Yes, I have more to report for when all the alpha's in the Collective meet. For now, I'm prepping my first shipment of lycan milk to be sent to your company, Wolfhart, for processing. I'm sure you'll find good use for it," said Cyrus ending the call. Lily pulled her muzzle off his cock and licked her dark lips.

"Who was that?"

“The alpha of Lust, Fenrir. He’s just checking in. He had to be curious after I hadn’t returned from my mission here. I wish I could’ve seen his face when he learned I had taken the whole town for myself. The other alphas in the Collective will seem downright useless now, especially the slob and that fatso,” said Cyrus with glee.

“There’s no alpha better than you Cyrus,” said Lily before getting back to sucking his fat rocket.

“Right you are my sweet. Right you are... When the Great Turning washes over this planet. We will have the largest pack, and Fenrir, the *great* Alpha of Alphas, will be needing me to make sure the lycans remain the dominant species as humanity fades. It will be then that I’ll take a seat at the head of the table.”