

Interrogation

Written by Kuro (@z0rihs) based on Brainwashed Superheroes by Kento

PROLOGUE:

-----A FEW MONTHS AGO-----

“Fuck! This game is rigged...” The gray dragon shouted as he slammed the mouse against the table.

“HEY! You do that one more time, and I’m kicking you out!” A rabbit, of much smaller stature than the muscular gray dragon, reprimanded. His threat spoke volumes louder than his physique. “If you break another mouse, I’m having you pay for a hundred’s worth!”

“Ok... fine...” The dragon grumbled under his breath. *The owner of this gaming café is always such a buzzkill.* Kento thought. He had been here for the past... few days? Weeks? Honestly, he couldn’t even remember. He had lost his job a few months ago, and he just couldn’t make ends meet. Bills racked up quickly, and eventually, he got evicted from his apartment. Now, this gaming cafe was his place of refuge. He took what little savings he had and did what (he thought) anyone else would do in this situation. Invest it in online gambling!

Many losses and several broken mice later, Kento was severely in the red. Recently, he had to start borrowing money from the other customers in the café. Most of them just shrugged him off or even insulted him. But occasionally, there’d be one or two nice ones who’d wire him a few bucks. Kento got up to start his begging routine again, hoping to find those few kind souls. After multiple rejections, he was starting to lose hope.

“Sir, would you be able to spare me \$20? I can get that, and perhaps more, back to you really quickly. I promise.” Kento asked a large crocodile sitting reclined in one of the gaming chairs. Strangely, the computer was off. *Is he even a customer here?*

The crocodile sat up and looked at the dragon, scanning the latter’s muscular physique from head to toe. He smiled.

“Of course. You were very respectful, calling me ‘Sir’ even though I’m just a stranger. I like that.” The crocodile pulled out his phone and asked for Kento to input his account information. Within minutes, the transaction was complete.

“Good luck. Don’t keep me waiting.” The crocodile teased. Kento nodded gratefully and went back to his seat. He opened his account notifications and paused. Normally, when it’s a small transaction, the amount is displayed. But in this case, there was no cash value shown. There was just a paperclip symbol, indicating an attachment. *Did this generous stranger just send him a check for a larger amount?* Kento grinned from ear to ear with excitement. It was his lucky day! He put his headphones back on and prepared to re-enter the game. The dragon quickly clicked on the file and, instantly, a video popped up.

“What the? What is... this...” Kento’s speech slowed as spirals filled the screen. He couldn’t take his eyes off of them, and the noise-cancelling headphones kept all potential distractions at bay.

“Th-this... isn’t wh-what... I a-asked f-for...” The dragon’s mind started to go blank as the spirals now occupied his eyes. His body relaxed, arms falling to his sides. His mouth was slightly open with his tongue hanging out. A voice started to speak in the video.

“Good slaves only obey, submit, and serve. Obey. Submit. Serve. Obey...” The message kept repeating itself, and soon after, Kento was doing the same.

“Obey... submit... serve...” The words unceremoniously tumbled out of the dragon’s mouth as his thoughts, personality, and memories were wiped clean. These useless things were replaced by the image of a green crocodile’s naked torso, which had suddenly appeared in the video. The large pecs. The big belly. The sweaty armpits.

“Obey Master Bigjaw... Submit to Master Bigjaw... Serve Master Bigjaw... A good slave worships the perfect body of Master Bigjaw...” The audio repeated over and over. Kento was now sporting a rather large bulge with a noticeable wet stain developing on the front of his pants.

“Must go serve and worship Master Bigjaw...” The dragon, in a robotic fashion, took off the headphones and got up from his desk. Walking over to the bathroom, many of the café’s patrons smirked as they saw Kento’s visible erection.

“Hey! I told you that you can’t watch porn in here!” The rabbit owner yelled angrily. “Are you listening to me? You better not mess up my bathroom!” The dragon just kept walking.

It’s almost as if Kento’s body was programmed to go to a certain destination even though his mind no longer harbored any thoughts. He opened the largest stall and inside was the green crocodile.

“Ah, you’re here. You said you’d repay me *and more*. I’m here to collect that.” Bigjaw smiled.

“Yes, Master. This slave is yours. Everything about this slave now belongs to Daddy Bigjaw.” The dragon droned.

“Excellent. Strip.” The crocodile commanded. Without hesitation, the gray dragon peeled off his tight-fitting shirt, revealing his large pecs and toned abs. His arm and shoulder muscles bulged as he flexed to get the sleeves off. Then, he reached down and took off his socks and shoes, followed by dropping his pants. In doing so, Kento’s hefty cock and balls sprung free and saluted his new Master, pre-cum already dripping onto the bathroom floor.

The crocodile whistled happily as he admired his new acquisition. He quickly took off his own clothes, and now the two men stood naked together in the stall. Bigjaw reached for the door and locked it.

“Worship your Daddy.” With a single command, Kento went to work. Like a truly submissive slut, the dragon got on all fours and started licking Bigjaw’s smelly feet. Slowly, the dragon started working up the crocodile’s thick legs, but when he got close to the balls, Bigjaw hoisted his slave up.

“Not so fast. You haven’t earned that.” Bigjaw then grabbed the dragon’s head and shoved the muzzle into his musky armpit.

“MMMPH! Hhmmph... mmphhh...” The dragon’s submissive moans were coupled with intensification of the spirals in his eyes and a goofy, empty-headed grin.

“You like that smell, you slut?” Bigjaw watched as the dragon deeply inhaled and started greedily licking the sweat off his armpit. The crocodile let his new slave do that on both sides before pushing him away. The dragon had been so weakened by Bigjaw’s dominant, masculine scent that he was practically dangling in the crocodile’s arms.

“Don’t give out on me now. Here comes the main course.” In one swift motion, Bigjaw pulled the dragon’s body towards him, and suddenly, Kento’s muzzle was buried between the crocodile’s plump pecs. Bigjaw shifted his hands to his pecs and squeezed them together, sandwiching the dragon’s face in between.

“Mmmpphh... hmmmph...” Kento’s pitiful moans were a reflection of how broken the dragon was. His large muscles, now simply for show, were useless as he hung limply between a superior man’s pecs.

“Start working down, slave.” The dragon slowly dropped to his knees, his muzzle never once leaving contact with the crocodile’s sweaty body. Kento’s tongue dragged over the large belly, licking a path all the way to Bigjaw’s large cock. Bigjaw grabbed his semi-erect cock and laid it on top of Kento’s face, while shoving his balls into the dragon’s nose. The dragon took one deep whiff.

“Mmhhh!! Hmm... hhah-ahh... auhh...” His slave moaned uncontrollably from the intoxicating male scent. The dragon’s cock throbbed and danced vigorously in the air. A large puddle of pre-cum started to pool on the floor.

“Damn, you’re even bigger of a whore than I thought. The smell of a real man is enough to bring you to near-orgasm? Pathetic.” Bigjaw forced the dragon’s mouth open and shoved his large member down the latter’s throat.

“Gllghh! Gughh...” the dragon gagged, but within seconds, Bigjaw’s dick was sliding smoothly up and down Kento’s throat.

“At first, I thought you were some alpha bodybuilder, but deep down, you were just a closeted cock-sucking slut, huh?” Bigjaw taunted as the dragon’s tongue wrapped around the crocodile’s sweaty cock. Faster and faster, the crocodile mercilessly shoved his cock deep into Kento’s throat. After a few minutes, he was getting close and, looking down, he could tell that his dragon slave was struggling to hold it in as well. Bigjaw pulled out. Kento gave him a pathetically thirsty look.

“It’s not over. Sit on the toilet there. Then, lift and spread your legs.” The dragon obeyed. Bigjaw approached Kento’s delicate hole and roughly penetrated it with his throbbing erection.

“AHH!! Hahh... ahh...” the dragon’s eyes rolled up for a brief second due to the combination of immense pain and pleasure. Before long, Bigjaw saw that Kento was eagerly bouncing on his Master’s cock as the sound of balls slapping asscheeks filled the bathroom. After fully rearranging the dragon’s insides, Bigjaw was ready.

He stared into Kento’s spirally eyes. “Cum.”

“AUHH!! HAH... ahh... uhh...” The dragon’s body convulsed as loads of cum erupted continuously from his cock, covering his chest, abs, and face. At the other end, Bigjaw had filled Kento’s hole to the max, pumping waves of warm pleasure. When Bigjaw pulled out, Kento’s loosened hole spilled out cum as the dragon shuddered and collapsed limply on the toilet. Bigjaw admired the defiled muscular body for a few seconds before putting on his clothes and walking out, leaving the bathroom stall open. *The dragon was now his slave.*

-----HOURS LATER-----

Police cars surrounded the building as officers swarmed the gaming café, questioning all of the patrons. Not having seen Kento come back from the bathroom, the owner had gone to check on him, only to find the muscular gray dragon passed out naked and covered in cum in one of the stalls. After calling the cops, he was able to shake the dragon awake, but all the latter said was “Serve Daddy Bigjaw” with a blank expression and swirly eyes. When the officers asked the rabbit who Kento was with at the time, all the owner could remember was some kind of green reptile. From then on, it was a race between Bigjaw and the forces of justice.

CHAPTER 1: LAYING THE FOUNDATION

-----THE PRESENT-----

DAY 1:

"75 known victims in the span of three months. Who knows how many more are out there?" Alexander said as he flipped through the case files. His son, Devian, stood behind him and watched as his superhero dad worked through one of the most troubling sex crime cases in history. The older buff white wolf zipped around the briefing room, giving his son a full rundown of all that was known about the perpetrator, Bigjaw. The reason why he was doing this was because, as part of his son's training, Alexander wanted Devian to handle the interrogation. Of course, as a father, a part of him was worried. His son would be facing off against one of the most dangerous criminals of their time, but at the same time, how else was Devian supposed to get exposure to crime-fighting? Besides, his superhero father is here in case anything happens. Alexander had managed to convince himself.

"Dad, what are these?" Devian pointed to the assortment of black and pink gadgets on the table.

"Oh, these are some of the devices that we confiscated from Bigjaw. You don't need to worry about these. We have yet to figure out what they do, so they're too dangerous to even think about right now." Alexander gathered all of the devices and stuffed them into a box.

"You just need to focus on getting information out of the green croc, got it?" Alexander gave his son a serious but supportive look. Devian nodded.

"Good, and let us know as soon as you feel like you need help. Remember, you..." The white wolf softened his voice. "... don't have any powers... so please be even more cautious."

"Yes, dad..." Devian sighed. He really disliked it when his father patronized him like that. He was a grown wolf who could manage himself. *You know what? I'll show my father by handling this case by myself. He'll see that I'm perfectly capable of doing what he does when I crack this case wide open.* Devian stared back defiantly at his father, who had already started rummaging through the boxes again.

A few minutes later, an officer came and informed the two wolves that the criminal had been brought to the interrogation room. Alexander gave his son a quick nod and gestured to him to follow the cop. Devian watched as his father walked back to his office with a couple case files and the box of mysterious devices. The officer opened the door and cleared his throat.

"Coming." Devian readied himself and walked in.

The door shut suddenly behind him. Devian jumped but quickly recomposed himself.

"Now, now, there's no need to be so tense... We're just here to talk, right?" The green crocodile in front of him smirked.

Devian growled softly in protest before pulling out the chair on the other side of the table.

"Enough with the attitude. I'll be the one leading the discussion." The young grey wolf said in a

confident tone. Bigjaw smiled and played along. He lifted his cuffed hands and leaned back in his chair. "Alright, you're the man of the room..."

Devian couldn't help but think that he was constantly being looked down upon. By his dad. And now by this green crocodile who didn't even know him. It only made him more irritated. He grabbed one of the file boxes and dropped it emphatically onto the table. He pulled out a file and opened it. Photos of various crime scenes spilled out in front of the two men.

"Do you recognize these photos?" Devian questioned. Bigjaw sat back up and looked nostalgically at the pictures. He pointed at the one with the gray dragon in a bathroom stall. "He was my first. Hunky guy. No brains though." Then, he picked up the next one with the blue wolf in an alleyway dumpster. "He put up a little bit of a fight, but in the end, he still came around." One by one Bigjaw started recounting stories of how he sexually enslaved and violated many innocent civilians. The stories became more and more descriptive about how he manhandled all these muscular men. Devian's mind began to drift. His eyes as well started to wander. The crocodile had such big hands and forearms. His arm muscles were visibly straining against the sleeves. Bigjaw had chosen not to button his uniform, leaving a slight window for Devian to see his big green pecs and belly. Sometime later, Devian cut him off. Although, by that point, Bigjaw had already gone through most of the pictures.

"Ok, enough! These aren't trophies for you to be bragging about." Devian slammed his hands on the table. Bigjaw shrugged. "Agree to disagree."

Devian sighed and rubbed his eyes. "Moving on. We collected evidence from electronic devices that the victims were using right before their encounters with you. Within the logs, we found that an untraceable file was sent to them, opened, then self-deleted. What is in that file? Some kind of virus? Ransomware? Is that why these people did what you told them to?"

Bigjaw chuckled. "Mere coincidences. People get spam files all the time nowadays." Devian placed an encrypted flash drive in front of the crocodile. "We were able to reconstruct one of the files from one of your latest acts. If you don't tell us, we'll find out anyway." Bigjaw stared at the small black stick with little concern. "Again, I don't know what you're talking about. Look at whatever you have on that. In the end, it won't matter to me."

Devian bared his teeth in visible frustration, which was a big no-no in proper interrogation technique. The interrogator should not get flustered. Even if they did, they should not show it. Bigjaw smiled and leaned back again with his cuffed hands stretched behind his head. His biceps flexed, pulling the whole uniform up slightly, revealing more of his large midsection. Relaxing in this comfortable pose, the crocodile taunted, "Anything else?"

A fire was lit within Devian. He will not stand to be mocked again, especially not by this depraved stranger. He quickly collected all of the evidence and stuffed it back into the box. He knocked on the interrogation room door, signaling that he was done, and the officer opened it.

Devian stared at the floor while storming down the hallway. *What's that guy's problem? I wasn't able to get any useful information. He was basically playing with me the entire time.*

"Oof! Ow, sorry..." he looked up. It was his father. Alexander looked at his son with concern. "Are you ok?"

"Yes, dad, I'm fine..." Devian responded.

"How did the interrogation go?" the older white wolf asked the exact question that the young gray wolf did not want to hear.

"Fine. I... He..." Devian trailed off.

Alexander frowned. "You didn't get any information out of him, did you?" He sighed and patted his son's head. "That's ok. I didn't expect it to go that smoothly, especially not for your first time. Otherwise, why would we still be solving this case?" Alexander laughed. Again, Devian found nothing funny about the patronizing tone. He watched as his father walked back to the briefing area.

-----A FEW HOURS LATER-----

NIGHT 1:

The sun had gone down on a semi-unproductive day, and most of the officers had gone home. Only a few that stayed for the night-shift were still here along with Devian and Alexander. They were silently sifting through more case files to see what additional information they could dig up. Devian sighed and laid his head on the papers.

Alexander looked up. "Maybe we should take a break." They walked over to the break room and enjoyed some late night coffee. The white wolf tried to initiate some small talk, but it was awkward. Silence filled the room. Alexander finished his coffee and tried to shoot the disposable foam cup into the trash can. It missed. He sighed and walked over, bending over to pick it up. Devian zoned out a bit while sipping on his own coffee. His eyes wandered to the cup on the floor and then to his dad. The shape of his dad's muscular butt became very clear as he bent down. The tight-fitting black spandex of his superhero suit left little to the imagination. Alexander tossed the cup into the trash can and turned around. Devian then noted that it was equally tight and revealing on the front as well. *Why was he even thinking about this? This feeling reminded him of when that green crocodile was explaining all of the pictures.*

"Something the matter?" the white wolf asked. Devian shook his head. "No, I was just thinking about the case."

An officer walked in. "Oh, thank goodness, you're still here. An emergency was reported downtown, and you're the closest hero who can help, sir."

"Oh ok, let's head out." Alexander looked back at his son. "I'll be back in a bit. Don't stress yourself out too much. We'll figure it out." With that, Devian watched his dad leave with the officer.

"I don't need your help..." Devian muttered. He went back to the briefing area and started rifling through the evidence until he found what he wanted. The encrypted flash drive. *I don't see what the big deal is. We have the most advanced cybersecurity in the city. Why don't they just open the file?* He plugged it into a nearby computer. A red light blinked on the flash drive. *Ugh, what's the code?* Devian looked around but couldn't find anything that looked like the decryption key. He then remembered his father taking all the "dangerous things" to his office.

Fortunately, Alexander, in his haste, had forgotten to lock his office door. Devian peered inside. More case files covered his father's desk. Dozens of books on criminal psychology, law, and forensics lined the bookshelves on one of the walls. He walked over to the desk. Pulling out the chair, he found the box underneath. He dug through the various black and pink devices. Nothing looked like the key to the flash drive. He then went through the drawers. Nothing. Frustrated, he plopped down on the chair and laid his head on the desk. In doing so, Devian accidentally bumped the mouse, causing the computer to turn on. First, the screen displayed, "Welcome, Alexander", followed by the prompt: "Insert Encrypted Device". Devian did as such, realizing that there was a specialized port just for the encrypted flash drive. "Decrypting..." The wolf watched in anticipation. "95%. 97%. 98%. 99%. Decryption complete. 1 file detected. Open file?" Devian hovered the mouse over the "Yes" button and paused. *Did he really want to do this? What if the file did something irreversible?*

He clicked. Suddenly, a pop-up window appeared, displaying a large spiral. "What... what is this...?" Devian was confused, but, for some reason, he couldn't look away. Faint spirals appeared in his eyes as he fought to maintain control.

"Ugh... it's getting harder... to think..." Devian struggled. He felt like he had the world's worst headache.

"Good slaves obey, submit, and serve. Obey. Submit. Serve. Obey..." The video repeated.

"Agh! Get out of my head!" Devian pressed his hands against the sides of his head and massaged his temples. The audio continued playing in the background. *Shut up! Stop telling me what to do...*

"Slaves are inferior and should obey, submit, and serve..." *I am not inferior! You sound like my dad... Stop saying that.*

"Obey Master Bigjaw. Submit to Master Bigjaw. Serve Master Bigjaw. Worship Master Bigjaw..." The topless figure of a familiar green crocodile appeared on the screen. *Goddamn it. You again?! Get out of here!* The spirals in Devian's eyes faltered as he yanked the flash drive out in

a fit of rage. His face felt hot. He was sweating. His heart raced. It took him several minutes to recompose himself, but when he finally did, he chunked the flash drive into the box beneath the desk and walked out of the office.

That night, Devian tossed and turned in bed. His sleep was ravaged by nightmares. First, his father appeared. "How did I get stuck with a powerless son?" *Shut up.* "He was born defective." *I am not defective.* "He's inferior." *I am not inferior.* The vision disappeared and was replaced by a topless Bigjaw. Devian found his dream-self staring at the big crocodile, unable to look away. Bigjaw walked towards him, and soon, Devian's face was right in front of the larger man's pecs and abdomen. The crocodile reached for him.

CHAPTER 2: PLANTING THE SEEDS

DAY 2:

Devian stood in a daze in the break room, holding a piping hot cup of coffee. Officers came and went, wondering if the superhero's son was feeling unwell. He shook his head and reassured them that he was fine. Later, his father came in to check on him. The older white wolf, in his tight-fitting red and black supersuit, walked in with an air of confidence.

"Son, if this investigation is taking such a huge toll on you, you don't have to keep going. I can handle it." His father placed a firm hand on his shoulder. Devian shrugged it off. "I'm fine, dad. I just didn't sleep well." Alexander gave his son a worried look.

-----EARLIER THAT MORNING-----

"Ah!" Devian jolted awake. Sunlight poured through the window. He breathed a sigh of relief. It was just a dream. He sat in bed for a few minutes before crawling out. That's when he realized he had a raging erection. The young wolf had gotten morning wood plenty of times before, but not to the point where he felt this pent up and in need of release.

The door opened. His father peeked in. "Oh good, you're awake. Breakfast is ready."

Devian's hands shot down to his groin to cover his erection. "Dad! Can you knock?"

"Sorry, it's just that we have to get going soon." The older white wolf explained. Standing in the doorway, his father was wearing just a pair of white underwear and a purple robe. Alexander's chiseled body was on full display, causing his son's cock to throb. Devian blushed.

"Are you feeling ok, son? You seemed flushed. Do you have a fever?" his father asked concerningly.

"N-no, dad! I'm just going to go get ready... And why are you still wearing that?! Go put on more clothes! I thought we were leaving soon..." Devian stormed into the bathroom. He locked the door and went straight into the shower. Warm water trickled down his fur and soothed his body. However, he was too focused on his throbbing erection. He needed release. Closing his eyes, all he could see was his dad's muscular ass in that tight spandex supersuit... that topless green crocodile with large pecs and belly... and his dad, again, but this time in his white underwear and purple robe. Ropes of cum shot into the tub and onto the shower wall. Devian panted and quickly used the shower water to wash off the evidence. *Did he just... jerk off to imagery of... that croc... and his own father?*

-----THE PRESENT-----

His father confirmed one more time with Devian to make sure that his son was well enough to handle the interrogation today. The young gray wolf rolled his eyes and shoo'd his father away. Alexander went back to office as the cop guided Devian back into the interrogation room.

The green crocodile was sitting there in his nonchalant pose again as Devian entered.

"Rough morning?" Bigjaw teased. Devian flashed him a piercing glare.

"Let's get started." The wolf pulled out a specific case file this time and opened it to the first page. It was a superhero personnel document. At the top was the name, "Artemis". Next to it was a photo of a light brown and beige bat with blonde hair and a dark brown, scruffy beard. *Status: MIA.* Bigjaw looked on with great interest.

"Recognize him?" Devian asked. Bigjaw pulled the file towards himself. "Perhaps." The croc smiled. "He's a superhero who frequently shows up around the city to fight crime, so I assume many people have probably seen him before."

"You know that's not what I mean. Has he ever approached you before?" Devian pressed. Bigjaw leaned back and sighed.

"Why would he? I'm just an ordinary civilian. He's probably zooming around, saving the day. He wouldn't give a shit about me unless I was in some kind of danger and needed rescuing..." As these words flowed naturally out of Bigjaw's mouth, he couldn't stop thinking about that bat's zonked expression. He had begged the croc to make him his slave, and the latter gladly obliged. There's no harm in that. He was just fulfilling a request.

"You're not an ordinary civilian. There's a reason—" Devian stopped as Bigjaw raised his cuffed hands to stop the young wolf. The crocodile gave him a menacing look.

"Don't give me that spiel. I am NOT special in any way. Like you, I don't have powers." Bigjaw looked Devian straight in the eyes.

"H-how... Who told you this information...?" the wolf asked with a hint of panic. The croc knew he struck something and grinned. "It's easy to tell, young man. You are nothing like your father."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Devian growled.

"Don't take offense, kid, but it's the truth. Your father is one of the most powerful superheroes. When he arrives at the scene, his aura of strength and dominance just suffocates his opponents." Bigjaw explained. "You, on the other hand... yesterday, the sound of a closing door was enough to make your fur stand on end."

Devian felt his blood boil. Sensing this, the croc attempted to defuse the situation. "But, being powerless is not a bad thing. Superheroes, yes, they're the ones who swoop in during high-pressure, life-or-death situations and save the day. That's why they get all the glory..."

The croc leaned in. "But it's the people without special powers who make day-to-day society run. Services, businesses, schools... nothing would operate without ordinary people. Even superheroes. Without the powerless, who would they save? Who would even need them?"

Devian sat quietly. For some reason, the green crocodile's words resonated in his mind. He couldn't help but just listen. Bigjaw reached his final conclusion. "So, if you really think about it... it's the superheroes who serve us, the ordinary people."

"It's the superheroes who serve us..." Devian repeated. It's as if he had a massive revelation.

"Sorry, you can tell that I'm quite passionate about the topic. I've really worked up a sweat from that speech." Bigjaw took the top of his uniform off (at least the best that he could). It now dangled partially off of massive shoulders and upper arms. Devian stared at the crocodile's pecs and belly. It felt... oddly familiar. He just couldn't take his eyes off of them. They were just... so enticing.

"It seems like my words had quite the impact on your mindset, young man." Bigjaw smiled as he watched the wolf's brain struggle from both the verbal and visual stimulation. The crocodile stood up and walked towards Devian. Those green pecs and belly were getting closer and closer to him... closer and closer... until they were just a muzzle's distance away. Yet another familiar scene except, this time, he couldn't wake up. The wolf looked up and saw the crocodile grinning down at him.

"It's ok. I know it was a lot to take in." Bigjaw said with a seemingly warm and comforting tone. He awkwardly lifted his cuffed arms over Devian and gave the wolf a tight hug. Devian's nose pressed into the crocodile's chest and, almost immediately, an intoxicating scent filled his nostrils. "Hah..." To the crocodile's satisfaction, the young wolf subconsciously gave off a soft, submissive moan. They held that position for several minutes, allowing Bigjaw's scent to fully permeate and seep into every fold of Devian's brain. "Mhmm..."

Not wanting to overwhelm the young wolf too quickly, the crocodile let go and walked back to his seat. For a few seconds, Devian sat there with a slightly vacant expression.

"Anything else for today?" Bigjaw asked. Reality slapped Devian across the face.

"Oh... uh, no, that's it for today." The wolf got up and knocked on the interrogation room door. As he left, the crocodile leaned back in his chair and sighed in satisfaction.

Alexander was sitting at the briefing area, sifting through some papers when his son came out.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"It was fine. I just need to think about what he said." Devian replied as he set the evidence box onto the table.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Maybe he had forced his son too quickly into this kind of situation.

Devian shook his head and went to the break room.

-----LATER THAT DAY-----

NIGHT 2:

The father and son duo were working late again. Silence filled the air as they each focused on their own tasks. Devian's stomach growled.

"You hungry? We can take a break." His father laughed.

Devian nodded. "Can we get pizza?"

"Sure, bud. I'll place the order." His father pressed a few buttons on his phone and stepped away. In the meantime, Devian continued to look through the superhero personnel documents. In addition to Artemis, there were many others in this list who have been categorized as "MIA". *Is it possible that they succumbed to the same fate as those civilians? If so, what exactly did Bigjaw do to these superheroes? I need more information...*

"Alright, son, the pizza will be ready soon. I'll go pick it up." The older white wolf disappeared into his office, came back out with his keys, and walked out the door.

Devian saw that his father had left his office door ajar again. He calculated that, including the commute during peak rush hour, his father would probably be back in 30-40 minutes. That's plenty of time for him to do some more investigating.

Inside the office, Devian crouched beneath his father's desk. *There has to be some secret... some kind of special technology... hidden within this box.* He sorted through advanced and obscure-looking devices, their functions far too abstract for Devian to comprehend at this point in time. *But how has our R&D department not been able to figure out how these work either?* He was getting tired of looking when he stumbled upon a relatively thin black bottle. It had pink symbols on it, but he couldn't decipher what they meant. There were no other labels, and it was impossible to see what was inside. *Only one way to find out.* Devian opened it and gave it a quick sniff. That's when the smell hit him. It was a very familiar smell, one that he had experienced just a few hours ago. His mind suddenly felt foggy. *Ugh... what is this...* Before his brain could even process what was happening, he was already pouring some out onto his hands. It was a clear liquid, felt like water but, at the same time, too slippery to be water. It coated his paws. Some absorbed into his skin.

-----A FEW MINUTES LATER-----

Devian felt hot. His heart pounded. Sweat had caused his shirt to cling to his lean, muscular body. His whole body felt hypersensitive. As the wolf peeled off his shirt, the fabric dragged over his sensitive nipples. "Ahh..." Almost immediately, his body reacted, tossing the shirt aside and forcing his hands to massage his pecs. "Mmmh..." *What's... happening...?*

Devian looked down. A large bulge had developed between his legs, putting quite the strain on his pants. *Why am I hard again... it's like this morning... I... need release!* He stripped until he was standing completely naked in his father's office. His cock throbbed and leaked pre-cum onto the desk. With one hand, he continued to squeeze his pecs and with the other, he applied even more of the suspicious liquid and stroked his massive erection. "Hah... ahh..." *Pleasure. It was the only thing he could think about.* He closed his eyes and, again, vivid imagery of his father and Bigjaw populated his mind.

The older white wolf, walking around in only his underwear and purple robe, was just begging for people to ogle over his muscular physique. *My father's a slut, hungry for attention.*

Meanwhile, the green crocodile, with his confident, sly grin, approached him with his large green pecs and belly exposed. *He was not a slut. He was the one in control.*

Devian opened his eyes. He couldn't see it himself, but they were filled with spirals.

"Obey. Submit. Serve. Obey. Submit. Serve. Obey..." the wolf looked to his left and noticed that the computer was on. The flash drive was plugged in, and yesterday's video was already playing. *When did... I don't remember... did I do it subconsciously...?*

The green crocodile's juicy green pecs and belly were no longer a figment of his imagination. Earlier today, he saw them up close and even buried his face in them. Now, they were dancing on the screen in front of him. He couldn't look away.

“Obey Master Bigjaw. Submit to Master Bigjaw. Serve Master Bigjaw. Worship Master Bigjaw...” At this point, Devian’s body was no longer under his control. His hands explored every muscle, every crevice, every hole. His fingers reached around and inserted themselves into his tender asshole. “Ah...” They went in deeper and pressed the magical spot. “Hah! Ahh...” Devian’s cock twitched in response and a small shot of pre-cum landed on some of the case files in front of him. His other hand continued to jerk himself off, faster and faster. He was close.

The video had shifted to an image of Bigjaw’s face with spirals in his eyes. “Good slave. You will obey, submit, serve, and worship your new Master... Cum.”

“AUGHH!! HAH! Ahh! Auh... ghh...” the wolf’s mind went completely blank during the orgasm. *Pleasure*. It flooded his brain and overwhelmed his entire body. Loads of cum shot with tremendous force onto the computer, the desk, the chair... His body collapsed onto the desk as he panted heavily. His eyes closed from the exhaustion.

The phone rang. Devian’s eyes shot open. He picked up his cell phone.

“Hey, dad.” He said groggily.

“Sorry that it’s taking so long, son. Traffic has been awful. Will be back in about 10 minutes. See you in a bit.” His father hung up.

“Ugh... My head is pounding.” Devian slowly got up. The video had finished playing, and the computer had gone back to sleep. He removed the flash drive and tossed it back into the box alongside the black bottle. Then, he went to the restroom, got the entire roll of paper towels, and wiped off everything that was coated in his semen. The only things left were the stained case files. He dried them off the best that he could and took them to the break room. There, he “accidentally” spilled some coffee on them to mask the cum stains. After dabbing all of them again with some napkins, he returned them to his father’s desk. Devian picked up his clothes, got dressed, and walked back to the briefing area. As soon as he sat down, his father arrived with two steaming hot pizzas.

“You look exhausted. Take a break for dinner. Food will help replenish your energy.” Alexander patted his son on the back and took the pizzas to the break room.

-----LATER THAT NIGHT-----

Devian went downstairs to grab a cup of water before heading to bed. His father was still in the kitchen, cleaning some dishes from the past few days.

The white wolf turned around and looked at him. “Son, can we talk? You were awfully quiet today, and I just want to make sure that you’re ok.”

He really wanted to sleep, but he knew that his father was going to bug him tomorrow about it anyway. He filled up his cup and sat down at the kitchen table. "Sure, but just for a couple minutes. I'm tired." His father sat down across from him.

"Devian, I'm your father. I care about you a lot. I gave you this opportunity thinking that it would provide you with some valuable training for the future. Since you don't have powers, we have to be more creative. Now, I hope that this unorthodox method of training has not burned you out in any way. You seemed very out of it these past few days." Alexander explained in a fatherly tone.

"Dad, I'm fine. Just because I don't have powers doesn't mean that I'm a pushover." Devian crossed his arms and looked to the side. The sight of his father's broad chest and washboard abs were distracting to say the least. *Why does he strut around the house in just a bathrobe and a tight pair of underwear? Maybe, deep down, his father truly is just a slut.*

"Son, I didn't say that. I want to prepare you for a life where you can proudly support heroes in their line of work. There are—" Devian interrupted his father.

"Support? Ha. That's just another way of saying that I'll always play second fiddle to heroes. Of course you wouldn't understand." Devian shook his head and sighed.

"Devian, I never realized that you felt this way..." His father looked at him with sad but caring eyes.

"Dad, to you, what does it mean to be a hero?" The older white wolf was taken aback by the sudden philosophical question. He paused and gave it a bit of thought.

"To me, being a hero is about helping people and serving the community, all for the greater good." Alexander responded.

"Serving the greater good, huh?" Devian took his cup of water and went back upstairs.

CHAPTER 3: POISONING THE ROOTS

DAY 3:

Devian set his cup of coffee on the table and sat down across from the crocodile, who no longer had to be cuffed after behaving himself for the past two days.

"Oh? Seems like someone has gotten quite used to me. What happened to the scared little pup from the first day?" Bigjaw teased.

The young wolf ignored the comment. He pulled out the stack of superhero personnel documents he was looking at yesterday evening and laid them out in front of the crocodile.

"You already asked me about this." Bigjaw said, slightly confused.

"No, I asked you about one superhero in particular, Artemis. As you can see, there are many, many more. All of them are "MIA". There's no way that this is a coincidence." Devian pressed. "Stop hiding behind your lies. Face me like a man and tell me the truth."

The crocodile laughed. "Face you like a man, huh?" He thought carefully about his response and continued. "Ok, say I did have something to do with this and caused all of these superheroes to go 'MIA'. What about it?"

On the inside, Devian was ecstatic. He seemed to have found an opening. On the outside, he remained composed. "Are there any superheroes whom you've interacted with... who are not 'MIA'?"

Bigjaw raised an eyebrow. "What are you suggesting?"

"Are there superheroes secretly feeding you information from the inside?" Devian continued. *Why else would he be so confident? Since the first day, there's just been this aura about him. It feels like he's always in full control of the situation. This has to be the reason.*

The crocodile stared at the floor and chuckled. "Now... that would be nice, wouldn't it?" When he looked back up, there were spirals in eyes.

"W-what are y-you—" Devian recognized the spirals instantly. His body acted before his mind could. That's because his body was no longer his, and his mind was nothing but a blank slate. The crocodile was fast. He had gotten up from his chair and leaned over the table.

"Shhh... don't speak. Just watch." Bigjaw commanded. The wolf was frozen in his seat, faint spirals forming in his eyes. Then, the crocodile took off the top part of his prison uniform and positioned himself directly behind Devian.

He whispered in the wolf's ear, "You wanted to face me like a man? Well, let me show you how it's done."

In one swift motion, Bigjaw positioned one arm over Devian's shoulder. Then, he took the wolf's head and shoved it into his sweaty armpit.

"MMPH!! Hmmp... " Devian's muffled moans were coupled with intensification of the spirals in his eyes. The wolf's eyelids relaxed as he inhaled deeply. The strong masculine scent erased any lingering thoughts. Devian dangled limply in Bigjaw's arms.

"That's it, kid. Breathe it all in." The crocodile smirked. "You were asking if I had a man on the inside? Well, congratulations, you can become one of them. How does that sound?"

Devian nodded with a blank expression on his face. Bigjaw pulled the ragdoll wolf out of his armpit and looked him straight in the eyes. "And you really want to be a superhero that badly? Well, you'll need a supersuit. Lucky for you, Daddy Bigjaw has been nice enough to provide one. You know where to find it, don't you?"

Once again, the wolf nodded, "Yes. Thank you, Daddy Bigjaw."

The crocodile smiled. "Good. Master will give you a reward." He proceeded to shove the zonked wolf into his other armpit, this time closing it as tight as he could to really sandwich the wolf's muzzle in there.

"Mmpph! Hmmp... mmphh..." Devian's suffocated moans were music to the crocodile's ears. He then felt something poking his left leg. Bigjaw looked down and noticed the wolf sporting an erection that tented into the crocodile's thigh. He reached into Devian's pants and started jerking the latter's cock.

"Ahmpph! Hmmpph..." The wolf moaned submissively into the crocodile's armpit. Devian's body tensed as it begged for both air and release. His eyes started to roll back into his head, while his cock throbbed in his dominator's hand. Bigjaw noticed all the signs. "Cum."

"AHMPPHH! MMPPHH! Hmmp... mmph..." The wolf shuddered as he shot load after load of cum into his pants. *Pleasure* opened the gates to his mind, allowing the crocodile's potent masculine scent to flood in and fill the space. After a few minutes, Devian's body went limp as he passed out from the overstimulation.

"Perhaps I went a bit overboard. I guess I was a little pissed off when he issued that challenge to me." Bigjaw removed the wolf from his armpit and sat him down gently on one of the chairs.

They didn't actually get to talk that much, so there was still plenty of time during which they'd normally conduct the interrogation. Not wanting to raise any suspicion, he simply relaxed in his chair and waited for time to run out. Noticing the massive wet stain on the front of the wolf's pants, he also thought it'd be good to let that dry.

Devian's eyes felt so heavy. When he was finally able to open them, his vision was blurry. Gradually, it cleared up. In front of him was the crocodile, leaning back in his chair. All of a sudden, alarm bells rang in his head. *What just happened? Was I asleep? Why don't I remember anything?*

"You seem confused." Bigjaw finally spoke up. "Don't worry about it. I guess the coffee wasn't enough to keep you awake."

An officer opened the interrogation room door. "Mr. Devian, are you done? Time is up."

Devian's mind was a jumbled mess. "... I guess so." As he got up, he wondered why his pants felt so... sticky. After he left, he went straight to the restroom to clean up.

-----SEVERAL HOURS LATER-----

NIGHT 3:

That night, Devian was just sitting in bed, contemplating what had happened during the day. *I was in the interrogation room with Bigjaw. We had a brief conversation and then...* His mind drew a blank. It was like there was a big gap in his memories. *I woke up right at the end... What happened in between and why can't I remember...* The wolf scratched his head in frustration. *I have to go back there and figure this out.*

It was quite late, but Devian knew that he wouldn't be able to sleep with this on his mind. In order to get back to the building, he'd need the keys and his father's badge to enter. He tip-toed down the hall towards the older wolf's room. Devian put his ear against the door. Silence. The room light was also off. His father likely already went to sleep. Quietly and carefully, he slowly turned the knob and pushed the door open.

Inside, the muscular white wolf lay naked on his bed, the blanket thrown to the side. He froze. Devian did not know that his father slept in the nude. Alexander's broad and sculpted chest rose and fell with every breath. One of his arms rested on his well-defined abs, while the other was placed beneath his head, flexing his large biceps and exposing the tufts of fur in his armpit. He slept with his legs somewhat spread with one bent at the knees. Most impressive was his father's well-endowed genitals. The older wolf's plump jewels rested beneath a fully erect cock that twitched every few seconds. *I wonder what that perverted old wolf is dreaming about.*

After admiring his father's figure for a few seconds, Devian returned to the task at hand. He picked up the keys from atop the nightstand and found his father's badge resting next to his supersuit. On his way out, Devian stumbled on something in the dark. He was able to catch himself, but the keys had jangled a bit too loudly. He froze and looked over at his father. The wolf started moving. Beads of sweat formed on Devian's forehead. Alexander's figure turned in his son's direction and then... plopped back onto the bed, face down. Devian breathed a sigh of relief. His father, now sleeping on his stomach, had his tail raised. This allowed his son to see the older wolf's puckered and vulnerable asshole. *It's like he's asking to get fucked in the ass. He's definitely a slut.* Devian fought off more intrusive thoughts before quickly exiting the room.

-----THIRTY MINUTES LATER-----

All was quiet. The few cops who were on night shift were, fortuitously, not at their posts. Perhaps they were patrolling somewhere around the building. The young wolf took the opportunity to sneak into the investigation area and, within minutes, he was outside his father's office. He took out the keys and tried several before finding the right one. *Click.* He turned the knob quietly and slipped in, carefully shutting the door behind him.

He made his way to the desk and picked up the box. Setting aside the flash drive and black bottle, Devian focused his attention on the remaining devices. He grabbed each one and scanned them for some kind of button or switch. No luck. *How do these things even work?* Then, at the bottom of the box, he noticed not another device but a piece of fabric? When he touched it, a familiar voice spoke in his head.

“Do you really want to be a superhero that badly?” *Yes.*

“Well, you’ll need a supersuit. You know where to find it, don’t you?” *Yes.*

“Good, strip down and put the suit on. Master was feeling generous.” *Yes, thank you, Master.*

Within a few seconds, Devian was naked. He first inserted his legs into the smooth rubber and latex suit. Pulling it over his thighs and waist, the wolf had to manipulate his... *Pleasure...* erect cock and heavy balls to get them to fit in a comfortable position. He slipped his arms into the corresponding holes, and the rest of the suit seemed to just snap on. The black and pink material clung to his skin, almost like it was giving him an inescapable embrace. It was incredibly form-fitting, revealing the shape of every muscle group in his well-defined body. It also wrapped tightly around his genitalia, providing a baseline level of stimulation.

“How do you feel?” *Slave feels good.*

“Excellent, you know what to do.” *Yes, Master.*

This whole time, Devian naïvely thought that he was in control. The spirals in his eyes suggested otherwise.

It wasn’t long before the video could be heard playing in the office again.

“Obey. Submit. Serve... Obey. Submit. Serve.” Devian repeated these words over and over like a broken record. Each time he did so, his cock throbbed and dribbled out a bit of pre-cum. His nipples quickly became tender and leaked milk.

“Good slaves obey, submit, serve, and worship Master Bigjaw.” An image of the green crocodile in a similar black and pink suit appeared on the computer screen.

“Good slave... show your devotion to Master Bigjaw.” Devian raised his right arm and saluted the crocodile figure on the screen.

“Obey Master Bigjaw. Submit to Master Bigjaw. Serve Master Bigjaw. Worship Master Bigjaw. Obey...” Devian joined the video in saying these words in a monotonous, drone-like manner. With each cycle, the spirals in his eyes intensified. *Pleasure* rose precipitously and pounded in the form of warm waves. The suit, which had basically been acting like a second skin, became a constant source of overstimulation all over his body. His cock begged for release. He wanted to empty his balls for Master.

“Worship Master Bigjaw.....” The video seemed to pause, but then a zoom-in of Bigjaw’s face appeared. “Cum.”

With his body still posing in a standing salute, Devian experienced an intense hands-free orgasm. *AHH! HAAH! YES, DADDY BIGJAW!* First, *Pleasure* mounted to impossibly high levels, concentrated in his balls. Then, like a river surging through a broken dam, the *Pleasure* shot out of his cock, causing it to shake vigorously in the air. *Pleasure* also radiated throughout his body, eventually reaching his nipples. Warm, white wolf juices splashed all over the nearby furniture and floor as the wolf was milked dry over the course of several minutes.

After it was over, Devian slumped into the chair to rest. There was a knock at the door. “Is someone in there?”

The voice in his head spoke again. “It’s ok. Open it.” Devian walked over and opened the door. A buff blue dragon officer stood in front of him.

“Hey, wait, aren’t you Alexander’s son? Regardless, you can’t be here—HEY!” With newfound strength, Devian pulled the officer inside and closed the door. Only muffled voices could be heard. It started with some shouts that slowly died down into barely audible conversation. Then, there were several moans before complete silence. Minutes passed before the door opened again. Devian, dressed in his normal clothing, walked out.

CHAPTER 4: TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

-----EARLY IN THE MORNING-----

Alexander and a group of police were gathered inside his office. The early-morning janitor had reported a naked blue dragon officer lying unconscious in a mess of what appeared to be sexual fluids on top of the superhero’s desk. A quick investigation was performed, and it was assumed that the officer had gotten curious, snuck into Alexander’s office, and messed around with the forbidden devices, one of which somehow activated, leading to the scene they were presented with this morning. The officer was sent to the hospital and placed on probation.

Devian watched as his father moved the box of devices into one of his office cabinets and locked it.

“I told you those things are too dangerous.” Alexander sighed. “I’m just glad it wasn’t you.”

As his father walked back to the briefing area, Devian’s mind continued to replay the events of last night. He had yet another amnesic episode. *I got out of bed, went to my father’s room, took the keys and badge, and snuck out. I made it to his office and went inside to look through the box. Then... I woke up in my bed.* Another big gap in his memory. *Am I... losing my mind?*

THE PRESENT

DAY 4

The crocodile watched with pleasure as Devian struggled to piece together a coherent series of questions. The wolf, feeling like he had so many questions he wanted to ask, couldn't seem to figure out how exactly to say them. There were just... too many gaps... too many things that he couldn't remember.

Finally, he decided to go with something more generic. "As you know, we've confiscated many of your little 'toys'. Tell me more about them."

"Oh? Interested in my work, I see." Bigjaw flashed a toothy grin. "Well, they are all my own novel creations. Each invention is part of my signature line of... psychological correction products."

"Psychological correction?" Devian asked.

"Yes, I've spent many years studying the cognition and behavior of living creatures. Quite fascinating and complex, which is why I'm proud to not only be an expert on it but a master of it." The crocodile explained while stroking his own ego. "Nature has a normal balance. Each organism plays a crucial role in its ecosystem. For us, that would represent each of us in our society. When there is disequilibrium, Nature has ways to correct it and restore balance. In our civilization, however, our advanced intelligence and complicated emotions have caused us to stray. Too many factors feed into chaos and imbalance, so much so that it has overwhelmed Nature's organic checks."

Bigjaw leaned in and smiled. "That's why I have taken it upon myself to assist in providing the... proper corrections."

The crocodile spouted a bunch of theories, and perhaps his intellect was far greater than Devian could have expected, but that still did not provide a sufficient answer to his question.

"So you made these devices to make such 'corrections'... What exactly are you correcting? And how...?" Devian pressed on.

"Young man, have you ever heard of cognitive-behavioral therapy?" The crocodile asked. The wolf shook his head.

"Simply put, it's a form of psychotherapy that helps individuals identify and change negative thought patterns and behaviors." At this point, Devian felt like he was in school again.

"Unfortunately, not all individuals respond to this form of therapy. So, you can say that my devices help to... boost the efficacy... of this practice." Bigjaw concluded.

Much of it still went over Devian's head, but the more important questions were still unanswered. "So, again, what are you correcting and how?"

"Superheroes. Many of them have become arrogant and glory-seeking. We discussed this a few days ago, kid. Superheroes should be focused on serving the people." The crocodile paused. "In terms of 'how', I show them how they are able to *serve the greater good*." Spirals appeared in Bigjaw's eyes.

Devian immediately fell into a trance, "Serve the greater good..."

"Good, it seems like my slave has been following my instructions. Are you ready for the next step?" The crocodile caressed Devian's face.

"Yes... Master Bigjaw." the wolf responded. This time, the crocodile took off his entire uniform. The large naked reptile towered over the smaller wolf.

"Strip and get on your knees." Devian obeyed. "Come closer to Daddy Bigjaw."

"Yes, Daddy." The wolf crawled over until he was face to face with the croc's hefty cock and balls.

"Good boy, here's your reward." Bigjaw placed his large, musky package on top of Devian's muzzle.

"Hahh.. ahh... th-thank you, Daddy..." the potent smell of masculinity and dominance coated the wolf's mind. His tail wagged vigorously as his cock throbbed for attention. The crocodile pulled away as the wolf opened his mouth.

"No, bad boy. You are not worthy of that yet." Bigjaw reprimanded. "Master needs to mark you with more of his scent." The crocodile sat onto the table and leaned back. He lifted his legs and spread his cheeks, revealing a buttplug in his hole."

"Daddy's been keeping this safe, just for you. Now, come get it." The wolf knelt in front of the crocodile's big green ass. Reaching down, Bigjaw grabbed hold of Devian's head and pushed it in between his cheeks.

"MMPHH!! HHMM!! Hmm... mmmm..." The wolf was smothered with the overwhelmingly intoxicating smell of true male superiority. Initially, his hands pushed against the croc's asscheeks, but they quickly fell limply to his sides as he breathed in and out. Breathe in. Breathe out. In. Out.

"Alright, slave, retrieve your gift from Master." Unable to lift his arms, Devian opened his mouth. He first used his tongue to loosen the crocodile's hole by licking and massaging the rim. Once

he was able to get a good grip on the plug, he pulled on it with his teeth. Slowly but steadily, the plug inched out. *Pop*. Devian fell backwards.

Bigjaw stood up. With the buttplug in the wolf's mouth, he commanded, "Now, put it in your own asshole." Devian's hand reached around and inserted itself into his tender hole. After it was adequately loosened, his other hand grabbed the plug from his mouth and shoved it in in one swift motion.

"Hah— ahh..." The wolf moaned as his hole tightened and squeezed around the plug, which had, just a few moments ago, been in another man's hole.

"Excellent, how do you feel?" Bigjaw asked.

"Slave feels good." Devian responded.

Looking down at Devian's throbbing erection, the crocodile said, "Get that under control and put on your clothes. You will not be releasing right now. Daddy Bigjaw will finish your conversion later tonight."

"Yes, Daddy." The wolf picked up clothes and started putting them on.

-----AN HOUR LATER-----

The muscular fox officer standing outside the door looked at his watch. Another long interrogation. Seems like the young wolf is getting the hang of it. He knocked on the door. "Time's up, Mr. Devian."

"Thank you, officer." The young wolf came out with a smile and walked back to the briefing area.

Devian adjusted his pants as he made his way down the hall. The plug felt a little awkward, and he couldn't seem to remember when he put it in this morning. He just knew that he would never forget such an important part of him.

Alexander waved for his son to join him at the table to review some evidence. Devian sat down. The plug pushed further in. "Ahh..."

"Son, are you ok?" the older wolf put his hand on Devian's shoulder.

"Yes... mmph... I'm fine. I think I just slept funny last night. I may have pulled a back muscle." The wolf pretended to massage his back.

"Oh, ok. Well, stretching it out will actually help." Alexander suggested. Devian stretched, causing the buttplug to briefly press against the chair. *Bzzz*.

"What was that?" his father asked.

"Oh! Uh... that was my phone. I gotta take this call real quick." Devian got up and ran awkwardly to the restroom.

-----LATER THAT NIGHT-----

NIGHT 4

Devian watched as father skillfully maneuvered around the kitchen. Soon, plate after plate of sumptuous food filled the dining room table. The wonderful, nostalgic aroma of Alexander's home-cooking filled the air. Devian had always loved his father's cooking ever since he was a young pup. These smells never failed to bring back such joyful memories. They were still good this time around, but all his mind could think about now was the scent of his real Daddy.

-----A FEW HOURS LATER-----

His father had already gone to sleep, and Devian simply repeated the same routine as last night: quietly grab the keys and badge and sneak out. Well, it wasn't exactly the same. While he was in his father's bedroom, he noticed that the white wolf was, once again, sleeping in an incredibly lewd position. His erect cock danced in the air, while his hole was partially on display from his fully spread legs. Devian just wanted to see how much of a slut his father truly was. Using his fingers, he gently inserted them into Alexander's asshole, causing the latter to moan softly in his sleep. The older wolf's cock twitched and leaked out some pre-cum, which landed on his abs and thighs. Not wanting to wake his father up, Devian pulled out his fingers and left.

-----THIRTY MINUTES LATER-----

Devian stood in front of the locked file cabinet. Fortunately for him, his father had put the key on the same keyring as all the rest. *Click*. The door creaked open, and he pulled out the box. Setting it on his father's desk, he searched for a particular item. This feeling was... different. Before he didn't know what he was looking for. This time, his body seemed to know even though he didn't.

A few minutes later, a visor rested in the wolf's hands. It didn't seem to be on, and there wasn't an obvious button or switch. It didn't matter though. He set it to the side and prepared everything else.

The flash drive was plugged in with the video starting to play. The tight-fitting suit forced the buttplug deeper into the wolf's asshole. *Pleasure* rising, Devian rubbed his own body and briefly played with his junk, which still stored the pent-up energy from earlier in the day. Then, he put on the visor.

Almost instantly, pink swirls appeared in front of his eyes. His body froze in a standing salute and faced the video. His cock was already rock-hard and drizzled pre-cum onto the floor.

“Obey. Submit. Serve. Obey. Submit. Serve...” This routine had become quite familiar and natural to Devian. Repeat after the video and receive *Pleasure* as a reward.

“Obey Master Bigjaw. Submit to Master Bigjaw. Serve Master Bigjaw. Worship Master Bigjaw...” The words came out of the wolf’s mouth so smoothly and easily as his Daddy’s body filled the screen. Those juicy pecs and large abdomen, the massive cock and balls... he could practically smell the masculinity, dominance, and superiority from where he stood.

The imagery of Daddy... The audio of the video... The intoxicating scent that filled his nostrils... The unrelenting embrace of the tight suit coupled with the fullness of his hole from the vibrating buttplug... The lingering taste of Daddy’s asshole sweat coating his tongue...

Courtesy of the sensory amplification and reality simulation function of the visor, Daddy Bigjaw dominated all five of his senses. Devian was truly living and breathing his Daddy.

Master Bigjaw’s face appeared on the screen. “Slave, are you prepared to surrender everything to Master?” *Yes, Master.*

“Are you ready to join Daddy Bigjaw’s righteous cause?” *Yes, Daddy.*

“You will obey, submit, serve, and worship Master Bigjaw for the rest of your life.” *Yes, Master.*

“Excellent, Master will give your life new meaning and complete the conversion...” Devian’s arm and cock held their unwavering salutes to Master Bigjaw.

“Cum.”

White. At first, nothingness. It felt as if his mind was erased, but then it all came rushing back. Memories, thoughts, emotions, everything was being re-downloaded into his brain. Some were his own. Some were new additions. A new directive. A new cause. A new purpose.

White. *Pleasure* flooded his body. His muscles contracted. His asshole pulsed against the vibrating buttplug. His cock and balls shuddered. Semen and milk splattered onto the floor and surrounding furniture. The wolf shot out load after load until his body was completely... empty. A new shell. A new host.

He recovered for a few minutes before getting to work, wiping the site clean of any evidence of his presence tonight. It took some time, but about an hour later, Devian was tucked in his bed at home.

CHAPTER 5: IN FULL BLOOM

-----EARLY IN THE MORNING-----

The white wolf's paw hit the snooze button on his alarm clock. He stretched. When Alexander sat up in his bed, he noticed that something was off. *Why are there sticky patches of fur near my groin? Also, my asshole feels a little... sore?* Alexander knew that he had been having some rather... vivid... dreams recently. They were too generic to be worth remembering, but he'd still wake up with intense morning wood that required immediate release. Today was no different. His dick stood at full mast and twitched for attention. *Clearly, I didn't cum. Was the dream so good that I leaked pre-cum on myself...? That didn't explain his sore hole though...* Regardless, he had to get ready for work.

In the shower, Alexander stroked his rock-hard member. *Should I... do it? I'm just going to massage it to make it feel better. Nothing more.* He reached around to massage his sore hole. "Hah.. ahh.." He moaned. Inserting his fingers, he had to force himself to keep his moans soft. He didn't want his son to hear him playing with himself. *It felt so good.* Going deeper, he pushed a little too hard on his prostate. "Ahh! Hah! Auhh..." The older wolf orgasmed with seemingly young vigor, coating the tub and shower walls with his cum. He felt an instant sense of relief.

Meanwhile, Devian had just finished getting dressed when he heard some noises coming from his father's bedroom. *He IS a slut.*

-----THE PRESENT-----

DAY 5

Devian and Alexander walked in together and greeted all of the officers. The investigation, though it has not been the smoothest, was progressing nicely. Even though Bigjaw has not given them as much information as they had hoped, it has bought them plenty of time to piece together more of the story with the evidence that they did have. And since he has been under the close surveillance of law enforcement and Alexander, they were pretty certain that he hasn't had the opportunity to carry out any more of his dirty tricks.

"Ready to go?" The white wolf asked his son. He was proud that Devian has been able to hold his own these past few days.

"Yes, dad." Devian nodded. Alexander smiled and gave his son a pat on his rear end. To the older wolf, it was a playful, fatherly gesture. To Devian, it was just a reminder of the buttplug his real Daddy gave him.

Devian entered the interrogation room and calmly sat down across from the green croc. He looked Bigjaw in the eyes and smirked. Faint spirals appeared in his eyes.

“Good boy. It seems that you’ve completed your transformation.” Bigjaw said happily. “Daddy is very proud of you.”

“Yes, thank you, Daddy.” the wolf nodded.

“Daddy will reward you today. Strip, son.” Bigjaw also started to take off his prison uniform. The two stood naked across from each other. Without having to issue any more commands, the crocodile was certain that Devian knew exactly what to do. The wolf got on his knees and positioned his muzzle in front of Daddy’s cock. The musky scent was so familiar, so comforting.

“Open wide.” The wolf obeyed. Bigjaw took his thick cock and laid it on Devian’s tongue. The wolf greedily slurped the croc’s big member, eventually working it to a full erection.

“Ready, son?” Devian nodded eagerly. Bigjaw shoved his dick deep into the wolf’s mouth, causing a bulge to appear in the latter’s throat.

“Gllgk...” Then, he started to thrust forwards and backwards. Bigjaw’s pre-cum coated the inside of Devian’s mouth and painted the wolf’s throat as it moved up and down.

“Fuck... Daddy’s getting close...” Bigjaw closed his eyes and placed his hands on Devian’s head. He thrust faster and harder. “Mmppph...hmmph... mmph...” the wolf moaned submissively. The sound of the croc’s balls slapping Devian’s chin continued until Bigjaw made one final thrust and held the wolf’s head at the base of his penis.

“GKK! GLRRGHH... urghh... mmphh...” Warm cum surged down Devian’s throat, filling his stomach. Some of it flooded into his mouth and leaked onto the floor. After the last load, Bigjaw pulled his cock out and rubbed it on Devian’s face, covering it with cum. The wolf was panting but otherwise unfazed.

“Good boy. Daddy’s not quite done yet. Bend over the table.” The wolf obeyed. He raised his tail and put his hands behind his back.

“Very good, son. You make Daddy proud.” Bigjaw pressed the head of his cock against the wolf’s tight hole. Using the residual cum as a lubricant, he slowly went in.

“Ahh... hahh... aghh...” Devian’s eyes rolled up as his Daddy’s dick pushed all the right buttons. The crocodile pinned down the wolf’s hands and started pounding away. *Slap. Slap. Slap.* The table rocked as Bigjaw went faster and faster. *Pleasure* was, once again, overflowing in Devian’s mind. His cock throbbed and leaked pre-cum with each thrust. Their two heavy sets of balls slapped against each other. Soon, they were both close. The crocodile growled as he pushed in deep and held that position until he filled the wolf’s hole to the max. Cum squirted out and painted Devian’s asscheeks. The wolf, meanwhile, shuddered as he felt waves of warmth flood his insides. This was enough to push him over the edge.

“HAHH! AHH.. auhhh...haa...” his body, still being pinned down by the crocodile, convulsed against the table as ropes of cum shot out of his cock and splattered against the floor. Multiple loads later, a massive puddle of wolf semen had developed at their feet. They stayed in that position for a few minutes before going back to their seats to rest.

There was a knock at the door. “Mr. Devan, are you ok in there? Time’s up. This is the third time I’ve knocked. I’m going to have to come in to check on you.” Both men looked at each other. They had lost track of time.

The door opened, and the same well-built fox officer from yesterday entered. He froze. His jaw dropped, and his eyes widened. “Wh-what the fuck is going on?!” He turned around to shout into the hall. “Hey! I need reinfor– MMPH!” The crocodile was fast, tackling the fox to the ground while Devan closed and locked the door.

The two of them went to work on the fox, stripping him of his weapons and uniform. They used the officer’s own cuffs to secure his hands behind his back, while Bigjaw grabbed the underwear he had worn and turned it into a makeshift gag, shoving it into the fox’s mouth.

“Glrgh! Ghhh... mmphh...” The fox gagged. The sweat and musk in the crocodile’s underwear concentrated the already potent scent, all of which was now flooding into the fox’s mouth and nose. Within seconds, the fox’s body relaxed. His eyelids closed halfway as his eyes glazed over.

The two men picked up the fox and laid him face-up on the table. The officer groaned softly but was otherwise quiet and unmoving.

“Go ahead, son.” Bigjaw gestured to Devan. The wolf started to explore the muscular fox’s body, his hands running over the officer’s large pecs and toned abs. He massaged the latter’s sensitive nipples, eliciting a few muffled moans. Reaching down, he played with the fox’s rather large cock and balls, squeezing them in his hands. “Mmpph... hmpph...”

Devan and Bigjaw smiled at each other. They had the same idea. The wolf removed the underwear gag from the fox’s mouth and replaced it with his own rock-hard cock. On the other side, the crocodile, choosing to be less gentle than he was with Devan, shoved his member aggressively into the fox’s tight hole.

“MMPHH!! HMMPPHH!” Tears welled in the fox’s eyes as he was double-stuffed. Moans and wet slaps filled the interrogation room as the two men mercilessly spitroasted the officer. Bigjaw also made sure to jerk off the fox to maximize the latter’s ‘enjoyment’ as well.

Minutes later, climax. Cum filled the fox from both ends as he released his own unrelenting series of loads onto his pecs and abdomen. Aside from the rise and fall of his chest, the fox lay completely still on the table.

Devan knew that he was severely over time. To avoid further suspicion, he quickly got dressed to go back to the briefing area. The crocodile winked and said that he'd take care of the situation inside the room. Devan expressed his gratitude and left.

His son was taking quite a bit of time today. The officer should've brought him back out by now. Maybe he should go and check himself. Alexander got up and started walking to the interrogation room when he saw his son turn the corner.

"Oh, Devan, you're back. What took you so long and where's Officer Roberts?" Alexander asked with a sigh of relief.

"Sorry, according to Officer Roberts, the prison needed some additional paperwork filled out today, so I was helping him do that. He's now in the interrogation room getting some final pieces of information from Bigjaw." Devan lied.

The older wolf relaxed his shoulders. "Oh, ok. That's fine. I just wish they'd tell me these things ahead of time." He put his arm around Devan. "In any case, let's get back to the briefing area, and you can tell me what you learned today."

Devan smiled and nodded. He knew exactly what to say.

EPILOGUE:

-----MIDNIGHT-----

The young wolf tip-toed quietly down the hall. With his new suit on, he felt like a true superhero, swooping in to save an innocent civilian. He pressed his ear against the door. Silence. Quietly and carefully, he turned the knob and inched open the door.

Alexander had hoped the dreams would stop, but they didn't. Tonight, they were as vivid as ever. Feeling hot and sweaty, he was woken up by his high libido. The room was dark, and his vision was still blurry as his eyes were slow to adjust. Looking down, he noticed that he was rock-hard again and leaking pre-cum. *I'll take care of that again in the morning.* He was too tired.

Suddenly, two hand-shaped shadows appeared at the periphery of his vision. *Hallucinations? Was he still in a dream?* Then, something cold was pressed over his eyes.