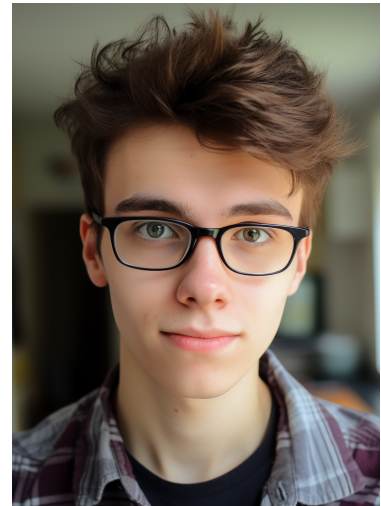


The Scent of An Alpha

By Soul-Controller

When Charlie Owens reached word that he had gotten accepted to one of the largest colleges in the country, the Midwestern nerd felt as though he was finally going to be able to live the life he had always dreamt of having. After dealing with tons of ridicule from the members of his school's football team, he was hopeful that the move to such a prestigious university would make that type of harassment a thing of the past. Surely there would be several jocks there for the university's sports teams, but Charlie was unwavering in his belief that he would finally live in a place where he was surrounded with like-minded intelligent young adults and thus would have tons of friends he had a lot in common with.



Unfortunately, Charlie's perspective of a perfect utopia for nerds like him began to instantly crumble when it was revealed that the dorm lottery had paired him with a man named Xavier Diaz. Ever the curious fellow, the nerd fired up his laptop and began to do some research about Xavier in hopes of learning more about the man he'd be spending the next school year with.



Successfully finding the man's several social media pages led to Charlie to become instantly traumatized though, as a quick look at their profile photos revealed that his new roommate had one of the most intimidating (yet attractive) faces he had ever seen in his life. Despite the immediate alarm bells that began to go off in his head as he saw more photos that revealed a muscular physique, the nerd continued to scroll through the latino hunk's page in hopes of revealing that the jock had a surprisingly nerdy side. Woefully, no such interests revealed themselves to Charlie while going back through over a year of his social media. Instead there were only posts that showcased the man's intense dedication to not only working out in the gym but also his favorite sport - football. The

nerd's worst fears were only helped to become fully realized as more scrolling revealed that Xavier was the quarterback of a team that had won three state championships in a row.

Instantly, the traumatized nerd began to softly hyperventilate and teeter on the edge of a panic attack as his dreams of having a fresh start in college were already foiled. It would be next to impossible for him to really embrace his nerd status and live his best life when he was stuck living with someone who would have ruthlessly beat him up back in high school!

Despite his passionate pleas to the housing office in hopes of getting a new roommate, the board revealed that there was nothing they could do to help him as all of the housing assignments had been completed and they had no spare solo rooms for him to be transferred into. So left with no other choice, Charlie attempted to try and temper his anxieties and pray that the school year would be better than his doom-and-gloom mentality.

* * * * *

It was only three months into the school year, yet everything that Charlie Owens had feared about his college experience had already come true. Despite initially thinking that moving to a prestigious university would allow him to find countless friends with similar drives and motivations as him, this was seemingly not the case as the nerd felt more alone than ever. Having spent all of his life in a small Midwestern town where class sizes were only 12 seats max, the extreme upgrade to lecture halls filled with over a hundred students per class immediately put intense panic within the young man's mind. The fear of being not only perceived but **judged** by all of these students only caused the man to become even more of a recluse, with him even refusing to raise his hand to answer questions that he was completely sure he knew the answer to. As a result, the only close friends he had gained were the five other students that he had been paired with for chemistry labs over the course of the semester.

When it came to his experiences with Xavier, this was the only element of Charlie's college experience where it was a bit of a mixed bag. Although it was clear that they had nothing in common based on their vastly different builds and the way they each chose to decorate their sides of the room (with Charlie hanging up posters of his favorite movies and video games while Xavier adorned his walls with photos of scantily-clad Playboy models and football players), their interactions for the most part were relatively chill. The man would greet him and make small talk while they were in the confines of their room, but the jock then would act like Charlie didn't exist whenever they passed by

each other on campus. Xavier was definitely a bit of a slob as his side constantly looked like a twister had touched down, but that was something that Charlie was willing to cope with to keep the peace and avoid any problems with the muscular hunk.

Speaking of those muscles, Charlie soon found himself struggling with the fact that he was quickly developing a passionate crush on his jock roommate. Whenever Charlie was laying in his bed after his afternoon classes finished up, the nerd was able to just stare in awe as Xavier barged into the room and quickly said hello before stripping out of his clothes and changing into new clothes for either a workout or football practice. Given how he had been tormented in the past by trying to sneak a peek at a shirtless hunk (this was how the forgettable nerd had even gotten on the high school jocks' radars in the first place), Charlie tried his best to avert his gaze by either looking elsewhere in the dorm room or just tilting his head down towards his laptop screen.

But as time went on and his crush on the jock began to grow more and more intense, the overly nervous man fought back against his anxieties and began to slyly sneak more peeks at the hunk. Upon doing so, his miniscule manhood began to immediately harden in shock as he witnessed Xavier's ripped physique. Although it was clear that the man was buff based on how tightly his clothes clung to his body, the ability to fully see the tanned and plump pecs and biceps was a complete shock to the still-closeted man's system. In fact, it was such a revelation that it caused the nerd's dreams to begin evolving into near-constant sex dreams in which he found himself resting his head down on Xavier's torso and using his plump pecs as the perfect pillows. In more extreme dreams, the nerd was able to fully comprehend the man's newfound strength by how easily Xavier was able to push the nerd down towards his crotch and convince the nerd to suck his cock.

Despite knowing how clearly the jock thirsted for women based on his choice of decor in the bedroom, Charlie couldn't help but dream that Xavier was bisexual. Sure he may have just been a huge football fan, it was a bit of a red flag to Charlie's analytical mind that he had posters of hunky players like Josh Allen and Nick Bosa tacked up next to posters of nearly nude buxom blondes. Yet despite knowing that there was no way in hell that a handsome jock like Xavier would ever date a frail and pale nerd like him, the eventual reveal where Charlie learned that the jock had scored a blonde cheerleader named Tiffany as a girlfriend was incredibly devastating.

Although just the notion of Xavier having a girlfriend was bad enough, it was even worse when Charlie's dorm room suddenly had a third resident there. The romance between Xavier and Tiffany had seemingly become quite the whirlwind affair as within just a few weeks of getting together, the woman was staying overnight several nights in a row

despite having a single dorm room waiting for her at another residence hall on campus. The third guest was quite the annoyance for the young nerd, especially as he could barely sleep most nights now that their usually quiet room was now filled with the sound of soft kisses and girlish giggles as Xavier felt the woman up underneath the bedsheets.

For Charlie though, the straw that finally broke the camel's back came right after the new year started as he returned home from a shift at his job in the school's library yet could not get in as the door was deadbolted and the chain lock was slid on. Although he attempted to call out to both his roommate and Tiffany from the other side of the door (it was obvious that she was there based on the rhythm of soft girlish moans that were ringing out), neither his roommate nor his roommate's girlfriend came to his aid. Instead, they continued to just keep fucking until they reached a loud crescendo and came in unison.

So after nearly an hour of waiting as the two foreplay-loving college students fucked, the door to the room finally opened up and Charlie was given the opportunity to enter. Instantly the usually calm and collected nerd flew into a fit of rage, wasting no time screaming at the jock and his girlfriend for how inconsiderate and shitty they had been to him over the past few months. Not only had he been forced to deal with their insatiable libidos whenever he was in the room or coming back to the room after class, but he had been forced to accept a third roommate and he had paid far too much in tuition to just allow her to take over his already cramped space. Wanting so badly to get away from the jock due to just how badly the man wanted to punch the man in his handsome chiseled face (especially since he knew how badly he'd get his ass kicked in retaliation), Charlie quickly grabbed onto a spare duffle bag he had in his closet and haphazardly threw a bunch of clothes into the bag before turning and storming out of the room.

With his emotions bouncing between intense rage and the deep desire to sob uncontrollably, the nerd was in desperate need of a place he could stay for the night where he could be comforted and express all of his emotions free of any judgment. As a result, Charlie reached into his pockets and grabbed onto his cell phone. After firing off a few texts to some of his friends, a sigh of relief escaped from the man's lips as he finally got a text from a chemistry lab partner who offered him a place to crash for the night.

After heading to one of the campus bus stops and taking the ten minute trip across town to his friend's dorm, Charlie instantly broke down into tears the moment he passed through the threshold of his friend's dorm room. As he slumped down to the wooden floors of the man's room, the nerd spent the next two hours ranting about the rage and

sadness he felt about the situation while listening to his friend's best attempts at calming words of advice and sympathy.

Eventually though, his uncontrollable tears on top of his rigorous course schedule had finally caused Charlie to fall incredibly drowsy. In fact, he was so tired that he couldn't be bothered to pull himself up off of the floor despite his friend offering the chance to sleep on the bed and get a good night's rest. So as he curled up into a ball onto the wooden floor, his friend only had to drape a thin blanket over his body before Charlie quickly fell victim to his slumber.

* * * * *

After undergoing a vivid yet surprisingly graphic nightmare in which returning to his dorm caused Xavier to ruthlessly beat his ass for embarrassing him in front of his girlfriend, Charlie understandably felt a bit uneasy about the concept of returning back to the dorm. But although crashing at his friend's place was a nice solution for last night's debacle, there was absolutely no way that either him or his friend would be 100% fine with the nerd sleeping on the floor for the remainder of the school year. As a result, he was forced to eventually pack up his things and begin to nerve-wracking trek back to his dorm room.

Upon sliding his keycard into the door and waiting for the green light to flash, Charlie quickly turned the knob and made his way into the room. To his immediate relief, the door swinging open revealed that his roommate was gone from the room and thus meant that their eventual reunion would be delayed a bit longer. But while this was a welcome sight to behold, the nerd instantly became overcome with rage as it appeared as though a twister had touched down and left both sides of the room a total disaster. Although it was common to see Xavier's side be a cluttered mess, the fact that Charlie's side was in total disarray immediately sent the nerd into a rage.

Given the fact that he had left his side of the room looking relatively pristine, the only explanation was that the jock had been pissed after their argument and needed to vent. For some unknown reason, which had seemingly given him the authority to get revenge by trashing the nerd's side of the room. Not only was Charlie's clothes hamper just thrown into the middle of the dorm, but all of his clothes had ended up strewn about across the floor and his bed.

Although he had initially come to the dorm in hopes of reconciliation, the realization of what Xavier did caused Charlie to immediately scrap those plans. *Fuck that, if he wants to be an asshole, I can return the favor too!* So despite his roommate's side of the room already looking like an absolute disaster, the nerd immediately went to work, adding

more clutter to Xavier's side. After grabbing onto the small trash can that was resting next to his desk, Charlie tipped it upside down and gleefully chuckled as empty wrappers and half-eaten food began to tumble down and rest atop his keyboard, desktop monitor, and office chair.

As he continued to destroy more of his roommate's side of the room, Charlie's attention was soon caught by the half-full laundry basket that was shoved into the back corner of Xavier's closet (the remainder of the jock's dirty clothing had never made it to the actual basket due to laziness as he instead just dropped it onto the floor or threw it somewhere else). Piece-by-piece, the nerd began to reach into the basket, grab onto an item, and then callously throw it in a random spot in the room.

But as his hand began to reach the bottom of the basket and grab onto a cluster of fabric, pulling it up caused a rather musky and potent scent to be picked up by Charlie's nostrils. As he directed his attention towards the source of the odor, the man's eyes bulged as he found himself clutching a handful of Xavier's used jockstraps. But rather than disgust and shock over what he was currently holding, the nerd felt an intense lust and curiosity beginning to permeate through his mind. Despite the still-prominent anger Charlie felt towards his roommate, his mind only allowed him to focus on the intense desire he had long felt towards his roommate. All of those nights of hearing the man fucking his girlfriend or seeing him shirtless as he played video games on the computer, it felt like a cruel trick played on the virginal gay man by taunting him with something he could never have!

So as he held onto the clump of well-used jockstraps, Charlie realized that this would be the closest he could ever get to admiring Xavier's manly odor from all of the hard work he put in during his workouts or games. As a result, the man's immediate plan for revenge was quickly foiled as he found himself a slave to his intense desires. Not wanting to get caught giving into his own desires as he began to strip out of his clothes though, Charlie at least had the foresight to quickly rush over to the door and slide the chain into the latch to make sure he wasn't caught by Xavier (as that would only further worsen their tumultuous relationship).

Not only desperate to get revenge but to also get off, Charlie immediately finished pulling all of his clothes off and began to use one hand to gently stroke up and down his miniscule shaft. With his dick quickly getting semi-hard, the nerd then used his free hand to hold the used jockstrap up to his nose. As he took a whiff, his cock instantly responded by growing rock hard.

But as he continued to jerk himself off, he realized that just holding it up to his nose wasn't enough - he wanted to have all of his senses affected by the pungent fabric. With his mind made up, Charlie then pulled his other hand away from his cock to use it to help fasten the jock strap around his face. With the help of the elastic straps, the man was able to get it tightly wrapped around his head a few times and secured so the actual jock was covering the majority of the man's face.

With his goal achieved, the man went back to furiously stroking his cock as he smelled the odor around every inch of his head, saw the discolored fabric hindering his vision, heard and felt the elastic stretch and slide as he moved his head around in pleasure, and licked his lips to taste hints of the man's musky sweat concealed within the fabric.

As he continued to jerk himself off while undergoing his own form of sensory overload, Charlie unknowingly deprived himself of witnessing the peculiar things that were occurring to his body. With his vision hindered, he had no way of noticing how his cock was gradually increasing several inches until he was in possession of a girthy 8" monster rather than his pathetic 4-incher.

While he fully engrossed himself with Xavier's masculinity, the nerd had no way of realizing that it was altering his own masculinity down to a molecular level. So as he continued to jerk off and feel himself rushing towards a climax, Charlie had no way of realizing that he was now suddenly in possession of a toned muscular physique. But as he continued to just inhale and savor the sensation, the man's muscle growth refused to stop and instead ramped up exponentially for several more minutes. Before long, he was suddenly double the size of Xavier, with an immense pectoral shelf, a sculpted eight-pack, gigantic angular thighs, and a perky firm ass that would make even the most professional bodybuilders jealous!

Luckily his climax still was a few minutes away, which provided no problems as his hefty bowling ball sized biceps savored the upper arm workout he was unknowingly giving himself. As his palms continued to traverse against his lengthy shaft, his near-constant pre-cum was a much needed blessing as his palms widened and grew incredibly callused from the hard work this body constantly put in the gym.

As a minute turned into over ten, it seemed as though Charlie's changes weren't over quite yet as a tan began to suddenly permeate and spread across his skin. But rather than a healthy tan, it quickly became clear that he was changing more than that - his ethnicity was being affected by Xavier's jockstrap. So as he continued to jerk off and grunt and groan with his new deeper voice, the man's complexion settled into a rich shade that matched his Latino roommate's.

With this change though, this then caused a domino effect of other miniscule changes to begin affecting his body. The man's light brown hair darkened in mere seconds, changing to a stark shimmery jet black. On top of this though, the man's short hair grew several inches longer to become a luscious and thick mane of wavy hair that looked absolutely glorious. The changes to the remainder of Charlie's face began to then trickle down from there, as the man's eyebrows thickened and darkened while his nose painlessly cracked and gained more prominence on his visage. After blessing the new jock with gorgeous cheekbones and an angular pointed chin, the man felt a bit of itchiness permeating from the contact between his face and the fabric as facial hair began to suddenly blossom. After creating a handsome trimmed mustache, the facial hair continued to cascade down past his lips until he gained a goatee that perfectly worked with his new mug.

Just as these changes settled into place, the new jock found himself bucking his hips and loudly grunting as he found himself finally reaching orgasm. But as he continued to shoot a series of thick streams, the man's mind became suddenly vacant as every morsel of Charlie's original identity was immediately erased. A nervous and non-confrontational nerd was ill-fitting with the body of an absolute behemoth, so the intense dosage of manly musk that he inhaled was eager to remedy that.

Instead, years and years of false memories began to fade into the young man's mind. Rather than being a pasty twig who would rather spend his free time in the library or playing video games, this new hunk recalled an unabashedly Mexican upbringing where he was constantly outdoors and being active. As a result, the name Charlie Owens became Carlos Ortega, the first born son of a Mexican immigrant family. Whenever he thought of his youth moving forward, all he could think about was playing football and soccer outdoors with his friends and family (especially his father and abuelo).

Thinking of his family, the new jock gained an intense cocky streak as he realized that he was the best son or grandson that they could wish for. Although he ended up the eldest brother to two other boys, none of them could hold a candle to the amount of inherent talent Carlos possessed. Athletics came incredibly easy to him, which was how he found himself the star player of any team sport he tried. This became especially useful when he got into high school, where he set countless records and led his small-town team to countless state victories. As a result, he was a highly sought-after man when it came to college athletics, which was how he found himself at this university with a full-ride scholarship to play football as the team's star defensive end.

Not needing to worry about student loans or any of that other boring shit, the athlete was having a blast on campus. Of course, he was the star player of the college's

football team, which only caused him to gain more popularity and tons of eligible bimbos desperate to get with him. The man's libido was quite intense, which meant that he had quickly become a bit of a man-whore the way he plowed through women.

Given his reputation, the man was incredibly bummed when he learned that his best bro and roommate Xavier had ended up getting serious with this cheerleader named Tiffany. The duo were a tag-teaming pair that had spent the first semester of the school year just tag-teaming with countless girls as they were the most eligible bachelors on campus. So although he knew that he would have no trouble finding future hookups, Carlos was certainly quite bummed that he couldn't have more legendary and filthy three-ways with his best bro.

So while his new mind began to finally settle as the remaining memories began to emerge, Carlos' face remained completely vacant for the next few minutes. In fact, it was only the loud bang of the dorm door being stopped by the metal chain that broke Carlos out of his dopey stupor.

"Dude, what the fuck? Open the goddamn door!" Xavier growled through the small crack in the door.

"Huh?" the man grunted, shaking his head for a moment before realizing that he had a jockstrap wrapped around his head. After peeking past the fabric and seeing the source of the disturbance, Carlos offered a burly chortle as he looked at the clock on the wall



and realized that Xavier was home early. "Just a sec dude," he yelled, quickly pulling off the jockstrap and tossing it aside before throwing on a compression shirt and basketball shorts.

Once he finished getting dressed, the man's eyes instantly caught his own reflection staring back at him in the full-body mirror propped up against one wall of the dorm. After running his rugged thick fingers through his hair to make sure his hair looked perfect, the man finally made his way over to the door. But rather than softly

opening the door, the rough jock instantly rammed his burly body into the door to shut it before quickly pulling the chain off the latch.

Upon grabbing onto the door knob and beginning to turn it, the new jock was unknowingly unaccustomed to his new physique as his immense bicep strength nearly pulled the door straight off the hinges. But rather than worrying about that, Carlos immediately developed a wide grin as he found himself looking straight into the eyes of his best friend. "My bad bro, I didn't realize you were done with classes already," he said, moving to the side and allowing Xavier to finally make his way into the door.

"Lmao, as if I'd go to all my classes," Xavier began, chuckling as he slung his backpack onto his bed and breathed a sigh of relief. "Nah, I just came home early because I didn't want to deal with that fatass bio professor and his annoying voice for an hour and a half."

Despite Charlie knowing nothing about Xavier or his classes, it was immediately clear that Carlos knew everything about his best bro. "Oh fuck yeah, that guy is a total dweeb. I can't believe he's got bigger tits than that girl of yours!" Carlos retorted, his response causing him to immediately burst into a maniacal bout of laughter.

"Shut the fuck up," Xavier replied with a grin, clenching a fist before swinging and firmly punching his more muscular roommate in the arm. As the duo turned to face each other though, the jock's face quickly contorted into a look of disgust as his nostrils flared. "Bro, it smells fucking rank in here. Don't tell me the door was locked because you just rubbed one out..."

Such an accusation would have normally caused the other man to blush and vehemently refute the claim, but the new jock possessed no element of shame or anxiety. "So fucking what if I did," he instantly replied, flaring out his chest to instantly showcase his size to his much smaller roommate. "You and that bitch of yours love to fuck around here all the time, so what's the problem if I get off every once in a while?" To Carlos' amusement, his friend and roommate instantly began to cower in response.

"Oh uh, I was just kidding bro," Xavier said, "I don't give a fuck what you do in the room. What's mine is yours!"

Such a response caused the man to adopt a cocky shit-eating grin as the relationship between them was once again solidified. Although they were certainly great friends and best bros, there was only room for one alpha in the relationship. To Carlos' amusement,

it was immediately clear that Xavier was willing to submit to the immense and intimidating jock.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought,” Carlos cockily said, crossing his arms and tensing them to showcase just how immense his arms were. “Anyways, let’s go to the gym. I need a spot to help me crush some bench press sets.” As he reached out and grabbed onto his backpack-turned-gym-bag to sling it over his broad back, the hunky jock walked with swagger out of the dorm room and smirked as he watched his beta bro follow behind him like a lost puppy.

Although there was a lingering thought in the back of his mind saying that this was all wrong, Carlos refused to give that voice any more attention. He was the person he was meant to be, the strong and confident alpha who ruled campus with his best bro by his side!