

“Are you sure we won’t be walked in on? You said your uncle goes out there sometimes without telling anyone,” Alister asked, for what felt like the twelfth time that night. If Eli was being honest with himself, he couldn’t blame the man, given the reason for his required isolation. Still, he was sure it would be safe for his friend out there, and, in honesty, it was the only idea either of them had, save for locking him in the apartment’s laundry room, hardly a safe bet for a newly changed werewolf.

As most of the world did not believe lycanthropes existed, outside help was hard to come by and came with the caveat of being whisked away or locked up. Alister had confided in his friend, figuring if anyone would believe it was a werewolf and help him find seclusion for the change, it would be Eli. As expected, Eli was able to come through, having access to a family cabin in the woods where Alister would be able to change without being a threat to anyone. Save for Eli, perhaps, but that was a risk he was willing to take, the reason being obvious to both of them but going unspoken all the same.

Alister was lucky not to have been given any more than superficial wounds by his attacker, coming out of nowhere after Alister investigated sounds in an alleyway on his way home. The beast was far too large to be a dog and startled as it was, simply knocking Alister over as it took off into the night. Alister had sustained minor injuries in the attack, in particular a massive scratch across his arm, one that healed without a trace the next day. Knowing what he did about lycanthrope lore, Alister was able to find some information from some more questionable sources. Of greatest priority was the threat of change and attacking others was great enough that he knew he needed to find a safe sanctuary.

One thing that Alister had left out was perhaps what the werewolf was doing in the heat of the moment. The beast was using canine flexibility to suck itself off, red rocket on full display and looking larger than anything even a beast of that stature would be able to sport. And given the scent in the air and the sticky fluids on his arm, there was every likelihood the werewolf had achieved release, and that the bite had been infected by both saliva and semen. Not something he wanted to think about but certainly something he was aware of increasing the risk of him being infected.

In the end, the two got into Eli’s car and drove the two hours toward his cabin, the fall air crisp and rather pleasant. Given the late time in the year, it was likely the cabin would be closed up for the season soon, though it would still be there for Eli’s use. Though he could decide to drive back to the city, leaving Alister alone to his fate, he figured it was best for both of them if he stayed, to lock the door and run, if needed and confirm Alister’s fate one way or the other. He would wreck the cabin, surely, but there was no point letting him run off into the woods, ending up miles from the cabin, naked with no way to get back.

All through the trip, Alister was mostly quiet, likely introspective about what his night was to entail. He had mentioned feeling off all day, ill and sick to his stomach and restless and tingling all over, a bizarre combination that left him further confused. It was impossible to know for sure if it was imagined or the signs of his body slowly preparing itself to change, but there was nothing he could do about it, figuring that if he was to change, things would soon become much worse.

To their dismay, it seemed there wasn't much time for the two of them to get their stuff inside before moonrise, neither knowing when the change would take hold but figuring it could happen at any moment. Alister reported heating up rapidly, something that had been building all day to the point that he wanted to strip. Even though he had the out, Eli was inclined to stay as long as possible, much to Alister's protestations. Eli wanted to attribute it to making sure he didn't hurt himself, but if he was being honest with himself, the combination of fear and arousal over seeing a real life transformation first hand was too much for him to even make it to the door.

Alister moved to say something else when pain assaulted his body, heating up to the point it was nearly agony. Without concern for Eli watching, Alister moved to rip off his clothes, pulling at his first to the point the fabric tore in his desperation. The pain was immense, as though every bone in his body, even muscle fiber down to the cellular level was breaking apart, tearing and reforming to the point there was no doubt he would die in the most horrific way possible. Sweat was pouring off his body in rivulets, pooling on the floor as he braced himself against a couch, trying to stay standing while the waves of agony wracked his body, one after another. It was all he could do against the pain, a brief bit of resistance as his body, his humanity, was about to be robbed from him.

Yet, he was prompted to let go as the pain centered in his hands, burning up as though it was being torn apart from within. With an agonizing cry, Alister felt blades tearing from his fingertips, so thick they merged with his nails and pushed out into a semblance of curved talons. They came without a spray of blood, enough Alister could feel the warm fluid dripping onto the floor. Yet, the wounds of their birth were soon closed up as though his body was able to heal itself almost instantly. It did little to dull the pain as his fingers started to convulse, barely able to hold the weight of his deadly claws before their own bones and tendons snapped and popped apart, each alteration agonizing on its own.

Soon, his fingers were nearly twice as long as their humanity, thick yet dexterous as the skin brightened from the irritation underneath. Void of hair for now, their cracking contours soon drew the changes down toward his palms, which themselves were beginning to burn. The bones and tissues within expanded almost painfully against their confines, the skin barely able to keep up as his palms swelled to match his massive fingers. Lines of veins played over the skin like

creeping vines, fueling the expansion of his hands as the skin burned red hot with agony. Alister was hardly able to perceive it, but the skin was starting to darken in several patches, bubbling up in what would have been distinct patterns to anyone aware. The same rough patches adorned his fingertips as well, giving him a hybrid of canine paws with a gripping ability unmatched.

The same surge of pain ran up both arms in tandem, and Alister's spasming caused long claw gashes in the couch as he was flung forward, barely able to maintain an upright posture. The bones within painfully lengthened, feeling as though they would burst through the skin and tearing the muscles all around them. Yet no sooner had his tissues torn than they reformed around his lengthened bones, giving him massive arms the likes of which his gym escapades could never hope to match. Firm muscles bulged all the way to his shoulders, which remained firm to support the massive limbs he now possessed, a likely sign he would remain anthropomorphic, albeit partly lupine as the virus running through his veins seemed to dictate.

Yet, that brief admiration of his physique was robbed the moment his feet started to spasm, and Alister fell over, screaming at the top of his lungs and fleetingly thankful they were in an isolated cabin. Hitting the floor with a loud thump, the pain in his feet surpassed his rough landing as his heels forced themselves outward, stretching like putty as the bones and tendons pushed violently upward against the floor. Pushing back with the bottoms of his feet, the skin underneath started to swell with the formation of thickened black pads, barely able to perceive the floor and likely immune to damage from the undergrowth to aid in running through the forest, as a growing part of his psyche would soon long to do. His heels further stretched toward the ceiling, so long that walking would be awkward, if not impossible with his current anatomy.

All the while, Eli stared in stunned silence, having known this was a possibility and yet unable to process the fact he was seeing it playing out before his eyes. Alister was in obvious agony, and Eli wanted to go to him, to provide some semblance of comfort. Yet, he knew there was little he could do against the developing beast within, and to get too close might be dangerous. Still, there was no denying his fascination with the change, and the arousal in his pants despite what his friend was going through. And even if he was not inclined toward watching a real world werewolf transformation, Eli knew he couldn't leave his friend, despite the potential risk to his life.

It was the pain in his toes that really troubled him, however, contracting agonizingly inward toward his expanding inner foot. Trying to twitch them was in vain, Alister was soon aware the joints and muscles within were being robbed from him. A piercing agony ripped through his toe tips, however, and Alister was thankful for their reduction as similar massive black talons ripped their way through them. Yet, with little separation between the digits and the thick pads forming on the tips of them, there was little differentiating them from actual canine paws, making any notion of walking on them impossible any time soon.

The tearing pains of muscle growth and expansion ran their way up his lower legs and calves, bulking up impossibly large as the skin glistened with sweat. Yet, as the changes played over his skin, Alister was slow to realize it no longer had the ability to produce sweat anymore, making him resort to panting in order to relieve the heat still burning through his body. Thankfully, he was covered head to toe with sweat, and it was able to cool him with the window open and the evening air blowing in. Still, panting was pleasant, even as his tongue started to thicken a little and allow more blessed cool air over his body.

The heat continued to assail him, now burrowing into the base of his hairs, forcing them to expand at the roots and extend outward, dripping with sweat. The itching was excruciating, though Alister had no ability to scratch with his fingers covered with deadly talons. Already relatively hairy, the itching quickly played over his arms, legs, and treasure trail, altering in composition toward what he assumed would be a lupine pelt. It was sparse for now, as though only the human hair he possessed prior was changing, nothing like the lupine coat he was sure to acquire before the night was out. And the itching took him out of the pain of change for just a moment, enough that he could whine his discontent, knowing there was nobody but Eli to hear it.

Yet, the pain was soon to return in spades with the sudden extension of his spine, as though the bones within were bursting apart and shoving their way against the skin, forming a noticeable bump. Having been on his back, Alister had to turn over to avoid confining the growth as it worked its way out of his backside with surprising speed. It soon tugged the muscle along with it as it gained inch after inch. Soon, the growing started to twitch, sending a powerfully uncomfortable signal through his spine and making him aware he was now in possession of a new appendage, nothing that any self respecting human should own. He had a tail, and stranger still, it seemed to have a mind of its own, wagging in excitement, though currently void of hair, as much as the rest of his body. Though that was hardly to be the case for long...

A scream of pain was cut short as a surge of blood pounded his loins, and with it, his surging erection. The agony of change should have prevented any chance of arousal, yet there was no denying how powerfully turned on he became in such short a time. It ached to be touched, though Alister could do naught but rut into the air, desperate for any stimulation he could be granted. A part of him longed to call out to Eli for help releasing the lust and was sure Eli wouldn't say no, given his inclinations. Yet, he always felt himself to be straight, as little as he dated women to begin with. And there was another part of him that was too afraid to ask, not only for what fear he had over Eli getting too close but rather if he allowed it to happen, he might...like it?

Still, even without the touch of his newly minted claws, a warmth seemed to swell from the base, moving over his member like a glove. It took him some moments to realize that his

foreskin had wrapped its way up his shaft, pooling down toward the base of his penis and catching on the skin of his groin. Though he was shaven, the itching across his groin denoted a peppering of soft black fur, coating the skin of his groin and the area around it. It quickly moved its way up toward his flat belly, hitching his penis at an odd angle and stemming his erection, allowing the change to hit him full force.

Alister was barely aware of his cock being drawn into the warm cocoon before the agony assaulted his chest, bone cracking and tearing at muscles and organs, making him worried he might die. It seemed his organs, even in a state of flux, were somehow able to function, though the pain of their change did not escape his notice. It was the cracking of his spine, pelvis, and rib cage that was truly agonizing, however, the cracks resonating through the cabin and making him cry out in a tone that wasn't entirely human. His expression warped into a snarl, doing anything it could to try to alleviate the pain. His efforts were in vain, his body violently shaking toward a more lupine form. A barrelled chest, shifted pelvis, and forward rotated shoulders were all signs that he could run on all fours if he wanted, though it was just as likely he would remain bipedal as much as he was able, a hybrid of both.

The moment the aches of change started to subside, Alister was once more plagued with an intense irritation, stemming from his treasure trail and moving outward toward his sides and back. Alister was barely conscious enough to look down, but it appeared the hairs stemming from his chest were a little lighter than the midnight black that had become of his human hair. It was impossible to say for sure, and with the itching cascading over his entire torso, Alister had a hard time fixating on it for too long. It soon started to play over his shoulders and thighs, peppering between the follicles before obscuring the pale skin in most places. Save for his face, the only part of his anatomy to be completely devoid of it for now. But with the changes carrying on as they were, that was likely not to be the case for much longer.

It was the hair growth under his arms that had Eli's interest, as fixated on the changes as he was. He'd been silent for now, not sure what to say to his friend and sure there was nothing he could do to help. Yet, despite himself and the guilt over taking pleasure from his friend's pain, Eli couldn't help but feel aroused that Alister's pits were starting to blossom into a pelt of wolf fur, thick and carrying with it his heady male stink. Something he would love to, in another world, move in and sniff and lick with gusto, jerking him off all the while...

The heady aroma of lust from his friend did not escape Alister's notice, though he wasn't surprised given his knowledge of Eli's proclivities, both for men and for lycanthropes in general. Still, it was a nice reprieve from the pain, which was starting to ebb from his chest as the changes to it subsided. It was enough for him to try and rise, as much as he figured it would be impossible with his current state of being. With some effort, Alister was able to stand up, albeit awkwardly,

using the couch to balance on his hybrid legs. To his surprise, his stance was more natural than he was expecting, as though his mind had adjusted to aid in making it his natural stance.

Thankfully, the itching soon stemmed, a sign that his furry pelt was completed, down to the tip of his tail and over his hands and feet. No sooner did it cease than a now-familiar sensation started with his penis, the skin warming up and sliding from its comfy home, crowning the head and pushing out toward his belly. Alister couldn't help but stare in reverence as it rose from his sheath, the shade starting to darken to red as its head began to taper. His testicles, too, were swelling between his legs, covered with their own soft lupine coat and sending a wave of precum to leak from his cock head. Already turgid, his member seemed to swell even further, as though a rod of calcium was forming within it, sensual against the erectile tissue as it expanded even further.

It was the swelling of a knot at the base that drew both of their attention, pushing Alister's new lupine sheath downward tighter around his groin. It began to throb with vigor, and Alister already moved down to squeeze it, despite his thickened pads and sharper claws. Yet, a bestial growl escaped his lips as his cock started to pulsate uncontrolled, and its pumping shaft shot a load of still-human cum into the air, some of it landing on the nearby Eli. Had he not been privy to the most erotic sight of his life, Eli might have been disgusted by the action, though he would have welcomed Alister's intentions if they were genuine and not influenced by his emerging beast. Alister, for his part, was left bathing in release, the first true bout of pleasure he had experienced since the agonizing change had started.

Coming down from the expulsion of his human semen, Alister was able to think for the first time since the process started. It seemed to have paused for the moment, and in his post-orgasmic high, Alister felt the compulsion to flaunt his sexuality, feeling free for the first time in his life. He moved to rub his claws over his barreled chest and fur, penis still erect and bobbing up and down. If Eli didn't know any better, he would have assumed Alister was showing off for him, but that was largely unlikely, given his sexuality and human inclinations. Still, there was no denying the sight of Alister enjoying his body was doing it for him, to the point Eli started to rub his erection through his pants, wanting to get off to the stench of wolf cum and the sight of his friend changing and becoming a beast in body.

Alister, for his part, felt awash in his power, the scent of musk and cum burning into his nose with a greater intensity than the human him had ever known. Curious as to what Eli found so fascinating about it, Alister was promoted to lift up his arm, showing off a forest of fur over his pits. Eagerly, he started sniffing at his ample armpit hair and all the sweat and wolf it contained. He even had the desire to reach out with a lupine tongue to lap at it, teasing over the patches that were thicker than others and feeling his cock rise further to the occasion. A part of him failed to understand why he was doing so obsessively, though it seemed to get the proper

reaction from the other man in the room, and as he drank in his maleness, he started to come to realize Eli's fixation with it.

Encouraged by Eli's arousal, Alister felt his inhibitions melting away, giving into the beast that was just under the surface. It might have scared him to think his inclinations were altering, and to what extent they might shift by the end. Hell, part of him longed for it if there was a chance that he might shift his stance on sexuality and find his friend rather fuckable. A grin crossed his face, and he turned to Eli, licking his lips with a lupine tongue. "Feels goorred...oddly gooorrrddd..." he managed to growl, staring down at Eli's throbbing erection now with excitement. "If rrrronly I rrrrasn't straight..."

Eli felt himself blush at that, fixated on Alister's throbbing lupine rod as it rubbed against the fur on his belly. Alister's eyes rolled back in his head, lost in the lust as it continued to seep into his mind, filling his very being. He was so incredibly aroused to the point he couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to feel Eli's ass around it. Any inclinations of heterosexuality were erased with the sheer need he felt, and Alister was inclined to give into them, eager to have something to fuck and not caring where the closest hole was. "RRRSTRIP!" He growled out suddenly, leaving Eli to shiver like a leaf, not expecting the words and unable to resist the demand in them.

A feral grin crossed Alister's face as Eli did so, standing there naked before getting on all fours, ass in the air as he found something to brace himself with. No stranger to anal sex, a changing werewolf having his way with Eli was a little more than he could imagine, and the dream of wanting such was likely nothing compared with the nightmare of this real scenario. Still, with Alister's demands in his ears, there was little choice but to obey, the consequences of failure too dire for him to fully contemplate. So he braced himself for whatever Alister would do to him, hoping with all he had that he would come out the other side in one piece.

"Rrron all rrrours...rrroood..." Alister growled, looking at Eli's offering with reverence. In his moment of lust, it was easy for him to view his friend's rump as he would with a woman, though such was semantic for his fleeting stubborn hold on his sexuality.

Yet, before he could advance on the object of his lust, a sudden heat started to assault him, his stomach growling to the point it felt he had not eaten in some weeks. Surely, the changes were taking their toll on his physiology and energy reserves. Still, it took him a few moments to realize that the scent wafting off his friend's naked body was not only eliciting sexual arousal but also that intense hunger, one that was burrowing its way deep into his psyche. No matter how much he found the notion repugnant, there was no denying the very bestial inclination that he needed meat, needed to hunt, and that it mattered very little its source with the

intensity of a beast. Just the sight of the prone man was enough to ignite that hunger, to the point Alister could hardly resist the natural inclinations of his body.

Snapping out of his lusty haze with a forceful growl, fear raced through his being, knowing that his mind was likely to alter along with his body, and the outcome of such was likely to be agonizing. He didn't want to lose himself, didn't want to become a mindless, bloodthirsty beast. Trying to repress a cry, his mouth was nonetheless forced open, teeth started to tear bloodily at his gums as his mouth pushed outward ever so slightly to accommodate them. Yet, the pain of their growth was largely ignored with the agony coursing through his mind, as though an actual beast was trying to claw its way through his mind, burning himself away and threatening to subsume all he was.

With golden flecks in his eyes, Alister threw himself back to the floor, writhing as though fighting off the pain of change. Yet, despite the agonizing aches of his skull altering, it was the white-hot pain within his mind that truly caused him suffering. His thrashing body was almost in range to touch Eli, who while turned around to watch the changes, had not moved, afraid for his safety if he were to try. Still, there was another part of him that wouldn't have moved regardless, fixated on the sight of Alister's changing head and his erect wolf cock throbbing against his chest, a brief semblance of pleasure against the cascading waterfalls of agony such a change could invoke.

Alister's humanity did just that, hanging on to that thread of pleasure against an impossible amount of pain. Part of him longed to submerge below the beast if only to escape the pain and free himself from the torment. But he knew doing so might lead to Eli's demise, given that already the desires to kill and eat were so pronounced. So he fought through it, wanting to hold onto whatever grasp over himself he still possessed to the point that any pain was worth it. And that constant throbbing of his cock against his belly was enough to keep him placid, or at least refocus his energies on lust rather than food. It was a minor thread, though enough to give him hope for Eli's future.

Yet, as his lips started to quiver, their skin turning black and rubbery, a fearful realization crossed his mind just then, feeling his body on the ground and steadily righting itself. It felt somewhat good, somewhat natural for him to be on all fours, like the beast he was becoming. In fact, as altered as his physiology had become, he was just as able to run on all fours, almost as naturally as his bipedal stance. Such was the stance of a beast, and the fact it seemed to sit so well with his inclinations worried him. It was easier for the wolf to take over, after all, when his stance was so inhuman, and at the perfect level to chase down and kill his prey.

All the while, the changes gradually, relentlessly worked their way over his face, veins pulsating under the skin and forcing his face out another inch or so. Alister was hardly aware of

it, but his ears had grown pointed, expanding from their base and filling with longer sparse hairs. It was only when they started to twitch of their own accord that Alister felt their changed presence, taking in sounds from outside as aptly as those in the apartment. Though there was ample prey there for his taking, there was nothing more tantalizing for him than the being in the room with him. Alister needed only to twitch his ears just slightly to take in the rapid heartbeats of his prey, breathing heavily as the taste of blood on his lips gave him a prelude of the meal to come.

His efforts to drink in the human's scent was enhanced ten-fold as his nose stretched out to the edge of his lips, matching the edge of his muzzle and drawing out the nasal canals to the point that he was stunned by the intensity of the smells. Yet, the wolf welling up in his mind had been expecting such an ability and welcomed the world of smell in only the way a beast could now. Everything within the cabin became aware to him, and even some scents carried with them from the outside world. Yet, the only odors its blackening contours drank in were wafting from the prone human, and he drank in the heady musk with vigor. Fear with an underlying current of arousal was a potent cocktail, and it sent shivers through his being, both through his belly and the cock bobbing against it, the only point of contention and conflict within the beast's forming psyche.

With that, Alister was left staring at Eli, barring his fang from between his dark lips and trying in vain to fight the tide of rising instincts that he was certain would win out. His muzzle was about half the way into that matching a wolf, though that was likely not to last for long as his eyes squinted from the pain of his forehead sloping backward. He wanted to fight, was desperate to combat the beast and save his friend. But the stronger the wolf became, the more his mind and inclinations seemed to settle into the beast, to the point it seemed almost natural to view the world in black and white. Need and fulfillment, predator and prey, alpha and beta. All was simplified to the point the only question was which need the human was to fulfill, and as the wolf's instincts took further hold, that decision was soon to come to a head.

Still on all fours, a struggling Alister growled through the pain, almost screaming in a feral cry of anguish as the ache of his muzzle growth subsided slightly. It was enough for him to think for just a moment, to rationalize how to fight through the wolf and perhaps save his friend's life. Surely, there was no chance for him to resist the wolf, it was far too strong, too primal, and he was becoming so tired. But to redirect its energies...with the last bit of humanity he possessed, Alister moved forward on all fours, sniffing the prone human and his offering for the taking. His belly still rumbled, of course, but his cock was aching all the while as well, pre covering his fur in a sticky trail as it did so.

Though his intent was obvious, Alister still felt the need to call out, to tell Eli to brace himself. Yet, only lupine growls escaped his lips as his vocal cords broke apart and reformed,

leaving him unable to utter more than a few guttural whimpers by the end. It cemented in his mind the truth of the situation, the reality that he was a wolf, a beast. And that allowed his mind to twist further, hanging on by only a thread as he struggled with all his being to make it as easy on Eli as possible. A seeking tongue played its way over Eli's rump, sending a sensual shiver through his body and causing him to moan. Evidently, Eli had not been expecting such a tender moment, and relished the sensation, even wiggling his butt to make it more enticing.

Even through his mental struggle, Alister could tell his tongue was having the desired effect on the man's libido, bringing Eli's cock to full erection as it leaked a string of precum down to the floor. Alister wanted to continue, to make things tender and keep Eli in the mood before claiming him as the beast desired. Yet, the more he lapped at Eli's pucker, the more the wolf within clawed at his mind, desperate to feel something around his cock, no matter who it was. Gay or straight mattered little to the beast, there being only prey, both for food and for lust. And Alister was hell bent with everything he had to make sure the wolf found Eli's body to be the latter.

Yet, allowing the bestial instincts in forced his humanity to the side, and the wolf he was climbed on Eli's back, spearing for his open asshole with a cock that should have been far too thick. Had Eli not been relaxed, he might have reflexively resisted, though with his rectum ready, there was nothing to hold the wolf cock back. Eli cried out in pain, unable to resist regardless of what the wolf would do to him. Yet, he held firm, powerful claws holding him in place and preventing him from moving even if he was inclined to. Eli's fate was in this wolf's jaws now, and he was utterly helpless in the face of whatever the beast would do to him.

In a futile effort, Alister felt his humanity, his memories of being human morphing into a more lupine form. Trying to hold onto the mental image of his human form was for naught, as though he had never been born that way. The more effort he put forth to recall his humanity, the more the wolf was able to work its way in, almost as though a punishment for trying to deny his new reality. It was jarring as hell, especially as he looked down at his mate, even forgetting what the man's name was. He was only there to be used, to be fucked, though carefully, the wolf aware he was not as resilient and needing to be tended to careful so as not to end things prematurely.

By this point, the last threads of Alister's humanity were severed, simply too tired to fight anymore. His previous panic over what he would do to the human was warped into an excitement, anticipating the release to come. To feed...to fuck...it was more than Alister could bare, the needs primal and casing him to drool from both his maw and his cock. It was only a loud crack from his forehead that signaled the death knell of his humanity, forcing his head out the rest of the way and cementing his form as the wolf he truly was. A fragment of his humanity was able to experience the power, euphoria, and ecstasy of being a beast in his element, thrusting

into a prone mate and feeling powerful rectal muscles clamping on his cock. It was almost overwhelming to feel his knot expanding, scent his musky fur, and the scent of the human he once was with the senses of a beast.

Yet, as the wolf took hold, the urge to satisfy his lust took hold, and he thrust forward, knot slapping against Eli's backside seeking entry. The human had no ability to resist as it was forced in, the wolf's orgasm coming far faster than either were prepared for. Still, there was once more thing the beast needed to do, finding the pleasure great but knowing not all was correct. With a surprisingly gentle tongue, he lapped at the back of Eli's neck before sinking his fangs through the flesh, barely requiring any force to break the skin. It was an odd impulse, though the flavor of blood quelled his other hunger, and it was almost tempting to sink his fangs in further and eat his fill as he came. Yet, the wolf had other plans for this vessel...

Lost in then fear and the painful pleasure of being fucked, Eli hardly had the ability to think a second beyond the penetration of the wolf's fangs. Yet, in the fading few seconds before he lost consciousness, Eli was able to glimpse the golden gleam of the beast in Alister's eyes, a sign that he had lost the fight and had surrendered to the animal. Such occurred in tandem with his rapidly throbbing knot and the rush of semen within his bowels, though Eli was barely able to perceive the warmth as the teeth biting into the nape of his neck sent a shockwave of pain through him, and he passed out.

The beast held his teeth within the human's neck for some moments, feeling his cock awash in semen back to his knot. He was as tender as he could be, though was clearly too rough for the weak human. He would not remain that way for long, the wolf's mind reasoned. Too weak for a mate, his infectious saliva would fix that, make them alike, and provide a worthy mate for his thick wolf cock. Thoughts of a proper mating filled his thoughts as the knot tied them together, the human's body slick with sweat and a small puddle of his own semen. Still, that other hunger persisted, and as soon as his knot released its hold over the prone human, he took off through the door of the cabin, bounding into the night. With a powerful howl to announce his domination over the forest, the wolf took off, free to take his pound of flesh from whatever unfortunate being came across his path...

The warm sunlight pouring through the cabin window roused Alister slowly from sleep, blinking a few times and yawning before realizing the disgusting taste on his mouth. It was raw and a little coppery, almost like eating a bloody steak. Yet, there was no way he could have gone to bed without brushing his teeth...unless...

Panic rushed through his mind as the memories of the previous night rushed him in droves. The bite, the infection, the change, and worst of all, the *hunger* were all there, all as part of his being as the human experience he was in right now. Though he could not recall feeding, hunting, or killing, the taste in his mouth was all he needed to know what his wolf self had been up to. And given that he had not driven out to the cabin alone, his fear for his friend was at the forefront of his thoughts.

Racing out into the small kitchen, Alister felt his heart sink when he realized Eli was missing. A sob started in his throat before the sound of the bathroom door made him stop. Turning around suddenly, he was shocked to see Eli standing there in a towel, having just come out of the shower. Before Eli could utter a single word, Alister was on him, taking him in a heavy hug and almost squeezing too hard, making the poor man groan.

“Woah, down boy!” Eli said before Alister pulled back, and, realizing he was still naked, and a little erect, made a panicked cry and ran back toward the bedroom to get some clothes on. Part of him knew it was a moot point, given what Eli had seen and what he had done as a wolf. But there was something about composing himself in a more conventional human manner, clothes and all, that made him feel more down to earth. It was as much as the truth that he was a lycanthrope in a world where such things were largely fiction, a reality he would have to come to terms with for maybe the rest of his life.

A little while later, Eli and Alister were at the table, sipping coffee in silence, not really sure what to say. Alister wanted to get back to the city, but there was every chance the lunar cycle would affect him for more than one night. Having planned for that possibility, the two were planning to stay here for at least two more nights, waiting to see how it would affect Alister. And he had to admit, there was something exhilarating about being out in the middle of the woods, perhaps something that spurred on his newly discovered lupine side. He wasn't sure if that was the case, but it was nice to get back to nature, either way. Hell, he was even inclined to ask Eli to go on a hike with him, happy he had brought a change of clothes to replace the ones torn by the change.

Of course, there was another elephant in the room, one that went unspoken between the two. Even though the wound had healed right away, Eli was sure he recalled he had been bitten the night before and was likely infected. There was no way to know if he would change tonight, or next month depending on how long it took to marinate in his system. All of it was so new, so foreign that it was a wonder it was really happening at all!

Spending the day in nature felt right to the both of them, though it seemed that moonrise was not far off. As much as Alister wanted to be confined, there was no point, given he had already broken the lock on the front door. And he had evidently made his way through the forest,

hunting and chasing and consuming prey, thankfully not something that was Eli. Although part of him was worried about what would happen to Eli if he was to change again, there was another part of his mind that somehow felt such would be moot. Almost as though Eli wouldn't have anything to fear from a wolf like him, a fellow wolf...

This time, Alister was ready for the burning changes to assail his form, having taken off his clothes already. Eli was there, of course, though did not think it prudent to strip, not sure he would change and a little ashamed about being seen nude besides. Yet, such was to be his bane as the same intense heat burned through his being. It seemed unlikely that the infection could work its way through him so fast to change him, though the moon's pull was strong, and Eli had no recourse but to feel the pain burning through him, perhaps worse than Alister had experienced given the virus had more time to adapt to his body.

Unlike last night, Alister had more awareness of his change almost to the point of welcoming it as his body was warped into that of a beast. They were largely the same, claws bursting from fingers and toes in a spray of blood, tail working its way out of his back, and his torso cracking with bone and muscle as it warped into the shape of a beast. Yet, as Alister allowed his mind to roll back without resistance, it seemed not only to ease the aches of change but accelerate them, as though the beast was the true him, being reborn into his idealized self. Even as parts of himself were stripped away, Alister was surprised with how much of himself, in particular his memories and intellect, remained intact this time. His only regret was that his memories of the night before were largely absent, wishing he could recall what it felt to fuck his friend for the first time. Though it was something he could easily remedy once Eli had changed, and his lupine ass was ripe for the taking...

Even as his muzzle pushed out and his skull compressed in on his humanity, Alister was hardly pained by the intrusion, finding it rather smooth, easier for him to process. The wolf was still there, of course, still rising to meet Alister's mind in order to take it over. And it still pained him to have his psyche bombarded by physiology and psychological change, to the point he cried out with a decidedly lupine howl. Yet, with his acceptance of his lupine self, it seemed the wolf was not seeking dominance but rather a merger with his human self. Naturally, it was able to agonizingly strip away those parts that were no longer needed, such as Alister's shame of his bloodthirsty nature and his reluctance for accepting or experimenting with his sexuality. It came with a sense that the wolf's inclinations were normal, natural, and a part of him as much as anything his humanity had required. It was, in some sense, a watered-down version of the wolf, enough of Alister remaining aware of who he was and what he desired to do. He might even have some control over the beast, as much as he could when their objectives were aligned.

Eventually, even the agony within his mind seemed to diminish, and Alister was left with the remnants of himself settling into the wolf, slotting themselves in perfectly as though the final

puzzle pieces were matched together. The urges were overwhelming only for a moment as balance was restored and he was able to see the world through the eyes of the new being he had become. His gaze settled on Eli's still shifting form, down on his hands and knees, covered with sweat and staring as claws burst from fingers and toes, and human hairs raised to their lupine equivalents. His body was tensing, preparing to crack and force his changes aggressively into a new form. He could barely hold the beast back, as though knowing it was certainly allowed it in faster, wanting it to take over to limit the pain bothering the human him.

Naturally, the sight had Alister's cock throbbing, the desire to have something around his knot more powerful than his previous human inclinations as he moved on all fours to mate. A part of him wondered what it would be like to be knotted in turn, as much as the human him would have loathed the notion of such. As a wolf, it was about living in the moment, and at present, he wanted nothing more than to fuck this wolf into form. Perhaps, later that night...

A hybrid cry escaped Eli's lips as he was forcefully fucked, his enlarging backside at least able to take it easily this time. A growing tail brushed through Alister's chest fur as it grew, barely confined as the massive beast climbed on his back. The changes were still wracking his body, his chest preparing to burst forth and causing him excruciating pain beyond belief. Yet, the ache of being penetrated took precedence, and as his soon-to-be lupine penis rose from his newly-formed shift, Eli felt his being giving into pleasure. It seemed as though giving into the beast and its inclinations allowed the change to come more naturally, something Alister seemed to share. With that knowledge, Eli felt his eyes fluttering back, the wolf climbing into his mind being welcomed as he allowed it to take over and feel the pleasure of being knotted and cumming all over his chest...

Once more, the warm morning light settled on Alister's chest, waking him slowly as he rubbed his belly, full and satisfied beyond belief. Memories of running on all fours, fucking and hunting hit him all at once as the warmth settled over his body, and a heady, pleasant smell wafted in his nose, one that was not coming from him. Looking down, it seemed that his belly was against Eli's back, cock erect and almost seeking Eli's pucker. A blush crossed his features as his penis found its way comfortable inside his friend's rear, Alister softly groaning from the contact. He could hardly imagine doing something as his human self, and slowly, almost reluctantly, he pulled out, enough to wake Eli.

Feeling the now-familiar sensation of having a cock inside his rectum, Eli blushed as well, not saying anything as he got up and made his way to the kitchen, presumably to make them coffee. Alister, fixated on his friend's nude form, realized the change had effects on his body as well, ones that made the man more fetching. None were as notable as his 6 inch flaccid cock, though the man was taller, more toned, and *hairy* in a way that served to turn the formally straight man hard. Be it a fragment of the wolf that had worked its way into his humanity, or

simply the experimentation of having sex with another male, Alister was rock hard at the sight, almost drawn to him. Enough to follow him into the kitchen and...

Before Eli knew what was happening, Alister's naked body was behind him, pulling down the other man's boxers. Turning him around, Alister lifted him up tenderly, taking him against the wall, cock easily finding its way into Eli's pucker without lubricant. Eli wanted to question what was going on, but the pleasure was simply too great, and soon, Alister was thrust to the hilt in him, holding him up with strength that defied his humanity. The two of them fucked for a few minutes like that, giving themselves over to the pleasure of writhing bodies and sweet, sweaty musk. It took little time for Alister to reach his end, cock spasming and spilling a modest, warm load inside his friend. Eli was jerking himself off all the while, and with the knowledge that he had pleased his alpha, it was easy to let himself go, cumming all over their hairy chests and filling the air with that pleasant male miasma.

Eventually, Alister's arms relaxed and he let Eli down, staring at him with an excited expression. "Why?" Was the only thing Eli could think to ask, as much as he didn't want to ruin the moment.

"Fuck...it felt right. Amazing, even. I don't know if I'm gay but...does it matter?" Alister replied, finding truth in the words. Alister wasn't sure if that applied to other men, or what it meant for his sexuality. But there was no denying his level of attraction to his friend, something he was sure was reciprocated, regardless of how little the wolf had changed Eli's own inclinations.

Lost in the euphoria of the moment, Eli took his moment. "Umm, well, mind if I sniff your pits while we change? I can jerk you off, too, if you want. I wanna feel it changing in my hand if we do..." Eli asked, sheepishly. It had sounded so right in his head, but now that the words were out in the air, he felt shame in them. What would Alister think?

Yet, he could not have prepared for the next words out of his friend's mouth. "If we change or not, you'll get your wish..." He said, with a grin. In truth, his mind was elsewhere, though more focused on what would happen after that. It would have never crossed his mind before, but he found himself a little fixated on what it would be like to bottom for a guy, in particular, Eli. A shudder of disgust was soon replaced by further arousal, as though still teetering on the edge of his sexuality and inclinations. Though, the more he reflected on it, the more the idea of Eli taking him seemed to appeal to him, enough for him to wonder it aloud...

"Hmmm...yeah...I think so..." Alister said, not realizing his words were without context. Still, the slight blood flow to his cock gave Eli a clear path from which the words originated.

“Oh, what’s that mean?” Eli said, trying to sound coy but more confused than anything.

“You’ll find out later tonight…” Alister simply said, flashing a toothy grin as his mind turned toward thoughts of the moon, and what this next shift would do to them now that both of them embraced their new beasts…