

In my rage, I slammed the door, not caring about the bang reverberating through the apartment. A light splintering of wood echoed in my ears, and I chastised myself for my stupidity. Great, another thing to be pissed at myself for. I froze a little, almost afraid to hear Josh's footsteps, but he hadn't bothered to follow me. I just hoped my little outburst didn't make him madder. He had every right to be. Yet even with my own pain, I didn't want to make it worse. Hence why I stormed off for the bedroom, to sequester myself in my guilt and shame. Forcing isolation as both a punishment and a safeguard in equal measure.

I laid on the bed we'd started sharing less than a month ago, hot tears running down my cheek. Careful of my claws, I rubbed my thick beard, hating the irritation caused by the salty fluid. I wished I could shave it off, but there was no fucking point. Fucking fur just kept growing back.

I did my best to keep it quiet, not wanting to sob lest I make Josh even more upset. The last thing I needed was him feeling bad for me when I'd hurt him so much. Still, I couldn't control the tears as they flowed readily down my face.

I tried not to replay the scene over and over in my mind, but my depression only served to sow it on repeat, a loop that each time made the memory worse. He was frustrated at the situation, not at me for changing into a...werewolf. He didn't take it out on me, not really. But in my depressed state, I took it that way.

I shouldn't have fucking shouted. He deserved better. He deserved better than...me. THIS. I know it wasn't my choice to make, but I'd forced it on him. That made me shit, didn't it? Fucking throwing everything he'd said, everything we'd been through, especially these past few months right back in his face. Telling him to leave me, that he didn't need my shit. He had every right to leave.

My ears twisted at the sound of the door closing and shoes on steps and gravel. I wanted to get up and look out the window, but what fucking right did I have? The last thing he needed to see was my yellowed eyes looking at him longingly. I didn't want him to have any doubts if leaving was what he needed. Fuck, it hurt like hell, but I DESERVED this! It wasn't really my fault I was changing...hell, I didn't even know WHOSE fault it was but...

The sound of his car driving down the gravel made me sob finally. I couldn't stop myself. I was at least thankful the neighbors couldn't hear me, else they would have complained weeks ago about the loud sex. My entire body wracked with sobs as I snuggled the plush wolf he'd given me for my birthday. Even if he left-I couldn't blame him-I think I would keep it. Even if it hurt like hell, I would keep it. He was my first...my first man. I owed him everything.

I didn't know how long I lay there, staring into the ceiling blankly even as the shadows slowly crept across the room from the coming evening. My chemistry test was in a few days, but I didn't give a shit. I couldn't hide the changes anymore, anyway. Fuck, on top of everything else, I didn't even have a LIFE to return to. Not looking like this, especially as the changes continued. The tears came even harder then, though I thought I'd been done by now. My future was so frightening, so uncertain.

Save the trembling of my body brought on by sobs, I stayed perfectly still, too ashamed to even move, thinking I deserved no better. I reached out only to grab a tissue on the shelf beside my bed, blowing my black nose, so I didn't get snot on the sheets. It didn't matter, not really. Josh wasn't going to be sleeping on it tonight. Maybe not ever again. I knew I should offer to sleep on the couch, but he wasn't going to talk to me when he got home. He would sleep on the couch while he found a new place, most likely. I knew that would be the most likely outcome. I had been here first, and in my current condition, apartment hunting was out of the question.

It was getting dark outside, but it didn't seem to bother my amber eyes as much. I guess I hadn't paid attention before now. I was still getting used to everything, and new alterations kept cropping up each day. It's what I got for always using lights, I supposed. I could hardly tell it was getting darker. All our stuff, all our dirty laundry and dressers, and everything he owned was all on full view. My first live-in relationship and I fucked it up this bad.

Even with how well I could see, it didn't escape my notice when a bright light illuminated the room. I looked up to see the full moon on display, streaming through the window, the first time I'd recalled seeing it in months. Shitty northern climate being always fucking cloudy. I actually chuckled a little at the irony. Should I get up and maybe howl at it? Strip off my pants and hope I just turned into a wolf now and run off into the night without a useless human thought in my head? It would be better than this fucking slow burn I was forced to suffer. But that was an entirely different problem, and my current pity party was far from over.

I was starting to feel a little better now. Not happy, not by a long shot. Resigned, I guess? That sounded better to me. I would force myself through it as I'd always done for so many years. It would keep me going. It would keep me from...well. I wasn't going to do that again. One good thing to come of this, anyways. I stared down at my wrists, finally free from the reminder of my worst fuck ups. A clean slate, though greyish brown hair nearly obscured the skin, anyway.

Fuck, I hated myself. I know I hadn't done anything wrong, not irredeemably wrong, anyway. Then why was I such a damn child?! I mean, realizing you're slowly turning into a wolf-man isn't something that happens every day, and I had every right to be upset but...Josh didn't deserve that. Not to be told to leave me cause I was a fucking freak. Forcing him out the door, then getting mad because I pushed him? I was mad at myself. There wasn't an excuse. He really did deserve better.

I finally force myself up, the rumblings in my belly growing troublesome. I wasn't ready to eat anything, not with how shitty I felt, but it was hard to keep still with the gnawing hunger. My appetite had been ravenous over the past few weeks, and the more I changed, the worse it seemed to get. I held my belly, the pouch of flab I once had toning nicely, even if it was covered in a thick brown fur. I couldn't even see the skin in some places. For the past seven days, it was getting thicker. When was I going to be completely covered?

I took a look in the mirror, still not used to the sight of glowing golden eyes. The lupine visage staring back at me always bore some interest, as terrified as I was by its presence. I raised a thick nailed finger to take a look at my canines. Looking at them under my lips, seeing blackened gums and pointy teeth. It was...unnerving, to say the least. A constant reminder of how every time I looked into the mirror I was no longer human.

I turned my head, the side profile really showing how long my face was. Definitely longer than the last time I saw it. I had felt the aches and pains in my jaw this morning to prove that. It was menacing, the profile of a beast. I always loved wolves, hell, even dreamed of being one, I admit. But now, that I actually was...that I was still changing more to resemble one... Hey, careful what you wish for, right?

My ears perked up at the sound of tires over gravel as a car pulled into the driveway, the engine turning off and the door opening. I lay down on the bed again, awash in my guilt and not wanting to make a sound. I recalled having the same reaction in my childhood. It was an inappropriate reaction, I knew.

FUCK, I SHOULD go out there and apologize. At least come up with something. But everything I could think up sounded like begging him to come back. So I stayed there, still as I could be, not wanting to bother him, in case he was just here for a few things before heading out to spend the night elsewhere. He still had class tomorrow, was still human enough to go.

I smelled it before he knocked on the door. The scent of fried fast food wafting into my nose. Of MEAT. The odor made my mouth water, and my stomach gurgled. Of everything I was expecting, it wasn't THIS. Was he bringing me food?

I stayed quiet as he entered, turning on the light and making me wince. Yet at the sight of him waving the bag, I looked up, resisting the urge to pant. Apparently, I did a damn poor job. "Common, big guy, I know how crabby you are when you're hungry. Come out and eat with me, and we can talk then. OK?" He said as he tossed me the bag. I took a cautious sniff, the succulent scents of chicken fingers greeting my nose. He'd gotten me three orders!

I heard him open a few bottles of beer in the other room as I dipped the first on my fingers in plum sauce. I didn't know how the change had been messing with my body, and I hoped that it wouldn't fuck with my insides too much. So far it hadn't, so I figured I was good to

eat as I normally did. I did my best to eat slow, but in my ravenous cravings, the first 5 stripes were devoured before Josh came back into the room.

Josh passed me a bottle before taking a swing of his own and then sat it down on the counter. He pulled out his own burger, biting into it before noticing the stare I was giving. “Hey, you have your own!” He scolded, and reflexively my ears curved down. His facial features softened a little, and I felt a little embarrassed.

“Sorry, it's just, the new sniffer. Everything smells good, and I don't realize I'm doing it...” I said, trying not to blush, though I wasn't sure how much he could see through all my fur anyway.

“Don't worry, it's kinda cute,” He said, making me blush even more. I'd only been with him for such a short time, but fuck if he didn't know how to make me blush!

Yet my smile faded a little as he sat his beer down and gave me a stern expression. *Here it comes*, I thought as I braced myself. I tried not to tense too much, but this new body was so...expressive? I didn't know if it was the lupine instincts welling up in my mind or what, but it wasn't an uncommon thing for dogs, or even wolves to communicate mostly through body language.

“OK, so, first off, it's not THAT talk. Don't worry,” he started, and I instantly relaxed. “I'm not going to leave you, big guy. Not after all this. You can't push me away so easily,” he said softly, and the tears started coming.

“But you gotta promise me something, right now, before we go any further. Stop pushing me away. I'm not going to take that. That shit hurts man. I know how much it hurts you to say it. And you told me how you can kinda smell emotions now, right? You know how much it hurts me too. Man, don't do it. Get mad, get sad. But do it with me, OK, honey?” He said before reaching out with a hand to lay it gently on my thigh.

I opened my mouth to speak, but he just raised his hand to indicate that he was not finished. “I wish you loved yourself as much as I love you, honey. I know you were getting there with therapy. And I know that this situation is fucked up. Who the hell has ever had to deal with turning into a...” He paused, wondering what the word was.

“Werewolf?” I supplied, not really sure how appropriate it was myself.

“Yeah, werewolf,” He said, as though the word didn't quite sound right aloud, despite every evidence to the contrary. “Look, I can't imagine what you're going through. After all the shit we've both experienced, this happens?! Like, how do you even deal? What 's the proper response?”

Tears were flowing down my face then, finally allowing myself to feel the pain of the events of the last few weeks, hell, some of it my entire life. Josh came over and gave me a hug, and I embraced him, careful not to squeeze him with my stronger body.

“I know it's not going to be easy. I know you're hurting in ways that I can't even imagine. I know that it will cause you to be irrational, irritated, and maybe even lash out a little. You do what you need to do to feel it while we get answers. Just don't abuse yourself, honey. It abuses me too. I know it might happen, and I don't expect you to get it right all the time. But I know you'll work on it. You've gotten so much better since high school. You've come so far, and even a slip up doesn't put you back at square one. OK, baby?” he finished, looking into my golden eyes.

I kissed him then, a light touch that was full of love and compassion for the man who had chosen to stick by me through what had to be the worst experience of my life. How could I ever repay him? He didn't ask me to. All he asked was that I try. I could do that for him. I could do that much.

We sat there on the couch and finished our food, Josh rising to get us two more beers while we watched some classic Simpsons episodes, silly things to relax and take our mind off things. It was really wonderful feeling his body snuggly against my fuzzy one, and him complementing how warm I was with my furry body.

I felt so relaxed that I hardly noticed my eager erection sneaking up in my shorts. It had been a few days since I'd gotten off, and with my changing body, even before the physical changes started, I had been needy as hell, so much that Josh couldn't keep up. Yet I didn't want to ask him to help when I looked so much like an animal.

But to my surprise, or perhaps excitement, a slight odor in the air wafted into my nostrils. It even overpowered the scents of booze and grease. It was a light musk, the perfume of precum that I realized was coming from Josh. I gazed over carefully, licking my lips at the sight of his erect. Noticing me staring, Josh blushed a little, bashful of his erection. Yet despite that, his hand on my lap reached out to lightly tease my cock head, making me murr from even the slightest contact.

“I know we haven't...not since...but...you're um...bigger, right?” Josh asked, sounding hopeful. A sniff of the air told me why he seemed a little bashful from the statement. But I didn't need my new nose for that. I could see that familiar bulge in his jeans, that lovely outline I'd learned to enjoy on so many nights of our exploration. Fuck, I wanted to jump his bones right there. But I couldn't. Not without being sure.

“Look, I know you...you smell nice. And I know you want it as bad as I do, but...what if...I'm...you know...contagious?” I asked, myths of werewolf lore coming back to me all at once.

He let out a laugh at that, but I couldn't be sure why. "I don't care about that, dummy! Besides, you said this started, like, what, a month ago? I would have caught it already!" He said a laugh that made me smile. He was so damn CUTE with that big dopey grin!

I moved in to kiss him again, careful of my bigger tongue as I did. Part of me wanted to move slowly, but like before, I was so fucking turned ON by his scent. Still, I wasn't sure how much he'd go for the bestial visage I'd acquired in the past week.

Evidently, he'd go for it quite a bit. He was kissing me back, more urgently as he forced his hand into my pajamas. I moaned into his lips as his fingers traced around my girth. I'd always been a little thick, but now I was HUNG, at least a few inches larger than I had been before all this shit went down. It was clear Josh wasn't complaining as he continued to enjoy the contours of my cock with his hand, as though exploring me for the first time all over again.

Though my boyfriend was hardly small himself, it too felt like a brand new experience to play over his meat through his pants with my massive paw-hand. Yet it did not take me very long to discover all I could now do with it, reaching down a thumb and playing over his balls while the rest of my fingers traced over his shaft and cock head, making him moan in pleasure as I did so. It was one advantage of being so large, the ability to please multiple points at once. My searching fingers found the exact sweet spots to make him writhe and leak, his delectable fluids eagerly drank in by my new canine nose!

I could tell Josh was getting a little impatient, especially from the scents and body language of his shivering form. I gently reached down, running my hands over his ass and gently picking him up, eliciting a grunt of pleasure as I did so. He raised his head to tenderly kiss my muzzle as I kissed his lips in return. It wasn't a long walk to the bedroom, though I could easily carry him much further with the new strength in my body.

Gently, I lowered him on the bed, not caring that the sheets were a little crumpled from my earlier activities. I got on top of him, giving him a kiss as I reached down to tease his cock through his pants once more. I broke the kiss only enough to undo the zipper on his pants and pull his leaking cock out of his underwear. I found an angle I could grip it at properly, and still reach up with my proto muzzle to continue the steamy make-out session.

Josh was not planning to let me have all the fun. Although he could not stroke me from the angle he was at, he did have the luxury of reaching up and stroking the spots where I'd told him about my extra nipples. The moment his hands touched played over the pert patches of flesh, I moaned, his adept fingers sending tremors of pleasure all the way down to my cock tip. I was almost forced to stop him, getting close from even that slight teasing!

Soon his seeking hands were brought to the pair opposite it, making my tremble and kick my leg in a manner I wasn't yet accustomed to. I was kicking like an eager dog! Rather than being fearful, I relished the loss of control to Josh's whims as his hand moved lower, targeting

the next pair of nipples with practiced precision as an all-new wave of ecstasy overtook me. The slight tingling on my skin from the first pair only served to accentuate the feelings of pleasure on my virgin pairs. It was as though each sensitive spot of flesh was wired into my brain's pleasure centers, sending jolts from every possible angle to maximize my satisfaction. I could cum from that alone!

Josh was far from done. He still had a few pairs to go through and was determined to learn all my new buttons as best he could. I tried my damndest to keep a steady grip on his cock, but my mind was drowning in endorphins now, and I could hardly focus on my task. My grip waned, and I started panting like a dog, but I didn't care. Josh was still trying to kiss me, but at the insistence of my tongue, he pulled back, giggling from the feeling of my massive tongue on his face. Going with the flow, I started licking him insistently, covering him with canine kisses as he squirmed and writhed and laughed.

"Hey, down boy!" He yelled, trying playfully to push me off. His open mouth made a perfect target, and my thick tongue was inside him, trying to wrap around his own and take him in a wonderful french kiss.

We continued to make out like that for as long as he dared, my hips gently thrusting against his body, trying my best to frot out turgid rods together as we did. But the aches and pangs in our loins needed more. I could smell from the pungent air how close he was getting, though the ache in my own cock was just as much an indication.

Eventually, Josh was the one to break the kiss, my senses keeping me entangled with my lover's own longer than I was able to resist. He looked up at me with lustful eyes, his face covered with drool from my slobbering canine tongue. Yet he never looked more lovely. I reached down for a quick pec on the cheek, which he gratefully returned.

"Love you so much, honey," I whispered, never feeling the words mean more than I did now.

"Love you more, sweetie," Josh replied with our familiar yet special rhetoric, kissing me back, gently holding my shaggy brown mane as eventually, we rose, staring down at rigid cocks with pangs of lust and need.

The urge to mate and rut was heavy in my cock, but Josh shook his head, a little regret in his eyes. "I fucking want to dude, but...let me get some practice in first. You're a little too big for me now, but some time to play with...well, YOU shaped toys should help. There's plenty on the net. Yeah, I looked. Don't give me that look," he said, obviously seeing the confusion in my eyes. Though admittedly, the idea had somewhat appealed to me before now.

And besides, you need to get fucked now, as punishment," He said, his voice dripping with need.

I couldn't argue with that logic. I got up, kissing him deeply while giving his prick a little tease before walking out to the bathroom. I had a pretty thorough ritual of cleaning myself, and it only took about twenty minutes to make sure I was ready for him to go in smoothly. Being monogamous, we didn't use condoms and wanted to be as clean as possible for that luxury of added pleasure. Plus, it had the bonus of helping me stretch myself, though, with my larger size, I didn't think it would be too much of an issue this time!

I got down on my stomach, looking back and moaning as he generously applied lube to my canine asshole. His fingers played over my asshole, down over my balls and taint, teasing me as long as he thought I would allow. I had to admire his pacing; though this particular type of sexual exploration was new for both of us, Josh seemed to adapt rather well, as eager for this combined experience as I was.

"OK, get ready stud," Jost said as he guided his girthy cock head towards my opening. I relaxed as best I could, pushing out with my sphincter muscles as I felt his cockhead touch my opening. I'd had some experience with him before, and thankfully this time wasn't much different. For lack of a better term, my wolf hole wasn't any larger than it's human equivalent, and Josh struggled to get himself pressed against it. Yet the opening did seem...more muscular? I wasn't sure, but the instant my anus felt his cock head touching it, the muscles pulled inwards, eliciting a grunt of surprise and pleasure from his lips as he pushed all the way in.

I growled a little in my thicker canine tone as I felt Josh's meat all the way inside me, its mere presence opening me up and tickling my needy prostate. I had enjoyed anal before and loved taking turns with my lover, but there was something about being taken now that seemed to sit well with my altered psyche. It was if I...had my place? Was that right? Either way, my body seemed to work well with the altered mentality, and I was already starting to counter thrust, as though begging my lover to fuck me.

"Woah, someone's eager, boy!" Josh said as he grunted a little and started pulling out, pushing forward once more as his hips moved to match my enthusiasm.

I found myself panting early from the euphemism "Boy." I was being treated in canine fashion; though I was more wolf than dog, it was music to my ears! Knowing I belonged, had my place, and was making my mate happy all combined into a potent cocktail of lust that coated the bed in strings of my precum as I reached back with my hand to tease the tender flesh.

"Looks like I get to put the mighty beast in his place," Josh said, finding his pace with a slick slapping sound, his balls making rapid contact with my fuzzy ones as he started humping my ass with gusto.

One hand rubbed my furry back and arching spine while the other reached down to tease my furry balls and taint while I stroked my thick red canine cock. My entire body pulsated from the contact, every muscle seemingly intent on taking that rigid dick as far inside me as it could



manage. Reflexively I felt something wriggling above my ass, sticking out of my spine as an audible crack of the column resonated through the room. It hurt a little, the brief addition of change, but with Josh so far inside me, there was little that could deter me from the bestial orgasm I so readily craved!

I tried my best to slow my pace to keep up with his, but the needs in my penis were far too great. Still, Josh seemed to be getting the hint, his own urgency spurring him on and bringing him closer as well. We rocked back and forth, moans, and grunts our only communication as we made love with more vigor than ever before in our brief relationship.

Though several things would still take time for me to get used to in this new body, one of them certainly wasn't the sex. Everything was better in this form. I was so alive, so virile, so powerful in the canine visage I was steadily being granted. And every sensation was supplemented by the myriad of senses my new form added.

As I played over my much larger cock, I became aware of the engorged flesh at the base that seemed to bulge with blood the more I stroked myself. I'd played with it before, but in the ensuing days, it seemed to have become more canine in its configuration. It as the most sensitive area of my cock, the stimulation of encompassing it alone nearly enough to bring me release.

Lost in the reverie of our lovemaking, I was barely aware of the swelling in my testicles as my end neared. The slick sensations of my rough paw pads on my leaking cock were amplified by the steady thrusts of my boyfriend in my asshole, his own thrusts becoming more erratic with his need to orgasm. He was moaning audibly, barely able to form coherent sentences, but then neither was I as the inevitable end drew near.

"Oh fuck baby..."

"So tight..."

"You're so big..."

"Take my cock beast! Take my cum!"

"I'm your beast! Cum in me baby!"

"I can't...I'm gonna... fuck I love you!"

"Josh! Fuck I love you too!"

"Gonna howl!"

"Howl for me, baby!"

I did howl, a bestial noise from my puffy jaw as my cock spasmed and blew all over my belly and the bed, the sheath keeping some of it firing straight. I rocked back and forth, my clenching anal muscles gripping Josh's decently sized prick and bringing him along for the ride. He cried out too, and I could feel his spasming cock blowing its own decent load into my bowels. I loved the fluid sensation inside me, the warmth on my back as he came and nearly collapsed from the exertion, pulling out gently and falling on the bed.

I held him close to my fuzzy chest after that, inhaling the thick musk of our lovemaking. There was something else in my mind, something that smelled familiar to me. He was more than just my boyfriend. He was...I wasn't sure. Alpha? Mate? The words seemed odd, but they were the only human equivalent I could come up with. Whatever the term, I felt bonded with him in ways that transcended the human terms we used previously to describe the relationship.

My brain might well have been changing along with me. But right now, I didn't care. Didn't I have enough shit to deal with without worrying how much more of a wolf I was going to be? So long as I stopped being stupid, Josh would be here to support me. And he was here, right now, wrapped up in my arms. I gave him a loving peck on the cheeks, making him stir and smile as I watched him drift off before allowing myself the same.