

Eli looked out into the oncoming night, the moon just barely visible as the sun began to set. It was that time of the month, those words having a distinct meaning for the man as he felt the internal stirrings of his beast once again. No matter how many times it came, the process was never any more comforting or familiar. No matter how many times his beast rose to the surface, Eli always dreaded its presence.

For three nights every month, Eli was subject to the whims of the moon, whether he wanted to be or not. What felt like many months ago, Eli had been out jogging late, something his boyfriend Alister had always advised against. Perhaps if he had heeded the warnings...

But no. There was no way to know that a beast of legend was on the loose, or that it would leave him bleeding out and for dead. Fortunately, his wounds healed, though Eli was left dizzy and disorientated by the whole affair. He didn't even have a good explanation for his lover as to why he'd come home, clothes drenched with his own blood yet not a visible scratch on him.

It wasn't until the following month that the two of them discovered what the events of that night truly meant. Eli was wracked with a heat the likes of which he had never experienced before in his life. His body throbbing with pain, memories of that night a month ago came back to him all at once. The creature that had attacked him, its glowing golden eyes. How it had nearly ripped him to shreds. How it might do the same to Alister...God, no!

Eli was soon to run out of the apartment in an attempt to hide, not wanting to put Alister at risk of the beast that he was becoming. Yet, there was no way to escape from what Alister had already seen, and his love running after him and trying and see what was wrong. There was no way that Alister could have known what he would stumble upon as Eli ran into the woods behind their house. The claws, the fur, the pain in Eli's expression that reluctantly turned into hunger...

Resourceful as he was, Alister managed to retreat to save his life from any ill that Eli's wolf might have caused him. Still, it was as obvious as the protruding muzzle on Eli's features that he was now cursed to be a werewolf, just as the beast that had bitten him and left him for dead.

Once morning came, and Eli reverted, the two of them were able to talk. After much crying, and hugging, and planning, the two of them came to a solution, albeit a temporary one. One not only to protect Alister and the world from Eli's wolf, but to keep Eli safe and protected while he changed at each full moon.

Several months passed, and the couple had fallen into a relatively comfortable routine. Alister and Eli had set up a soundproof room in their basement, one that Eli would be locked into every three-night period of the full moon cycle. And, for the first few months, it worked well. As

destructive as Eli's beast was, it was not sufficient to break loose. Left with some raw meat, the wolf was generally satisfied enough that it stayed put. Thankfully, with the padlock that Alister applied, even if someone was compelled to check on the room, it would be impossible to get in, much less hear the thrashing beast through the constructed barricades.

Eli felt terrible guilt, knowing he had no control or choice over the wolf but hating that he put his love through this on a monthly basis. Alister truly was the best boyfriend that Eli could have ever been with to support him during such a trying time.

To Eli's surprise, Alister seemed more interested in the process than afraid of the animal that Eli became on a tri-monthly basis. Eli would often be asked what he remembered during the change, how much of the process hurt and what felt good, what happened to his mind, and a myriad of other things. Eli appreciated the questions, even if he sometimes had little input to their answers. Alister's interest meant that he was in it for the long haul, and Eli could ask nothing more of his man.

Now, the second night of the moon that month was upon them, and Alister and Eli were hugging and getting ready to separate for the night before Eli underwent his change. It took them a few extra moments this time, the pain in Eli's eyes prompting his love to give him more affection. Yet, the aches and twinges of pain were starting to come on steadily, and Eli knew it was time to go to his nightly prison.

Back turned, not wanting Alister to see the golden flecks that might be present in his eyes, Eli surveyed his space for the evening. It was a basement room, concrete and unused since their apartment unit had central heating. The metal door was sufficient to prevent even the force of a wolf-man to burst out. The pair had purchased handcuffs, but the lack of damage caused by Eli's wolf seemed to make their usage unnecessary. Alister didn't want to hurt his love if it could be avoided, after all.

Satisfied that no new scents were present in the space, save that of the raw hamburger meat he would consume once changed, Eli went to sit himself down on the torn mattress in one corner where he could change without hurting himself against the concrete of the walls. His senses always became more acute right before the change, his smell and hearing far superior to anything the human had ever known or could even imagine. It was how he was certain this was a safe space. Even the landlord never bothered to check on it, much to the relief of both men.

The only human scent was that of Alister, his love's pheromones buried deep in Eli's nostrils. The familiar sound of the door being closed and locked hit his ears, almost making them twitch if they were able. Yet, for some reason, the smell of Alister in the room did not dissipate

as they usually did. Though Alister's scent was strong on Eli's own body, the odor of the other man shouldn't have been so potent. It was almost as though Alister was still...

What happened next was too fast for even Eli to react to. Alister was behind him, slapping cuffs on one hand before moving towards the radiator. It was not the first time he had felt the cold metal on his skin; the two had tried using cuffs the first night the basement was sought out as a potential retreat for the soon-to-be wolf. But the skill at which Alister applied them was more than Eli had been ready for. Soon, the other pair was slapped against the radiator, effectively trapping Eli in place as Alister regarded him with a look of excitement and lust.

"Wh-what's going on?" Eli asked, more afraid than angry. The door was closed already, and Alister was walking over to it, slapping on the lock and setting the key on the floor. There was little point keeping it locked from the inside, as Eli would lack the manual dexterity or cognizance to use the key. So, then why...?

Alister could only grin, staring at his love with a look that Eli recognized all too well. It was one that spoke of their bedroom fun, something only close lovers would understand. It was as though Alister *lusted* after him. Which was normally true and very welcome. Yet, under the current circumstances, Eli had no idea what it was that had attracted Alister. Eli was hardly at his best in the prelude to the throes of transformation!

Yet, before Eli could protest, a familiar heat assaulted his chest, making him moan as it spread through his entire trunk. Eyes widened, as though in search of the full moon to ease the pain of change. It was the only thing that Eli lamented about being down in the pervertible dungeon to metamorphose. He could not have the moon's rays to soothe the aches and pains of the process. Without them, the transformation was always agony, and Eli was about to be hit full force.

The heat continued to race through his body, making him sweat profusely as his glands emptied of their fluids. Eli was drenched in salty liquid, dripping off him in waves. A few muffled groans escaped his lips as his entire body started shaking, running hot and cold all at once. It was akin to having deadly flu, though no documented illness could make someone transform from one form to another.

Nothing he had seen from Hollywood could have prepared Eli for the reality of the transformation from human into a wolf-man hybrid. The pain of the change should have killed him a dozen times over. And it was possible that it did, to a certain degree, only to repair and revive him until he reached the form that had been imprinted on his cells.

Each time the process started from a different part of his body. No two changes were the same, though Eli hardly had the cognizance during the process to catalog each instance of transformation. This time, the aches seemed to center into his feet as they grew warmer than the rest of his body. It was as though the flesh was melting like wax to allow the bones and muscles underneath to expand without piercing the surface. The result was growing feet that looked hilarious large when compared to the rest of his sweaty, shivering body.

The change was more visceral than anything that the movies might have ever indicated. A series of wet cracks and pops rippled through his body as his toes started to contract, pulling inwards as the joints started to pop apart and dissolve in the digits. Soon, each toe resembled a nub sticking out of his foot, leaving very little else left. His larger toes were even worse off, diminishing into nothing as they moved upward with his heel.

From the skin of each toe, an eruption of keratin tore through, pointing out into blunt claws that dug into the mattress. The thickening talons were nearly the circumference of his toes, curving into blunt instruments of death. His old toenails were ripped away, dead skin on the floor that he would have to clean up every morning. But in the pain of change, they were quickly forgotten as the skin swelled between his toes, forming what could only be considered a thick webbing that prevented any movement that carried over from his human form.

By this point, the skin on his toes had swelled into black pads, thicker than the rest of the toe and allowing a grip on the floor as his paws outgrew the length of the mattress. The same thick skin formed on what was left of the balls of his feet. Had Eli the wherewithal to try and stand, he would need to acquire a digitigrade stance, walking on the tips of his feet as his heels gave him a hunched-over posture. But, in the midst of change, as he was, it was impossible for him to even consider standing until the process was over with.

Though they had shrunk relative to the length of his heels, Eli's calves swelled with meat and muscle, far thicker than his human counterparts. The knees above them remained stable, teasing the hybrid frame that Eli would acquire. Like his calves, his thighs packed on dozens of pounds of muscles, almost threatening to break through the skin. They swelled double their former girth, looking comically out of place against his hips and groin.

The pain was almost unbearable, past experiences never preparing him for the newness of each session of change. In other circumstances, he might admire the ease at which he gained new muscle, the envy of any bodybuilder. But in his current state, it was hard to find anything acceptable about the pain he was being forced to go through.

It was only an intense prickling that could draw Eli away from the aches of swollen muscles. The hairs over his legs and feet started itching fiercely, as though the follicles were

stretching at their pores. They were changing in composition, turning black from their normal light brown. They continued to lance outward, twice their normal length and far thicker. Eli was soon coated in a peppering of black lupine hairs before new fur could erupt from the surface to give him a fully wolven coat.

All the while, Alister stood there, staring as his love continued the beginnings of his shift. Eli felt a deep-seated sense of shame at that, the first time he was truly being watched over this process of transformation. Never before in his life was he so exposed and vulnerable. And his lover was just looking at him, staring with a strange sense of fascination that Eli had no words for.

Worse was the flush of unwanted arousal that started playing over Eli's crouch at just that moment. The change had an effect on Eli's lust that made him entirely uncomfortable. Yet, it was the one reprieve he had from the pains of the transformation. Once his phallus altered to match his lupine heritage, he could bring himself to orgasm, allowing him to undergo the rest of the process without going mad.

But, as blood flowed into his penis, never before had Eli felt so ashamed. Alister was the only one that ever saw him naked these days. Normally, he loved the way that his body seemed to spur on his love's arousal, bringing both of them a much-needed release. But, locked in place with his lupine feet, forced to stare as his human erection came to full mast and started leaking pints of precum, Eli never felt more embarrassed at exposure than at any point in his life.

Why? Why had Alister come to see him in such a compromising position? It was Eli's worst fear, one he'd harbored since he'd determined his 'condition' to be real. He didn't want Alister to see him like this, let alone be in the same room. What sort of madness had overcome his love to make him think that such an activity was safe, let alone desirable?

Worse Eli wasn't sure what the wolf would do once the change had been completed. It was one thing to be out in the world, hunting humans and forgetting what he'd done lest the metallic taste of blood was on his breath. But it was another entirely to be down here, Alister here with him as he completed the change into a deadly being. There was no telling what Eli would do once he saw humans as mere meat. Sure, he was chained for the moment but, what if that didn't last?

A thick, spicy scent wafted into his nose just then, making him flare his nostrils to try and drink it in. His nose had only subtly changed at this point, though it was enough that his senses were amplified. His hearing and smell were always hyped, especially in the interim between the beginning of the process and the time that his organs changed to their lupine configuration.

Though his mind often whited out soon after, Eli was aware of how potent his abilities were, enough to detect prey and threats for miles around, the main concerns to the wolf's mind.

Pungent, too, was the scent of arousal that came with the change. Eli would have never expected the beast to be so damn *horny*. Yet, the change was always lustful in ways that made Eli feel guilty. He didn't want to be some bloodthirsty beast, capable of disemboweling or decapitating at a whim. But, damn, if the process didn't light his cock on fire. It was a need worse than even what he experienced in the bedroom with Alister!

It was at that moment that Alister rose, taking off his shirt and unbuckling his pants. Normally, the sight of Alister stripping was a prelude to bedroom fun. But in this case, Eli was terrified. Not of what Alister intended to do; Eli's body was receptive, even if his mind wasn't at the moment. He wouldn't have any way to resist Alister's advances, not with the lust in his own body from the changes.

Rather, Eli was afraid that the wolf would hurt his lover, injure him, or worse. Perhaps injuring him was the worse outcome. What if Alister didn't want to be a beast like Eli was? Worse, what if he *did*? Alister couldn't understand what it meant to be a bloodthirsty animal, one that considered humans as little more than meat. Either way, Eli didn't want to hurt or perhaps kill his love. He had to convince Alister to stop!

Yet, Alister was already on top of Eli with his naked body, straddling him and rubbing sexual fluids all over Eli's leg. He stared directly into Eli's eyes, reflecting the lust that Eli's body put off in waves. Though the fear of what might happen was at the forefront, the bestial instincts of his body in tandem with the love he had for Alister made it impossible to lower his erection.

"Alister...stop...it's grrrrrr rrrrot safe!" He managed to growl out through the pain. Fear crossed his features, trying his best to show his boyfriend how afraid he was of his own beast. Maybe the terror he felt would stave off his erection, and give Alister the hint to run and preserve himself and his humanity!

Yet, to his dismay, Alister didn't seem to get the signal. Instead, he got onto Eli's lap, rubbing his still-human chest as he reached down for a tender kiss. Eli wanted to pull back but the scent of lust on his lover made him blush all over again as he reached back to return the gesture. Their lips pressed together, and a tremble of pleasure ran through Eli's body, making him shudder as his cock leaked another few pints of precum.

Alister reached down with one hand, gripping the two of their cocks together as they made out. Eli leaked like a damaged pipe as his fluids soaked the two men. Never before had he been

so horny in all his life. He wanted nothing more than to be fucked by his lover, taken from behind as he had been on so many nights.

Eli struggled to come to terms with what was happening, as impossible as it was. Why was his boyfriend engaged with something so dangerous? Only one thing seemed to come to mind. Alister seemed to be harboring some secret lust for either the process of transformation or Eli's experience through it. He hadn't mentioned anything of the sort before, though Eli did recall that he'd told Alister, much to his chagrin, that the change was arousing. How could he not see that was something that Alister would be into?

Yet, no matter how much Eli wanted to resist, the lust in his loins grew more and more insistent. It was often the case that he would suck himself off with new lupine flexibility, needing release as desperately as air or water. His paw-hands were often insufficient for the job, his muzzle needing to do as his beast got off on each and every transformation. But, with the presence of his love so near to him, it was nearly impossible to ignore the temptation in his loins. He wanted to be taken as they often did in their bed, and never before had it excited him so than in mid-change as he was now!

Grunting from the pain of transformation and the awkwardness of the position, Eli struggled with his changed paws, trying to bend over so he could expose his taut ass to his lover. He wanted to reach back and stretch himself; Alister was a bit on the larger side and such actions were needed in order for their normal bedroom fun. But his wolverine side was already a little larger than his humanity, and such preparation would not be required on this occasion.

Growling, Eli could feel the sensation of warm fluids being applied generously from Alister's poker as he rubbed it lovingly over Eli's rim. It almost felt as good as being fucked itself with the sensitivity that Eli was experiencing from the change. He felt that even such a simple action could make him blow the load in his testicles, only to have them fill again with ample seed as he unloaded his lupine essence over and over!

A groan escaped his lips as the muscles in his chest and arms swelled tightly around his skin. The pleasure he'd been feeling was a lovely interlude from the transformation that was overtaking him. And his asshole craved the red-hot poker that was soon to plunge inside. But it was hard to ignore the cracking of his ribs and pelvis that was altering his being into something very inhuman.

Yet, the sensation of Alister's meat shoving itself inside unceremoniously made Eli shudder more than the ribs that were pressing against the skin. He gasped in a deeper baritone from his lips as he was forcefully penetrated. In truth, he usually liked the idea of rough sex, but in the feral form being steadily acquired, his body seemed to *crave* it. After all, nothing Alister

could do would bring him any more pain than the changes that were wracking his body. And it was something that Eli welcomed, the needs in his loins being the proper indication.

Eli could feel his ass tightening around his lover's rod as the muscles started to shift. His rectum was rotating up towards the base of his spine, though its vice-like grip kept it on Alister's cock. It should have hurt, yet only a few pained grunts escaped the other man's lips. The thrust of his hips seemed enough to let Eli know that Alister had no intention of slowing down.

The pleasure of prostate stimulation was enough to drown out the ache of feeling his spine push out of his backside. The spinal columns rippled under the flesh as they expanded too fast for the skin to keep up. An alien appendage burst forth from his backside and started thrashing against Alister's belly as soon as it gained the ability to do so. It continued to lengthen, though remained bare of hair as was the rest of him, save for the formerly human coat that had grown to lupine proportions already.

Eli hardly had the cognizance to worry about the ache of his tail's growth, especially when Alister's hand reached down and started to rub at his balls, forcing the tingling to intensify. It was almost as though they were swelling to match the speed of his lover's rubbing. A deep, bestial growl escaped Eli's lips as his testicles ballooned impossibly full of lupine semen, threatening to explode through his still-human shaft.

Yet, one aspect of the change that the cut man craved from his lupine half was still to come. The sensation of the skin at the crown of his cock pulling downward, exposing sensitive, red flesh that quickly formed the inner surface of his penis as befit a wolf. Peeling all the way down to the base of his shaft, it soon sucked his cock inside, as though it was meant to stay there. And, it was, when not in use.

Eli moaned as Alister's hand traced over the peppering of black hairs that were playing over the newly regrown foreskin. He was scratching the itch in such an exquisite way that Eli growled his content, a lighter tone than the wolf would soon use. Hair coated the tip, running down the rim and over the fleshy sack to the base, where it proceeded the pepper parts of his groin. Though the human hairs of his untended bush had already lanced outward into wolverine fur, more were starting to spread to hide the minute patches of pale skin that still remained.

Alister was still inside Eli the entire time, his thick shaft leaking and making the shifting wolf growl his contentment at being filled and bred. It felt somewhat right to be taken in bestial fashion, to be fucked and rocked back and forth. Even though Eli was a beast, his growls deepening to match his wolverine stature, Alister was still taking him with the knowledge of a lover. He was gently coaxing the wolf out of his partner and easing the usual aches of the transformation in a way that Eli had never experienced until now.

With a suddenness that left Eli to growl in frustration, Alister pulled out all the way with a slick *pop*. Yet, before Eli could protest too much, the thick human penis was slid back in, albeit at a different angle. This motion prompted Eli to get down on his back as Alister climbed on top of him, careful of not letting his cock exit his lover.

For a moment, Eli found himself terrified, not wanting his teeth or claws this close to his partner. Being fucked from behind was one thing, Eli not being tempted to hurt or eat his boyfriend. It gave Alister the chance to escape if need be, to let him have his way with the wolf before the change took too much of Eli's mind. But to leave himself exposed like this...Eli was sure that if Alister pulled back and tried to run, the wolf would view him as a snack more tempting than the raw hamburger that had been left to sate the wolf's hunger once the change had completed.

Yet, when Eli tried to speak his protests, only harsh growls escaped his lips, the swelling in his chest evidently insufficient to create human words. In his hybrid state, Eli could scarcely utter a word as his chest continued to barrel and his human vocal abilities were robbed from him. Eli wanted to struggle with his changed form to try and escape, but could no more crawl from the mattress than an infant with his body in its current condition. He was left to lie there on his back and subject to the whims of whatever his boyfriend had in mind.

With a lusty grin, Alister looked down at the changes that had encapsulated Eli's chest. It had already begun to barrel, ribs and sternum pressing against the skin at what looked like painful angles. An already present treasure trail was thickened by the presence of the lupine furs that had replaced his own.

The male musk wafting off his sweaty frame seemed to have the desired effect on his lover as Alister's cock stayed inside the changing man. Alister's human nose was sniffing the air, Eli's hormones potent enough to be detected by limited human senses. Better than that, Alister knew exactly what turned his lover on, even when Eli was shifting towards a bestial form. His nose lowered itself, audibly sniffing the wolven hair that has already replaced Eli's armpits. It seemed the beast had a weak point, even in his altered form.

Eli snarled as Alister lowered his lips and started teasing the lupine hairs of Eli's chest. Yet, the moan was one of excitement, of anticipation as Eli's needs overrode the bestial ones that were slowly welling up in his mind. He loved it when Alister teased his male assets, especially the hair along his chest and armpits, a manly bush that Eli deliberately left unattended.

With no further fanfare, Alister lowered his lips and stuck his tongue into the moist, hairy armpits that Eli lifted with insistence. He wanted his lover to explore that private place, to

experience the hair and the male stink that his armpits produced. Alister often liked to lick at the hairy man's hidden areas, especially his groin and armpits. The sensation of a tongue lapping at the fluids that Eli's physiology had so readily expelled sent the changing man to levels of arousal that even the transformation had not yet granted him.

Alister's eager tongue seemed to stimulate a part of the beast's instincts that Eli wasn't sure had yet risen yet. The itching of hair growth was accentuated by Alister's eager tongue, making the follicles burst through the skin to meet his ministrations. The bush of lupine hairs was already thick, growing from the sweaty remnants of his unshaved armpits. His lupine form no longer sweat, but his pits were already drenched in the remains of pungent fluid as Eli changed.

Alister took to that coat of hair like a man starved, slurping and lapping up the sweat like a fine wine. Everywhere his tongue touched, Eli could feel more hairs peppering the skin, lancing through and making the changing man wince from the pleasure. Through some force of will or need to satisfy his lover, Alister's familiar ministrations seemed to be guiding the change in ways that Eli had never experienced before. As the skin around his armpits was soon obscured, Eli realized Alister was worshipping the change that was making Eli into a more masculine visage of himself.

All the while, Alister's hands were running up Eli's chest, teasing the treasure trail that had formed there. Eli loved the attention, growling as the warm skin burst forth with lupine fur. Seeking fingers eventually moved towards Eli's nipples, making the prone wolf-man squirm. While not necessarily an erogenous zone on their own, the change made every inch of Eli alight with sensation, his nipples included. Eli squirmed, feet thrashing on the floor as the sensitive flesh was rubbed, pulled, and teased.

Soon, several welts erupted down along the length of Eli's chest, eliciting a helpless lupine whine from the beast. He wanted to touch them, but currently, claws were extending from his nails, and despite his ability to regenerate tissues, he had no inclination of harming himself mid-change. Thankfully, Alister's hands were there for him, rubbing down several pairs at once with practiced precision. It was almost as though he carried a roadmap to all of the places that Eli wished to have changed and stimulated. Despite his earlier fear, Eli couldn't help but wonder why he hadn't brought Alister inside with him the moment he discovered how sexual the change made him feel.

Eli's hands were mutating all the while, taking on the lupine visage as wicked talons erupted from former human fingernails. His hands bunched up, joints cracking as muscle and bone writhed underneath, giving him thicker fingers with slightly limited flexibility. Though his hands were to take on a hybrid state and not the fully lupine paws of his feet, they still did not

fully maintain the range of motion that the human Eli enjoyed. Still, with thickened pads of fingertips and palms, and the two-inch claws at the ends of each finger, these new paw-hands were far more suited to Eli's new needs than any human hands could hope to match.

With the barreling of his chest, stretching stomach, and hulking muscles, all that remained of the former human was his head and penis. He was panting now with a human tongue, the heat getting to him as Alister's touch and tongue continued spreading lupine fur all over his torso. The itching returned in spades as every inch of him was covered with prickling wolf fur. It was far more an intense sensation than the changes to his human covering, though this time, Alister's touch did help alleviate some of the discomforts, as best it could. Eli hardly had the wherewithal to scratch, not wanting to injure himself but not wanting to raise his claws lest he prick Alister. He had no idea what it would take to cause an infection. Maybe rutting into him or licking his sweat was already enough to have Alister join him on full moon nights.

A thought passed his mind then, one that filled him with equal parts dread and excitement. Alister must have thought the same thing before he came down here. What if the process infected him, made him shift into a wolf just like Eli did? What if that was Alister's goal? The process of change seemed to arouse him enough if the cock still inside Eli's bowels was any indication. What if a bite, a scratch, a taste of the wolf was just the thing that turned his lover on more than anything else in the world? Eli had no way to ask with his voice removed as it was.

The duel sensations of discomfort and lust were almost enough to break Eli's awareness of the world. He could already feel the stirrings of the beast inside his mind, and by now, he usually let the creature win and take over for the last bits of change. But, he didn't do that now, not with his love so close. There was no telling what the beast might do to Alister once it was in full control of his body. Would it eat him? Bite him? Or simply get fucked by him? It was impossible to tell. For once, Eli was forced to hold back as long as he dared so as not to hurt his love.

Yet, a gasp escaped Alister's lips as his touch reached over Eli's still-human maleness. Eli could already feel it; the alteration to his penis was one of the most sensual parts of the change, after all. Eli raised his head from the pain and pleasure to see Alister staring with rapt attention at the phallus that had long since pounded erect from the process. Thus far, his member had been spared from the change, save the foreskin that had reformed.

Yet, it was not to remain in its current human configuration for much longer at the rate that Alister was playing over it. The flesh seemed to redden, as though being rubbed raw from Alister's touch. Yet Eli knew the color well from his past experiences of transformation. It was the color of the wolf, akin to red lipstick as the head started to taper.

The entire shaft started to lengthen, moving from Eli's four inches to nearly double the size at seven inches. Each added inch sent sensual pleasure through Eli's entire frame. His cock was trembling, the veins pulsating across the surface as they fueled the blood necessary to spark the changes to Eli's most private of places. Soon, he sported a red rocket of a shaft, throbbing and trembling as might the penis of any true-blooded canine.

At this point, his furry black sheath was already pulled down along his groin, melding with the flesh and raising his penis up towards his belly. As Alister reached down to start rubbing the tip, Eli became aware of the bone being formed within, a baculum, he recalled, to keep his member in place with inseminating a mate. Yet, it was of little consequence to Eli at the moment as Alister reached down to tease the pointed tip with a skilled thumb, making Eli leak more fluids than at any point in his life.

Soon, Eli was little more than a human head on a bestial body, looking something akin to AWIL's David. It had been the first time he recalled that his head and mind were completely spared from the process so far into the change. But, from experience and from the sensations crawling over his face, Eli knew that would not be the case for much longer.

The itching of hair growth assaulted his beard as the hairs lanced out into a lupine bust, creating sideburns that ran all the way up to his cheeks. His own hair itched fiercely, growing longer from his short cut to match the wolverine hairs that bristled up his back. It darkened from his normal dark brown to black, softer than the human coat though drenched with the remnants of his sweat. The intense prickling indicated that he would soon be covered head to toe with fur.

All the while, Eli was looking directly at Alister, lust plastered on his features as he did so. Eli was panting, his teeth starting to lengthen into fangs as his tongue began to flatten. Before Eli could even think to protest, Alister took advantage of his open maw to reach down and take him in a passionate kiss. More intense than anything Eli had experienced prior, Alister put his tongue in Eli's pointing maw, wrapping around Eli's own tongue with the passion of an experienced lover.

Out of pure instinct, Eli pulled away, eyes glowing golden like the moon that they could not see. With gleaming fangs, Eli reached over to bite his love, digging his maw deep into Alister's shoulder. Even the cries of pain from his boyfriend were not enough to bring Eli to remove them. As the blood poured into his mouth, any semblance of Eli's psyche was removed as the former yellowed flecks covered his eyes completely. The beast had taken over.

Yet, even through the obvious pain that Alister had to be in, he refused to break the kiss. It was as though Alister *wanted* this, or at least had been expecting it. He knew that Eli was no

longer in there, but that was OK. Deep down, Alister knew he had to ride it out, to have the chance to take what he had planned.

The teeth embedded in his shoulder seemed not to hurt as much as they should have, as though the saliva was a balm to soothe the wound. To Alister's relief, the wolf did soon remove his fangs, savoring the taste of blood but also the sensation of being kissed and fucked at the same time. Alister took the chance to fuck the changing wolf harder, no longer gently as his balls slapped against the beast's fuzzy own.

With a series of wet cracks, the creature's muzzle started to push out wetly, forcing Alister's face to back off as well. It could feel its gums blackening, its teeth growing longer. The flesh writhed and pulsed under the skin as its muzzle extended, pressing outward almost painfully. Though, the rough fucking in his asshole helped quell the aches in a way that the wolf had never known.

It was a powerful conflict in the wolf's mind just then, between the taste of blood and the sensation of cock in his rear. There was something about this being that made the wolf hesitate on the former. The scent spoke of dominance, of mate and alpha in a way that quelled the beast's hunger. It culminated in the sensation of the human in his rump, still fucking him roughly as his asshole clenched tightly on it. The bite had been reflective, but it was the fuck that the wolf craved even more.

Increased nasal capacity allowed the wolf to truly drink in the potent male stink that hung cloyingly in the air. The rank redolence left his head swimming, making it harder to focus on anything but the cock lodged in his bowels. Even the odor of food faintly in the room held no candle to the wolf's sense of the dominant male inside of him.

Twitching ears rose atop the beast's head, twisting this way and that to detect as much as it could within the confines of the room. There was little to hear, save the pained breathing of a prey animal. Yet, the beast knew he was not hearing prey, not really. This thing, this human, was his better, fucking him into submission while the beast's cock oozed fluids over his furry chest. It was an exquisite pain as the beast's rectal muscles clamped down over the prone man fucking him, sucking him inside, and prepared to take in his life-giving seed.

Soon, the beast's sloping head closed around its braincase, and the last vestiges of human thoughts dissolved away into the instincts that made up his nightly desires. Though the beast was intelligent, as befit a hunter of its stature, it cared little for things like thought when it was in the middle of a hunt or a fuck. It was pure instinct for the creature to be taken in such a way. Its thoughts had simplified enough that only single words flowed through its mind. *Hunt. Mate. Alpha. Fuck.*

Nothing was left of the human Eli as he rolled around on the mattress, anus holding tight to the cock in his bowels. Not even the smell of blood was sufficient to deter him from sex as he was fucked back and forth in a steady rhythm. The human's hand on his penis, though relatively small, was enough to provide sufficient stimulation that the beast could cum at a moment's notice.

A howl shook the room, one in the duality of his bestial nature and one from the feral fucking he was getting from his still-human lover. Though there was a scent in the air, one present even through the drying blood. The being fucking him was not human, not anymore. Even if he didn't change now...

Complete as he was, there was no need for a beast to hold back. With another mighty howl, ropes of ejaculate flew from the beast's cock and splattered the mattress, the man, and the room in a torrent of lust and power. Nothing could match the pleasure the beast felt at that first moment when the change competed and he exploded with lupine essence to mark his baptism into the world once more.

Spent, the wolf felt that familiar fatigue falling over him, filling him with contentment that he had rutted and spilled his seed. Tonight, there was something special about the event, a sense of companionship and servitude all rolled into one. At the same time as he had exploded, tight rectal muscles gripped the penis in his rear and brought the smaller creature inside of him along for the ride.

For once, the invigoration that usually accompanied the change was gone, fatigue heavy in its wake. Hunger was present, of course, and the beast desired the offering of meat that had been left for it to feast on. Yet, after that, the wolf wanted nothing more than to sleep, ignorant of the being in the room with him as it breathed in the heady stink of musk and rut and fell into a state of relaxation...

Alister panted for a moment, his hairy chest covered in werewolf semen and blood from the bite on his shoulder. He knew, deep down, that he was infected. The bite along his shoulder, while still paining him, was already mostly healed. The bleeding had stopped, and Alister did not feel any of the fatigue associated with blood loss. A month from now, he would transform as his lover did.

That had been his plan all along, of course. He knew that was how the condition was transmitted, as cliché as it was. This was how his boyfriend had contracted it in the first place. And, to Alister's delight, he had as well and would change in the same way.

Cock still lodged inside of Eli's rear, Alister reached down and kissed the blood-soaked muzzle of the wolf that was still underneath him. Lupine instincts seemed to dictate that Alister was the alpha, as best as Alister could assume. Given his position in their bedroom fun, it made sense it would translate into the wolvern psyche. Further, it only served to prove that Eli was in there, somewhere.

The wolf seemed to grunt at the presence of the man on his muzzle, a quizzical sound as though questioning why the human was bothering to do so. Still, the wolf did not resist as Alister took his blood-soaked muzzle tenderly. It was a special moment, one that Alister hoped they could now share on the regular after tonight as they would both experience the transformation.

Grunting in pain as the werewolf's grip finally relented, Alister was finally allowed to pull out soaked in his own fluids. He sat there on the floor for a moment, dazed, before getting up to view the wolf, who readily devoured its meal. Alister simply smiled at that. Soon, the two of them would be together, even on their full moon nights...

Eli woke up on the dirty mattress, the smell of the wolf and sex and worse things hitting his nose as he allowed himself to sit there and to get his bearings. It usually took him a little while to come to terms with the wolf and what he had done. Only vague images ever went through his mind about what the wolf was up to during their nightly endeavors.

Yet, this morning, there was something on the fringes of Eli's psyche that he just couldn't place. It was something that his wolf had done, something unusual. There was a flash of something, of teeth, of blood. And Alister had been...oh, no...

Panic raced through his mind as the distinct odor of blood flashed through his nostrils. Why had Alister been here?! Didn't he know the wolf was dangerous? He could have been killed and eaten! *Might* have been...Oh God, oh no!

Yet, the panic quickly abated when another scent caught his still-enhanced attention, one that was more familiar to the human side of him. Reaching down towards his chest, he could clearly detect the sticky remnants of cum. The sweet smell was still in his nostrils as he tried to come to terms with what had happened last night. Alister had...fucked him? There was a bite;

the scent and stickiness of blood were still on him. But, it hadn't been a fatal wound. There was no sign of a body or any other damage. Alister was likely fine. He was just...not here.

Making his way groggily to their apartment, he found Alister waiting for him with a cup of coffee. Eli took it, glancing at his love as Alister rubbed the spot on his shoulder where Eli would have bitten him. The scent of the damaged, blood-soaked clothes was still in the apartment, Alister likely not able to think of a way to dispose of them just yet.

Sitting at the table, Eli had to think of how best to address the elephant in the room. Alister had made the decision to allow himself to get bitten. The wound had healed, apparently. Either that or Alister had somehow found the best doctor in the world to treat him. And, if the pattern held true, then Alister was in for a whole new world come next month,

“Honey, I...” Eli started, not sure what to say. “The first change is the hardest. It might have been because I wasn't locked up that time, but I remember it hurting a lot more. I didn't want you to have to go through that but...” Eli trailed off, leaving it there.

“I know sweetie, but it will be OK. I'll have you there with me,” Alister replied, love in his eyes that made Eli melt. It *would* be OK. So long as the two of them were together...