

Taking a bite of his steak, Eli wracked his mind trying to come up with a new conversation topic. So far, everything he had brought up had fallen on deaf ears, and it was starting to feel a little awkward having his friend over. Not that he hadn't been excited to invite Andy to stay for the weekend waiting for months to make their schedules align. But now that he was here, Andy's mind seemed to be a hundred miles away, making it almost better if he hadn't been over at all.

In truth, Andy was not having his best day. He'd had a concussion last month, 30 days ago to the day, in fact. He'd turned out OK, amazingly so, since that day, and he'd almost forgotten whatever it was that he was so worried about in the first place. Yet, ever since he woke up this morning, he'd been itchy, sore, and irritable, even snapping at his barista this morning for no reason he could imagine, being generally even-tempered. All day, he'd felt entirely energized and massively fatigued in waves, almost like he could run across the city in one moment and need to crawl into bed the next. He was sure he was getting sick, and that it would be better for him to stay home. But it had been forever since he'd been able to see Eli, and after making the flight to his city, it would be wasted not to visit. Yet, the longer the day went on, the more he regretted his decision, to the point he was certain Eli was regretting it as well. Not that Eli would send him home or anything but it was a little disappointing for both of them to say the least.

Eyes gazing past Eli for a moment, Andy happened to notice the rise of the full moon in the distance, even though it was just past 5 PM. Daily savings time was a bitch like that, having just taken effect. Still, there was something about the sight of the moon on the darkening horizon that caught his attention, and not just for its size and beauty. The fact he could see it so clearly was not lost on him, but its presence seemed to invoke some memory, something recent rather than the moons he'd seen in the past. It seemed to carry with it some urgency, some warning like it had been an omen of his demise in the recent past. As though he'd seen it one night, perhaps a month ago, before his mysterious concussion...

Barely aware of it, Andy soon found himself soaked in sweat, as though Eli's living room was suddenly a furnace. With Eli being no worse for wear, it seemed as though Andy himself was violently ill. He made a motion to stand and excuse himself but his entire body suddenly burned with white-hot pain, as though he'd been thrown into an incinerator. The pain was so sudden that he almost collapsed, body convulsing as though trying to reject something within. Yet, his efforts were for naught, and there was nothing he could do to stem the soul-wrenching pain coursing over him in waves as some strange ailment took root in his very core.

Ignorant of his surroundings, Andy was suddenly compelled to rip off his clothes, hoping with all he had that being nude would stem the boiling hot magma from within. Soaked with his sweat, pulling it off was a futile effort, and with some hidden strength, he was able to tear his shirt down the center, throwing it to the floor with a wet splat. His pants, too, were quickly shed,

torn at the sides as he ripped off the belt and let them fall to the floor, leaving only his underwear. Those too, were forfeit, the elastic and discarded to leave his flaccid cock on full display. Though neither man was concerned over it, more focused on Andy's trembling frame and whatever was happening to him and perhaps threatening his life.

“AWWW, FCUUKKK! IT BURNS!” Andy called out, wishing that some force might hear him and alleviate that pain from him. Eli went to call out to him, though his cries were deafened by the agony of his body, and Andy stumbled into the living area, looking for anything that might bring him comfort.

Hands clenching, Andy reflexively grabbed Eli's couch, trying to stem the pain and keep their steady. Yet, it seemed to trigger a sharp sting to his fingertips, as though something was threatening to burst through with a bloody tear. The force of their growth was enough to rend his nails from their beds, curving out of his tips and burrowing into the material on the couch. Blood poured out of his fingers in rivulets, though it seemed not to last as though the wounds were able to rapidly heal. Still, there was no denying the resulting massive, black talons digging into the fabric, almost too large for his fingers as they snapped and cracked and lengthened before his eyes.

With a beastly growl, Andy ripped his new claws from the couch with a flurry of fabric, fingers still spasming as they seemed to elongate. It was obvious they were still growing, almost twisting with pain as the bones snapped and extended, leaving the joints and tendons and even skin struggling to keep up. They were soon massive, inhumanly so, and a prelude for what was to come if the successive waves of agony continued to pound against his body.

The pain soon swelled with his palms, expanding their edges almost impossibly wide as his fingers continued to snap and lengthen to contain their new sharpened talons. The skin on his palms started to burn, though not with the white-hot agony as the bones or muscles within. It was hard to muster the energy to turn them over, though Andy was desperate, and he was in time to see the bubbling of something underneath the skin. Blackening skin appeared calloused and bruised, thicker than humanly possible, and patterned around the edges of his palm in a way that almost looked familiar. Bubbling pads of skin formed on the bottoms of his fingertips gave a mental image that made him shiver. Yet, given the bizarre nature of the process, he was starting to believe...

A terrified expression met Eli's concerned face as though Andy was finally coming to terms with what was happening to him. Eli, too, could only think of one outcome, though such things did not exist in the world at large. Still, sharpened talons, bulging muscles, and even what could only be considered the start of fangs were clear signs of lycanthropy. Backed up by the full moon beyond the window left Eli not sure what to do. Having about to call 911 would only put

the first responders in mortal danger without any ability to provide help. Not that Eli himself wasn't in danger, perhaps unable to even get out past his changing friend before things were too late...

Andy could barely focus through the pain, bones cracking in his arms now as muscles bulged in various places, nearly separating the skin. He was getting massive, bulking up beyond human ability and certainly beyond what his frame was meant to support. His arms were rendered massive, nearly pulling them from his shoulder sockets as muscles writhed under flesh, robbing him of human dimensions as the muscles tore and reformed in real time. Real strength coursed through them, able to rip a man in two in tandem with his massive talons. He couldn't! Yet, there was no denying the purpose of his body and his lack of ability to control the changes, and, likely, the beast he was fated to become.

Sweating profusely as he was, Andy barely felt the errant hairs on his arms and the back of his hands rising to the surface like dandelions, itching a bit as they swelled in their follicles. Had he the hands to so do, he might have been prompted to rub them, though there was no denying they were likely turning into their lupine counterparts. The hairs of his underarms started to shift as well, their bush much more numerous and spreading across his underarms, making him raise them reflexively to try and alleviate the irritation. Their coating served to hold in the stink of his sweat, heady and musky and perforating the air, making both men cough from the force of it.

It was then Andy was given awareness of a dampness in his nose, though again could not touch it to confirm. Eli had a mirror against the back wall, and he was able to see the blackened patch over his nose, and the shifting of slits up the sides that allowed him to drink in more of his bestial stink. It soon became impossible to think fully with the smells at their apex, even over the sight of lengthening fangs and a panting tongue, desperate to try and alleviate the heat and pain of the change. He was barely aware of it, but his panting nose was taking in the bestial essence of change, sniffing the air with intent as though trying to draw in total awareness of the surroundings.

Eli, for his part, could do naught but stare straight ahead, enamored by not only the sight of Andy's changes but the smell in the air, one that had an obvious effect on his libido. Having always been aroused by the idea of physical transformation, Eli always figured he would be turned on by seeing it before his eyes. But even with the threat of death from being in the presence of a real lycanthrope was not enough to stem the lust in him to the point his cock was almost leaking in his pants, a scent that obviously did not go unnoticed by his changing friend. Hell, if circumstances were different, Eli wouldn't be averse to going over and sniffing those musky pits, breathing in their male essence and even taking a few careful licks...

Eli was drawn out of the fantasy as Andy suddenly stumbled forward, feet spasming as they prepared to undergo their own alterations. Their toes were rapidly compressing, pulling into an expanding base as the same pads started to swell from underneath. It was the pain of nails bursting from the ends of the digits that really did him in, making him fall over on his back, stuck there as his feet wriggled and transformed into something suited for running as a beast. As though seeking help, Andy reached a changed paw hand to Eli as though asking for help. Eli wanted to take it, but knew there was nothing he could do, lest he met his own end or his own unwanted infection.

Andy was barely able to focus on the help with the pain of his nails bursting out with a bloody spray, digging into the floor as he tried in vain to clench his toes. They soon lost that ability with their joints and tendons being warped out of existence, or the swelling of skin between each that held them fast and immobile. Unlike his hands, they seemed to be swelling into a totally bestial state, bottoms thickening and heels stretching to more than twice their length. Andy was aware it would be difficult to stand but assumed his new body would allow it once it had changed further. It was of little point with the pain wracking his lower legs, his muscles bulging and the hairs rising and thickening, changing to a more wolfish appearance as a sign for when he might be given a full lupine pelt.

Grabbing the couch and tearing another set of thick claw marks down the fabric as he went to stand, the stature of his legs able to manage with more ease than he might have assumed. It was painful, to be sure, and snaps and pops resonating from his legs made it a trying endeavor. A sudden tearing pain from his spine made him yelp and reflexively reach back, wanting to feel this new source of pain. It was as though something was working its way out of his spine, ripping from the skin and covering over with muscle and skin and hair as it began to twitch of its own accord. The pain of its growth was almost more than he could bear, growling out with bestial inflections that could not stem from human vocal cords. It was obvious he was growing a tail, overwhelmed by the sensation of another limb behind him. It itched fiercely, skin prickling as its entire surface erupted with a coat of fur. Though he was barely in a mindset to be aware of such things, the hair covering it was mostly a silvery gray, some hints of brown matching the altering hairs over his body, and a sign of what his eventual coat might look like if the changes were to continue.

There was little time to focus on the pain with something surprising beginning to ebb from his testicles, a pleasant sensation of warmth in stark contrast to the magma-hot burning of change. His balls were getting larger, pressure against his sack before the skin could swell to keep up. Yet, there was no ache from their development, but rather a persistent pleasure that seemed to surpass even the agony of change. It was another facet of the change, of his being, and one that he seemed to naturally lean into if only a reprieve from the torment of physical transformation.

With that, a slight bit of arousal seemed to play into his member, giving him a semi-erection that he was prompted to rub, had his hands been in a more humanistic state. Though it was not enough for him to reach full arousal, let alone release, it seemed to signal the start of his next change. Though his member was cut, the sensation of skin swelling seemed to indicate he was to reform his foreskin, the warmth sensual rather than painful as the rest of the alterations had been thus far. It seemed to peel down from his shaft, the loose skin pooling at the base as it started to merge up along his groin. For a moment, the skin was pulled up around his still-human rod, hidden within, and he felt a sudden warmth from being within an animalistic sheath. But the force of his erection would not be stemmed as it started to poke through, sending a shiver through him that he hoped he could extend with only a few strokes.

Unable to touch himself directly with his paw hand, Andy settled for rubbing them with the side of his hands, feeling the warm sheath rubbing against his phallus making him growl and drool. The sensation was enough to perforate his mind, and as he panted with a thicker tongue, the pleasure seemed to take him out of the scenario, away from the pain of change and the agony he had been undergoing. It was bizarre, a primal need being met that a growing aspect of his psyche seemed to be appeased with the simple caress against his cock. If merely touching his member was enough to provide so much promise, then what would it be like to implant his member in the nearest warm body? The notion did not escape him to the point there was nothing else he could think of...

Even the itching of fur covering his sheath, peppering the surface with a soft brown coating could not take him away from the need to touch himself. His fuzzy sheath became somewhat more pleasant against his touch, though it was barely perceivable against the pads that had formed. Still, it was enough to deter him from the heat, from the pain of change to the point he almost found himself wishing to change further. If it could feel this good... if it carried with it this much promise...if he could manage to fuck something...

The effect of his lust was enough for his member to poke out of his sheath, all five inches of now uncut cock, still human for now, though as much warm and erect as the wolfish member he longed to own. It was leaking already, and there was a bestial part of Andy's mind that longed for it to change next. Yet, before his cock could transform, a sudden agony wracked his body, his chest started to barrel forward as the bones cracked and tore through his internal organs, something that should have been fatal. Whatever was causing the changes saw it fit to keep him alive until they were done with him, even through the impossible pain of the transformation.

Trying desperately to recapture the brief euphoria of touching his member, Andy was overcome with waves of pain as his chest continued to crack forward, the bones pushing against his torso and threatening to burst through the skin. His heart, his lungs, even his stomach swelled

impossibly large to the point he thought they might rupture, ending his life though at least perhaps releasing him from his torment. For now, Andy was forced to endure it, every burning flame of agony a prelude to the next as his body was warped beyond human recognition. It was all he could do to alleviate the pressure by frantically rubbing the burning hot skin, hoping with all he had that it would end soon, one way or another.

Unable to control the volume of his voice, Andy cried out his agony, his wails more than likely concerning those in the surrounding apartments as well. Eli could only stand there watching, wanting to help his friend but knowing there was nothing he could do but hope no one else came across them to face this literal nightmare. The pain in his friend's voice made his heart break, but he was helpless in the face of the ailment that was robbing Andy of his humanity, his body. All he could do was pray that such would come to a tolerable outcome, not only for Andy's sake but his own.

That notion was not lost to Andy either, not sure what the end result would be but hoping he would maintain his sanity. There was a fleeting part of his mind that wished to be subsumed into the creature he was becoming, anything to escape the pain. Yet, another part of his mind was reflexively fixated on the throbbing in his member, something that could not be stemmed even through the immense agony. It was a sliver of reprieve, but enough that a buried aspect of his mind seemed to hone in on, desiring physical pleasures with an urgency that defied his human inclinations. He wanted...needed...needed...*NEEDED*...

By this point, his slightly chubby belly was being pulled up and flattened with lean muscle as his spine lengthened, increasing his formerly 5 foot 11 stature. His moderately hairy treasure trail had begun to lance outward, thickening into the beginnings of a furry, grayish brown pelt, slick with sweat and spreading his lupine musk into the air. His pits, too, seemed to blossom out into a rather fine pelt, the itching almost maddening to the point he was tempted to rip the skin from his body to alleviate it. It did not escape his notice that Eli's attention was focused on his pits, not able to fully fear his friend's new form with the lust clouding his own mind...

Andy continued to growl his agony as his body took on the proportions of the beast that had likely infected him. Yet, it was not only the pain in his body that was doing him in, but one in his head, too, like a migraine though far more intense. It was enough to deter his focus from the changes to his torso, as though something was welling within his mind. It soon reached a white-hot agony, as though something was clawing at his mind, making him pant to alleviate the ache. And the more he breathed in through his altered nostrils, the more he seemed to fixate on the being in the room within him. Eli's own sweat and fear somehow stuck out about Andy's own, eliciting something almost primal and overpowering.

It was a *Hunger*...

Eli's body started to visibly shiver as he watched Andy's terrified expression begin to warp, twisting into a feralish grin, one that showed off teeth that were noticeably sharper. The expression terrified him to the point Eli was prompted to run, wondering if maybe for the first time if his life was really in danger. Surely, if Andy's intellect remained, there would be no chance of his friend harming him. But if the human Andy lost control to the beast he was becoming, then...

Afraid of the implications of his new, foreign inclinations, Andy tried to force his focus back to the now, pushing down the urges and staring straight ahead. Using all his will to try to maintain control, Andy growled, panting heavily and attempting to center himself. Yet, the urges were too intense, too *primal* for him to resist, needing them sated as much as anything his humanity required of him. As much as they should have disgusted him, there was no denying the excitement that came with giving in to such basic needs. Like a hole to fuck, or a meal to be devoured with a few well-placed bites...

An itching soon erupted over him and brought Andy back to the present, scratching at the skin of his chest and belly as lupine hairs started to erupt around the altered hairs that had replaced his human ones. The hair growth seemed to come in a wave, patches of hairs soon thick enough to obscure the skin in some places before filling in to merge with the patches already present. It itched fiercely, though the irritation was tame, at least, fur coming in as though it belonged on his skin. It looked soft, guard hairs taking place over them and providing him with a decidedly brown, lupine pelt. It soon ran all the way up to his neck, merged with his shoulder-length brown hair, and gave him a bit of a mane. His former pubes and armpit hair had turned brown as well, though the solid color faded with a mixture of silver and gray as it took form over his body.

As distracted as he was by the itching of hair growth, it was the next change that enveloped his entire being to the point he almost longed for them to be complete. His penis, while still human within his sheath for the moment, was soon to erupt with a force of blood that made the changing wolf man growl out his pleasure. He was impossibly hard, and growing longer, his member drawing enough blood within itself to fog his thoughts. His member soon became tight within his sheath, pulling painfully at the skin as the erectile tissue swelled and pulled his erection to its limit and beyond.

His member was hardly to remain human as much as the rest of him, and both Andy and Eli stared in fascination as the base started to swell, engorging and pushing his sheath tight against his groin. As girthy as his member was, the base was double that, swelling into a bulb like that of the animal he was becoming. The force of blood left his penis deep red, though the

shade seemed to match the form he was growing into, far removed from its former skin shade. Its turgidness was increased by a calcium deposit within the shaft, making it bob against his belly almost violently with need. His glans, too, started to swell slightly, not nearly the stature of the knot at the base but massive all the same. The tip soon shifted to a pointed piss head, leaking viscous fluids as his hand hovered over it, as though trying to decide what to do next.

With the bestial inclinations in his mind, there was no denying his urge to get off, his paw hand gripping the shaft and starting to stroke with vigor. The tightness of his new pads excited him to the point he was leaking pints of precum now, testicles throbbing and bunching with their need to unleash their load. It seemed that even his insistent tugging was not enough to get off, as though the pain of the change was somehow able to stifle his release. A very lupine howl escaped his lips, shocking Eli out of his stupor at just how much Andy had altered. There was relief in that howl, the pure ecstasy as he gave himself over to lupine pleasures, forgetting who he was and his fear of what he had to lose if the changes were to complete.

The sheer ecstasy of jerking off a lupine rod was enough to wash away any resistance Andy still carried, and the intrusive urges seemed to rise to the surface once more, this time with a ferocity his humanity could not repress them. The need to get off was at the forefront, but there was a hunger there as well, a desire to feast on flesh and quell the ache in his altered gullet. And the taint of fear and arousal in the air was enough to bring his gaze to the man in the room with him, a feral grin once more crossing his features. Growling in his new, bestial tone, Andy's gaze settled on Eli's frozen form, a hint of resistance telling Eli to run. Yet, it was soon overridden by the barrage of urges flooding his mind, and he started to growl, nearly incoherent words that took Eli a few moments to comprehend.

“Feed...fuck...fuck you... devour...blood...flesh...*I need to taste your flesh!*”

As much as those thoughts seemed to appeal to him, a hint of resistance kicked in once more, eyes rolling back in his head as a last bastion of human resistance tried desperately to kick in. “Run...run...GET OUT!” Andy called out, his voice deepening into a feral growl that betrayed his baser intentions. There was little time for Eli to get out, he knew, and little time before the changes eroded any semblance of humanity from his very being.

Yet, Eli could do naught but stay stunned, thinking that any movement might trigger the swelling lupine instincts in Andy's mind. Either way, he was damned for his curiosity, as much likely to lose his life as Andy was his humanity. And, perhaps worse of all was the fact none of that seemed to cause his erection to wane, Eli harder than ever and wanting to get off. He couldn't deny his fixation on his friend's scent, wanting to bury himself in those musky pits, furry groin, and lick up the decidedly lupine rod to elated shivers from the changing wolf man...



Andy, too, was unable to avoid breathing the heavy musk in the air, not only his own but the human in the room. The odor awakened not only a hunger in his gullet but one in his cock, throbbing against his belly now and creating a conflict in his being. Which would he satisfy first? And why were the lupine instincts growing to the point he was pondering whether to eat or fuck his friend as though those were the only two choices? None of this conflict was aided as his nose continued to widen, pushing down toward his lips now and nearly drowning in the heady musk within the room. It was so hard to think as the bridge of his nose flattened and increased his rostrum just enough that the scents became his entire world

Lost in a world of endless olfactory overload, Andy was remiss for his ignorance about his ears shifting, the skin warming and stretching them up over his head. Their surface itched as a light covering of fur spread across them, longer on the insides as their canals further widened to match his altering visage. The heated skin started to twitch, his awareness of the world enhanced to another level once more. Though in the tiny apartment, there was little to attract his attention, save his own grunts and growls. Yet, the sweet scent of sweat drew his attention to the man in the room with him, and Andy's wolfish mind was aware of his heartbeat, heightened in fear at being in the presence of an apex being. One that would make a suitable first snack for his lupine self, depending on where his inclinations turned...

Licking his lips with a flatter tongue, Andy was just barely aware of their change in texture, having become black and gummy, thinner around his expanding jawline. It was not quite enough to trigger the expansion of his jaw, though it was soon to come as the alterations to his head reached their inevitable end. One that he was to welcome if the alterations to his senses were a sign of the joy of being a beast...

Yet, the agony rushing through his head was enough to cause him to scream once more, more human sounding now as he fell with a thud to his knees. Pawed hands gripped the sides of his head, as though trying to claw out the intrusive thoughts. Even through the persistent pleasure pulsating through his rod, Andy was aware of the bestial inclinations burning into his brain, making him *want* to hunt and kill and fuck, reveling in the acts as though he was entitled to them. It was frightening beyond measure, something he tried desperately to fight as the pain started to center in his skull and begin the steady descent into bestial intent. He had to fight! And yet, it was always obvious such would prove futile, not when even the slightest slip would end his humanity, and perhaps, his friend's life.

Screaming with a mixture of human agony and bestial rage, Andy looked helplessly into Eli's eyes, almost willing him to try to run, to get away while Andy could still control himself. It was almost impossible to distinguish any words through the feral cries, though Eli was sure he could make out the words "almost...gone...run..." through the huffs and pants. Yet, Eli couldn't

bring himself to run, still paralyzed by the conflicting waves of confusion, fear, and lust. Come hell or high water, Eli was here with Andy to the end.

Once more, Andy's eyes rolled back in his head, finding it a Sisyphean task to resist the joys of lupine being. His heightened senses, his lust, and his need to satisfy those urges with bestial intent were more than any human could repress for long. The only solace to the human Andy was that the urges in his cock were starting to surpass his hunger, and with their combined musk in the air, he couldn't help but think Eli would be a good fuck. Either hole, or any he could get, would do around his thick lupine rod, and even the notion of taking Eli's own member against his gaping asshole was not off the table, Eli's erection certainly not going unnoticed.

Lost in the internal tempest, Andy was very aware of the changes to his head, now halfway altered toward a lupine visage. The bones within were cracking forward, skull compressing on his brain and causing a deep growl to burst forth from his new muzzle. As much as he hoped the pain to have receded by now, there was no denying the agony of his skull collapsing, his face pushing out, and the reality of losing himself to the beast as easily as his physical form had been robbed from him as well.

Yet, the sensation of his knot inflating caused that cognitive dissonance to return in spades, Andy unable to resist the urges under the surface of his mind if it meant reprieve from the pain of change and denying his baser urges. Though Eli was staring at him the entire time, he was not expecting Andy's gaze to meet his own, not the primal being glaring at him. True fear washed through Eli then, knowing with certainty what made up Andy's humanity was gone now, leaving only a feral beast in its wake. Worse, perhaps, was that Andy seemed to be *enjoying* it to the point that even if he still had the ability to resist, the wolf in him was simply a superior state of being. His humanity had been warped by the sheer bliss from his cock and the heady musk in the air making primal pursuits the focal point of the lupine mind.

It was only the fear of losing himself that kept the fringes of his mind intact, though even that was not enough for Andy to maintain his sanity. The temptations of bestial flesh were too great, too strange for him not to wish that, just for a moment, explore this new side of himself. And that window was enough for the beast to slip in, Andy's eyes flickering as he allowed himself to slide beneath the surface. Not even the implications or consequences of such were enough for him to try to repel the bestial inclinations any longer. It felt so fucking good to finally stop fighting, to let go. The bliss of lupine existence overwhelmed him, and Andy gave himself over to the desires of the wolf, no longer caring that his friend was still present. He was merely *prey*...

In desperation, Eli went to call out to him to try to bring forth any remnant humanity, to try to reason his friend through the beast he had become. Yet, as the cracks and pops of change

finally faded out, and his eyes fluttered open with amber intensity, it was clear to Eli that Andy was gone, only a werewolf remaining. It took the beast a moment to come to awareness of his surroundings, the scents of musk in the air and the stink of humanity in the small space powerfully irritating. He was hungry too, having just awakened, and there was a living being in the room with him, one that would sate that desire. And there was no place for his prey to go...

With that, the six-foot-three werewolf advanced on the helpless human, taking his time to enjoy what he did not understand to be his first meal. Even Eli's own lust was stunted by the realization his life was forfeit, the creature looking at Eli more like a meal rather than a fuck. It seemed he had decided, not the way that Eli had wished for, and there was nothing he could do to save his life. Save for taking his final few moments to change the beast's inclinations...

As the monster reached down with a massive claw to disembowel his prey, Eli was able to focus all his attention on the creature's knot, something that had not been dispelled even when his intentions were made known. A growl escaped the creature's lips, not one of annoyance but rather one of lust, sending the slightest shiver of sexual pleasure through his being. Though it was minor, it was enough to send the wolf's mind into flux. Did he really need to feed just yet if this being could sate his other desire? He required sexual release as much as meat, after all, and while there would always be prey, perhaps not all would be creatures feeling lust of their own at his presence.

With a swipe of his massive claw, Eli braced himself for the agony of being torn apart, only to feel a violent tug as his clothes were shredded, and ripped from his body by the werewolf's sheer strength. The stench of sweat and musk burned into the beast's nose, and he licked his lips, cock bobbing against his lean, muscled belly, as though in preparation. The realization that he was not to be eaten was enough to bring Eli to bear once more, almost to the point he was straining from being impossibly turgid. Nothing before could serve to elicit more arousal than such a scene, and Eli was left there on his ass, waiting for whatever the werewolf had in mind for him.

Yet, he could not have expected a clawed hand to lift him up, throwing him on his back and hunching over, as though preparing to sit on him. Eli was sure the muscled beast's thighs would crush him, though it seemed he had more flexibility than humanly possible. With surprising skill, the werewolf raised his tail, its fluffy contours brushing Eli's cock and making him shiver. Grinding on the tip of Eli's erection for a few moments, Eli was shocked to feel the muscled ring of a lupine anus tease his cock head, before opening up and seeming to suck him inside. Naturally, the werewolf's rectum was larger, made for a thicker penis than anything the human could provide. Yet, its clamping muscles were able to take Eli inside of him, balancing as he rode the cock up and down, leaving both of them to pant and moan from the surprisingly intimate moment. Even the disparity of their sizes could not detract from the sensitivity of

Andy's lupine anus, even better than taking cock like a human, stirring something of Andy's self within the beast. He was eager, sliding down his length millimeter by millimeter until Eli was hilted within him.

All the while, Eli remained terrified, though somehow managed to keep his erection enough for the wolf to take his pleasure. It hurt like hell being used and taken by a horny werewolf, though Eli was determined to take it, his lust for lycanthropes enough to spur his continued arousal. Part of him was hopeful he would turn out to be a sufficient fuck that Andy wouldn't eat him after the fact, though having never seen a live lycanthrope, there was no way to know for sure. All he could do was hold out, rubbing the wolf's thick dick, and thankful that was not what he was required to take within him.

Andy was writhing and growling all the while, lupine mind awash in utter bliss. There was some part of him unable to believe how good it was, the sheer sensitivity of his anus likely enough that the human him could have cum multiple times by now. Wait? Human him? Such confusion was quickly removed, though a part of him was aware he had partaken in such sexual acts before, and despite the man's cock not matching a required stature, they didn't hold a candle to his current sexual elation. Either way, the beast was able to relish his lupine stamina as he rode the human without regard for his safety or comfort.

Yet, as his end finally drew near, another compulsion came into the beast's mind, wanting to assert his dominance over the weak human and knowing it was his place to do so. Pulling off with a pained gasp from Eli, the beast turned him over, claws digging into the skin as he did so. Eli was so stunned by the act that even the pain of claws or the sudden shock of a warm lupine erection at his backdoor could not cause him to rouse. Thinking that was for the best, Eli stood there, trying to hold himself steady for the fucking he knew was coming. There was nothing he could do to get away, and despite his arousal at being in the presence of a real werewolf, he knew it would only end with pain if not something far worse. So he forced himself to grit his teeth, pushing out with his pucker to whatever degree he could in an effort to stem the pain.

Such was a futile endeavor, he knew, as the beast went to work roughly ramming his 9.5-inch wolf cock into Eli's unprepared rectum, opening him up painfully and leaving him unable to stifle out his cry of pain. Such did not deter Andy's invasion of his hole, gripping the human's shoulders with rough paws as he held him in place in preparation for his fuck. Without regard for the human's comfort, Andy started to vigorously fuck, his knot teasing Eli's anus slightly as though in preparation. Still, much too fast for Eli's liking, the bulb at the base of his cock was shoved in, making him sceram and cry out as the wolf's jaws clamped over Eli's shoulders, claiming him.

Unbeknownst to Eli, that still-cognizant aspect of the wolf's mind found the tightness of the knotting to be the most exquisite thing he had ever known against his rod, and he growled a little as his member prepared to go into orgasm. It was amazing, beyond any release the being had ever known as copious amounts of wolf jism were pumped into Eli's rectum, more than what he could hold comfortable within him. The reflex to bite, something he was only vaguely aware of, came with the desire to claim this male, that doing so would turn him and make him worthy. Not this night, he was sure, even as his thirty second orgasm ebbed and he was allowed a semblance of self reflection once more. But this was certainly a worthy male, one that would have been wasted as his first meal...

The human beneath him was passed out, likely the pain of the bite being too much for him. The scent of the human's cum was detectable even over the heady musk and fear in the room, something that seemed to satisfy the werewolf. It was more than annoying, however, to be stuck within his backdoor, pulling a little and making the unconscious human drag along with him, which would not do. Still, the hunger in his gullet was enough to ebb his lust enough for his knot to shrink, and it eventually pulled out with a rush of rank seed. Giving Eli's rump a lick with his lupine tongue, the werewolf moved to leave for the night to feed, somehow hoping Eli's body would still be there when he came back for another fuck...

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The wash of sunshine through the open window roused Andy from sleep, the sensation of a couch underneath him hardly his familiar surroundings. It took him a moment to recall he was visiting his friend for the weekend, though the circumstances of the night before seemed distant. He didn't recall what they had done after supper, in fact finding that information to be entirely lost to him. Rubbing his temples, the pain of trying to wade through the fog made him groan for a moment and came with a coppery taste in his tongue that was both foreign and familiar. It was similar to blood, though far too potent to have been a self-caused injury. Almost as though he'd eaten a bloody steak raw, or something to that effect...

In tandem with the stench of wolfy sex, the reality of what had transpired last night hit Andy all at once, and he lept up, needing to know if Eli was OK. He clearly recalled the sex, the hunting, the agony of change, and his rising sexual ecstasy as the transformation took over his body and mind. His rising enjoyment over his lupine urges, the power of his body, the smell of his fur and musk. With such blissful memories, it was impossible for him not to feel a flush of arousal, especially with the clear recollection of slamming his massive lupine rod into Eli's rectum, and how much pleasure it caused to feel the knot plunging in and Eli's ass muscles massaging it.

Yet, with the very real panic he felt for Eli's safety, Andy dashed out into the main room, hoping to all hope he didn't reflexively finish Eli off upon coming back to the apartment. That first orgasm eroded any human thoughts and with it any notion of the night's activities. To his relief, Eli was there on the floor, without the scent of blood to make Andy think his wolf had snuffed out Eli's life. Hell, even the bite mark that should have persisted if memory served was absent, as though it had healed the moment his saliva seeped into its target. Eli was still naked, curled up in a ball, though his chest was steadily rising and falling, comfortably enough for Andy to breathe a sigh of relief.

Without waiting for his friend to wake up, Andy took to comforting his friend. Eli's eyes fluttered open and shut as the night's events flooded back to him. A slurry of words poured out of Andy's mouth, apologizing and explaining how he couldn't control himself and how hard it was to fight back the beast, all things that were objectively true. Still, the guilt of such was enough to ebb the pleasure that giving into the wolf had been, as much as a human should not have felt the same.

It took Eli some moments to come to terms with what had happened, let alone what Andy was saying. In truth, his body, while sore, was hardly worse for wear from the fucking he had received. That, and the back of his neck was bare of any scars, making him concerned about the possible inclinations. Still, his whole take on the situation left him giddy, and not just for the fact he survived a life-threatening experience.

"It's ok. I liked the rough sex," Eli said, grin on his face. The fact he was naked in front of the man didn't seem to deter his confidence, but rather, emboldened it. "And I know you did, too," Eli continued, hoping that it would have the desired effect.

Andy, with some surprise, eventually nodded, quietly replying, "I did, too," sounding rather subdued. Truthfully, he wasn't sure what to make of the whole thing, he hadn't known if Eli recalled the sex they'd had, though the way Eli had been eyeing his pits, getting hard from his musk, and watching the change with interest, he was sure Eli wasn't lying. It was a bizarre sort of scenario, but given their shared interest in lycanthropes, not entirely unwarranted.

"I hope this doesn't...ruin the friendship..." Andy said, blushing. He wasn't really sure how to properly apologize, the nature of the entire affair a little beyond him.

"It won't," Eli said, giving Andy a once over. Andy wasn't sure how he felt about that, but looking down at his body, there was obviously something different than his normal human frame, something he had no immediate explanation for.

Heading to the bathroom, Andy was a little shocked to see what had become of him in the mirror. The heavily hairy chest, pits, and pubes made him want to take a razor to them, but somehow he figured they would grow back and that such would be moot. It was the size of the cock he possessed that really interested him, larger than his human self and tempting him to stroke off to see where it took him. At best guess, it was closer to 8 inches than his previous size. Even more alarming was that his cut foreskin had grown back, a sign of a more lupine heritage and something that Andy found he didn't mind, all things considered. He did take note of the light dusting of fine brown hairs on his foreskin, something that had not been there prior.

Those were not the only changes to his physique, Andy realizing it was somewhat akin to seeing a stranger in the mirror. He was obviously more toned as well, muscle over his form that delighted him to rub, liking the improvements that didn't even require a visit to the gym to achieve. However, some of the alterations seemed less fetching, signs of the beast he was underneath. Andy was sure no one would notice with a passing glance, but it was obvious to him that his canine teeth were somewhat longer, pointed almost like the beginnings of fangs. Hell, it took him a few moments to place something else bothering him, but as he stared at his reflection, Andy became aware of a golden tint in his eyes, something he had to roll them back to view but something he could not deny nonetheless.

Andy was a little shocked to see Eli standing at the door, as though waiting for him. Having not been interested in Eli sexually before now, or, at least, not teasing the idea, Andy nonetheless found his presence in the bathroom with him rather pleasant, a bit of pride that his friend was checking him out. Part of him wondered what would become of him next month, assuming Andy had undergone the same bite from a werewolf the month before. He had no idea how this all worked, of course, other than certain aspects seemed true to the Hollywood mythos. Either way, it was obvious to the two of them that things were best not met alone.

“So, um...want me to fly out next full moon?” Andy asked, partially teasing, though partially not. He didn't want to make assumptions, of course. But Eli *had* said he liked the fucking, even the knotting, and if they were both to change together...

With a golden gleam in his eyes, Andy let himself imagine what Eli's form might look like in the midst of change, as he recalled the bits and pieces of his own transformation. Even better was the idea of knotting him again, the pleasure so tight against his knot that nothing in human sexual experience could compare. Even if Eli's wolfy ass was larger than his humanity, surely, it would have a tighter grip on him. Hell, Andy, switch as he was, was even curious as to what it would be like to take Eli's cock once it had swollen out into lupine proportions as well. It was a powerfully arousing prospect, enough that Andy forgot where he was, and who he was in the presence of.

Being right up against him, Eli could feel him getting hard from his thoughts, prompting Eli to raise an eyebrow. Catching his gaze, Andy blushed a little, admitting once more. “Well, it *was* the best sex I’d ever had. Can you blame me?” And with that, both the men giggled. “Hell, if you *do* change next month...I don’t know how it works, but...you’ll see if you do.”

Eli just grinned at that, the fear of changing and losing his mind to the beast a distant fear when the sexual bliss of such was thus far proven. Either way, he was sure he was getting laid, something he couldn’t have hoped from the human Andy and something that almost made any potential consequences moot.

The slight erection on Eli’s groin did not go unnoticed, either. “Who knows, you might even get a sniff before, during, and after,” Andy said, grinning and showing off his slight fangs. A single gesture toward his hairier pits and groin was a clear indication of what he was referring to, as though there was any doubt in Eli’s mind.

Though he was already hard, Eli’s member seemed to rise further at the suggestion, replying with “Well, that’s something to look forward, to, eh?”

Despite remembering the soul-wrenching agony of his head and mind turning, Andy had to admit, after recalling everything he’d done to his friend in the throes of the change, it made it worth it when such pleasures were the reward. The thought was enough for his erection to start oozing pre against his friend, something he was not quick to pull back from. Eventually, he did pull away, Eli feeling a little disappointed though knowing it made sense.

“Going to grab a shower,” Andy said, and with that, Eli turned to leave.

“Where are you going?” Andy posed, to which Eli turned around, a little surprised.

“To make us coffee?” Eli said, as though it was obvious. He was a little confused, given that he had left the bathroom and Andy was still looking out past the door, as though waiting for him to do something.

“You’re not going to join me?” Andy posed, as though such was the most obvious thing in the world.

Eli simply blinked owlishly at that, not sure where the words were coming from. Andy would have giggled if his friend hadn’t been so prudish. “What? You’ve seen me naked, turn into a werewolf, almost eat you, then ride you, and finish up with knotting you and biting you. If there’s any cause not to be modest...” he let that hang, hoping Eli would get the hint.



With that, Eli followed him into the bathroom, letting the warm water wash over them as they held each other's shoulders for a few moments. "I didn't get the chance to taste you, though I did think about it. So..." Eli let that hang, licking his lips. Andy simply grinned, his cock bobbing as he showed off his fangs once more, closing the shower curtain.