

Looking around the convention with some disappointment, Gary sighed, wondering why he had even bothered to pay for the ticket. Though he loved coming to events like this, always with the hope he would find what he was looking for, that often ended up not being the case. There was little for it when he was the only one in his town that seemed to share his... *proclivities*.

Ever since he was little, Gary had always had a fascination with werewolves. Movies like ‘An American Werewolf in London’, ‘The Howling’, and ‘Bad Moon’ fascinated him beyond reasoning. A rather scrawny kid, the notion of turning into a massive, hulking beast always sat well with him. Though the identity death aspect was never something that appealed to him, it was still a fantasy to be able to transform as he wished to, without the bloodthirsty nature of the onscreen adaptations.

The interest carried on well into his adulthood, though Gary was often disappointed with the lack of new werewolf media out there. Still, he stayed true to his interests, always frequenting horror conventions, hoping to see some representation for his lycanthrope longings. Be it a more recent public fascination with zombies or vampires, there was never enough of a showing for werewolves, making him disappointed at being the only one with wolfish inclinations.

It looked very much like this year’s annual Halloween convention would carry with it the same disappointments. There didn’t seem to be any werewolf-themed media present, though virtually every other horror icon was on display. Gary felt his hopes sink. It would be another year of disappointment, though, at least, he got some compliments on his wolfman costume. It took him many hours of sowing and a few hundred dollars in materials, but it had been worth it, something Gary planned to use for many Halloweens to come.

Yet, no sooner than he decided to give up and head home than Gary saw a booth in the corner that made his eyes light up. The glowing red eyes, the furry face, and the pointed ears easily gave it away. It looked, even at this distance, to be a werewolf-themed kiosk of sorts, selling merchandise or at least displaying it for view. Doing everything he could not to run towards it, Gary was nonetheless elated, seeing that no one else seemed to be around. All of the wares on display were his to peruse at his leisure!

Gary could hardly believe his eyes. Before him were shirts, mugs, pens, and dozens of other memorabilia from a variety of werewolf media, all things that made Gary’s heart race. Any one of those items would be the perfect addition to his treasures. And, given the lack of spending he’d done as of late, he didn’t have to choose just one thing for this convention!

“Ah, a fellow lycanthrope! Glad to see such an amazing costume! Don’t get nearly enough of them around these parts! How can I help you?” The man at the kiosk asked, making Gary unable to utter more than a “Thank you”.

He really was overwhelmed by the amount of merch available to him. In the end, he decided on a few posters, a teeshirt, a mug, and a few other knickknacks that would light up his dorm room and show off his fixation. It was almost more than he could handle, especially while he was wearing fake claw-nails. But Gary didn’t want to risk leaving any of his treasures behind and managed to make it all work without damaging the costume.

“Oh, I almost forgot, I have something else I was going to sell. Been trying to off it for a few years now but I could never find the right buyer. So, you can just have it! You’ve probably made up over half of my profits for the day, anyway!” The man said, reaching under the table and pulling out what looked like a tooth on a necklace. It was a canine, likely something from a big dog or a wolf.

Gary stared at the item with interest. He wanted to offer the man some money for it, though stopped, thinking that he had spent too much already. Gary wondered if it was from a real wolf, had the animal been poached or harmed? Though it was likely impossible for the man to say. Still, it was probably fine enough for him to acquire morally. Besides, it would be nice to have something like that to wear around his neck. Not that he was hopelessly werewolf obsessed, of course...

“Sure, I can’t say no to that!” Gary said as the man offered him the tooth.

Yet, before Gary could reach out to grab it, the man pulled it away, a concerned look in his eyes. “It’s real, by the way. I think you’re enough of a fan to appreciate that. And if you want to really explore being a *real* werewolf, a little scratch should do it. Can’t guarantee, since I’ve never tried it myself. Just want to make sure you’ll be careful with it, yeah?” The man inquired, leaving Gary a little confused.

“Sorry, what?” Gary asked, not really understanding what was said. He figured the tooth was real but what was the man on about? A wolf’s tooth wasn’t even in the lore of making someone a werewolf, at least not one that Gary was familiar with. Technically, he figured it would amount to the same as a scratch or a bite, but without the infectious body fluids from a living specimen...

“Yup, all it takes is a little nick from this bad boy! Though, don't worry too much. It's not that sharp and you've got to be intent with what you're doing. But I'm sure a super fan like

yourself won't misuse it. Besides, even if you don't believe me, you have to admit, it makes a nice showpiece!”

In the end, there was no question in Gary's mind that he should take the offer. Even if he firmly thought any attention to entertaining the notion was pure wish fulfillment, the piece was something no one else possessed. And the chain it came with fit well enough around his neck that he didn't even require a new one! It really was the perfect compliment to his attire, all things considered.

Still, despite the obvious impossibility of the scenario, Gary couldn't help but imagine a world where he could be a werewolf, one less out of the movies and more of his imagination. The bloodthirsty bestial instincts he could do without. But the power, the hair, the muscles? Those were more than a little appealing. He didn't care much for the new standard of werewolf, the bestial features, the muzzle, the four-legged stance. Rather, his interests were focused on the more traditional wolfman visage, the torn clothes around protruding pecs and bulging biceps. Naturally, the kind of body hair that every bear would envy, and the few lupine features they did have really did it for him!

Given his fixation on the daydream, it took almost no time for Gary to get back to his dorm without realizing it. He wanted to be quick about it, lest he be caught in his costume. Though most of the guys at his dorm would find his efforts impressive, there were a few individuals that still held onto high school levels of bullying. Though they played it off as 'all in good fun', words still hurt Gary's already low self-esteem. And, more than likely, his choice in costume would gather their unwanted attention. The jabs were usually in regards to his size and stature, something Gary obviously had no control over. It was an aspect that he'd rather be able to work on with regular time but the rigors of college life prevented that reality.

As it turned out, Gary's suspicions and worries had been on the money. Sneaking in the back door, he still ran the risk of passing by the pool room, in which the most overt offender, Kyle, was facing the door, beer in one hand and pool cue in the other. At the sight of his so often target, a grin crossed his features, like that of a predator coming across an unexpected snack.

“Hey, small fry! Sure that fur coat is yours? It's a little big, ain't it!?” Called Kyle, grin on his face like it was the funniest thing in the world. Gary would have moaned would it not bring down more unwanted attention.

“Maybe he hopes he'll grow into it someday! HA!” One of his friends said, eliciting a series of laughter from the gathered partygoers.

Though the words themselves weren't hurtful, it was the implication that got to him. All of the jocks that chose this dorm tended to be larger, sports and athletic types. Nerds like himself were in short supply, making it difficult for him to make friends. So, he spent much of his time in his room, not wanting to draw attention to himself though likely making him the target of their ire when he did have to leave his shelter.

Taking the first opening that he could manage, Gary got out of there, the calls and jeers of the other guys ringing in his ears. He tried not to let it bother him, as was Gary's often way to deal with the stress of bullying. But, given the thoughts that had played over his mind all day, it was harder and harder not to lament his smaller stature. He wanted very much to be the werewolf of his dreams, one far superior to even the jocks that tormented him so!

Despite the embarrassment of being teased by his dorm mates, the idea of being a werewolf was more than subtly arousing, and, not for the first time, Gary was thankful that he'd sprung for a single room in the dorm. A good jerk-off session was just what was needed to help get his mind off things and help him relax.

Gary was careful to get his costume off, not wanting to damage it during his brief stint of fun. Standing naked and looking down at the pile of clothes strewn over his treasures, an idea came to mind just then, one that excited him more than it probably should have. Though he would have to bleed a little, what would it be like to actually scratch himself on the tooth and then pretend that it would actually work? Though he considered doing so tomorrow night, being the full moon, Gary opted to do it now, to imagine allowing whatever force would enter his system time to adapt and change him the next night.

Not sure what to do, Gary found himself staring down at the tooth, before running it over the skin of his palm. The words of the shopkeeper rang in his mind, that a little scratch would be all it would take for him to change into a werewolf, to give him the body of his dreams. Not only would he be a powerful, muscled being, but he would be strong enough to put the others in their place, so they would never bully him again!

Getting into bed, he pulled down his pants, exposing the beginnings of his uncut erection, already oozing with anticipation. It took only a few strokes for his 6 inches to come to fruition, horny as he was. His penis, thankfully, was the only part of him that wasn't scrawny. Not that he could ever show or tell his bullies, but it was something for him to enjoy on his own.

Pulling out his phone, Gary found himself scrolling through Twitter faves, looking for the perfect werewolf porn to finish himself off to. Though, given the amount of arousal he'd felt imagining himself being a werewolf, he didn't really need the media to reach climax. Taking his cock and stroking down the length in a consistent motion, Gary hardly had the forethought to

grab the tissues on the side of his bed, using them to stem the lube leaking eagerly from his cock. He wasn't going to last very long after the day he'd had, but that wasn't a bad thing considering how much the latter part of it had been ruined by that short encounter. Gary deserved not to have to wait for his brief reprieve, damnit! Besides, if he came quickly enough, there was always the chance he'd have the stamina to go again...

Even the images of masturbating, fucking, horny werewolves could not compete with the mental imaginings of changing himself. Ripping out of his clothes, turning hairy, muscles rippling under his flesh, fangs forming from dull teeth, a large, thick werewolf phallus...all that muscle and musk as Gary jerked himself all night with the stamina to match...

Not wanting to bring unwanted attention to himself, Gary had learned a long time ago to stifle his moans of release as his cock jerked and a spurt of cum shot from the tip. Semen oozed from his pisshead, several spurts as the waves of release rocked his body. It was a pleasant experience, if not a short-lived one. Though given his usual stamina, if Gary wasn't too tired to sleep, he'd be able to squeeze out one more session tonight.

As he lay there, enjoying the pleasant afterglow, Gary's thoughts drifted back towards the tooth at the end of the necklace he'd left with his stuff. It seemed to call out to him, making him wish to get up and hold it if only to think about the promise that it carried with it. The enamel was smooth in his touch, though he was careful handling it, carrying a sense of reverence. After all, a simple scratch would do it, to transform him into the object of his greatest desire.

Gary laid there for the longest time, mulling it over in his mind. It was silly, he knew. Werewolves didn't exist in reality. Yet, what was the harm in scratching himself just a little? Surely it wouldn't become infected. And, even if it didn't work, which it most certainly wouldn't, the thought that it *could* work spurred on its own arousal. In the end, Gary couldn't come up with a reason *not* to try it!

Gently, Gary took the edge of the tooth and ran it over the tip of his finger. Not wanting to damage it, his efforts ended up failing, barely scraping along his skin. Gathering his nerve, Gary gritted his teeth and pushed the edge into his finger. A prick of pain lanced through him, more than he was expecting and nearly making him yelp. Looking down, the sight of a line of blood made him shiver, not from disgust but from excitement. On the very off chance there was something in the tooth that could infect him, it had now penetrated his flesh. He had been exposed.

Gary stared for a few moments, eventually sighing and going to wash out his wound. He honestly didn't know what to expect, given the impossibility of transformation occurring in the real world. Still, it was prudent to bandage the wound, though it wasn't bleeding too much, to his

relief. Oh well. It would at least give him the satisfaction of pretending to undergo a change tomorrow. The excitement made his cock tent once more already.

Deciding not to risk getting cum in the wound, he decided to head to bed, hoping to dream of muscled wolf-men. To his delight, the vision of changing did cross his thoughts, though, given the bizarre nature of dreams in general, it was hard to say for certain to what degree. Still, with some level of lucid dreaming, they were enough to make him cum in his sleep, with more fluid than he should have been able to manage, as though the arousal had reached new heights. Be it his own design or his deep-seated fantasies, Gary changed in his dreams, becoming a horny, powerful wolf-man.

The first thing Gary noticed upon waking was the mess that he'd made, underwear stained and sticky. Chastising himself for wasting the load in his sleep, Gary got cleaned up, thankful again that he roomed by himself. Though, part of him took extra time in the mirror, on the off chance that just maybe, he'd have a little more hair or perhaps some muscle. Nothing. Of course, there was nothing. Any notions of truly expecting results were silly, foolish. Still, it was fun to think about...

Yet, all through the day, Gary was plagued by the consistent throbbing of his finger, as though the slight scratch had become infected. Gary was afraid to pull off the bandaid, not wanting to see what he'd done to himself and concerned that he'd caused himself some sort of harm. Should it still be hurting this much? Should he have it looked at, silly as its origin might have been?

That was not the only thing to afflict him as the day wore on. For one thing, an itching seemed to plague his chest and upper legs, as though he was having a bad reaction to the fabric softener he'd used to wash his clothes. Several times he rubbed the skin through his clothing, though that served only in making it worse. The idea was not lost to him that maybe it was his hair spreading, like what he might expect to happen if he was steadily changing into a werewolf. At that realization, Gary could, embarrassingly, feel himself tenting in his pants, even leaking somewhat. He really was taking his werewolf fantasies a little too far to bring them out of the bedroom! Was it really just the notion of actually changing in real life enough to blur his lines of where to separate his fiction from reality?

With the notion that he'd actually taken a step toward real change, Gary found it nearly impossible to focus on anything else that day, to the point that he had to go back to his dorm room early. The itching never did seem to dissipate, and with it, the tenting of arousal. Gary knew he had to get back to the privacy of his own room and jerk off. Even simply imagining the growth of more hair towards the rising of the full moon was enough to force his hand!

“Hey, shrimp? You been hitting the gym?” A familiar voice called out, and Gary turned to see Kyle in the pool room once again, this time without his beer. Too early for even him, it seemed. A couple of the guys from last night were there, looking up and grinning their predatory expressions. They weren’t the only guys in the room, though, thankfully. Not everyone was inclined to harass the poor smaller man.

Gary wasn’t sure what to think about the comment. He had wanted to make a regular regiment but could never make it a commitment. He certainly didn’t *look* like he had been pumping iron or anything of the like. Still, he was prompted to glance down to meet their gaze, seeing that his shirt seemed a little...smaller on him? Was that right? The shirt had fit him normally this morning, hadn’t it...?

Gary couldn’t help but reflect on the tightness of his clothing in tandem with the itching and the scratch from the tooth. He couldn’t really be growing or changing, right? Still, such comments were exactly what he would expect if he really were to alter his shape in a few hours under the moon’s rays...

“Hey, what are you...damn dude! You a fag?” Kyle called out, one of the other guys chiding him for the slur. Gary looked up suddenly, lost in a daze before realizing that he was feeling the sensation of his penis getting hard in his pants. It was even leaking, as though his deeper thoughts didn’t mind the fact that he was in front of a bunch of guys as he was doing so.

Gary’s face flushed in embarrassment as he realized what he was doing. He wanted to get out of there but didn’t know how that would influence his treatment by these guys going forward. There was likely irreparable damage to his social standing by the display. Ultimately, there was nothing for it but to retreat, the jeers of their words trailing behind him as he made his way to his room and shut the door.

Yet, despite the humiliating incident, Gary couldn’t help but feel that flush of arousal washing over him as his cockhead rubbed sensually against the fabric of his underwear. No matter how much taunting he had just undergone, he was still horny, still needy at the prospect of becoming a werewolf. Though such a change did not exist in the real world, the man’s promise that it was possible, even remotely, could not stop nagging at his mind. If the minute iota of chance existed that he would transform, then Gary would readily masturbate himself into the wolf-man he longed to be!

Lying down on his bed and pulling down his zipper, Gary was prompted to take a double-take at the size of the penis in his hands. Used to masturbating several times a day, Gary was very familiar with the size of his dick, every inch and vein, and exactly the quickest and most sensual ways to pleasure himself. But the size of the penis he currently possessed

was...*different*. It was subtle and would have escaped his notice under normal circumstances. Still, he was sure that it was larger than its former contours. Almost as though he was in the middle of a change...

The need in his member soon took precedence over any excitement that he might have harbored by this new reality. Though it was just as probable that he had hallucinated, or it was wishful thinking, Gary dove on his cock, eager to explore what this change meant for him. It certainly seemed more sensitive, though perhaps it was simply the notion of having contracted lycanthropy that was doing it for him. Still, it was the most exciting masturbatory experience he had ever felt, and he was going with it!

As he touched himself, Gary's gaze went to the outside, where the sun hadn't quite set yet. Despite that, the moon was full in the sky, though dimmed from the light of the sun. It hung there, a beacon of what could come and what promise it would bring. Gary stared, enamored by the sight of the orb, feeling himself growing even harder as his end drew near.

As excited as he was by the thought of physical transformation, Gary could not hope to last long against such an onslaught of pleasures. Not even maintaining the wherewithal to grab his tissues, Gary *came*, the force of which ran down his penis and onto his hand. Some of it even stained his groin, and the thick, musky scent of semen hung heavily in his nose, more so than it had ever been in recent memory. Gary chalked it up to an enhanced sense of smell, making him shiver and spurt out another bit of cum.

Though he had just released a larger load than he could recall without resting for a few days, Gary's cock did not go down. In fact, clear fluids were leaking from the tip, as though his balls were refilling with semen and he was getting ready to go again. Not fatigued at all by the orgasmic release, part of Gary's mind wondered if maybe, just maybe, he'd be able to cum again in short order. Thoughts of being considered a perv, or a *fag*, be damned. So what if he was more inclined towards other men and had an intense libido? Gary was who he was, damnit!

Only an intense tingling from his groin could bring Gary's thoughts away from lust. It started at the base of his cock, but soon ran over his groin, eventually stopping to tease his testicles. The sensation soon settled in, making his maleness tingle and his assets squirm as though going numb. The sensation was powerfully uncomfortable, making Gary wish to get up and do anything to try and stop the irritations.

Rubbing the skin to remove the numbness, Gary was surprised when an electrical shock ran over his fingertips, as though the skin under his touch was changed. Reaching up with his cum-stained hand, Gary turned his light on, seeing the sight of his balls seeming to squirm within their confines, almost as though they were too large. Rubbing the warm flesh in disbelief, Gary

was shocked when his touch confirmed what he had been hoping and dreading in equal measure. He really seemed to be changing, altering in an inhuman way with a speed that ruled out any long-term ailment. That could only mean one thing...

The possible reality of his situation slowly sank in as Gary frantically felt himself up, trying desperately to confirm what he was almost already certain of. He was actually changing in real life, growing larger as he might expect would a werewolf. It was something that filled him with equal parts dread and excitement. Eager for it to happen in real life, the reality came with it a series of stipulations that made him unsure. As arousing as it was, what if he wasn't really changing into a werewolf? What if it was some sort of serious fast-acting illness plaguing him, killing him? What if he couldn't survive an actual transformation into a werewolf? Worse, what if he lost his mind, himself to the beast that aroused him so much? Gary could hardly keep all his racing thoughts straight!

It was the itching across his groin that brought his hands to rub his balls, scratching desperately to try to alleviate his irritation. The hair that met his touch was not the same pelt that coated his formerly shaved testicles. Looking down, Gary was greeted to the sight of hairs poking from his skin like weeds, spreading slowly to cover the skin. In a matter of minutes, it was thick enough that it was harder to see the skin in some places. And, best of all, if the consistent prickling was any indication, it was still spreading!

The itching soon moved to cover his groin, the sparse layer of hair changing and thickening around the pores, forcing the stalks to form what he could only imagine was the beginning of a lupine pelt. It soon played a brown-furred bush over his groin, short enough he could play it off as human hair but thick enough that his previously hairless form could hardly be able to sport such a manly pelt. Running his fingers over it eagerly, Gary was simply excited that he had it, hoping it would soon wash over his entire body in waves.

Gary was soon to get his wish if the itching plaguing his chest and belly were any indication. The lean expanse of stomach prickled with the pull of hair growth, peppering up his paunch and even spreading towards his pecs. Gary eagerly played his fingers over it, tracing it up towards his chest and loving the coarse texture. It seemed that he was well on his way to growing a treasure trail over his previously bare chest, making him squirm in excitement.

Soon, a masculine line spread all the way up towards his chest, where it started to blossom into a coat of hair that traced around his nipples. The speed at which the hair growth was happening all but confirmed what he had hoped was real. Not even hyperplasia, or whatever the term for rapid unexplored hair growth could account for the alterings to his physiology. He indeed was becoming a beast of a man, perhaps in more ways than one if the changes continued!

The insistent itching of hair growth seemed to intensify as the minutes passed, prompting Gary to get up to the mirror in the room and watch the alterations. He could see it spreading around his treasure trail, a feature he had longed to see over his form but had never been blessed with. The hair was light brown and filled Gary with a sense of excitement and reverence that surpassed all expectations. And, given the itching cascading down his chest and even his back, Gary was sure he would soon be covered in a semblance of a real pelt!

The itching was getting worse now, and not only from the prickling of skin as hairs pushed through the follicles. It was starting to prickle against the fabric of his shirt, making Gary a little uncomfortable. Who knew that having so much hair would make it so damned hard to wear clothes! Of course, there was a powerful temptation to take off his shirt and watch the hair spread across his form. Yet, on further recollection, no self-respecting werewolf did that, right? He needed to tear out of his clothes like a real beast, naturally inclined to struggle and rend human things to pieces. As much as he wanted to view the changes, he needed to keep his clothes on lest he missed out on that most important facet!

Yet, there was another concern beyond the elation of change and the notion he was to get everything he ever wanted. In fiction, the transformation was never this slow, this gradual. This *sensual*, Gary was starting to realize. There should be no way that he was changing with so little discomfort other than the sensation of itching fur. Would the changes start to get painful? Did he want to go through the agony that a true werewolf was supposed to experience every full moon night? How could he handle it? Yet, knowing it was about to happen, how could he *not*?

Of course, he wanted some pain and discomfort. No pain, no gain, and all of that. But, he secretly imagined, as something never properly portrayed in media, that the change would be powerfully arousing in a way that defied his understanding. He wanted to get off on the transformation as much as he got off to the mere idea of it. Moreso, if that were possible. The sexual stamina of such a beast should, in theory, be more than he could possibly fathom. Though he could normally masturbate several times in one day without determinant, he was determined to see how much he could get off to a change, the object of his biggest secret desires.

Still a little unsure about the changes and if they were truly making him a werewolf, Gary's attention turned back to the mirror, pulling up his shirt to watch the hairs continue to pepper the skin. Yet, he was soon to realize one more proof of his advancement. Pulling up his shirt was more difficult than he had been expecting. Once more, Gary was filled with that same sense of excitement. He had been warm all over, and the tinglings of change had never ceased. Even in that short amount of time, it seemed as though Gary had grown significantly, enough to bring a tightness to his clothes that had not been present. He really was growing, expanding, *changing!*

Pulling up his arms, Gary found that the motions were a little restricted, more than what he was expecting. His shirt hadn't been exactly loose before, though it was hardly tight or form-fitting. Now, it was not the case. It was as though Gary had expanded an inch or two in every direction. Not that much overall, but more than any man could expect without a rigorous gym regiment. Far too fast for anything other than the onset of lycanthropy!

Gary was elated with the gradual pace he was changing. It was just as he would have wished it, slow and steady but not painfully so. Just enough that he could tell it was happening, enough to enjoy the sensations. And the one that took most precedence was the one in his cock, tight as it was in his pants!

Gary had to touch himself. Though, given the pent-up state he was feeling, he knew it wouldn't take him long to reach climax. And, Gary wanted to focus on the changes happening to his form, especially if the discomfort he was expecting came to fruition. Pulling down his zipper, his cock slid out eagerly, tip leaking from the attention. Looking at the full-length mirror, he stroked with one hand, the other pulling up his shirt to watch the hairs pepper his belly. His treasure trail was so thick now, giving him more of a bear-like appearance. It took no time for him to cum, focused as he was on the changes. His shirt was tugged up as muscle writhed under the skin, visible under the hair if he watched. He really was getting bigger!

Gary nearly hunched over, his cock blowing all over his hand and some of it even shooting onto the mirror. Gary never shot very far with his orgasms, though this release left a noticeable stain on the mirror. Gary was a little embarrassed, though quickly decided that such things were beneath the wolf-man he was becoming. After all, it was his sexual fantasy, and he was determined to live it the way he's dreamed, consequences be damned!

It was when he went to put his cock back inside his underwear, the fantasy of ripping out of the clothes at the forefront of his thoughts, that Gary realized how tight his pants had become. His ass was straining them in the back, and running hands over the fabric reported a posterior that did not match what he was used to. Far from being flabby, however, Gary could tell that his hip muscles were firm, glutes pulled tight, and swelled way beyond his human limits. Gary was being blessed with a massive muscled ass if there ever was one!

By this point, his shirt was far enough up his toned belly that Gary didn't even need to hold it up to see the spreading of hairs playing over his form. It was soon clear that his hair was lighter on his chest, a light brown while dark across his sides. It was starting to become difficult to see the skin in some places, though the writhing muscles underneath could not be so easily obscured. He was literally bulking up before his eyes, muscles pushing at the skin as they tore and reformed and added millions of new fibers in rapid succession to form the beast of a man that Gary longed to be.

Shirt raising still higher, Gary was prompted to rub the raw, sensitive flesh of his nipples that were now sticking up just under the fabric. Never being big on nipple play before, the sensual sensation of tugging them gave him an inkling they might have changed. The waves of pleasure rolling over his body from just that slightest of touches were enough to make him moan, a beastly sound that matched the body he was steadily growing into. It was as though someone had plugged cables into his nipples, an electrical surge racing through him like a pulse that didn't stop. His cock was on fire from the stimulation, leaking into his pants and making him desperate to pull it out again. Never before had he felt so much arousal so soon after cumming!

A similar tingling started to erupt over his belly, and Gary was struck with the notion that he might be growing extra sets of nipples. Rubbing the slightly sore spots, Gary was delighted to discover that the reddening flesh seemed as sensitive as the nipples on his broadening chest. Delighted, he teased down his chest and belly with enthusiasm, eager to squeeze all the stimulation from his new assets as he possibly could. It was more than he could take to have so many sensitive spots, almost making him forget about the lust he felt from simple muscle growth.

To his delight, his repeated sexual contact seemed to spur on the stretching of muscle fibers, pulling at his shirt and leaving it taut around his underarms. His upper arms, too, were bulging, veins and indents running across their contours as they continued to swell with muscle underneath. It was hardly any effort to form muscle that even the jocks in his dorm would envy. Soon, they grew even beyond that, pulling the already tight shirt to the breaking point. Ignoring his new nipples, Gary excitedly teased the edges through the tight clothing. His pecs were firm, and if he focused, he could flex them, leaving him powerfully excited. The hair-covered skin was as hard as stone, firm and tight, and still growing if the continued sensations were any indication!

It was not only his shirt that was close to the breaking point. His massive ass was pulling almost painfully at the confines of his jeans, threatening to tear them at the slightest provocation. Muscled thighs and powerful calves were pulling up his pants as well. Gary was convinced that a few simple flexes might remove them from his frame, though he wanted to hold out for now. The changes were coming so slow, so gradual, and Gary wished to savor them as long as he could!

Even knowing that the scratch was likely the source of his change, Gary couldn't deny the effect the moon was also having on his physiology. Walking over to the window, ignoring the aches and tingles of change, he gazed up at the glowing orb he knew would be there. The sky was clear, its beacon shining down on the dorm and lighting it up as much as the lights of the college campus would allow. It was that period between when the lights came on for the night and the moon's glow was front and center that Gary felt was spurring on his changes. It was exactly what he needed to let the moon glow over him, the catalyst for further change!

Still, an ache in his backside prompted him to pull away from the sight, though he did keep the window open to allow its light to shine in. The slight irritation was coming from above his ass, poking its way against the back of his pants. With how massive and muscled his ass had become, reaching down to pull out the growth was rather troublesome. But, eventually, he managed, tugging the inch-long protrusion above the waistband and letting it hang taut in the air. Gary was nonetheless excited about the development of his new tail!

Rubbing the skin, a sharp pinprick on his backside soon made him aware of another new development, one that had him more excited than alarmed. Lifting his hands, he was in time to see how pointed his nails were becoming, poking up from the cuticles as their surfaces seemed to raise, thicken, and blacken as though bruised. They remained relatively short when the tingling stopped, though clearly inhuman like the beast he wanted to become. They wouldn't be deadly, not exactly. But that suited well with Gary's inclinations. He wanted to look like a werewolf, but not lose himself like a simple movie monster!

All the while, a swelling, muscled ass was starting to tear at the backs of his pants. It prompted Gary to consider taking his claws and removing the rest of the fabric to expose his muscled posterior to the world. But there was something powerfully arousing to feel his clothes tearing to the point that they would rip off his body of their own accord. It didn't hurt; the tightness was only uncomfortable to the point of being restrictive. His muscled thighs were so thick and meaty that such rags were being torn off his frame rather than digging into his skin. Only the itching of hair growth along his leg really irritated him, though it was a small price to pay for the sensations of growth and pure power overcoming him.

An ache in his feet prompted his attention downward to the tightness that a stretched heel and thickened nails were causing to smaller shoes. He lamented not taking them off beforehand, though it was harder for him to figure out why, even with their expense and his lack of funds for replacement. It was simply something about tearing out of them that sent a spurt of precum soaking through the front of his pants and a growl escaping his lips. He wanted nothing more than to feel lycan feet burst through, a sign of beastly power and virility.

Soon, his heels were almost twice their former length, prompting him to raise up on the balls of his feet. He was certain that the soles were swelling with coarse flesh, the start of what he assumed were lupine paw pads. Those same claws on his fingers seemed close to piercing the edges of the shoes, pushed more and more by the stretching backs of his feet. The force was tugging at the back of the shoe, popping out and tearing at the stitching. The rounded edges of his feet were picking at the glue around the rims, tearing them off in a straight line to the back. He wanted to kick them off due to the intense discomfort, but it was soon to be a non-issue with how much the damage was coming to a head.

The force of the muscle growth was tugging at the bottoms of his jeans, rising them up, and pulling a series of strings from the cuffs. It quickly exposed skin that was being peppered with dark brown lupine hairs as well. He could barely see the muscles swelling before the hair started to obscure it to the point he could barely see the skin. But he could certainly feel it, powerful muscles pushing almost painfully before the skin could stretch to keep it up. Best of all, it was putting the necessary pressure on his pants before they inevitably broke from his beastly form.

The heat of the change was causing him to sweat profusely by now. The growth of hair effectively trapped sweat molecules, filling the room with a heady musk that Gary was forced to drink in, given the relatively small space. Yet, the sheer potency of the aroma was everything he had hoped for, as though the process changing him had read his mind and was giving him exactly what he always dreamed of. Or, maybe his dreams were so close to the real thing as he'd always hoped. Either way, Gary was elated and harder than ever before!

All the while, his muscled chest was pulling up his shirt, its length adding inches to his height as he grew into the beast he longed to be. His thickened treasure trail was clearly prominent now, like his legs, making it impossible to make out the skin. Rubbing it eagerly, careful of his claws, Gary explored the level of tone that he now seemed to possess. It formed a deep impression, the muscle swelled around it like the start of abs beyond anything the human body was meant to possess. Or, at least, his body. The growth was forcing his shirt to get tighter and ready to explode at any moment with the slightest provocation!

His arms, too, were bulging up, tearing the sleeves and prompting him to flex to feel their power. The simple motion amplified the rip, the stitching running up the cuff all the way to the top of the sleeve, exposing his underarms and hitting him with another pleasant wave of lupine musk. Better yet, the peppering of hairs could not hide the veins forced to pump under the skin, drawing blood away to allow oxygenated blood to fuel the rapid growth of muscle fibers underneath. The flesh was easily twice, three times the size of his human confines and still growing, as best as he could perceive. Gary was elated!

A gleam in the mirror caught his eye, and Gary gingerly pulled his lips back, seeing the forming points of what looked like fangs. It was only two at first, though the tingling in his dentures seemed to imply that the rest of his teeth were altering, most likely towards a more predatory diet. It was the look of them on his features, however, that really did it for the man. His rather fetching lupine visage was only another sign in a long series of changes that would make up the werewolf he longed to be.

The tingling soon rose to his nose, and Gary reached up to feel the cartilage flattening, the skin thickened with coarse, black skin as slits drew up the sides. It almost looked akin to makeup, but not even the best special effects could give birth to the lupine visage that Gary now possessed. Best of all, the changes in his nostrils allowed him to breathe in his head musky with renewed vigor, making him shiver. The aroma forced his cock to pull tightly in his underwear as though threatening to tear them off at any moment.

By this point, the itching of hair growth was swelling from his beard, the barely sparse peppering from a few days without shaving quickly sprouting like fast-growing weeds. Soon, it was thicker than even a few weeks' growth could form over his features. Covering the more angular jawline he now possessed, it soon swept up his cheeks like sideburns, before merging with the hair atop his head. His hair was becoming longer wild and untamed, just like the lycanthrope he longed to be!

The tingling of change soon centered on his ears, and Gary parted his nearly-formed ruff of hair in time to see the points of lupine appendages poking up. They rose on his features, almost twice the size of their human equivalents. With some effort, he found he was able to twitch them, moving them around in response to sounds around the dorm. Even rooms across halls and behind closed doors were not hidden from his awareness, and, had he not currently been so enraptured with the transformation he might have paid such things further attention!

As the tingling of change around his face subsided, a realization crossed his awareness just then, one he was hoping for but never really assumed was possible. Though his features were sharper, more angular, there was nothing in the facial muscles to indicate that he was about to grow a full-on muzzle. His face pushed out only enough to accommodate the newly formed dentures of the wolf-man he was becoming, seemed to be staying in the current state. He now truly wore the visage of the wolf-man of his dreams!

Having steadily been growing the entire time, Gary was sure that his clothes were not fated to last long. By this juncture, he was ready to burst out of them and see his lupine glory basking in the light of the moon. Gary had waited far too long to be too large for clothes to fit him, and even the stretchy material of what he currently wore stood no chance. Though, even the clothes of a man much larger than he would have a hard time resisting his expansive bulk. A simple flex was all it took to burst the sleeves from his upper arms, exposing an ever-expanding swash of brown hair as the tear spread across the back and the front where it had been pulled taut over his primary nipples. It took only a few more twitches to rend the shirt into little more than rags clinging by the faintest elastics. Soon, those, too, were taken from him, allowing the rags to fall to the floor where they could be lost and forgotten.

His swelling ass, too, was soon to part the back of his pants fully, and Gary tensed his ass and glutes, trying to burst out of them. His tail wagged eagerly as his ass swelled to its breaking point, popping off the clothing with a puff of hair that ran the exposed length of his backside. His ass, though much larger as befit the beast he was becoming, was much in its human configuration. Gary eagerly rubbed the skin, feeling the fur covering every inch of it as it grew into what he knew would be its final wolverine configuration. Swelling thighs and calves did away with the rest of his clothing, and he kicked eagerly to be rid of the useless things. Ultimately, he decided he would be best off as nude, like the wolf he longed to be!

As though responding to his mental wishes, Gary felt his feet burst out of his shoes, heels and claws from either end too much for the fragile footwear. Larger as they were, it seemed his feet would retain their plantigrade stance, not the digitigrade posture possessed by lupines in reality and lycanthropes in fiction. Still, he was eager to feel the coarse pads forming underneath, firmer than even the leather of his shoes and allowing him to easily run through the woods or the dirt trails around his college campus. Only socks remained on his form, but he kicked those away with eagerness, desperate to feel the bare floor on his new feet-paws and bask in the bestial glory the change was granting him.

Only a brief pull was sufficient to remove the socks from his feet and leave him functionally naked, save for his underwear. Still, with how much his cock was surging forth, it was unlikely they would last long. Still, Gary wanted to hold back from rending the weak fabric in two, loving the feeling of his cock against it and precum oozing through to greet his lupine nose. After all, it would take only moments for his cock to get large enough to burst from them, and allow him to finally attend to the building needs he'd been craving as the changes reached their inevitable conclusion.

It was his balls that seemed to be expanding first, testicles the size of grapes as they swelled almost painfully in his ballsack. Growing ever more intense, the sensation soon made him gasp as they grew beyond that, his sack swelling with skin to accommodate their girth. The surge sent another wave of precum from Gary's cock, and he almost fell to his knees, the sensations nearly orgasmic on their own. It was taking everything he had to wait and touch himself until his cock was truly transformed!

It seemed his testicles were not ready to relent from their growth as another wave of expansion overtook them. The size of ping pong balls now, they seemed far too large on his anatomy even with the beastly contours it had developed. Soon, their tingling stopped, and Gary was allowed to breathe a sigh of relief, their changes evidently done for the moment as best as he could tell. They made it almost painful to keep his junk in the underwear, the elastic being pulled by the size of his ballsack alone! Not to mention how much his cock had grown in so short a time...

A surge in his penis was enough to do them in as the elastic snapped and the remaining material was pulled over his cock like a flagpole. It was clearly not the member he had possessed beforehand, certainly far larger. Though it maintained the shape of his humanity, almost 10 inches of cock hung before him, eager to be touched and stroked and to fill the air with his musky seed. The head was rounded, foreskin pulled tightly for every inch that his stretched erectile tissue could grant him. And it was thicker, too, perhaps twice the girth his humanity had possessed and still growing slightly as he watched.

Stroking it off was a precarious affair not simply because of his newly grown claws. Rather, his member almost required both hands to tend to, and he was tempted to play both hands over it for maximum pleasure. But such actions would deny a proper exploration of his body, and his muscles and nipples cried out to be pleased. Stroking his cock with one hand, he began teasing his chest, playing over the sensitive skin and the warming muscles filling out his form. He was massive, powerful, hundreds of pounds larger than he could have ever expected. It was everything he wanted in his ideal werewolf body and more!

Running his hands over his cock felt more sensual than before, perhaps due to the paw pads that adorned his hands now. They gripped the flesh so exquisitely, better than any masturbatory experience he could have imagined. His touch was electric, every sensation of stimulation firing into his penis and balls and bringing him closer and closer. It was all he could do not to blow his load right there, wanting to take his time and explore it properly. Yet, the level of pleasure was building steadily towards the inevitable climax...

It was exciting to feel himself getting so close while trying his best to hold back until the final changes overtook him. The transformation had been so lengthy and sensual, but now, pent up as he was, Gary wanted nothing more than to cum and to explode out his need. Finally bringing down his second paw to aid in his work, Gary grunted, feeling his lust building to its inevitable end. It felt as though his balls were painfully swollen with semen at this point, preparing to let loose what felt like torrents of cum. With both hands on his cock stroking him off, it seemed to lengthen just a little more, balls visually distended and preparing to alleviate their burden.

Part of him wanted to howl out as the orgasmic sensations started to wash over him, taking him down into the undertow as he blew his mighty load. Though he knew that it would bring the attention of the rest of his dorm if he did so, the urge to howl as Gary let himself go into the beast that he had become was all-consuming. In the end, standing on the precipice of release as he was, there was little to be done for it but let himself go as he wished, baptizing his form for the night!

“Awwwwwwwoooooo!” He called out, perhaps a little quieter than he would have had his location not been an issue. Still, it was nearly impossible for him to restrain the volume of his voice as he cried out his bestial bliss.

The howl came out in tandem with his load being forced through his shaft, splattering against the mirror as his balls pumped out their pent-up contents. Even his prior orgasms could not compare to the sheer force he exploded now. It seemed to extend far longer than the usual perceived seven seconds, waves of release rocking his form violently. Be it a product of his sexual form or his powerful lust for lycanthropy, it took a full twenty seconds for his orgasm to finally subside, a feat that would have drained the human him. But, his lupine physiology felt no repercussions for such a release, save the trembles of aftershock that were still playing over his body. His cum, too, was a much higher quantity than he had ever released before, coating the mirror and making it hard to see in some places. Seminal fluids were leaking from his cock tip still, coating his hand and prompting him to reach down and sample his secretions. The flavor was unlike nothing he had ever tasted. Be it his enhanced senses or sheer lust for the male form, Gary found himself licking the rest of his hand, enjoying his own fluids like a tasty treat.

As best as he could tell, his changes were complete. At least, the tingling sensations seemed to have abated, the itching of fur, the twitches of muscle growth now over. Not that Gary minded, of course. He was a massive, muscled specimen, everything he could have hoped for in his dreams. Staring at himself in the mirror, at least the places not stained with semen, Gary could tell he was at least seven feet tall and several hundred pounds larger than he had been, all muscle, of course. He was naked, his very human penis hung there at half-mast. The sight of it was almost enough for him to cum once more!

His face, though complete with lupine accents, was still relatively human-shaped, as much a wolf-man as those B movie beasts. It was complete with pointed ears, a ruff of a mane, a flattened nose, and sharp teeth. It almost could have been chalked up to prosthetics but, to him, was clearly the facial features of the real thing. His enhanced sense of smell, pinpoint hearing, and golden eyes that pierced the darkness made him sure he was truly the lycanthrope of his dreams.

Flexing, Gary could still see the muscle moving under the skin, even through the coat of hair that he possessed. The sheer size of his arms could have matched the girth of his former torso! Muscles and veins rippled under the fur, and Gary longed to lift, to run, to explore the full range of his abilities. Though, it would be hard to find the space in which to do that far from college, making him a little disappointed that he found himself in his dorm post-change. Though, he certainly didn't bemoan the fact that an actual change was possible in real life!

To his surprise, or, perhaps delight, Gary did not feel any inklings of being bestial or bloodthirsty. It seemed as though being a lycanthrope did not come with the instincts that dominated film beasts and their human victims. Well, at least, for now. Best yet was the realization that with his changes came a cascade of other emotions and sensations. He was not the same shy, underconfident man he had been before the change. He felt dominant, powerful, and proud. Partly was due to his change mentality, but part of it had to do with his perception of being this beast of his dreams. He was as confident a wolf-man as he could imagine, with his power and sexual stamina to match.

At this point, the world was his to do with as he would. Though without the urges to run, hunt, and eat, the only thing he could think of relieving the persistent sexual urges creeping over his psyche. He was as aroused, as horny as he could have ever imagined. Though he was sure that he could masturbate several more times, there was nothing his body could do to pleasure itself that Gary was sure would fully satisfy the urges plaguing him. He was a powerful beast, an alpha, and needed a servant to take care of his needs. Why should he masturbate himself when the world was full of eager betas to be made into his perfect fuck toy?

It did not take Gary long to decide on the victim of his sexual desires and prowess. Though he wasn't sure if a bite would change someone, like in the movies, there was every chance it would have the same effect as the tooth. Given the sexual desire the changes gave him, he figured that even if his target resisted, he soon wouldn't be able to, needing release from the nearest being as much as Gary himself needed it. And, making a cocksucker out of his bully carried with it almost more eroticism than the change itself!

It was everything he could do not to go and take his bully for a fuck right then and there. Though, a few hours wait was warranted if he wanted their activities to be as private as he needed them to be. And there was something exciting about running through the woods near their college, aware of every animal, every person that had been present in the area for the past few days. The ground was like cushions on his beastly feet, branches not scraping at all against his tough skin and fur. He was as much a beast equipped for the woods as he was for the human world!

Soon, the sounds of humans and activities died down, people going to sleep for the night as the wolf-man Gary made his way back to their dorm, careful not to be seen too close in his naked and semi-erect state. Though his sense of smell and hearing made it impossible for anyone to sneak up on him or even get close enough to see him as he found the proper window, finding all the lights were off on that side of the dorm wall. It took no trouble for his newfound strength to pull up the window, popping on the bolts from the outside. Still, the window sill was left intact enough that no one from the outside would be alerted to their activities. Gary needed quiet if he was to enact his revenge properly.

Kyle, it seemed, was alone, the odors in the room confirming it. Either his roommate was away back home or he had asked for the room to have some fun with a lady friend that was no longer present. The variety of scents in the room seemed to imply the latter. Still, Kyle was alone for now and was all that Gary needed to act.

The force of the window opening and the other being in the room with him was the prompt for Kyle to slowly awaken, staring at the figure in the dark. Surely, the low light of the room was insufficient for Kyle to really understand what was happening. Of course, Gary had no such trouble, seeing the nearly naked man as clear as though the room was lit up as he preyed upon him, grabbing him and holding a pawed hand over his lips before Kyle had a chance to speak.

“SHHH little human...if you scream I’ll kill you. But if you’re quiet, then you’ll be fine...and you might even enjoy this a little...” Gary growled, loving the guttural quality of his voice as the man shivered in obvious fear. The scent was almost enough to make Gary nut right there. True, he had a few loads left in him tonight, Gary was certain with his new lupine stamina. But given the vengeance he wished to reap upon his dorm mate, it was more prudent to demand the attention he wished the man to give him!

But, first things first. Gary needed to infect his victim and change him with the gift Gary had been granted. He knew that a little scratch was all it would take and was eager to give it to him, rubbing a claw across Kyle’s cheek and scenting a little drop of blood. Kyle whimpered slightly, not wanting to scream lest he brought about the beast’s ire. It seemed that he was starting to realize what Gary was, though not who, and was frozen with fear, not wanting to bring down the creature’s wrath.

Yet, as what Gary knew would soon happen, Kyle’s demeanor started to shift, no longer struggling but relaxing, almost snuggling into the tight grip of the wolfman around him. It seemed as though he was confused rather than scared by the beast’s presence, or, his new reaction to it. Instinctively, Gary knew that his blood was working, that it would not take until the next full moon for the man to change. He might even change faster, with the infection coming directly from the source. Gary was more than a little eager to find that out firsthand!

Letting him go, Gary surveyed his work, excited to watch the change happen from an outside perspective. He had to admit there was something powerfully arousing about being twice the size of the jock he had once feared before now. Though, the man wasn’t changing, not yet at least. Rather, he was sitting there, teetering on the edge of confusion and something else. Even through the heavy scents of musk and cum sticking to his bare crotch, Gary’s new senses were more acute to minute variants in scent molecules, and was aware a string of precum was leaking

from the tip of Kyle's semi-erect cock. Whatever was happening to his bully, Gary was certain it was making him hard.

At that, Gary's own cock started bobbing fully erect on his groin, close enough to the other man's face that there was no way he could miss it. It, too, was leaking a long trail of precum, excited for what he had done to the other man and what would happen next. After all, he'd read somewhere online that straight men made the best cocksuckers when willing to try it for the first time. He would soon find that out firsthand!

"Suck, bitch!" Gary commanded, the normally meek man feeling a dominant streak unbecoming of his formerly weak body. But the werewolf he was, the being of his dreams, had needs, and a now-willing beta to satisfy them!

"But...I can't...why..." Kyle said, voice trailing off as though conflicted. It seemed that the combination of the lycanthrope musk, cock, and the infection coursing through his veins were having the desired effect. Soon, Kyle regarded the object of his obvious desire with some curiosity. There was still some hesitation in the expression, but not enough to stop him from lowering down towards what Gary had to offer him, apparently eager to obey the command.

Gary elicited an eager growl as the man's curious lips reached around the head of his cock, teasing it before moving his lips over it. He seemed to hesitate a few moments, either the homosexual act or the sheer amount of his pre-cum leaking from Gary's cock causing him confusion. But then, as though the flavor was growing on him, Kyle started to suck with gusto, taking as much in his mouth as possible, jaws seemingly strained though clearly fixated on the singular goal.

Gary had to admit the man's efforts, though inexperienced, were rather pleasant, better than the few sexual instances he'd had prior. The man was an adept cocksucker, eager to please what he likely perceived to be his alpha. And his speed and technique were the perfect things to stimulate the man's wolfhood. Even the size did not deter Kyle from seeming to keep up around Gary's cock like a man obsessed. It must have been paining him, but Gary was remiss to care, wanting to make up for all the bullying he had experienced most appropriately.

Though the scent of fear was still present in the man's sweat, the noticeable spike of arousal made Gary all the more eager for the man to change. Something about the aroma made Kyle smell like his own sweet wolf musk and sent another spurt of precum into the man's gullet. The more he sucked, the more the other man seemed to get into it, as though the precum was a vector for change. It was everything Gary wanted and more, to take his abuser and make him his subservient little bitch!

“Yes, my little slut...take it...suck me...take master’s cum!” Gary growled, quiet enough not to bring the attention of anyone listening in but loud enough that the soon-to-be wolf-man got the message. Kyle did as he was told, sucking with the enthused of a man starved. Kyle’s efforts would soon be rewarded, Gary was sure, as the inevitable end drew near and he prepared to gift the man with his load.

“Yet...just like that...now!” Gary said, the pleading tone not lost even over his commanding growls. Kyle pulled back just then, either too tired for continued oral or simply eager to take his reward to the face. Gary was happy to oblige, his cock shooting several thick wads of cum into the other man’s face. It coated Kyle’s face, hair, and some of it even in his mouth, though the latter did not seem to bother the formerly straight man. He lapped it up as though a tasty treat, rubbing the cum on his face and licking as much as he could with his tongue.

Gary was sure that the semen would trigger the beginning of the expected transformation. Eager to see what his effort had wrought, Gary stared through the dark, waiting for any sign of change. He soon noted that same glint he’d seen in his mirror, the signaling of lupine points forming from his fucktoy’s canines. Not expecting them to be as sharp as they were, Kyle winced as they nearly pricked the surface of an exploratory finger. Though such was barely an inconvenience to the changing man, the drop of blood was all that could escape before the wound healed and his body heated up with the inevitable change.

Curious, Gary looked over the product of his work, delighting as hairs started to lance from the man's face. The thickening of an already fetching beard turned black and soon covered the entirety of his facial features. It warped into a short mane of ruff of sorts, running up his face and merging with the stretching hairs of the man’s head. Though, Kyle’s own short-cropped hair was soon to lengthen to match the lupine ruff he was developing. Also not missed, Gary could see the man’s ears stretched above the thickening bush, pointing and twitching with their newly developed lupine flexibility.

With a look of confusion, Kyle reached up to rub the itchy fur and pointed ears, clearly not understanding what was happening. Though, touch against fur-like hair and ears twice the size of his human ones should have been a clear indication of what Gary’s infectious fluids had done to him. It was obvious to anyone with the faintest knowledge of werewolf lore. And, if Kyle didn’t understand what was happening to him, he would soon, as Gary guided him through the sensual change that he himself had undergone not hours before!

Before Kyle had the wherewithal to say anything further, Gary was on him, taking the man in a passionate embrace. He could tell that the man’s face was changing, more hair growing over his features. Rubbing the man’s nose against his own, Gary could perceive it was flattening, forming the creases that Kyle needed to properly breathe in the scents of their lust. His own teeth

were likely altering, face becoming more angular as he matched the wolfish features that Gary owned himself. Still, in the moment, Gary was more interested in tasting the man's lips than watching the rest of his lupine visage take hold. It was his prerogative to do with his beta as he would!

Careful of his claws, Gary reached down and started to feel up the man's muscles, enjoying the tone they possessed even before the changes altered them. Gary figured it would be better if his first beta was smaller, and was not keen on the size that Kyle might reach relative to his own if he continued to grow. The man was certainly already muscled enough, making Gary's cock shiver with excitement. This was a *man*, and one that he had total power over as he held him tight, forcing any notions of resistance out of his bully's body.

Yet, the more his hands explored the heated flesh, the more that Gary started to realize that the skin underneath was deflating a little, as though the muscle within was shirking away. Though the tone was still present, the size of the muscle, unlike his own, was almost evaporating, disappearing and making the man overall smaller. Like his wishes seemed to dictate, Gary's future fuck toy was diminishing in stature, to be the perfect beta for Gary's desires.

It seemed that the other man was largely unaware of this, forced instead on their intense lip lock and seeking tongues as the two of them made out. Still, it was soon impossible to ignore the intense tinglings of change as Kyle reached down and rubbed his body. A look of stunned shock crossed his features as the familiar contours of his body reduced before his eyes. Though the tone remained, as did his body hair, Kyle was quickly becoming a man the size that Gary had been as a human!

"Now, now, don't panic. You're becoming my perfect beta, so you need to be small and subservient," Gary growled, taking the smaller man with his lips once more before Kyle could protest. Kyle reached down to rub his smaller form, still seeming panicked. Gary responded by deepening the kiss, and he could feel Kyle's body start to relax, leaning into the tender moment.

Lost in the lust, Kyle was remiss for not noticing the continuing compression of his chest, losing mass though retaining muscle tone. He was almost the size of Gary's formerly lean form by now yet seemed to be getting smaller, even with lupine muscle and an increasing layer of fur overtop of it. He was growing shorter, too, losing an entire foot of height and making him have to reach up with his tiptoes to kiss his lover. Gary was prompted to grab the man's ass, holding it firm and lifting it up. Like his own, Gary could feel the man's ass swell slightly in proportion to his smaller body. Still, it was large enough that it made his cock twitch to know his sexual conquest was to have a sexy ass like his own.

“Mrrr, you’re the perfect little wolf-twink, aren’t you, slut?” Gary teased, pulling his fuck toy out of the kiss. A blush crossed Kyle’s features then, realizing how small he was and not used to being talked down to in such a manner. But there was no denying how much it was doing it for him, especially when his cock bobbed within his underwear, staining the end with more precum than it could easily contain. It was leaking through the fabric now, almost dripping as Kyle shivered from sexual excitement.

Another ache drew his attention to the back of his underpants, however, and Kyle moaned a little, feeling something pressing out of the skin as though an extension of his spine. Noticing the discomfort, Gary reached back, pulling down his underwear only slightly to allow the growth to spring forth overtop of it. Not inclined to pull down the man’s undies just yet, Gary decided instead to rub that man’s growing appendage. Kyle simply moaned, not used to having such a protrusion attended to. The base of the growth was especially sensitive, making him growl in a lupine baritone as he wagged his new tail, getting used to having one.

The reason for Gary’s hesitation was soon apparent as Kyle groaned once more, this time due to a swelling in his balls. Gary smiled, looking down to watch as the man’s testicles expanded in relation to his form. Though he was much smaller physically, his testicles were swelling beyond human contours, even in consideration with the man’s altered stature. Eagerly, Gary reached down, grabbing the man’s junk and making Kyle squirm.

To his delight, Gary’s ministrations seemed to increase the expansion of his testes beyond the size of grapes now. His testicles were almost painfully tight in his sack, pushing the already stretched elastic of his underwear towards the breaking point. It was all he could do not to rip them off himself and rub the changing flesh. But, given the status of his would-be lover, Gary figured it would be warranted to leave him to suffer, building up the tension and making sure that the poor, much smaller man begged for it!

“Ohh...so big...so horny...” Kyle growled as Gary reached down to tease the swelling cockhead through the underpants. It was becoming painfully tight now, Gary could tell based on the looks of agony on Kyle’s face. He was truly suffering with his needs, not even able to feel embarrassed they were being spurred on by the attentions of another man. It was everything Gary could have wanted and more to force his former bully to suffer in such a degrading fashion!

Though the man only had a modest penis before the lycanthropic infection, that seemed not to remain the case much longer. What was once 4 inches soon swelled to 7, 8, then longer, almost as long as Gary’s own. Not as thick, which was certainly fine with the other man. It was fitting to have a beta well-endowed, after all. All part of the lycanthrope experience, Gary was coming to understand. Still, there was less and less room in the straining underwear for the junk

the man was now sporting. Gary wished to continue to torture the poor man more before he was eventually released.

Mulling it over for a few moments, Gary eventually lowered his mouth, a canine-like tongue reaching down and lapping at the fluids staining through the fabric. The taste was exquisite, though distinctive from his own. Still, it was enough to keep him licking, eager to please this man just a little. Keeping his penis within the garments prevented Kyle from touching it and leaving him entirely at the mercy of his alpha. Even Kyle's attempts to play with himself were left with resistance as Gary pushed his seeking hands away with a growl. It took only once for Kyle to get the hint as he allowed his master to do his work.

With the intense strain in his underwear, it was unlikely that Kyle could last long. But, demanding alpha that he was, Gary was intent on prolonging Kyle's suffering as long as possible. Growling through his slobbering mouth, Gary looked up with intensity in his golden eyes. "Rrrolld out...a rrrong as rrrou can, beta..." he commanded, and a flush ran across Kyle's lupine features, not able to disobey his alpha's orders but needing to ejaculate all the same.

By now, Gary could perceive that hair was running down the man's chest, thickening around a treasure trail while brown hairs started to pepper the sides, making it harder to see the skin, even with Gary's enhanced night vision. Like his own, it was lighter in color along Kyle's chest, thicker yet softer as Gary ran his paw-hand through it. Soon, Kyle's powerfully muscled sides were obscured by a thick coat, leaving little skin left as patches of brown erupted from thighs, hips, and the man's ass. His tail was wagging, already covered with its own coat as the wolf-man panted and whined his need.

Delighting in exploring the other man's anatomy in a manner that would tease him further, Gary eventually found Kyle's sweet spots, several new sets of nipples that matched Gary's own. The growls of contentment that came from the other man's mouth were like sweet melodies as Gary stroked them, all the while lapping at the man's cocktip through the fabric and whispering for him to hold back. The looks of equal parts torment and lust were everything that he could have hoped for and more, and Gary was intent on prolonging them as much as possible.

Other changes were starting to encroach over Kyle's form as well, though Gary had a hard time noticing them through his attention to teasing the transforming wolf-man. Kyle's stance on the bed shifted a little as his feet likely began to stretch, thick pads forming as the toes diminished and sharpened nails replaced his own. Lowering his hands to run them over Gary's muscles, Gary was made well aware that the same coarse skin was beginning to coat his palms and fingertips. The sharp prick of his fingernails did little to deter Gary from teasing his beta, only encouraging him by the fact the changes were almost complete.

By this point, the man was a full foot shorter taller than his former stature, sitting lower on the bed even as his back and stomach stretched relative to his form. His legs, too, seemed to shorten as they thinned, muscle lean and powerful underneath. There was little visible left of his skin now as thick swashes of brown fur eradicated it from view. The changes, it seemed were almost done with him. His cock, while still growing, was the only thing left to complete as the man's eyes glowed yellow in the moonlight and his visual acuity now equaled Gary's own.

“Rrroowww...let rroose...” Gary growled, wanting to sample the man's fluids. A tremor raced through Kyle's body, rocking him back and forth as his cock spasmed, blowing the load building from bulging testicles. The sheer force of fluids erupted into Gary's mouth, and he licked it up eagerly, loving the consistency of the sticky semen. Kyle continued to cum, cockhead pressed against the underwear and Gary's tongue providing more stimulation than Kyle could stand easily. He stifled a cry of release for the moment, though it was nigh impossible with how much pleasure was shooting through his form. Kyle nearly fell back on the bed, crushing his new tail as he left out a yelp.

The force of his massive, muscled ass, bulbous testicles, and thick cock were too much for his underwear to handle as, with a *snap*, they were forced off his form, plopping against the bedsheets from the sheer volume of ejaculate they had been coated with. Kyle, for his part, sat back on the bed, longing to be rid of them. A pleased growl escaped his lips as he did so; tail raised, his puckered anus likely rubbed against the sheets, its sexual need for stimulation running through him. Gary grew harder at the sight of it. He wanted to fuck this wolf-man more than anything, and he was sure that his partner couldn't resist, even if he was still inclined to at this juncture.

“Down on your hands and knees, slut. Then raise your tail,” Gary commanded, and Kyle did just that without a word of protest. A whimper escaped his lips, his entire body trembling with need. “Pl-please be gentle...” Kyle whined, a fading bit of his humanity afraid for the penetration, especially from a phallus so large. Yet, lupine urges to serve a pack alpha won out, and he left his tail raised, eager to take his master's rod inside of him as much as Gary needed to rut into him.

Having at least a little experience with anal sex, Gary had the wherewithal to rub his leaking cockhead over Kyle's furry ass, coating it with slick fluids and making the smaller wolfman groan with need. “Get ready, slut. Ready to take it all,” Gary commanded, and Kyle simply moaned to beg for it, likely against his human will. But he was a werewolf now, a highly sexual being, and the urge to be fucked by a more dominant man was almost all-consuming.

Unable to hold back at this juncture, Gary shoved his cock forward, Kyle's backdoor easily opening to take it in. It seemed his rectal muscles were more elastic than either man had

been expecting, and Kyle huffed, not ready to take something of that girth inside of him despite the ease of penetration. Still, he held firm, the promise of prostate stimulation more than he could bear as Gary gripped his sides, getting used to the sensation of being held inside so exquisitely.

“Grrrr....so tight...the perfect fuck toy...” Gary moaned, loving the sensation of fucking his former bully. It was better than he could have imagined, not only the pleasure itself but rather the notion of domination and the power his body gave him. It was truly an aphrodisiac to be in control of this man, who he had changed and put in his place for all of those months of being the aggressor!

“Please...master...alpha...touch me...” Kyle moaned, trying to rut against the air with the need to be stimulated himself. Gary, thinking nothing of it, reached down to grip his partner’s rod, stroking him off with help from Kyle’s leaking fluids. It was sure to bring him quickly, in tandem with the prostate stimulation he was getting. But, a whisper from Gary prevented his orgasm, telling him not to cum until Gary was ready for him to. He would allow the man release, eventually. But not until Gary commanded!

Though unexpected, Gary was still delighted to feel that Kyle’s cock was swelling, as though gaining an extra inch with the masturbation. It was still smaller than Gary’s own, as it should be. But, it was an impressive shaft all the same, relatively larger in comparison to Kyle’s frame and bigger than his human self had been able to match. It seemed all the more sensitive, leaking copious fluids over Gary’s paw hand as he stroked the other man off and prepared for his own release.

Balls rocking back and forth, Gary moaned in Kyle’s ear, leaning down and whispering huskily. “Yes my bitch, take it all! Take it like the good slut you are!” At that, Kyle moaned, cock shooting more precum from the sensual words. It seemed he was mentally inclined to be the beta that Gary craved to own. It was everything Gary could have wanted and more, not only to be a werewolf but to be a dominant alpha, taking his fuck toy to ease his lusts!

At this point, Gary was ready to blow his load at any moment. A part of him longed for a more lupine form, one with a knot at the base of his penis. Oh well. It was of little concern with how much he loved being a werewolf, ready to cream Kyle’s male cunt with his thick rank semen.

“Please, cum in me! I need it!” Kyle cried out, feeling his alpha start to tense inside of him. It almost seemed as though Kyle was able to grip tighter on the rod inside of him, ready to take the load that Gary was so ready to deposit inside of him.

“Yes, my bitch! Take it!” Gary said, letting himself wash over the edge and claim his former bully in a way that surpassed all expectations.

With his orgasmic onset so near, Gary gave in to an instinct welling in his psyche. Leaning down while keeping his girthy cock inside his toy, Gary reached down to bite him in the shoulder, eliciting a yelp of pain from the prone wolf-man. But Kyle took it like a champ, gritting his teeth as Gary felt himself go into orgasm, not able to hold back against the torrents of pleasure promised him.

“YESS...ARRGGRRROOOWWWW!” Gary howled, trying to stifle his cry but hardly able as his cock spasmed and several blasts of semen blew from his rod and into his fuck toy’s anus. The orgasmic bliss was almost enough to make him lift his teeth from Kyle’s shoulders, though he hung on, putting the lesser man in his place as he finished unleashing his cum.

Yet, even after orgasm, his cock did not soften. Gary was able to stay inside his beta, the other wolf’s ass gripping him as Kyle's tail swished excited against his furry chest. Part of Gary wondered if he could cum again, and he pushed forward with renewed vigor, curious about his stamina and how many times he could unload his semen until he was done for the evening.

“M-My alpha...can I cum, too? Pl-please?” Kyle begged, which made Gary’s cock harder in the man’s asshole all over again. It seemed as though Kyle was right on the edge, eager to cum and bring his alpha along with him. And, desirous as Gary was to cum again, it would be remiss not to allow his fuck toy the chance to cum as well.

“You ask so nicely, my little bitch. My beta. Always remember, I am your alpha. I own you,” Gary growled, reaching down into the man’s ear and biting it just slightly enough to make him squirm.

Reaching down, Gary grasped the man’s dick in his pawed hand, knowing how much it would pleasure the other wolf-man. Still, he whispered in his beta’s ear, telling him not to cum until Gary said so. Kyle whined, completely at Gary’s mercy as Gary stroked, feeling the waves of rectal stimulation undulating over his penis. Though he was only at half-mast, the stimulation to his penis was enough to bring him to full erection, making his beta moan and growl with his pent-up lusts.

Testicles filling once more, Gary was sure that he would cum again if he fucked his beta faster. He seemed to possess unlimited stamina, or, at least enough to fill this little slut with cum. His sperm would be firmly implanted into Kyle’s rectum, backwash leaking all over the wolf-man’s furry, muscled ass. And, best of all, the little fuck toy would beg for it!

Gary's only regret was that it did not take him long to get to the end, his lusts reaching a culmination that was almost impossible to hold back against. He wanted to prolong his beta's suffering, he really did. But, it was time to make the newly formed wolf cum, and he needed to make sure to properly claim his bitch. Besides, there was the growing need in his own loins, and the thought of making Kyle cum and feeling the air with the scent of rank wolf semen once more was really doing it for him.

"Now, bitch! Cum for me! Cum for your...ahhh...AARRRRRRROOOOOWWWWW!" Gary howled, the notion of taking over the other man's orgasm making him cum and spill another load into his beta's bowels. The rocking against his cock as Gary came was more than Kyle could bear, as a second "ARRRROOOOOWWWWW!" hit his ears. The sensation of a violent grip on his cock was far better than anything he had ever felt, the two wolfmen cumming together.

Their howls of release somehow did not draw the ire of any of their dorm mates, the later hour leaving them all asleep and likely only awakening to one sharp howl and nothing else. Gary cared little in the moment, however, willing to bite any new incomers and induct them into the pack. Still, it was harder to think about such things with his cock just now coming out of his fuck toy's bowels. The backwash was far more than he thought even two orgasms could produce, though left him elated and awash in the pleasant aftershocks of orgasmic afterglow. Kyle, too, seemed satisfied, collapsing in a heap on his bed as plops of cum soaked into the sheets. The rank scents of cum sunk into their wolvern nostrils, making it harder to think about anything else as they relished their sexual aromas and the power and pleasure their new personas provided.

Still, Gary was not done with the other wolf-man, not quite yet. "Clean me off, beta," Gary commanded, and Kyle did as he was told, licking his cock clean of their fluids. Gary rubbed his beta's head, encouraging him to lick and suck at his member even as it finally started to deflate. Soon, it was only his saliva that coated Gary's prick, Kyle doing the perfect job of making sure that not a drop of semen remained on his alpha's rod.

By now, the moon was starting to move across the sky, and, Gary was finally beginning to feel the fatigue of his moonlight escapades. Though he wanted to run and rut under the full moon, he had cum no less than six times that night, and it was getting time for him to rest. He wasn't sure he had any more left in him, and he'd had his way with his former bully, now fuck toy, to the point that even he thought it was fair enough punishment for the formerly homophobic man now turned gay slut.

Yet, the pleading from the other wolf-man soon rang in his ears, and Kyle, seemingly fully of lupine stamina, was far from done. Getting back down on his hands and knees, he raised his ass up in the air, tail up and to the side exposing an abused, cum soaked pucker.

“Please master, fuck me again! I need it!” Kyle whined, cock erect though he was unable to touch in with his position on the bed. It was red and rock hard, leaking its own fluids that Kyle had not been allowed to clean. It really did seem that the man would do little without his master’s permission, which was all the better for Gary’s dominant mentality.

Gary wanted to rest, finally starting to feel sexually satisfied. But, the sight of his beta begging for cock, made him painfully erect all over. Gary would be remiss for not satisfying those needs in his fuck toy, the ring of whining in his ears like the sweetest music as he got into position, biting down on the other wolf’s shoulder as he forced his cock inside and prepared for another breeding...

The warm sun on his face roused Gary from sleep, and he opened his eyes, confused for a moment by the sight of the room around him. It was clearly not the room he had woken up in every morning while on campus, and the circumstances in which he had gotten here were hazy, to say the least. There was more than simply passing out and forgetting where he was. Something significant had happened to him last night. It was...

The thick stench of sweat, musk, and, most of all, drying cum, was at the forefront of his nose, and Gary breathed it in, feeling his cock coming to life from the masculine aroma. It had been forever since he’d taken a man to bed, and it had never smelled like *this*. The rank stench of seminal fluids was enough to rouse him fully from sleep, penis rock hard and eager for more attention. Though, his sleep-addled mind seemed to imply something else he should have been aware of, some fun from last night that wasn’t quite at the forefront of his thoughts...

Opening his eyes and looking down, Gary was greeted with a sight he had not been expecting. The chest he was looking at was not the same size as the one he’d woken up with the previous morning. It had to be at least twice the size, muscled and toned and...*hairy*. A thick treasure trail now existed over his frame, one that had clearly not been there before. Running his hands over the toned skin allowed him to confirm that it was his body, the sensations too vivid for it to be a dream.

Eagerly, Gary played his hands over his chest, cock leaking from the implication that he was more of a bodybuilder than the man he had been. Part of him wondered if he had woken up in a different body, though there was no way to know for sure without getting up. And his skin

seemed more sensitive, each touch sending electrical tingles down through his junk, making him long to touch himself.

Before he had the chance to play with himself right then and there, the sound of a snore brought his attention to the other man in the room with him. Looking down, the familiar visage of his bully and tormenter seemed to be lying beside him, naked and covered with dried seminal fluids just as much as Gary was. Yet, in contrast to his own, much larger body, the man before him was much more of a twink, smaller like Gary's old body had been. He might have thought the two of them had switched places somehow, though it was clearly Kyle's face on the other man's body and likely his own presence on this one, though he'd need a mirror to confirm. Besides, he'd never had the level of muscle on his form, nor the body hair that twink-Kyle seemed to possess. A rather fetching pelt, Gary had to admit!

Be it the sight of his own body or his twink lover beside him, Gary let himself get harder, loving the changes to his form and the implication of their togetherness. Images from the night before rushed through his head, of change, of werewolves, and of sex with the man before him, ones he might have whisked away as a dream, were now mired in reality. How he had been changed back into this kind of a body and not his old one, Gary had no way to say. But he much preferred his form as it was now, especially if the next full moon brought a complete change along with it!

By now, Gary's movements were enough to rouse Kyle from sleep, the other man opening his eyes with an expression of confusion as he regarded the situation. It soon became apparent that he did not expect to wake up in bed with another man, one that surpassed his previous stature. Yet, there was no denying the blush across his features, one that seemed to be indicative of a bulge under the blankets, one almost inhuman of its own accord. It seemed that the change had benefits for both of them, at least in the downstairs department.

Kyle, for his part, was less shocked at the presence of the larger man beside him but rather by his own changed body, how much it was smaller than it had been the other day. He rubbed his hairy, muscled chest, one that was half the size of the one he had the day prior. Though Gary found the sight rather fetching, loving being the bigger of the two of them, it was obvious that Kyle was panicked by his new stature, more so than his changed sexuality. He got up quickly, moaning from the arousal and the aches from last night, as they both began to recall the night's activities.

At this point, Gary figured it was time to exert his dominance over the other man, as well as deal with that pounding erection that was getting to be a little insistent. "Suck, bitch," he demanded, getting up just enough that he could meet Kyle's gaze. The other man's lips trembled for a moment as though he wanted to say something. But, given the command now entrenched

firmly in his mind, he could do naught but get down and tease the tip of Gary's much-larger cock. No words of protest escaped his lips, rather only whimpers of lust as he reached down, trying to take as much of Gary's mammoth penis as he could in his mouth.

“Yes...that's a good bitch...just like that...” Gary moaned, reaching out a wide hand with slightly pointed nails and placing it on his lover's head. Pushing down, he encouraged his beta to suck, not allowing him to rise for air even though he seemed strained by the sheer size that Gary could feel was tickling the back of his gullet. Yet, Gary was determined to force Kyle to suck as long as it took for Gary to blow his load into the other man's mouth. And, with the lust he felt flowing through his much larger form and the command he had over the smaller beta, it would not take long!

Lost as he was by the pleasure, Gary still retained some semblance to rationalize how much he loved this. He literally had the body of his dreams, a musky, muscled mountain of a man. And, Gary could change into an even larger beast, a werewolf out of his favorite films and deepest desires. And, he had a skinny, twink beta to service all of his needs. Whether they were bound by the change or Kyle simply loved being a beta slut to his new master, Gary had no idea. But he certainly wasn't complaining as Gary felt his end nearing and prepared to cum his load in the other man's mouth!

With that, Gary found himself wondering what would happen if he tried to infect someone else. Kyle was proficient at servicing his sexual needs and was hot as hell, but he had no love for the man, save for the bond of change and his sexual service. He had still been Gary's bully, after all, and making him a gay twink slut was a perfect and fitting punishment. But, he could still have more betas, he figured, with his sexual stamina it might take that many men to fully sate them. And, Kyle had many friends that had bullied Gary almost as much. An entire harem of beta sluts, a *pack* would be just the thing the new werewolf needed.

For now, however, he was simply content to cum in the other man's mouth and moaned as his cock shot like a geyser. He held the other man's mouth there, preventing him from getting up so not even a drop was wasted as Kyle took his load. A shudder went through him; the formerly straight man made an amazing cocksucker, after all! Gary was simply content in his body, with all the promise and excitement that being an alpha wolf would grant him.