

“You OK, man?” Eli inquired as his buddy rubbed the same sore spot on his shoulder for what looked like the twelfth time that night.

“Yeah, it’s just...fuck. Sorry. It’s fine. Probably sunburn. Or a rash. It won’t stop itching!” Alister whined a little before taking a sip of his drink. The fact he was loudly complaining while sipping white wine was not lost on either man, and both started giggling at the realization.

“Here, let me grab some lotion,” Eli offered, carefully setting his own glass down before exiting the room. He was already a little tipsy; each time that Alister came over to shoot the shit, he tended to drink a little more than he should. It wasn’t that often; Alister lived in a different city, though he enjoyed visiting Eli here in Philadelphia. His visits were spaced out enough that they had plenty to catch up on with each trip!

Alister, meanwhile, kept rubbing the sore spot on his shoulder. He hadn’t been bitten, or stung, or even been out in the sun, as best as he could recall. Besides, it had been aching all morning, ever since he’d gotten up. He’d tried applying his own ointments, but nothing had worked to ease the annoyance.

The only thing that came to mind was an experience he’d had last month while walking home drunk. The details were fuzzy, but the growling he’d heard was most certainly from a dog. Of course, he’d gone to investigate why a stray dog was out here so late. Maybe it had gotten lost and was hiding in an alley?

Alister wasn’t sure what was waiting for him in that alley. The first thing he saw was... fuck! Why did thinking about it make his head hurt! He had surely seen something but...The pain was enough to dull his thoughts from the events in question. Everything was simply a blur!

The dreams had started a few days after the night in question. Each time he was back in that alleyway, chasing after the dog, or bear, or whatever it was. Wait, bear? There was no way it was *that* big!

In each and every dream, part of his mind screamed at him. He needed to get away, that there was danger there. But, without fail, he entered the alley, oblivious to the events to come.

What followed varied from night to night, making Alister question his sanity. Sometimes he was alone with a man, draped in a dark coat and brandishing a knife or some other

bladed instrument. Sometimes it was a dog, snarling and barking and leaping at him, bearing terrifying claws and fangs. And other times, it was....something that made Alister's head hurt to think about.

Ever present, however, were the eyes. Glowing red, burning orbs that raged with the fires of hell themselves. They were present in the beast that attacked him. They were present on the face of the man, glaring menacingly as he approached. They lurked in the dark, occupying every corner of that alleyway.

The dreams always ended with a flash of pain. A knife stabbing in his shoulder, a pair of fangs ripping apart his throat. A set of claws rendering the skin from bone. It was a white-hot agony, far greater than anything Alister could fathom. A stabbing pain, swirling in his mind as though his end was coming. Then his mind would drift into darkness...

Alister was sure aspects of the dream were based on the events of that evening. Part of him *did* recall entering an alley, even in his inebriated state. Nothing else felt in focus after that. The sounds he recalled could have just originated from the dream. Clearly, he hadn't been attacked; he'd woken the next morning with no mark or bite to indicate that he'd been harmed in any way. His forgetfulness at his trip home could just as easily be chalked up to simply getting blackout drunk.

Yet one thing did bother him. Something he had found several days after the dreams had begun indicated there was more truth to the events than he'd realized. Alister was doing his laundry when an odd, coppery scent hit his nose, one that smelled familiar. Digging through the dirty laundry bin, he found it. It was his shirt and pants from the night he'd blacked out. The shirt was torn in two from the shoulder, in the spot where he recalled being bitten. Both his shirt and pants were stained with blood.

Part of him knew he should examine them further, but he'd instead thrown them in the trash. That made it easier to allow his mind to fall into the lie that they'd never been there in the first place. No matter how long the coppery scent of blood lingered in his laundry basket. No matter how bizarre it was for him to wake up in the nude the morning after. No matter how the claw marks in the fabric matched the ones where he'd been stabbed repeatedly in the dreams.

Besides, he'd woken up without a scratch. His chest was bare of any mark or scarring. And he couldn't have stabbed someone else. There was no news of a potential homicide, no body found near the alley where he'd been. It all had to be an elaborate hoax Alister's mind had somehow concocted.

Still, dreams aside, he was doing better as the weeks went on. In fact, he found his energy levels increased drastically. Always one for going to the gym, he quickly discovered that he could significantly increase the intensity of his workouts. His time on the treadmill, the amount he could bench, and his stamina all seemed to have increased to levels he would not have expected in such a short time. Best of all, he was able to do all that without breaking a sweat!

Another delightful effect was an increase in his libido. Having not had a girlfriend in many years, Alister was surprised how much sexual desire crept into his thoughts as of late. Like any other man, he had needs that he took care of regularly. Lately, however, it was not uncommon for him to ejaculate 3, 4, even 5 times a day with no ill effects. Each orgasm left him wanting more, and he found himself wondering if it was time to start dating again.

The images he'd been using to jack to were mostly of women. But, as time went on, he found his gaze traveling to the men in the videos with them. Alister had been straight, at least as well as he figured. It was not that he was staunchly opposed to the idea of exploration. It was more that it had never occurred to him before. He had no intention of taking it anywhere, but it was in the back of his mind as he enjoyed the stamina increase of a lifetime!

Tonight was about one month after the night in question, though Alister didn't know why that was significant. All he knew was that the dreams were becoming more vivid. With them came a new fantasy, one less frightening than the idea of being attacked. He was running, was more powerful and fast than he could imagine. Every sensation was exhilarating. The wind in his hair, the scents of blood all around him, the aching of his cock...

Those dreams left him feeling oddly aroused each morning, no matter how weird they were. It was almost like he was in another body, seeing the world through another's eyes. Yet Alister was sure he was both the creature and seeing the creature at once. Dreams could be bizarre that way, he reasoned.

This morning, however, he'd had the unfortunate experience of waking up to a pain in his shoulder, one that would not abate. The ache in his arm was centered in the same spot where his dream-self had been attacked. It seemed like an odd coincidence, and Alister did his best to put it out of his mind despite how much it seemed to bother him.

"Hey, I think I'm all out! Mind if I make a quick run to the store? I've gotta grab some chips and stuff anyway. You don't have to come with!" Eli called, grabbing his wallet and heading out.

“Yeah, thanks, man!” Alister called, a little distantly. His self-reflection had most of his focus, but Eli didn’t seem to notice as he went out into the cool evening air.

Through the window, Alister watched him go as Eli walked across the parking lot. The evening was coming quickly, and Alister couldn’t help but look up at the sky. It was a clear night, distant stars barely visible, drowned out by the city lights. Yet the moon was on full display, illuminating the oncoming night as the rest of the sun dipped down below the horizon.

Alister’s pupils dilated as he stared into the welcoming orb sitting in the sky, lighting the world with its warming glow. Alister normally cared little for the moon, but tonight, he couldn’t seem to take his eyes off it. The way it lit up the night sky, dominating the landscape with its radiance, was mesmerizing. It was massive, far larger than any moon he recalled seeing. Wait, that wasn’t entirely true. There was one other night...

A flash of an image raced through his mind, of the sky that hung over his dreams. The moon glowed too that night with an intensity that he’d never seen before now. To Alister’s surprise, and perhaps delight, it had *always* been there, just out of reach. It hung like a brilliant beckon, lighting even the darkest shadows in the alley. It overpowered the beast that had waited for him, allowing Alister, for the first time, to see what lay beyond. It was a moonlit forest, one that beckoned him to join...

Alister shook his head to remove the memory, bringing himself back to the present moon. The image was far too intense and threatened to swallow him up if he gave it too much thought. Yet the memory was comforting, overriding a fear that had hung in his psyche ever since that night a month ago.

His eyes gazed into the brilliant orb as it filled him with a warmth that started to radiate through his entire being. Instinctively, his hand reached up towards his shoulder, the area that had always been struck in the dream. The flesh was powerfully hot, and Alister felt himself rubbing the spot, trying to alleviate the heat. It had started as a pleasant tingle but soon became overwhelming, drenching his flesh in a sheen of sweat.

Alister flushed his shirt a few times, trying to alleviate the increasing warmth spreading over his body. Yet it only seemed to grow in intensity, making him perspire all over. It was agony, as though he was sitting in a sauna where the heat was turned up far too high. Staring into the lunar orb helped a little, but the heat was quickly becoming stifling. Even opening the window to the cool night air did little to alleviate the overwhelming flames eating at his flesh from the inside.

“Aggggg... AAAAGGGGG!” he yelled, suddenly, as an intense pain shot out from his chest. It raced from his shoulder, like being pierced with a series of red-hot poker. The jaws from the dream flooded his thoughts as the room went white, overwhelming his sight.

Crying out in pain, Alister fell to the floor, clutching his stomach as the stabbing agony raced through his body. Alister writhed back and forth, too pained to even cry out for help. Part of his mind knew Eli couldn't hear him, but still, he yearned for assistance. Anything to alleviate the torment assaulting his very being!

“I didn't want... AAGGHHHHH!” Alister screamed as the ropes of fiery pain burst through his form. It felt as though ants were digging at the insides of his skin, burrowing through to tear him to pieces!

The heat becoming unbearable, Alister stood and ripped off his shirt, tearing it in some places in his desperation. His pants soon followed, the button popping off in his haste to reduce the warmth coursing through his veins. His entire body was sopping wet, and even the night air over his nude form did little to relieve the pressure. His clothes sat in a damp pile on the floor, torn off in a desperate bid for some level of comfort.

Even through the agony of change, an insistent itching distracted him as his bare skin kissed the humid air in the apartment. His armpits, normally meticulously shaved, were prickling with what felt like hairs lancing from the flesh. It was a sensation akin to going several days without shaving after being accustomed to having bare skin. Yet this was happening far more rapidly than was humanly possible.

Within the span of a few moments, Alister's pits were covered in black hair, thicker than he'd ever seen on his body. For a moment, the sweltering heat centered on the pleasant warmth of masculinity, and he found the additional armpit hairs rather fetching. Why had he made a point to shave before now?

He had only a few seconds to try to make sense of the alterations before the searing heat raced over his body once more. Alister tried his best to hold onto the sensual sensation. Yet, the pain only seemed to grow in intensity, the seconds ticking by like hours as flames raced through his veins. Alister fell back to his knees, screaming as the white-hot stabs of pain violated his body. Every bone, every muscle, and even cells were being assaulted by a phantom agony. Nothing he had felt in his body had ever come remotely close to this personal hell!

Screaming in agony with tears and sweat racing down his cheeks, Alister was somehow prompted to raise his hands, an audible crack echoing in his ears as he did so. To his absolute horror, the backs, still soaked in his salty sweat, started to stretch towards the ceiling as though they were made of clay.

Pain momentarily forgotten from the terrifying realization, Alister's bloodshot eyes went wide as his hands continued to stretch as if every bone and muscle were being ripped apart and forced to extend in inhuman ways. In mere moments, his palms were twice their former size, the skin flowing like putty as their shade warped from its normal pink to something almost black. The flesh began bubbling under the skin, growing round and calloused in circular patches.

Alister twisted his hands around, watching his sparse human hairs start lancing forth. The intense prickling could even be felt over the agony of crunching muscle and bone, though Alister had no way to scratch. His digits were frozen in their current configuration, slaves to the whim of whatever force was warping his form.

“AHHH... AAAGGGHHH!” Alister screamed in vain, knowing no one was coming to help him. His cries of agony and protest were his only outlet as the pain raced over his body in molten waves of heat.

His screams of pain soon turned to ones of panic as the cracks in his fingers intensified, the individual joints within popping out of place. His fingers themselves seemed to be shrinking, as though the bones were breaking down. Each digit shook uncontrollably, snapped apart like twigs as they began retreating down his palms. Alister was sure they would be ripped off!

A warm trickling ran down from his fingertips, and Alister raised widening eyes to see blood dripping as something pierced the flesh under his nails. Black crescents pushed through, tearing apart the existing nails and taking their place. Nearly twice the size of his fingertips, they continued to expand, the dark, hardened extrusions looking like the claws of an animal!

“W-WHAT! AAAAHHHHHHH!” Alister continued to scream, the pain making intelligible speech nearly impossible. His fingers snapped as they became smaller, retreating into palms that were wider than before. The skin continued to stretch, the waxy sheen of sweat soon covered with a mat of dark, formerly human hairs.

Twitching thumbs were pulled along with stretching wrists, and even through the torture, Alister realized he had no more control of the digits as they receded. The same dark

claws tore from their tips, but any flexibility was removed as soon as they sank into the altering flesh.

There was little left of each finger as they thickened to accent the still-stretching flesh of his palms. Working through the pain, Alister turned his arms around, staring in horror at the circular patches of swollen black flesh arranged in a familiar pattern on his palms. Alister was sure they looked like... but they couldn't be, could they?

Suddenly, Alister was thrown forward, his back arching as several pops racked up through his spine. He braced himself on the warped remnants of his hands, the sensations against Eli's floor numbed from the changes. Bracing himself, Alister felt the transformation race up his arms, a slick sheen of sweat only slightly diminishing the agony that raced through his bones.

“Oh FUCK! WHY IS THIS... AAARRRGGGG!” he screamed, the muscle under his arms swelling painfully against the skin. Tears echoed in his ears where the human skin could hardly keep up with the growth of new meat. Yet, the changes were unrelenting. Any wounds soon were covered over with tougher skin before any blood could flow.

Though his arms continued to swell, the pain was quickly dwarfed by an agony racing through his chest and tearing at his shoulder blades. Like a pair of giant hands compressing his body, Alister felt his shoulders snapping, broken in several places as they were forced inward at a 90-degree angle.

“OH, GOD! IT FUCKING HURTS!” Alister roared, his arms stuck into the sides of his chest as it continued to barrel.

The assault of agony from his arms was only overridden by an intense pulling in his feet. Alister braced his toes against the floor as his heels started to extend similarly to his wrists. The same coppery scent filled the air as nails tore from his toe tips, and his large toes twitched uncontrollably. His heels were stretching, melting like wax as they rose his lower body into the air.

Using his stubby hands, Alister was able to manage a somewhat erect stance. The pain of muscle parting and bone snapping was running down his trunk now, and his new posture was precarious. Stretching heels did little to help as he struggled to hold his body in place. His arms stuck uselessly in front of him, only able to move back and forth from his trunk.

The itching started to pepper his body, running down his chest and back, even teasing his groin. All of his human hairs, no matter how short, thickened in their pores, lancing

outward far beyond what he'd ever imagined on his body. Even those areas he had shaved were not spared, their hairs growing to replace themselves before changing in their new configuration. Alister was embarrassed to note that his meticulously manscaped groin, in particular, was developing its own thick coat of wiry fuzz.

Even though the pain, Alister was tempted to rub his fingers through the changing hairs, wondering what they would feel like. Of course, his altered hands seemed to have little tactile ability if their sensations against the floor were any indication. The hair was not human, thickening towards a sparse, black coat that Alister almost recognized as some sort of animalistic guard hairs. Only his facial hair was spared for now. Alister found himself wondering how much longer it would last.

A groan escaped his lips as the pain in his back made it nearly impossible to remain erect. Alister struggled to push himself back in a desperate bid not to fall onto all fours. It seemed like a bizarre act of defiance to remain upright with the pain in his body so severe. Alister gritted his teeth, desperate to fight the impossible change coursing through his body.

Alister's efforts were to be in vain. His spine cracked in several places, temporarily removing the vital systems needed to move his body. Alister cried out in shock, realizing that he had lost all his motor control. His legs stopped moving, nearly forcing him to fall over on his side. But whatever force was changing him also remained determined to keep him alive. Soon, the extra spaces in his spinal column filled in, giving him blessed autonomy before flooding his senses with agony once more.

His spine cracked and groaned, forcing his skin to stretch impossibly tight over the bone. The vertebra pressed painfully against his back, showing through the skin as he writhed in agony. His entire torso stretched up to the ceiling, making him top-heavy as he struggled to balance with his changing form.

"Agghh...NONONONO FUCK!" Alister yelled, falling back onto his paws. He knew, deep down, there was no use in denying that his hands were some monstrous mix between human and canine. They were not fully paws, but the change seemed yet to complete. He was steadily being robbed of his humanity with each passing second!

Even in his hunched over form, his head could still gaze up toward the object in the sky, the only thing able to give him some relief from the agony lancing over his form. The golden moon, filling him with life and excitement. The trigger for his change...

Deep down, he knew what was happening to him, as impossible as it was. There was no such thing as werewolves. Yet the attack, the rapid healing, and the excess energy were all tell-tale signs. Of course, all of those culminated with the change that was assaulting his humanity. No other phenomenon could be the cause of such a drastic transformation!

The transfiguration continued to attack his body ten-fold, the cracks and twinges as loud as ever. Yet the more he stared up at the moon, the more relaxed Alister began to feel. It was as though the moon's rays were seeping into his cells, massaging every fiber of his body. His muscles relaxed, making the sensations of his body being ripped apart and rebuilt somewhat more...tolerable.

A swirling cocktail of hormones seemed to be triggered by the moon's influence, coursing through his veins and removing the pain of change. The relief was nearly instant, allowing Alister to rise, panting from exertion. The chemicals continued to coarce through his veins, flaring the pleasure centers in his brain as they raced into every crevice.

A gasp escaped his lips as Alister felt something stirring deep into his loins, forcing blood into his cock. Instantly, he shot to full attention, his member straining almost painfully towards the floor. It throbbed of its own accord, the blue veins pulsating as the corpus callosum filled to the breaking point. It was impossible that he could be so aroused from such a violation to his body. Yet Alister could recall no other experience that left him so damned horny!

The notion of such pleasure was almost more unpleasant than the pain. As his erection started thrusting beyond the confines of his human circumference, Alister could only moan, lamenting the lack of fingers to satisfy his lusts. His entire being became centered around the turgid rod underneath him, whiting out all reason and efforts of resistance. He needed to cum, and cum now!

Even though the changes were not confined to his groin, the swelling in his testicles took precedence. Alister growled in a tone that frightened him as the oval orbs within his balls started to expand. They pressed almost painfully against the flesh, weighing him down as they swayed back and forth from the sudden growth. The pressure was maddening; Alister had no way to relieve the sheer volume of cum his changing body was producing. He growled in a distinctive lupine tone as the cursed itching continued to assault his senses.

A hint of agony assaulted his legs as the muscles within swelled tightly against the flesh. Alister's skin started to tear in some places, the wolf threatening to burst forth and make itself known. The bones underneath were shifting, an audible crack in his hips signaling

they had torn in half. Yet the throbbing in his loins helped dull the worst of it, allowing him some semblance of awareness of the bizarre transfiguration.

As fast as the bones and muscles tore and broke, they moved through his form to reshape, forcing his skeletal structure into a new configuration. His hips were thinner, their surfaces sticking up through the skin above where his ass once sat. The reorientated bone merged with the flesh of his belly along with an extension of loose skin. With a snap, the bones in his hips locked into a new position as little more than a four-legged beast!

The bones in his thighs and calves had already shortened to accommodate the change in limb structure, providing more room for his heel to extend. His toes were nearly gone at this point, stubs adorned with thick pads to house his massive canine nails. They could scarcely wriggle in this state, though Alister lacked the wherewithal to attempt such a thing. What remained of his large toes were taken by his heels, leaving only the sharp point of a dewclaw in their wake. To Alister's horror, the dimensions of his legs now matched that of his former arms, implying he was to run on all fours like the beast he was to become!

A crack responded through his spine as it continued to reform, pulling the toned skin of his stomach taut. Though losing its human definition, his belly was nonetheless as firm as it had ever been. An audible sloshing teased his insides as even they seemed to be altering into unknown shapes. He almost wished to view the process but was locked in place by the conflicting waves of pain and pleasure.

The notion that his stomach and intestines might be lengthening to allow him better to digest meat made his mouth water. Images started to assault his psyche, remnants of the dreams that had been hidden from him until now. The sight of prey, the chase, the hunt. The taste of warm blood and the screams of his victim before the kill. No matter how much they begged for mercy, the words fell on predatory ears. Their panicked-induced hormones only spiced up the meat as the creature ate his fill.

To Alister's horror, the image soon shifted to his own perspective. He was now the one running through city back alleys, through forests and fields after his human prey. The look of fear in their eyes did little to sway the hunger in his belly as his jaws went in for the kill.

He could have never fathomed hurting another human in such a fashion, yet now, the idea was firmly implanted in his mind. His thoughts raced to Eli, whose apartment he was in, and he could not shake the hunger that his friend's image implanted in him. NO! If Eli came back now...

Alister groaned suddenly as his ribs began to crack, pushing outward against his darkened flesh until he was sure they would break the skin. It did indeed tear in several places, but it was quickly covered by a darker, firmer counterpart. The force of growth caused his chest to barrel further and a flap of loose skin to connect his former elbows to his flanks. His shifting shoulders merged with the expansive rib bones to solidify his beastly stance.

"No, stop, can't...not Eli!" Alister managed to growl, even though the changes in his throat. He had to fight, to erase the invasive images just in case Eli walked in on the horror that was becoming of his body!

An intense itching made that nearly impossible as the hair upon his head grew like weeds, lancing out of his scalp and running down his face. Alister wanted desperately to scratch at it yet was helpless as it continued to grow, running down his cheeks like sideburns. Even his beard was thickening now, the shaved hairs growing back with a vengeance as they shifted to a more canine texture.

The taste of blood in his mouth brought his thoughts back to images of prey, and Alister desperately shook his head, trying to fight off the impulses. His teeth were sharpening into deadly daggers, sawing at the flesh of his gums before their changes could keep up. Panting, his tongue rolled out of his mouth, too large to be contained. The blessed cooling relief it provided was only overshadowed by the ache in his loins as his cock grew impossibly long. It felt as though he would bust a nut from just the pressure of change alone!

Just then, the sound of a door opening drew his attention. His ears twitched, moving with muscles Alister had not known he possessed in the direction of the sounds. It was the outside door to the building opening, though he could hear it plainly from the apartment. Had his ears changed that much already?

He hoped to all hope that it was not Eli returning, but it was impossible to deny the likelihood after his friend had been gone so long. Eli couldn't walk in to see him like this! There was no telling what Alister might do. Would he be compelled to eat him? Or...

The image of his friend's form in Alister's mind caused another surge to rush through his cock. Impossibly hard, Alister shuddered, the idea of having something warm and moist around his penis more powerful a drive than even that of feeding.

As if in response to his inner desires, a warmth enveloped his cock, a burning flame that threatened to erase all semblance of himself. Alister cried out, but the sound that escaped his pained lips was more akin to a lupine howl than anything his human self could elicit.

The animalistic outburst should have scared him. But, in his time of need, it only served to make him more aware of the desires in his prick. It was a bestial, masculine sound, one that screamed of primal power. Such a creature as he had needs that deserved to be met at his leisure, after all.

Any resistance he might have harbored was melted into the warmth emanating from his cockhead as the skin started to peel back. The flesh burned sensually, a stark contrast from the pain he had been assaulted with prior. Though he'd been cut, the regrowing foreskin felt natural, a warm cocoon spreading down his shaft to protect himself when not in use. From his arousal, there was no chance of it being hidden away until his release had been achieved!

Alister groaned his canine reverence as more of his sheath separated from the skin, running down halfway towards the base and stretching downward still. Everywhere the skin peeled back revealed darkened flesh, running towards deep red as it became more and more exposed. Soon, the crimson of his lupine penis ran to the base as his sheath pooled around it.

Alister was distracted by a minor itching across the surface of the pooled flesh. Grunting through the pain and pleasure, he was greeted by a peppering of gray furs, a slight contrast to the black that had become of his human equivalents. Soon, his lupine sheath was completely covered in soft fur, the same consistency of his eventual undercoat.

The warm flesh started melding with the skin of his groin and even his flat belly as it tugged its way up parallel to his stomach. Alister didn't mind, however. It was easier for his hips to thrust his cock to slap against his muscled belly and give him a semblance of pleasure. Yet it paled in comparison to the ecstasy that he could be granted in the moist, hot tunnel that his cock craved!

The warmth of change encompassed his entire cock now as its surface throbbed with developing veins required to fill the expansive corpus callosum tissue. He was easily ten inches now and still growing as his cock started to warp its shape. The head expanded, the glans tapering as the flesh separating the head from the shaft merged.

More pleasurable, however, was the transfiguration at his base, the erectile tissue swelling almost painfully against the flesh of his sheath. It soon ballooned up to twice the girth of his shaft, and then even more as his bulbous knot took shape. A canine growl escaped his lips as the pain became too much for his already stretched foreskin. Yet, any agony was a drop in the bucket to the promise of pleasure his fully-formed canine cock could grant him!

Alister hardly realized it before now, but the hard-fought resilience he'd tried to front was beginning to wane as the pleasure of his fully formed lupine rod overcame him. A lingering part of his psyche was afraid to give in, fearful of what would happen to Eli if he came up those stairs. He didn't want to eat and kill his friend!

With the changes to his cock, his mental focus started to shift as well. He needed to fuck, to rut into something and satiate himself. The urges in his rod became all-encompassing, his entire being wrapped around that blessed penis. If any action could bring him even a modicum of the promised release, then it was worth surrendering himself to the wolf that he was becoming.

The sounds of something growling from his apartment echoed in Eli's ears as he raced up the stairs, wondering what the hell it could be. It almost sounded like some sort of animal, but not a dog or anything of the sort. Was the TV on too loud?

Pausing on the stairs, Eli listened, straining for any hint of that strange sound. Deep grunts and low growls could be heard consistently, even through the thick door to his apartment. Alister must have been watching a movie or something. But the sounds didn't seem to be coming from a television. What was going on?

Curiosity winning out, Eli made his way up the stairs, opening the door to whatever waited. The first thing he noticed was the *smell*. The heavy miasma swirling in the air nearly made Eli gag. It almost reminded him of a locker room, the thick stench of sweaty guys in a sauna. Yet, there was something spicy in the aroma that he couldn't quite place. It was on the fringes of his memory, maybe something from his childhood, like a dog?

Eli stayed in the doorway for a second, trying to overcome the pungent odor circulating in the air. One other scent came to his attention just then, something all-too-familiar. He'd smelled it before, though only in his room, especially in the company of another naked man. The aroma of... sex? Did Alister have someone else over?

Even if so, then what could explain the strange sounds? Eli could hear something akin to heavy breathing, though the growling he'd heard from before had become quiet. The eerie silence made Eli's heart race as he realized it had stopped as soon as he entered. He wanted to call out for his friend but thought better of it. Something was wrong with this situation, something that terrified him to the core.

Cautiously, Eli crept into the living room, wanting for whatever was in there not to hear him. He knew Alister had to be in there, and the thought that Alister might have been attacked or injured hadn't been lost to him. There was every chance that if something assaulted Alister, it was still in here. If so, it likely posed a threat to *Eli*. Caution seemed warranted as he traversed the short hall into the sitting room.

The sight before him nearly made him piss himself right there. The... thing in the room was something akin to a beast from his darkest nightmares. A canine-human hybrid, the textbook definition of a werewolf. It was mostly hairless, though the gaps between long black hairs were steadily being filled in with a light black coat. Its body was mostly lupine in configuration, its legs and feet ending in paws, and looking more comfortable on all fours than bipedal. Bones were sticking through the skin in some places but were filling in with muscle. And the face was all wrong, looking like some horrid cross between man and wolf.

Most disgusting of all was a very erect animalistic cock that was sticking from the creature's groin. Its length was near to the creature's barrelling chest, fluids leaking at the tip as the beast's thrusts had it slapping against his increasingly-fuzzy belly. It was clear from the creature's expression that the change was painful, but there was a mix of something that Eli could only classify as pleasure. It was evidently getting off on the transformation!

Still, the beast seemed pained as it struggled with a body that was altering before Eli's eyes. The muscles continued to writhe under the skin as they reached their likely-to-be final configuration. The creature's face, though mostly human, was starting to force outward into a perfect lupine muzzle. It really was some sort of werewolf, altering from a human form into a more animalistic body. Then, did that mean it was...?

It was the torn clothing on the floor that gave it away. In checking out Alister's body more than once that night Eli's memory clearly associated their presence with what Alister had been wearing earlier. It looked like they'd been torn off his frame. Likely as a result of the change...

"Al-Alister?!" he stammered, looking into the yellowed eyes of the creature, forgetting that it hadn't reacted to his presence.

To Eli's horror, the beast looked up at him, lips widening even as they turned black and rubbery. His fangs were bared, even as more erupted from the gums in his lengthening jaw. A growl escaped his lips, barely muffled by the crack of his jaw continuing to extend towards a lupine muzzle. His nose was already blackened and moist, its slitted edges drinking in Eli's pheromones. His ears were twitching, sat atop a sloping scalp as his visage altered.

“Rrrr... EEEE...Rrrri... “Alister tried to choke out, but the words were lost in the guttural lupine growls escaping his throat. It provided confirmation that the beast was his friend, though how long that would remain the case, Eli couldn’t be sure!

Eli couldn’t scream. He couldn’t move. There was no comprehending the force of nature that had warped his friend into the hideous beast before him. If the creature wanted to, it could rip Eli to shreds before he could move an inch. Eli was left to stand there as the werewolf eyed him, a hunger in the expression that left Eli frozen to the core.

Alister growled, his mind nearly that of the wolf as he sized up the creature before him. The final bits of change played over his form, making him into the beast that he envisioned himself as. His spine cracked painfully forth from his backside, his coccyx splitting apart in several places as it tore out of the sweaty flesh. New muscle and tendons start wagging impatiently, showing off his eagerness.

Soon, his new tail was half the breadth of his form, naked and looking almost unnaturally out of place. That was soon to change as an intense prickling ran over its length, the pale flesh erupting with black hairs. Growing like weeds, the initial layer was soon covered with thick guard furs that swished with his tail.

A light coating of fur erupted from his chest, back, and limbs, accenting the longer, former human hairs that had already become lupine. The fur on his neck formed a ruff that bristled with irritation at the creature encroaching on his space.

The itching over his face intensified as his former human stubble thickened into a lupine beard. Soon, his sideburns, checks, and muzzle were covered with a thick coat of black hairs. The wolveren fur accented his shifting features in the low light of the dark apartment.

Yet, the most prominent facial feature was those golden, glaring eyes. They seemed to pierce through the terrified human, as though staring into his soul. Gone was the familiar kindness of Alister’s human gaze, replaced by a predatory stare. They were the eyes of something that knew what it wanted and wouldn’t hesitate to take it by whatever means necessary.

His face finished its transition into that of a powerful beast, cracking outward even further as his flattened tongue lolled out of it. Alister drooled as it curled out around the

sharp teeth that now adorned his maw. His skull collapsed on his straining braincase, tightening its mass, and with it, Alister's intelligence.

In his changed state, the lupine beast's thoughts were limited, focused only on satisfying his immediate urges. Yet, there was still intense intelligence present, enough for the wolf to craft a method to take what he wanted. And now, as the changes completed, the needs in his groin overrode even the gnawing in his belly. Alister sized up the potential mate before him.

Alister was still aware in his own mind, though more a spectator rather than the controller. It was clear the human before him was not what the wolf required in a mate. He was too small, too meek, and too afraid to take a magnificent beast such as himself.

Most of all, the creature was a male, something the human Alister had not carried interest in before now. But the wolf did not care. The creature before him had a hot, tight hole to fuck and rut into. Its sex did not matter. Besides, the scent in the apartment was familiar, invoking a sense of companionship with the human before him. The wolf didn't understand it but was still certain that the creature would make a much better fuck than a meal!

Before the meek, ape-like creature could move, Alister silently leaped upon him like the predator he was, knocking him over before the human could scream. The force of the wolf knocked the wind out of him, leaving Eli stunned for a moment before the wolf had his way with him.

With a mighty paw, Alister flipped the prone human onto his stomach. A light '*umph*' escaped from his lungs as Eli was helplessly flipped over. Taking his other paw and placing it on the human's back, he reached down with his jaw and relentlessly tore the pants and underwear off the human's backside. Licking his lips, the wolf lowered his muzzle and started lapping at the human's exposed fuck hole eagerly, lubing him up to prepare to take the massive beast's cock...

Eli hardly had the thought to move, still grasping what was happening before he was knocked prone and flipped onto his back. He scarcely had time to crawl forward in an attempt to escape before the weight of the beast was on his back, pinning him down and rendering him unable to move.

Tears and sweat rolled down his cheeks at the realization of what was to happen. Not only had his friend turned into a bloodthirsty beast, but he had no control of his facilities.

The creature, formerly his best friend, was compelled to kill and eat him! Eli's life was to end tonight, with no warning, no preparation. The mere notion was maddening!

Part of his mind screamed at him, not just in the horror of his own fate, but of Alister's. Alister would never hurt a fly, much less his best friend. The notion that Alister would have to live the rest of his life with the knowledge of what transpired tonight and what he might do to others was almost as terrifying as Eli's potential demise.

With a resounding rip, the wolf lowered his muzzle and grasped the fabric of Eli's pants and underwear in his mighty jaws. With a swing of his jaw, the wolf tore the useless rags off his victim and lowered his muzzle once more, in preparation of what Eli assumed would be the killing blow.

... Which didn't come.

The minutes ticked by like millennia as Eli waited helplessly for the end of his life. Time seemed to stand still; the beast on his back and the very course of his future all hung in the balance. Yet, after the eternity of uncertainty, Eli felt the warm, slick sensation of the creature's tongue playing over his hips, back, and buttocks.

Eli remained perfectly still, wondering if playing dead would add even a few seconds to his life. He knew it was foolish, but nothing else came to mind as the beast lapped furiously at his backside. What was it doing? Was it perhaps tasting his fear?

The beast's tongue pulled back for a moment, leaving Eli's backend kissed by the warm air of the room. Eli waited with bated breath, not daring to move a muscle lest he triggered the beast's reaction. Thankfully, the wolf's teeth did not bear down on him. He was alive, for the moment.

Suddenly, he could feel the beast moving up along his back, the weight of the wolf nearly crushing him. Eli struggled not to breathe too deeply, lest his lungs were collapsed under the animal. Thick, blunt nails dug into his flesh, making Eli whimper, despite himself.

Eli was confused for a moment as something warm and damp touched his backside. It slid down Eli's back, teasing between his buns, as though seeking his anus. But the wolf's mouth was above him. Then what was...?

The realization of what was to transpire froze Eli to the core. He tried in vain to keep his cheeks closed, but the beast's cock was insistent. The feeling of a tongue on his neck,

followed by teeth bearing down, was enough to force him to relax his rectal muscles before the massive, thick cock forced its way to Eli's pucker. He was about to get fucked!

Though Eli was no stranger to anal penetration, the pain of such a thick cock was more than he could conceivably bear. Unable to hold it back, Eli screamed, the beast's member burning his insides as it shoved its way further in. The creature was rock hard, experiencing no resistance as it forced itself all the way to Eli's prostate.

Eli tried his best to hold back his panic as his insides were torn apart by the wolf's insistence. He was sure he felt blood leaking from his rectum, but it was impossible to tell with how much fluid the wolf was leaking into him. No agony could match the relentless thrusts of a beast bent only on the rut and ejaculation.

Exhaustion from terror and in an attempt to drown out the pain, Eli felt his consciousness slipping into a peaceful stupor. He was barely aware that the lupine beast was starting to thrust in earnest, taking what it wanted, what it needed from Eli's prone form. But it didn't matter. All Eli could do was pass out from the agony, hoping to all hope that when he awoke, things would resemble some sense of normality.

The remnants of Alister's mind witnessed the horrific act, wanting to resist raping his friend but feeling the urges growing far beyond his control. The sheer sensation of existence as the wolf was nearly more than he could bear. Alister felt like an addict experiencing a high beyond anything conceivable to the human experience.

His entire being focused on the stiff lightning rod engulfed by Eli's rectum. His body began to violently thrust forward of its own accord. The fluids leaking from his wolf cock ran all the way over his rod, sending a series of slick echoes in the small space. He found his rhythm, thrusting steadily as his sturdy paw held his mate in place.

Though the pleasure was exquisite, Alister could still feel something pushing insistently at his mate's back door, another part of his cock that had yet to seek entry. He could sense his canine knot slapping insistently against Eli's rectum, threatening to rip him open. It took little extra effort, but soon, his slick fluids allowed the proper penetration as, with an audible *pop*, he was fully inside!

Throughout it all, a portion of Alister's mind remained to witness the mating with his former best friend, now fuck toy. The human Alister had marveled in the sensations from

afar, barely cognizant of what was happening. The anticipation of experiencing the eroticism that had been building since mid-change was enough to keep his awareness intact. Never had any promise of physical pleasure been so powerfully exciting!

But, the moment his knot shoved into the tight rump of his mate, the fringes of his humanity were wiped out by sheer bestial ecstasy. Alister felt himself floating away, his very being merging with the beast that he had become. He was looking through *its* eyes, experiencing things through *its* mind. He was the wolf, the wolf was him. And he was *horny*.

The wolf could feel the being's body going limp as his wolf cock rocked the prone form back and forth. Keeping his paw firmly on the human's back, the wolf continued to thrust with reckless abandon, feeling the sensations welling in his engorged prick building to a crescendo.

Low grunts escaped the wolf's lips as the inevitable end neared, the pressure threatening to explode his balls from the sheer volume of virile wolf seed they contained. The fluids leaking into Eli's anus were more than enough to stimulate his rod all the way to the knot. He couldn't hold it!

One missing element still lingered in his wolvern mind as he prepared to spill his bestial seed. Sniffing the human's back, he reached down with his muzzle and licked a few times before biting down gently yet firmly into the man's shoulder. His teeth sank into muscle and sinew, but not too deep, not enough to crack bone.

The wolf was intent on holding his place inside his mate, biting down to take what was his own. The taste of blood helped to spur his thrusts, though he did not intend to kill this creature. It was a method to claim this being as his own. The wolf needed him to rut and cum in whenever he was horny. And there was one other reason the wolf couldn't quite recall...

Any stray thoughts were lost as the taste of blood sent him into orgasm, shooting a thick creamy load of wolf jism deep in his fuck toy. A mighty howl echoed through the apartment, rocking the building from its ferocity. The wolf had the moon, vitality, and above all, a mate to cum in. The wolf truly had it all!

Sperm continued to pump through his cock as the sheer quantity leaked out of Eli's rectum, puddling onto the floor. Every inch of the wolf's dick was coated in cum as wolf jism continued to overload Eli's bowels, some of it being shoved as far as his intestines. The beast continued to howl its release, lost in the rapture of the rut and the pure bliss of being, far beyond the former human it had been could even fathom!

Spent, the wolf lay there, his heavy body covering the warm human flesh as he waited for his knot to soften. The force of the fucking and the bite would keep the human out for the rest of the night, and though he was barely breathing, he would be kept alive. Alister's consciousness rose to the surface just long enough to realize that meant something important but couldn't determine what that was.

Still, he was content to protect the meek human creature, even tenderly lapping at his wounds to accelerate the healing process. The bite on his shoulder was already nearly sealed, and the wolf was content to lick the remnants of his blood from his skin. The warmth of his mate under him was enough to make the wolf's knot swell just a little, keeping himself inside as long as possible.

After a long rest, the wolf finally felt his knot deflate, pulling out with a wet *plop* of semen. While the human was still passed out, the wolf lowered his muzzle and lapped his cock clean of his cum. After washing his fur as well, the wolf turned his gaze to the moon, its pull nearly intoxicating.

The wolf was filled with the need to escape and explore the world bathed in brilliant moonlight. With no clear exit to the world beyond, the wolf rushed towards the window, breaking it with ease as he sailed the short drop to the ground, and landed harmlessly with a shower of glass.

Shaking the glass from his fur, the new werewolf looked up at the eager moon and sang a song of praise for his form. Cock safely tucked into its warm sheath, the ache in his balls was temporarily satisfied. Though he did crave the idea of another mate, another warm hole to fuck, such desires could be postponed.

For now, other needs required his attention. His belly rumbled with a pang of fierce hunger, a fiery pit that could only be satiated with fresh meat. Lifting his new, canine nostrils to the air, the beast allowed the myriad of prey scents to waft into his nose, tail wagging all the while. Yes, the night was rich with food, much of it fat and slow to easily meet his gnawing needs.

With a howl of triumph to announce his presence and make his prey cower in fear, the new werewolf ran out into the night, eager to take from the world whatever it was he desired!

Eli awoke to the warmth of his bed, clenching the sheet in fear. Skin sleek with sweat, he rolled over, trying to alleviate the heat. A place on the back of his shoulder burned where the sheets touched it, but as Eli reached up, the skin felt bare. There was a sticky sensation under the sheet, something akin to dried saliva. But other than that, nothing felt out of place. Might he have pulled something?

Struggling to rouse himself fully, Eli tried to focus on the events of last night. He'd gone out of snacks and ointment and came home to see Alister... what? There was a flash of...

“AGGHHH!” Eli cried out, a searing pain running through his head as the visions from the night before escaped him. Struggling, he tried to take his focus off the images that caused him such agony. To repair the damage, his mind filled in the gaps with more peasant memories. Alister stayed the night and was in the other room. They had finished their drinks and chatted and went to bed. That had to be it, right?

Eli went back to sleep, the slight scent of blood wafting from the torn clothes on the floor not enough to meet his notice. For now, it was more important for him to try to clear his head of the intrusive thoughts and attempt to ease the pain in his head...

Warm morning sun filtering through the open window roused Alister from slumber. Though there was a breeze wafting in, Alister was rather warm and relaxed. It took him a few moments to come to full awareness. Something in his mind made him very content, as though he'd achieved some important goal, and was left to rest in satisfaction.

Eventually, the need to piss roused him from his comfort. Getting up, he realized, slowly, that he was naked, which was not the norm for his sleeping habits. A quick glance in the mirror as he entered the bathroom made him pause. His normally bare chest was coated in a series of thick, black hairs, centered in a treasure trail that ran all the way to his hairy groin. His crotch was thick with hair, running all the way to his dark-skinned foreskin, something he wasn't certain he had before. But he wasn't complaining! And, to his delight, his armpits were equally hairy, a thick, manly musk wafting from them. Alister was hot as hell!

The sight of blood over his lips did not escape his notice. It peppered his face as though he'd bitten into a raw, bloody steak and not bothered to clean himself off. It didn't alarm him as much as it should have, however. He figured he could clean it off soon but was just satisfied with the knowledge that he had eaten well.

Similarly, his groin was slick with dried fluids, semen, most likely, judging from the smell. They ran all the way from his groin to halfway up the hair on his chest. It was clear he had ejaculated several times that night. The thick musk, in tandem with the coppery scent of blood, had an oddly calming effect.

The sounds of someone else stirring caught his attention and Alister sniffed the air, finally realizing that he was still in Eli's house. The person yawning was most likely Eli. The scent in the air confirmed it, though Alister didn't bother to question how he knew such a thing.

For some reason, he felt drawn to the spicy fragrance of the waking man. He had never seen Eli like that before, never more than a friend. His cock was erect at the scent of the other man, but it was more than just attraction. It was like...Eli belonged to him. Was that right?

A glimmer in his mind tried to rouse some semblance of memory needed to bridge the gap between last night and the morning's experiences. Yet the more Alister tried to focus on it, the more that it seemed irrelevant. He was full, sexy, and he was in the apartment of an equally sexy man. What else mattered?

A knock on the door broke Alister from his reverie. The thoughts and images in his mind started to fade away, the necessity of answering overriding social convention. Without even bothering to clean himself up or even donning underwear, he went to the door, opening it to greet his guest...