

LYKOS

THIRD AGE

Chapter 8

(Residential Assistance)

The journey of a thousand miles had ended with an almost unceremonious right turn into a parking lot tucked between a red brick dormitory and a meandering creek. The old brown Subaru Outback sputtered slightly, the shocks groaning a little as it wobbled up the driveway, pulling past a few rows of spaces before coming to a lurching stop. The worn down vehicle shuddered as it shifted into park and then let out one last blubber as it was turned off. The sound of the neglected engine fell away, leaving only the clicks and pops from the overheated motor as it rapidly cooled down in the chilly Colorado air. A faint breeze blew through the leafless trees in front of the dorm, the bare branches swaying and scraping one another. After all that driving and all that time, Rigo had arrived at Grand Mesa University.

Tired, thoughtful brown eyes looked out through the windshield at the campus beyond, though his thoughts were turned inward. The decision to go to college at all, let alone one in a spotlight for the entire world to see had been nerve wracking. Now that he was here, everything seemed so... normal. The grounds weren't nearly as beautiful as they had been on the admissions website, but it was the dead of winter and not the first days of a glorious fall semester. There also weren't a lot of other cars yet, but it was orientation weekend and the other students were probably taking their time.

Rigo exhaled slowly as he reached up, using both hands to rub at his eyes and the dark circles under them before he popped his seat belt loose, opened the squeaky door to his car and rotated in his seat, sighing with a bit of relief when the change of position gave his balls a little more room to breathe. His fingernails had chipped, worn black paint as he hoisted himself upright and out of the car, the tattered bottom edge of his jeans sagging over his sneakers to the ground. The breeze buffeted through Rigo's perpetually spiked bedhead of tawny brown hair, though his baggy brown sweatshirt shielded him from the worst of the cold. The young driver utilized his practiced lift and slam technique to get the door to shut before he made his way to the back of the hatchback. While the rest of the car was worn out, the keys vibrated as their teeth slid into the grooves and unlocked the tailgate.

The loud rattle of a few energy drink cans echoed as they toppled out of the back from the growing pyramid that had sustained him on his voyage. Rigo muttered under his breath as he snatched them up and tossed them over his cargo to the middle of the car. He took a moment to size up everything he'd brought with him before slinging a heavy overstuffed backpack over his shoulders. Once the weight had settled, he grabbed a plastic hamper full of bedding and clothes and lugged it out until it dropped to the ground with a thump. At five foot six, the hamper was easily half as tall as he was. The hatchback was slammed shut, the hamper was hoisted and Rigo crossed the parking lot.

Rigo's sneakers scuffed as he trudged up the cement steps to reach the front of Keller Hall. He turned and hip-bumped the security reader so the IC-chip in his student ID unlocked the door and then hip bumped the accessibility button next to it. A light buzzing hum came as

the door swung itself open, allowing Rigo to enter. The air inside was a little stale from the winter vacation although the curious aroma of vanilla and cinnamon was coming from somewhere. Rigo moved around the general living room area, finding a banner welcoming students back and a few bulletin boards before he reached the inescapable conclusion that there was no elevator, only a stairwell to lead to the upper floors.

"Great..." he muttered, thinking of how many trips it would take to get all of his stuff up to his room. Summoning the will to press on, Rigo began to trudge up the countless steps to the third floor, trying not to let his hamper drag on the steps and add that much more resistance to his efforts.

As Rigo ascended, he sniffed at the air, detecting a wide range of scents and aromas. The pleasant vanilla and cinnamon seemed to be fading as he went up, indicating that there must have been a kitchen of some sort in the basement. The second floor dorms had a murky, moist scent, and as he approached the third floor he started to smell the distinct tang and spice of many teenage and twenty year old men housed in close proximity to one another. Despite the fatigue of the long drive, Rigo felt a stirring in his pants as his manhood quirked and shifted, starting to rouse from its slumber. He bit his lip, trying to quiet the involuntary response of his body.

After what felt like an eternity, Rigo reached the third floor and prepared himself to look for 303, only to realize it was directly across from the stairwell. He smiled a bit despite himself. Some might have worried that having a dorm next to the single access point would have been noisy, but Rigo was confident in his ability to sleep through a freight train. He set his hamper down and slid his hand into his pocket to realize that his keys were not where they were supposed to be - they were still back in his car. Rigo sighed slightly before reluctantly knocking on the dorm door with the distant hope his future roommate had already arrived.

It took only a moment for the door to ease open, the room's occupant making a fluid motion to lean his back to the opening door. A long arm reached up to rest on the top of the door, only accentuating that Rigo's future roommate was easily several inches taller than six feet. His long, coffee brown hair had been plaited into long braids that sloped along either side of his head before descending down to his shoulders in the back. The arm holes of his tank-top extended nearly to the waist, exposing his rail thin abdomen. In fact, despite being so much taller than Rigo, it was clear he didn't weigh much. Curious eyes peered out from behind circular, yellow tinted glasses, a smile curving around the toothbrush the tall young man seemed to be gnawing on.

"Rodrigo Ortega?" he asked. Rigo blushed a little.

"Uh, yeah?" he responded, having momentarily forgotten it was he who had knocked.

"Su casa es mi casa, come on in! We're going to have so much fun. Need any help with anything? I'm Beck, by the way, Beck Barlow." he said amicably, extracting himself from where he had been hanging on the door to get out of the way. Rigo dragged his hamper in, looking around at the cinder-block lined interior of the room. The right half had already been covered over with canvas wall scrolls and posters. Beck's bed had been raised on top of wood blocks, making more room for a mini-fridge and stereo system tucked underneath. An array of snacks had been stuffed into the cubby holes that ran along the broad window at the far end of the room and a respectable computer tower had been erected in the far corner. On first glance,

Rigo was starting to feel better already. He dropped his hamper and slid it towards the naked bed on the left side of the room before swinging his backpack off.

"How long have you been here?" Rigo asked. Beck reached up to pluck the toothbrush from his mouth, tapping the tip on his lips as he considered.

"Two days." he replied. Rigo's face scrunched up a little.

"I didn't think they were letting anyone on campus that far back?" Rigo asked.

"They weren't letting any students in, you are most correct, but with a slight adjustment to my student ID card the door lock didn't object. But who am I to resist the siren song of this bright future we find ourselves in front of?" Beck said sagely, sliding a long, bare arm around Rigo's shoulder, pulling him in close. Rigo couldn't resist taking a bit of a sniff given his proximity to Beck's armpit and found himself trying to quell the stirring in his pants once again.

"So, you had time to look around?" Rigo asked, inclining his head to look up at his roommate. Once more Beck gave an impish grin.

"Oh yes compadre, I have seen sights. Let me give you the grand tour!" he said before moving out of the door and into the hall. After years of perpetually feeling tired, Rigo felt a little bit of a bounce in his step as he followed after. Beck was already several feet down the hallway before he gestured to a heavy wooden door. Beck gestured to it with a languid flourish, "This is the Chamber of things that should be kept Secret but aren't because of floor tiles that reflect the sound of bathroom activities." Beck said, turning in a slight spin, "Rooms one and two are still silent, no doubt returning students in no hurry to return to their cells." he added.

"Are there other new students on this floor?" Rigo asked. Beck nodded, walking back to come up alongside Rigo.

"There's someone in the single room at the far end of the hall, although I was too tired to snoop when he was moving his stuff in, it was like four in the morning. There's also a couple one floor down, I tried to summon them to say hello with the music of my people but it must have been the wrong lure." Beck considered before coming to a stop, "And this is the dorm of our RA, Marco Iona and his pack."

"His pack? Like, a werewolf pack?" Rigo asked. Beck nodded slowly before he brought up both hands and scratched at the door with his fingers rather than knocking. Rigo's face screwed up in confused bemusement before the door opened and revealed, once again, a figure that dwarfed Rigo in height. A broad smile peeked out from Marco's thick black beard, the ends brushing his collar bone. His black hair had been recently cut shorter, making the beard seem fuller by contrast.

"Welcome to Grand Mesa, you must be Rodrigo?" Marco asked with a warm smile.

"Uh, yeah, I go by Rigo though." he answered.

"Efficient, I dig it." Beck said with a happy nod.

"And it's clear you met Beck already." Marco added with a smile, "I'm going to be one of your RA's this year, sort of a liaison and advisor as you settle in. I'm here for you if you have any questions, any needs, tips, anything." Marco said. Rigo smiled a little, though it felt a bit forced. He looked up at the number over Marco's door and then back at the bearded man.

"If I think of anything, I know where to come." he said. Marco returned the smile, although there was a hint of concern in his eyes.

"Some of my roommates are making cookies, if you'd like some later. Sugar cookie, chocolate chip, and what one of them calls a 'nutrient enriched healthy cookie.' I promise we'll try those out first before subjecting anyone to them without testing." Marco said. Rigo nodded, feeling like he was wading in water that was too deep for him. Marco's eyes narrowed a little before he looked at Beck, "Speaking of which, Beck, you're pretty fast. Would you be up to checking on them and see if the first batch is ready?" he asked. Beck looked at Marco, then at Rodrigo before he gave a dutiful nod before looking back at Rigo.

"When you're ready to bring more stuff up, I'm happy to help." he said before he moved off down the hall, his long arms swinging from side to side. Rigo watched him go, feeling even more stunned at the sudden change. Marco's gaze hadn't shifted.

"I'm even here to help with questions you might not have asked yourself yet." Marco added once Beck was out of earshot. Rigo's blush only got worse, his head tipping forward so his messy, wavy brown hair nearly hid his eyes. He seemed to compact in on himself for a moment before forcing his gaze back up.

"You're a werewolf?" he asked. Marco's smile compressed a little.

"I was for a little over a year. Most of my roommates still are." Marco said, trying to navigate between the truth and giving out too much too fast. Rigo swallowed a little, looking down the hall one way and then the other before looking back at Marco. It still seemed like a lot. Rigo tried to summon the strength but all he got was that nagging, aching tiredness before he looked down at his feet for a moment before looking back at Marco finally.

"I know where to come when I've got more questions." Rigo repeated before he turned and moved back the way he had come. Marco watched him go for a moment before stepping back into his own room. Rigo's shoulders slumped and it felt like his own dorm was far too far away, but eventually he moved in, nudged the door almost all the way shut and flopped on his bare bed, letting out a long, growling sigh. Why did everything have to take so much energy?

The kitchen beneath Keller Hall was a relic of a forgotten time. There were hints to indicate that the space had either fed some fraternity that was long gone, or that the kitchen served the dorm's residents in a time before the campus cafeteria existed. Fletcher had never really taken the time to learn which. That being said, the space had been upgraded to all the modern marvels of the mid nineteen nineties and spruced up with clashing yellow walls and a forest green tiled linoleum floor as was the tradition of the era. Despite the limitations, the space was being utilized to its fullest capacity.

While the countertops had been turned into a manufacturing line of cookie dough, the large circular table had been covered with a patchwork of cooling racks. A half dozen different kinds of cookies settled, running the spectrum from overloaded triple chocolate to a nice and light snickerdoodle. The solitary oven had been working ceaselessly as Fletcher's naturally manic energy allowed him to keep perfect timing on inserting and removing the trays - more or less. Udo, meanwhile, was eagerly mixing up the next batch of sugar cookie dough, errant streaks of flour across his cheeks and chin.

In contrast to the high energy that Fletcher and Udo showed flitting around the assembly line, Duncan was a bit more grounded as he packed up cookies into plastic storage boxes. He triple checked the list of nutrition information that had been sent ahead of the new residents, although thankfully only four had indicated any type of allergy or alternative diets. Packing the sweet treats required more finesse than he was used to, having to play tetris with them while still being able to get the lid on. With the satisfying pop of his current package, he added it to the stack before glancing over at the other two. Udo seemed to move fluidly while Fletcher zipped around him. At least the two hadn't crashed into one another.

"I don't think I pictured mentorship as having this many calories." Duncan observed finally. Udo smiled at that, still stirring the eggs and oil into the dry ingredients.

"Whether you're dealing with humans or animals, food is almost always a way to open the door to trust." Udo said.

"Even if you're a skeptic like I was, hand-made and hand packaged food shows that we went to an effort with them in mind." Fletcher added.

"What if they think that kind of focus is creepy?" Duncan grinned, being contrarian.

"Then cookies or not, they probably would have felt the same way." Fletcher said before pivoting on his heels, returning to the oven in time to pull out the next tray of macaroons. Duncan watched them work and thought back to how far they'd come, a momentary flash returning to his mind of what he'd been turned into underneath Futurza's beta site. It would probably take years to fully move on from that, both the trauma and the guilty pleasure it had elicited... but here he was, back in college, with his pack, doing good things. He nodded to himself with a bit of resolution that he'd do whatever it took to make sure they were all successful.

A gentle patter filled the small room as rain beaded on the window, the blinds pulled back to reveal the view. Rigo's calf muscles still burned after going up and down the stairs that many times, but getting to see the rich sunset of pinks, purples, blues and oranges stretching across tendrils of wispy silver clouds had been a fantastic reward. Even now after the sun had set, a few of the rooms in Hawkstray Hall now glittered like distant stars in the darkness. There was a rich coziness to the cramped quarters.

True to his word, Beck had helped Rigo carry up nearly everything from his battered car, the taller youth nearly falling to the ground with laughter when Rigo revealed that he had nicknamed it the Dump-truck. Their taste in music and movies overlapped fairly well and aside from a conflicting taste in brands of graphics cards, their gaming interests were well in line as well. The only point of contention seemed to be that Rigo was often cold and Beck seemed to be a furnace of perpetual heat; Rigo's bed was layered with plush, heavy weighted blankets and Beck's was adorned with a quilted blanket that was barely more than a sheet. Despite that, Beck hadn't seemed to mind when Rigo turned the heat up in the slightest.

For the last twenty minutes, Rigo had been watching Beck work laboriously on both sides of the room, negotiating for some space on the shelf that ran along the room near ceiling height to place a projector above Rigo's bed before mounting a mechanism on his side. After a

few tests, a long canvas-like sheet dropped down to act as a screen for the projector. Beck nodded with satisfaction before rolling it back up, biting his bottom lip as he began to think about cable management. If they pulled it off correctly they'd have the most enviable multimedia system on the floor. The only obstacle was that they were limited to three kinds of painter's tape to keep everything in check and the idea of being choked by a falling cord in the night was not appealing.

Rigo, however, found the entire enterprise quite appealing. Beck moved with the ease and grace of a gazelle, aided by the fact that his choice in wardrobe made it possible to see his pits and his nipples from nearly any angle. He smelled nice, he looked nice and he acted nice. It was the first time Rigo had ever shared space with anyone and it felt perfect. Beck had been about to start running the video cable when he paused, rolling his eyes.

"How dumb am I? If I run it into a switch, we can hook either of our computers up to it without tearing everything out!" Beck said, lost in thought. Rigo rocked forward in his computer chair, shaking his head vigorously.

"You're not dumb at all! I don't think anyone else on campus will have this cool of a setup, and you figured out what to do before you got too far." Rigo said.

"Thank you Bromigo, your enthusiasm is a tonic." Beck grinned, "Alas, I did not pack any switches so we'll have to worry about that tomorrow." he said, moving to sit on his raised bed, leaning back with his arms bracing to keep himself upright, "How do you think we should pass the time?" he asked. Rigo tried to suppress a blush when his first thought was climbing his roommate like a jungle gym. Instead, he grasped at anything that might distract him enough from his carnal impulses.

"What made you choose Grand Mesa, especially now?" Rigo asked. Beck smiled slowly.

"The thirty-thousand-dollar question..." he replied, letting his eyebrows rise and fall before he tipped his head back, his long braids tracing along the surface of the bed as he contemplated how to answer. Eventually he looked back up, "Part of it was laziness. I didn't meet the fall deadlines for schools... for two years in a row." he admitted, "I was getting even more down about everything when the news stories came out about Futurza, but then I saw the video the mayor put out, about how this place was going to put themselves front and center to try and be a safe place. I figured if they're willing to put in all that effort for me, I might as well show up and tune in." Beck answered. Rigo's eyes widened a little.

"So are you a werewolf?" he asked softly. Beck ran a hand down his abdomen from his chest to his groin.

"With this robust, manly physique?" he chuckled, "No, but I'm not human either." Beck said more softly, "The big question is, why did you come here?" he asked. This time it was Rigo's chance to breathe a little and put his feelings into words.

"I was tired of constantly being on guard, having to filter everything I said or did. I read the stories about what the werewolves went through and it was terrible, and I couldn't even imagine what I'd do in that situation. I mean, at least they have packs and Keepers and stuff. I've only met one other person like me." Rigo said. Beck smiled a little more.

"Well then you've come to the right place." he said, "I'll show you mine if you show me yours." he said with a tantalizing grin. Rigo shifted a little, breathing in and out, trying to overcome the constant self control he exercised. It almost felt like a muscle that had grown tight

from being exercised too long, but that made the release all that more sudden when he finally let go. The dark rings around Rigo's eyes grew darker, taking on a grayish tinge before nearly going black. Rich brownish black fur sprouted across the backside of his ears as they tapered out from his head, the interior taking on a beige creamy fuzz lining as the human folds flattened out and they took on a more natural shape. There were subtle changes to his nose as the point flattened a little, a trace of fuzz creeping down in front of his ears.

Beck watched Rigo's other side emerge, watching his fingernails stretch out into claws, revealing that the enamel had no doubt chipped because of their growth and retraction. His baggy sweatshirt seemed to shift as a fuzzy brown and black striped tail began to slip out across the bed. When Rodrigo finally opened his eyes, they were intensely purple for a moment before fading back to his normal walnut brown color. Beck opened his mouth to speak, only to realize that the change wasn't quite over. With each beat of Rigo's heart, it seemed that the groin of his pants was lifting up and out in all directions. It wasn't even an erection exactly as there seemed to be ample room for both his manhood and rather large balls. Rigo adjusted himself to make room.

"So it's the full Studio Ghibli, huh?" Beck murmured. Rigo scrunched up his face at that, grabbing his pillow and chucking it at his roommate.

"I show you my real self and that's what you came up with?!" Rigo play-pouted.

"Hey, I think it's cool! I mean, I have like a hundred follow up questions about Tanuki junk, but a promise is a promise." Beck said, slipping off his bed and standing upright. He took one breath, brought his hand up and drew it down. As he did, fine dusty brown hairs began sprouting from his ears, the lobes themselves rising up inch by inch. Faint dark lines swept down from his eyes on either side of his nose like some kind of exotic makeup. It took Rigo a moment to realize Beck's fingernails had stretched into fine, sharp claws and the sudden swish of a long, fuzzy, dusty brown tail surprised the Tanuki. It had taken mere seconds but Beck's tall, thin body had been augmented with features that were clearly inhuman, though not quite what he'd expected either.

"That's... I mean, it's that fast?" Rigo asked. Beck had been running his hand along his almost oversized pointed ears that now lifted slightly above the twin braids that crowned his head. He looked up, a greenish-gold metallic glint in his eyes.

"Did you need more foreplay?" Beck asked. Rigo shook his head.

"I just mean mine feels like such an effort. That looked really easy." Rigo replied. Beck shrugged a little, sitting back on the edge of his bed.

"I mean it's probably different for all of us. That's part of the reason we came here, isn't it? To learn about each other?" Beck asked. Rigo nodded a little, though he started to blush a bit more as another question bubbled up to the surface.

"I also kind of thought you'd be... orange..." He admitted. Beck leaned back, kicking his long legs out from the bed a bit as he expelled some excess energy.

"I expected the same thing myself when I first changed, but from what I can tell, I share traits with the Blanford Fox. It's native to the Middle East and Central Asia. I'm not sure what it means for my abilities exactly, but it does go better with my limited wardrobe." Beck said, eliciting a laugh from his roommate. Beck smiled at that, though his smile started to turn a little

mischievous after a moment as he considered, "How much do you know about werewolves?" he asked finally. Rigo shrugged.

"I mean, just what they put on those news channels and a little bit from Wikipedia." Rigo said. Beck leaned forward again almost conspiratorially.

"Werewolves don't have magic, but they have Keepers that do have it and use it to protect them. I don't have any super strength like werewolves do, but I do have magic... You have some too, right?" Beck asked. Rigo looked almost stunned before he nodded a little dully.

"I've never really done anything other than changed how I looked though, the size of things and stuff." he murmured. Beck grinned even more.

"Well, if you're on board, what if we were to try a little college experimentation and see what happens if we put our magic together?" Beck asked. Rigo's mouth hung open for a moment as he tried to replay the offer in his head.

"Put our magic together to do what?" he asked. Beck shrugged innocently.

"Well, if you've practiced on using it to change how you look, we could play around with that." Beck suggested, "You use it to make yourself seem smaller, right? I mean, down there?" Beck asked. Rigo felt like his cheeks were burning.

"Yeah, I couldn't ride a bicycle or sit in some chairs if I didn't." Rigo replied. Beck looked deep into Rigo's eyes, his eyes glittering with playful intent, his fine eyebrows arched in conspiratorial enthusiasm.

"What if we put our magic together to see how big we could make you?" Beck asked. Rigo sat on his bed, looking at the man that he'd swiftly developed a crush on, wondering if he had really just asked what he thought he had. He'd come to college with the fleeting hopes of meeting someone he could open up to, play around with, maybe even develop a deeper connection. He'd been there a handful of hours and already someone was offering to experiment with him sexually. Rigo swallowed, feeling his heart beating rapidly. Maybe it was the adrenaline from revealing his true form, or of being outside of his bubble for the first time, or maybe it was the fact that he was basking in Beck's cloud of pheromones. Whatever it was, he gave a sudden quick nod of agreement.

"Let's see if you've got the magic touch." Rigo said.

There was an odd comfort to the sound of the washing machine as the sound of the high-pressure water echoed in the metal basin, only to be followed by the steady oscillation of the agitator tossing and turning the clothes within. It meant that for a set amount of time, there wasn't really anything Marco could do except wait for his laundry to be ready to move into the dryer. He lingered in the bright lights of the Laundromat before he eventually turned, walking past the closed convenience store and the darkened couches sitting in front of the big screen television. He turned the corner and ascended the stairs up to the Hawk's Nest balcony, returning to the chair he'd come to think of as a home away from home. A glance to the right gave him a view of Keller Hall with all its new lights, most of them centered on the third floor. He'd nearly finished memorizing the names. He reached for his backpack to pull out more of the paperwork the admissions office had given him when he heard the door unlock from the outside.

Artyom sniffed the air before looking up at the balcony, his eyes momentarily golden. Marco had to admit that there was an odd thrill at how rugged his mate had become. He'd grown out his hair down past his shoulder blades, his beard to his collar. His muscles filled out his clothes and his feet were nearly too big for his shoes. Marco smiled a little meekly, remembering how powerful he'd felt as an Alpha. It almost seemed unfair that Yom and Duncan still followed his lead, but he was honored all the same. He also felt like he had ALMOST gotten past his hang-up about such things. Marco waved Yom up.

"Why don't you join me?" Marco said. Yom started his ascent up the stairs.

"I was about to say the same thing to you. Your laundry will still be there if you come back in the meantime." Yom said. Marco nodded a bit, taking a bit of a breath.

"I probably should anyway; I need to be on hand." Marco said. Yom let out a bit of a growl as he reached the balcony level.

"I certainly like to have you at hand, but I know what you mean." he said, moving over to unceremoniously sit down on Marco's lap. Marco murmured a little, but his noises were muffled as Yom's beard lined lips found his and the two entered a hot, wet, sloppy kiss that lasted almost until Marco had no air and the two were forced to part. Marco panted a little at that before smiling.

"Have any of them come looking for me?" Marco asked. Yom scrunched up his face a little before shaking his head.

"I think they're too distracted. Most of them are unpacking. A few of them are doing other things." Yom said, "But I'm sure they will. Especially after your orientation meeting." Yom said. Marco nodded.

"I still haven't figured out everything I'm going to say to them. I mean, can you believe it's barely been more than a year since I was in their shoes? I was a scrawny pipsqueak wandering campus with an over-inflated sense of duty and a half-rate security vest and it became all this." Marco said. Yom nodded, reaching up to pet Marco's beard, running his fingers through it.

"And on that day, you saved a life." Yom said, "And then re-saved it a little while later... and then saved more lives, and then many more. In fact, you've saved so many lives that you now have the distinction of trying to help them before things go off the rails. So if anything it should be easier now." Yom replied. Marco chuckled a little at that.

"I didn't know you were the glass half full kind of guy." Marco commented. Yom scowled for a second.

"Oh no, I'm not... I think Fletcher is rubbing off on me too much." Yom replied before shrugging, "But it's true. You're going to do fine." Yom said simply. Marco hesitated before looking into the eyes of his lover.

"Will they even listen? I'm not one of them anymore." he said softly. Yom growled, this time less playfully. He leaned forward, resting his forehead against Marco's, closing his eyes.

"You worry too much." he whispered, "You showed me how much intention matters when you pulled me back from being a direwolf. What we did at Futurza, it didn't matter what the outcome was as long as we tried. You inspired all of us. You'll do this too." Yom said firmly. Marco gave a wry smile, closing his own eyes.

"I should probably take advantage of the time now before classes start anyways; pulling RA stuff and doing homework at the same time isn't going to be easy." Marco commented.

"Don't forget your other job of bringing me pleasure." Yom said, sliding his hand up Marco's shirt, his fingers finding their way to his nipples. Marco jumped a little, especially as he felt Yom's fingernails stretching out into claws. Yom began to pinch and tug the flesh before he kissed Marco again. Their beards meshed together, their tongues tangling and wrestling. Yom moved to brace one knee on either side of Marco's hips in the chair before he pressed in and pulled back, then pressed in again. Yom began to hump and grind against Marco, his kisses becoming rougher and sharper, the friction mounting. Marco's lips curled into a bit of a snarl as he reached for Yom's groin, intent on finding his zipper when they both heard a click from the door unlocking.

Yom's eyes flashed gold as he reluctantly slunk off Marco's lap and stood up, reaching to pull his long hair back as if setting it into a ponytail. They had agreed to try and make a good impression on the new students, though it felt counter to Yom's instincts to leave his Alpha. Marco's chest rose and fell in rapid succession as he sat up and turned, looking over the glass guard rail down at the ground floor. A young man stood in the doorway looking around, perhaps eighteen or nineteen. He swept from the left to the right before his head inclined and he spotted Marco and Yom up above. His eyes were dark, an unusual blend of brown with a tinge of red almost like Calla lilies, though it could have been a play of the narrow rectangular glasses he wore. His dark hair was left in its natural coils and curls on top, though artfully tapered into a burst fade on the sides and back. After a moment of eye contact, he turned and left again. The heavy metal door swung shut and re-locked itself.

"Kind of late to be sight-seeing." Yom growled in disappointment, feeling a bit like he'd been sprayed with a jet of cold water in the middle of something. Marco exhaled a little.

"It's the only time he can get out and see the campus. That's Dathan, he's a Varos." Marco said. Yom's annoyance faded as his eyebrows lifted.

"Чёпт..." Yom muttered, "That's gotta be extra hard."

"New school, one that is mostly designed to operate during the day, with a spotlight on all of us." Marco said, remaining for a moment before he leaned forward and zipped up his bag before rising to his feet, "I think you're right. I can grab my laundry later. We should get back to the dorm." Marco said. Yom reached out to hold Marco's head still as he leaned in for one more hot, sloppy kiss. When they finally parted lips, a string of saliva connected their mouths for a moment before it snapped. Before Marco could say anything, Yom turned and started moving down the stairs back to the ground level, a little bit of a swagger in his hips as he messed with his hair to pull it into a loose ponytail. Marco sighed wistfully, enjoying the view from above.

Of the many things that could be said about Grand Mesa's dorms, spacious was not one frequently spoken. Still, Rodrigo and Beck had done their best to utilize the valley between their two beds. With some coaxing from his roommate, Rigo had abandoned his pants and underwear, though he'd retained his brown sweatshirt. He sat on the carpet, legs splayed, his fluffy raccoon tail behind him while his clawed toes nervously flexed. Rigo's grapefruit sized fur covered balls rested on the utility carpet while his thick, fat cock stood upright, covered with

plump foreskin almost as if his dick had a sweatshirt of its own. He breathed in and out, feeling oddly on display, but... how could he argue with a view like that?

Standing in front of the locked door, Beck had removed all of his clothing. His six-foot-four frame was even more impressive than Rigo had imagined. Bars stuck through both pert nipples, a thick tuft of hair marked each armpit, and a tattoo of a QR code was emblazoned on his shoulder blade. His bush seemed well groomed which only enhanced the fact that his manhood was as long and lean as he was. Even with no clothing on, Beck had opted to keep on his circular yellow glasses. He moved over and sat down cross legged in front of Rigo.

"You look great." Beck said encouragingly. Despite the dark rings under Rigo's eyes, they brightened a bit.

"You look great, too." he repeated back. Beck grinned at that, giving a bit of a shrug with his narrow shoulders.

"What can I say, I've got the appeal of a sunflower." Beck said, starting to rub his clawed thumb across the meat of his fingertips, "You ready for this Bromigo?" he asked. Rigo gave his own modest shrug.

"I think this is the sort of thing you just have to jump into." he said, keeping his left hand on the carpet to brace himself as he brought his right hand up his leg, wrapping his own clawed fingers around his shaft. He exhaled a little, drawing them up and down, applying a little more pressure as he picked up the pace. Virtually every teen and twenty-something male had masturbated at least once, and Rigo had experimented a fair share himself before becoming a Tanuki, but it had taken on a whole new dimension after his change. There were times he swore if it hadn't been for his new supernatural side that he would have gone blind from lack of blood flow to his skull. Despite that, this was the first time he had ever done it in front of someone.

Beck watched with curiosity and care. He was eclectic, gangly, funny and unusually focused outside of himself. Maybe it was some mix of that gentleness that kept Rigo from jumping as he felt the other start wrapping his own fingers around his rod. Rigo exhaled slowly, feeling his heart beating faster and faster. It was happening - he was having a sexual experience in college and classes hadn't even started yet. Both young men moved their hands up and down, faster and harder, squeezing and caressing. Rigo's face began to contort and twist as he felt the pleasure throbbing and humming in his cock. His furry, folded ears twitched, his thick raccoon tail bristling as he realized his shaft was starting to get bigger beneath their combined hands.

The change was gradual at first; the slightest shift in circumference to pry their fingers open a little wider, a bit of length to slide them apart. Beck's eyes glinted with their unnatural sheen as he began adding more of his magic in with such miniscule increases, being as careful as he could. For Rigo it felt like the opposite, as if the bricks of a dam were breaking and the water behind was going to try and rush out. He thought back to the moment he had become a Tanuki, to the sexual awakening it had provoked and how he had reacted by retreating into himself, but now here he was - or rather, here they were...

Rigo tried to picture it from above, two young college boys, each with fluffy tails and ears and claws. It might have looked like some sort of pre-Disney fairy tale if not for the fact that they were conducting such adult activities. A small drop of drool leaked from the corner of Rodrigo's mouth as he half-focused on the pair of hands on his cock and half-watched as Beck's manhood

began to stretch and contort, snaking its way out longer in front of them. While Rigo was caught up in sensation, Beck was unusually focused on his roommate, his own eyes gleaming behind the glasses as he tried to push his magic in new ways.

There hadn't been much to go on, but Beck had tried to read up on his prospective roommate. What little social media presence existed portrayed him as kind, shy, and cute. Beck had assumed that he would have had another side and that had intrigued him. Now here he was, helping him to bring it out, embrace it, even enhance it. It was exhilarating. A moan escaped Rigo's lips as he suddenly squeezed his eyes tight and tipped his head back. His cock and his tail both surged suddenly, adding on an inch, then two, then three. The hot flesh slid through Beck's fingers and he quickly and abruptly slapped another hand on top of the first. The sudden impact, as well as the loud sound, made Rigo gasp, his clawed toes curling as paw pads formed on the digits.

A shiver ran up Rigo's spine as he felt his tail being brushed the wrong way by the carpet, but it was stretching out behind him, billowing out wider and fuller. The stripes were more distinct, the fur was thicker and more resilient, and a trail of fur crept across his taint to connect to his balls - balls that were growing as well. They seemed to both buzz and gurgle with energy, filling out the space between his splayed legs, acting as a foundation to his manhood that now required three hands to hold. Beck grinned ear to ear like the cunning kitsune he was, but Rigo's face was lost in the pleasure.

Beck's right fox ear twitched a little as his own tail slipped out behind him, starting to wag and slap against the carpet in excitement. He panted a little, bringing abnormally sharp teeth together as he focused more of his powers. Sweat started to glisten across his chest and shoulders but he redoubled his efforts. Rigo's moan became a bit of a delighted scream as his cock began to grow again, this time in width as much as height. Beck momentarily realized he should have measured his roommate before they started, but he would have guessed him to be a good nine inches hard... but now? Now he was a sight to behold.

Three hands slid up and down the length of a cock the size of a thermos. Rigo's balls had grown larger than the acorn squash he enjoyed in the winter months. The urethra of Rigo's manhood seemed to almost trill before a small dollop of clear pre gushed out, running over the curved head, the lip of foreskin and then down the length. As it reached Beck's fingers, the liquid seemed to shimmer with silver light before turning clear once more. Beck licked his lips, watching Rigo continue to grow larger and larger.

"That's it big boy, keep going." Beck encouraged. Rigo moaned even more, then both boys jumped a little as they heard a clatter behind Rigo.

"What was that?" he asked, purple eyes half opening. Beck shook his head.

"Your tail just knocked over some jars in the snack pile, don't worry." Beck soothed.

"The snack pile, but we're in the middle of the roo-ohhhh!" Rigo muttered as he felt the hot, heavy, thick head of his cock slap between his nipples. Instinctively he reached up, adding his other hand to the stack, sandwiching Beck's in-between. Four hands rose and fell, pleasuring him, worshiping his symbol of phallic fertility. Beck licked his lips again, carefully getting up from his crossed legged position to kneel before Rodrigo. It was a miracle that his roommate had not cum yet, but Beck's experiment was far from over. He braced himself, closing his eyes, focusing hard.

The small room filled with the muffled sounds of cartilage popping beneath skin came as Beck's slender feet stretched out longer. His toes became a little more bulbous, his heel shifting. Brown fur sprouted, first from his toes and then across the tops. His feet shifted into paws, the fur creeping up as far as his ankles before tapering off. His hands, likewise, became more animalistic. The claws stretched out a little wilder, his paw pads forming as fur swept across his hands and wrists. Beck's nose darkened, his face distending slightly into the slightest hint of a muzzle. He gritted his fangs, then took in the slightest gasp as he felt an electric tingle jolt through his own body, rebounding from Rigo.

All at once, each individual hair on the kitsune's tail bristled. The flesh grew hot and icy at the same time, tingling like a limb that had fallen asleep. The muscles in his hind quarters above his slim ass cheeks twitched and his fluffy fox tail split into three distinct partitions. The tails twitched, then wagged, slamming into each other in a clumsy and uncoordinated display before they all suddenly went stiff. Beck gasped much harder as a sudden jolt of magic left his fingers and spread outward in all directions. Papers flew off their desks, more snacks fell from the shelves and the plastic blinds rippled and clattered from the sudden disturbance.

"Fuck!" Rigo moaned suddenly, his eyes rolling into the back of his head. While neither of the young men had bothered to take any scientific measurements for their experiment, the tanuki's cock had easily stretched the foot to reach his nipples, then a few more inches to wobble tantalizingly close to his lips, but now? Beck had unleashed something. None of their hands were even close to being large enough to wrap around the girth as his supernatural shaft stretched out wider and wider across his lap, the diameter expanding until it nearly stretched from one him to the other.

Beck looked down when his knees felt oddly warm, realizing that they were now being covered by the leading edge of pumpkin sized furry raccoon balls. Beck realized that between the two of them, Rigo wasn't just big enough that another man's cock would comfortably nestle inside his own, it was large enough to... well, Beck could barely imagine how that would feel to Rigo. Still, this was their first experiment and it had been a success, but he could hardly expect his roommate to hold off forever.

The tall kitsune slowly rose up out of necessity before bringing his face to nuzzle against the huge head of Rigo's cock. His lips parted and his tongue slipped along the warm, soft flesh before it found the faint raised edge of his urethra. With a deft flick of his tongue, he slid it inside. Beck locked his lips around the gap, letting his tongue plunge down and dart back up, going in and out, up and down, back and forth while four paws worked Rigo's mighty member. Rigo shuddered, his eyes rolling into the back of his head before he suddenly fell back onto his massive, plush raccoon tail.

What came next reminded Beck of a visit to Yellowstone. There was an indistinct rumbling from below, a budding anticipation of what was to come, and then the first hints. An incredibly, almost shockingly sweet gush of pre sprayed into his mouth, carrying with it an almost eucalyptus like freshness, though he didn't have a chance to savor it. The geyser was erupting. Beck's cheeks suddenly bloated out as the thick, hot, musky cum came with such force. The kitsune tried in vain to swallow once or twice before he reluctantly had to suppress his gag reflex and merely opened his throat, letting the torrent pump into him like a fire hose. The rich semen pooled into his stomach, filling it up in moments.

As the pressure built, it had precious few places to go. Beck's perfectly flat, fit stomach began to press outward, stretching his abdominal muscles over the bulge. His already achingly hard cock wobbled, growing red as the human shape was dominated by the animal. The base grew puffy and red, the mushroom shaped tip stretching to a point as the whole thing got longer and fatter. Eventually, Beck's body simply lacked the room and a sudden explosion of tanuki cum erupted out from around his mouth before he was forced to pull off of it. The geyser arched upwards in a glorious display before the thick globs of spicy, earthy, peaty cum came showering down across them both.

The semen splattered across Beck's braided hair, Rigo's well used sweatshirt, and it absolutely saturated the carpet between their beds. Still licking his lips, Beck collected some of Rigo's cum and began to smear it across his chest, letting it dribble over his nipples, running down to his navel and into his bush. He turned his head one way and then the other as if he was taking a nice hot shower. Rigo had flopped back in sexual overload, but Beck remained, his paws jerking the tanuki off, giving playful licks to the enormous cock that just seemed to keep cumming and cumming. It was absurd, nearly to the point of the obscene, but Beck loved it. If this was just their first experiment, he could hardly wait to see what they'd be able to get up to next. For Rigo, there were no thoughts. He was lost in a gently ebbing and flowing sea of ecstasy that showed no signs of slowing.