

Night of the Weregryphons

By: Firingwall

“Wellllll, it could be worse,” Peter mumbled, “I could be walking over on a night without moonlight.”

A white-haired man named Peter yawned as he strolled down the quiet streets of his neighborhood. Night had long since fallen for him, but despite the quiet yearning to be in bed, he was on his way to Ben’s, a friend of his.

Ben had planned out a fun, exciting monster movie night for the two of them, one that would start late in the evening to be more “atmospheric” as he put it. Peter was initially put off by the idea, but, it was rare that two got to hang out together, so here he was.

His transportation situation wasn’t great at the moment for one reason or another, but with Ben living not TOO far away, Peter made the trek through what felt like an abandoned neighborhood. Outside of the moonlight and a few street lamps, the area felt so dark.

Well, it certainly is atmospheric, I’ll give him that. Peter chuckled and shook his head as he strolled along without a care.

Peter glanced up at the sky, seeing the moonlight barely peeking out of the dark, dreary clouds. *All we need now is a full moon and it’s perfect,* he joked in his mind, *just have all the clichés goin’ on around here.*

Peter strolled along for a little while longer, not paying much attention to the eeriness or silence. But as he walked along, the streets began to brighten, and the way grew more visible. He curiously glanced back up, seeing the moon fully out now. The clouds had all suddenly parted and the heavenly body was shown in its full glory.

Annnnd there we go! Now we got perfect atmosphere!

Peter shook his head again and went back to his business of walking along... for about ten or so seconds. The lighting of the air appeared to darken now, like some sort of odd, unnatural filter had been placed overhead. The air grew colder it felt like and once again, he turned his attention back to the moon above.

Its color was bizarre. It seemed like a mixture of black and red, with just a hint of the darkest of purples. Nothing about it was natural, causing Peter to shiver again.

And shiver more.

He gripped his sides and his knees felt weak, staring harder and harder into the sky above. His eyes flickered for a split second, his pupils turning to slits. Their color became a fierce, dark purple, making his gaze ever more piercing than it already was.

His shoulders trembled, and he let out a soft, slow moan. “Why,” he mumbled through it all, “What is this? Why do I feel sooooo...”

From top of Peter’s head, his long, silver hair began to fall. Strand by strand, clump by clump, his head lost it all. However, he would not be bald by any stretch. Just before the final hairs fell, black feathers began sprouting in their place.

The feathers were small at first, gently sprouting at the very top of his dome. But more and more, feather after feather began to pack his noggin, taking over for where his hair used to be. They slicked backwards, even covering his forehead and his eyebrows.

As more feathers appeared, his head began to shift in shape. Its rounder physique flattened a bit, turning more dome-ish in appearance. With the way his feather grew on him, his skull looked even flatter at an angle, his brow thickening up. His eyes slipped more to the sides of his head as the bridge of his nose widened as well.

Peter panted more and more, sweat forming underneath his feathers and his mind beginning to cloud. He knew something bad was happening to him, even though he couldn't fully see it himself. It had to be because of the moon. He just had to get away.

But, he couldn’t move, nor could he even look away from the gorgeous, ominous moon above. He just had to keep staring at it, adsorbing whatever rays it was giving off.

His cheeks reddened as his face further tingled. His ears twitched and began stretching. Their roundish shape turned angular and pointed at the top, concaving on the inside a bit. They shifted ever so subtly up his head, but not too much with his noggin already reshaped.

With his pointier ears all set, feathers began to sprout on them as well. They were mostly black, much like the ones on his head. However, at the very tip of his ears, the feathers turned a dark red, vibrant against the rest of his changing visage.

Peter panted harder, his thoughts turning muddier. It was hard to think straight or want to do anything to save himself. All he wanted to do was stay where he was, taking in everything that was happening to him.

“Why...,” he moaned once more, “Why does it... does it feel soooo good?”

A quiet, almost inaudible sound came from his mouth. If it could be heard properly, it would surely sound almost inhuman. Something neither right nor natural in the slightest.

Feathers continued sprouting across his face, removing the last of his human visage at last. They cloaked his head, its shape turning more animalistic than it already was, and even began to descend his neck. Covering his throat, his Adam’s Apple changed in size and his vocals morphed along with it.

Just as the last of the feathers finished cloaking his mug, a strange tingle and twinge came to Peter’s mouth. His teeth felt awkward, the feeling almost similar to that of getting his mouth

numbed at the dentist. The sensation extended to his lips and nose as well, only intensifying the longer it lasted.

His mouth slacked open, revealing red teeth. Each tooth merged with one another, thickening and thinning in some areas of his maw. Once all combined, they swiftly began expanding, pushing against the opening of his mouth. The skin melded with the teeth, hardening and turning red as the material pushed right out.

Soon, his lips vanished into the escaping red substance. It began stretching more and more away from his head, his nose sucked into it as well. At the very base of the substance, two small holes opened for him to smell out of as the rest of harden material stretched further and further away. The top jaw sharpened, dipping downward at the end once the material ceased its growing.

Sure enough, Peter now sported a large, red beak strong enough to break bones and other tough material. His head looked monstrous, like that of a great avian beast.

Peter's beak opened and an audible **KRREEEEEE** screeched out. "Neeeed... moooore!"

The man's neck began widening, tearing at his shirt's collar ever so gently. Thick black feathers sprouted out from the bottom of his chin, puffier than that of his head. The area soon was covered, but the coating did not stop there for more changes. Unlike his head, his new feathers did not slow or pause for anything.

They swiftly swarmed across his shoulders and down across his arms. His back and shoulders blades shifted and creaked, the musculature and bone structure changing into something beastly. He hunched forward as his his arms shifted position, structuring them more like the forelegs of a four-legged animal.

He fell forward, his arms halting his fall. His eyes never left the moon though, even when his shirt began tearing. His back, chest, and arms expanded wildly during it all. With their shape set to something new and animalistic, their bones and muscles quickly grew and bulked up. The area looked thicker and thicker, his neck shifting upwards as well.

Almost all of his top half was transformed, the only human-like thing left about it being his hands. But even they were not immune from the changes as feathers engulfed his palms. His fingers slowly merged with one another until there were only three per hand. The three digits crept forward, growing several inches longer and thickening up, the skin turning to a thick, coarse texture. His fingers went silver in color and moved to the tip of each digit, stretching out into long, sharp talons that could tear through almost anything.

"Krrrrrrrrrrreeeee!" Peter cried out, "Soooo, sooo damn good! Neeeed more, kreeee!"

Peter's body shivered intensely, and his eyes went crossed for a moment, his pants bulging and staining. Above his forelegs, two large bumps emerged. They grew thicker as he

trembled, before bursting out triumphantly. He had grown an incredibly long, thick set of black-feathered wings.

His new wings flapped about majestically, their wingspan several feet longer than his body. His eyes managed to finally pull away from the moon for a brief moment, taking in the beautiful sight that was coming off of him. He managed a partial smile and bellowed out another high-pitched cry.

The night sky filled with a long **KREEEEEEEEEEEEE**. A few lights turned on, but no one could see him in the darkness, despite the eerie glow of the moon. Even if they could though, he wouldn't care. He just wanted more and more.

His eyes returned to the creepy moon above, one of his clawed hands moving towards his crotch. He screeched again, “Kkkkreeeeee, neeeeed moooooore! Need kreeeeeeee release noooooow! KRREEEEEEE!”

He gripped his pants with his talons and yanked, tearing it and his underwear right off. His junk and balls hung free, his shaft throbbing excitedly now that it had more room. If he could only see them now, his balls were coated in thick black fur, the area shaped more like an animal's sheath. His cock was dark red, barbs along its sides, and its head pulled out into a point.

Peter screeched lustfully, almost free of his final piece of attire. He fell forward a bit more, his body growing swiftly. His back and torso expanded further, thickening up with powerful muscles. His legs and thighs changed much like his arms, shifting their stance to a more animal-like one.

With his body's shape changed once again, his skin began sprouting more black coating. This time though, it was fur instead of feathers, much smoother and softer to the touch. From the end of his feathers at his chest, the furry pelt spread across the rest of his torso and straight onto his legs, flowing right on down them.

As the black pelt spread down his former legs, they expanded greatly, changing to a more appropriate look as well. They grew denser, stronger as their muscles and bones morphed, looking like the back legs of a lion. The changes continued similarly as his shoes burst apart, revealing thick, three-toed black paws with razor sharp claws sticking out of them.

Peter screeched, his balls pulsating as his cock trembled, pre dripping down from its head. “Kkkkreeeeeeee, yesssssss! Neeeeeed thiiiiis! I want mooooooore! Almost... kkkkkkreeeee there noooooow!”

He thrust forward, humping the air and trying his best to stimulate his cock. His rod throbbed harder and harder, more pre dripping out as it shook and his balls bounced. It wasn't what he truly desired in satisfying him, but it would still do its job well enough.

With one final jerk, Peter's eyes went crossed and his beak let out a large, piercing shriek of pleasure. His hardened cock spewed cum across the ground furiously, his balls pulsating as

they produced more and more of the substance. The pleasure of it was undeniable and unbelievable, his body trembling greatly. From above his rear, long, dark furred tail shot out. It was thick and shaped just like that of a lion's, completing his transformation.

He cummed for so long, but it eventually came to a sad, quick end after a full minute. The large, beastly gryphon panted, his mind cloudy with lust. Musk radiated intensely off the big creature, fueling his desire all over again.

He needed more... stimulation. Much more than any air humping could provide. He needed a partner.

His eyes turned from the moon, and his head glanced about the neighborhood. There were more lights on in the houses, silhouettes of people barely visible in them. Even though he felt comfortable that they couldn't see him, he didn't need their attention. Instinctively, his large wings flapped, and he took off into the sky.

He could begin the search for his mate from there. Male or female. It did not matter. He just needed someone to help him... maybe somebody close.

“What the hell was that?” Ben murmured, looking out the front window of his house. The goatee-wearing man was busy setting up for the movie party he was planning with a friend when a weird noise pierced the sky. It sounded like some kind of bird, but with an inhuman deepness to it that was unnatural.

From his window, he couldn't see a single thing as far as he could tell. He did notice the odd color of the moon out that night, his eyes lingering on it for a moment. However, he ended up shutting his blinds and walking away. Probably just some astronomical phenomenon he was not familiar with.

He stretched his arms and laid out a bunch of fun films onto the table in front of the couch. Since he invited Peter out this late, it only seemed fair that he be the one to make the choice of what they watched first. Besides that, almost everything was ready to go, including of bag of popcorn ready to be microwaved.

Wonder when he'll get here? Ben thought, stretching his arms, *hope it's...*

Ding-dong~

Speak of the devil, he chuckled, shaking his head. *Ask and you shall receive.*

He walked over to the front door, saying as he opened it, “hey Peter, been waiting on...”

Ben's words trailed right off, and his eyes widened. Sitting upon his doorstep, having this wicked, devious grin upon its face, was a black, red-tinted gryphon. His purple, fierce eyes pierced straight through Ben, looking him up and down.

Ben took a step back, trembling in fear of what should've been a mythical beast. The creature stood up, standing upon its talons and paws, and it took a step forward. The gryphon suddenly spoke, its voice deep, "hiiiiii Ben. Kreeeeeeeee, need some help. Kreeeee, you can heeeelp a buddy out, riiiiight? Kreeeeeeee!"

Ben froze. "Pe-Pe-Peter?"

The gryphon lunged forward, latching onto Ben's belt and pants with its long beak. With a hard yank, he somehow pulled the man closer, before grabbing him with his talons. The dark beast was careful with its claws, gripping him gently before pushing out into the night.

Ben tumbled onto his front lawn and moaned, rubbing his forehead. "Uuuuuugh, what... what is going..."

There, lying on his back, his eyes looked straight up at the darkened, eerie colored moon above. The moonlight bathed upon him and without the covering of his house now, it could work its magic upon Ben.

The rest of the world faded out around Ben, his entire focus, his whole being put on the glowing ball above. It was beautiful, captivating... alluring. His pupils dilated, and their color brightened up to a faded, pale blue. The look in them was not as fierce as gryphon strutting up to him, but there was still an unnaturalness about it.

Ben's body shivered, and his hands gripped the soft ground, a powerful, intoxicating feeling growing within him. The gryphon in front of him knew it all too well, delighted to have someone else take part in it and see what the results would be.

However, the dark gryphon would not be patient. He leaned in and with his long, sharp beak end, tore open the crotch of Ben's pants. He ripped off his underwear as well, seeing it as nothing but an obstacle and nuisance to what he truly wanted or what Ben needed.

With no obstruction in the way and urged on by the moonlight above, Ben's cock rose, fully erect and pulsating in pleasure. The feeling extended and flowed throughout his body, causing him to tremble more. His light brown hair was quick to fall out, swiftly replaced by a light, soft coat of white feathers.

Ben licked his chops as the feathers covered his noggin and face. The gryphon beside him merely smiled and leaned in. He brushed the top of his beak against the underside of the man's cock gently and affectionately.

Ben felt a rush of pleasure shoot straight up from his groin into his head. He let out a lustful moan as his teeth molded together, turning yellow. They rapidly pushed out of his mouth, his lips and nose merging with the mass. The mass rounded up at the top, giving it a beak shape, similar to that of a parrot and nowhere as fierce as the other beast's.

The gryphon looked carefully at him, studying how the simple nuzzle seemed to have affected the poor human's head. It had already shaped up to be gryphon's head, much like his own with its dome-like shape and new large, narrow ears just coming in now. The speedy changes gave him the most perfect, devious idea.

As the feathers from Ben's head flowed down to his neck, the dark gryphon's tongue slid out from its beak. It slowly ran up the guy's shaft from his balls to the its tip, occasionally sliding around its sides as he did. Ben trembled, letting out a **krreeeee** of his own, his cock turning to a dark pink tone. Barbs sprouted across its underside while the head turned pointed in shape.

Between the moonlight and the gryphon continually licking at his rod, Ben's pleasurable transformation picked up the pace. His shoulders and arms swiftly restructured so he could walk upon his hands. Feathers covered the areas, except for his forearms and hands. The skin there turned rough and gritty, brightening to a shade of yellow. His fingers stretched longer, his pinkies merging with his rings as each digit developed a long claw at their ends.

Ben's chest barreled out as feathers overwhelmed the area, stopping abruptly before switching to white fur to cover the rest of his torso. The gryphon in turn continued licking and nuzzling the man's shaft, trying to stir his changes on further. He wanted his mate ready and up for anything he wanted.

Ben suddenly winced in discomfort, groaning and twitching. The caws that rattled out of his beak sounded wrong, the creature stopping his licking and stepping back. With him off now, Ben flipped over onto his stomach, his shirt tearing in front as his chest and torso widened and morphed into that of a great beast.

On his back, two large bumps swelled out, pressing tightly against the remains of his shirt. The tears in his shirt's chest rocketed up the sides and to the back as the bumps grew, ripping the rest of the fabric off. The last piece of cotton fell as the masses from his back bloated and stretched, long, strong white feathers sprouting from on top of it.

Ben moaned, his sounds returning to a lustful tone, and for the first time, he thrust forward with his crotch. His balls shook, sending shivers straight up his back and right into the mounds. It was last bit of push they needed, the areas bursting apart as long, elegant wings sprouted forth. They were just as wide and powerful as the gryphon's, lifting him off the ground just a tad.

"Krrrrrrreeeeeeeee, lookin' goooood Ben." The dark beast chuckled, licking its chops as it moved back in, closing in on Ben's rear.

Ben panted, turning his white head back and spotting him out the corner of his eye. He asked again, his voice cracked and more inhuman than before, "P-Peter?"

The gryphon nodded and winked. With another lick of his chops, he leaned in and ran his tongue up Ben's balls and to his pucker, which has shifted up his hindquarters to a more animal-like position.

Ben bellowed out again, lust overwhelming his body and mind again. His legs and rear shifted positions as bones and muscles expanded, positioning themselves like that of Peter's own. A small nub stretched out from above his pucker, thickening and elongating into a long lion's tail. A thick tuft of white fur sprouted at the end, occasionally smacking the black gryphon in the face.

However, Peter cared little about the light smacks, too focused on his own fun and pleasure. He used his tongue to probe Ben's rear, occasionally nuzzling the spot with the top of his beak. The area was incredibly sensitive with all of the changes, only further exciting the new beast about to be born.

At long last, the finale of the changes reached down into Ben's feet. His socks ripped right apart as his feet burst through the soft cotton. Out came four large, animal-shaped toes with thick black pads on their bottom and sharp claws sticking out at the end of each digit. The musculature and bones had shifted within them as well, pushing his stance on to his pads, forcing him to only walk on them from now on.

With that, Ben was complete. He now stood upon his talons and paws as a proud, thick, white gryphon.

Peter chuckled and moved down, sliding his tongue across Ben's shaft. The new gryphon let out a lustful **krreeeee** in delight, spraying out a full gallon of seed, splattering and tainting the ground in his lustful fluid. His friend merely chuckled, licking up any cum that dripped down his shaft.

The orgasm went on and on, eventually drawing to a close after a full minute had passed. Ben huffed and huffed, sweat glistening across his feathers and fur as he tried to regain grip of himself. "Soooo," he mumbled, "soooo good, krreee."

"**Krreeeeeeee!**" Peter bellowed, walking alongside him and nuzzling his face, "**You look great, krreeeeeeee.**"

Ben looked at his friend, asking, "h-how... how did this... did this happen?"

The black gryphon smirked and chuckled. He shook his head and cawed out, "**beats me, krreeeeeeee. But who cares? Let's go have some fun! Krreeeeee!**"

"Like?"

"**How about we go find ourselves some nice mates? I'm sure we could have a lot more fun with others than just ourselves.**" Both gryphons chuckled and stretched out their wings, flapping them and launching themselves into the air.

Another hour later, the sound of many lustful screeches would fill the night sky.

THE END?