

“I’ll be right back honey, sit tight!” Val said with a wink, getting up gradually so that her boyfriend Bert could enjoy her assets. She made a show of walking slowly, giving Bert, and every other straight man in the area, an eyeful as she headed inside the building! Yet, Bert was the furthest thing from jealous. He knew that ass was his and his alone, and he had no disdain about his wife flaunting it to get a rise out of other men!

The two had been dating for well over two years now, clearly planning to be a long-term item. Even though a large part of that bond was mad with lust! Labels like husband and wife were unnecessary for the two of them. Their mutual ‘condition’, in tandem with their unique proclivities, made them the perfect pair.

Though the two of them had secrets they preferred to keep from the rest of the world, the temptation to show off far overrode such concerns. Both were exhibitionists of sorts, loving the attention and jealousy that their actions gathered. It was amply aided by the fact that they were naturally so amorous towards each other!

Yet, it was not just lustful acts they wished to use to draw the ire of their peers. Their second natures denoted a certain set of primal urges, ones difficult to resist for even the most practiced of their kind. Though, giving it away outright was not advisable, for a multitude of reasons, the slight bit of exposure that their regular actions gave away was insufficient to show off their true natures. Cameras and videos could be faked, eyewitness reports not to be believed. People literally turned their heads away from those things that were incomprehensible. That made their games so much more fun. How much could they get away with before they were discovered once and for all and had to go into hiding? It added a certain unique layer to their love life, the arousal from which was impossible to resist!

Setting his menu down on the table, Bert patted his slightly too-large belly as he stared out into the evening lights, enjoying the lovely view. Going to an outdoor patio for supper tonight was a great idea. The air was warm, the breeze light but pleasant enough to waft the succulent scents of the restaurant towards his nose. Bert was starving!

Val could hardly keep her smile to herself as she walked into the restroom, sniffing the air to check if she was alone. She had half a mind to drag Bert in here to do the deed right then and there. But, even that idea paled in comparison to what she had in mind. Emptying her weak human perfume from its container into the sink, the restroom was soon covered with the pungent floral fragrance. She never knew why she bothered to buy the stuff, save to cover up the scents of their lust when she and her lover got a little too amorous while out and about.

Pulling out a carefully loaded vial from work, she then poured its contents into the perfume bottle and closed the lid, holding her nose as best she could. She didn't want to give Bert a headstart on what she had planned before it was time, after all!

A chemist by trade, Val was able to sneak into her work during off-hours to compose a cocktail of her own design. It used a significant amount of her own pheromones, as well as some buffer chemicals to enhance their potency. Bert would be leaping over the table to get to her once he took one whiff!

Careful not to apply her potion until the last minute, Val made her way out of the building and to the tables where her love was waiting, likely impatiently. She hated the idea of denying him dinner. But, she could make that up to him later. There were other priorities than food, after all.

Pulling out her bottle, she applied it liberally to the back of her neck and wrists, rubbing it in quickly before the potent stench hit her nostrils ten-fold. She could hardly hold back a gasp as her inner thighs grew wet with the beads of fluids leaking from her crotch. Perhaps she had done *too* good a job of preparing her potion!

Still, with practice poise, Val managed to sit down, a smile plastered on her features that gave away her intent even before the shift in the wind. Bert looked at her familiar expression with a mixture of anticipation and confusion. What did she have in mind? Whatever it was, given both of their proclivities, it would be unlikely be long before it was time for the 'main course'

"First one who has to get up and leave does the cooking for a week," Val whispered, the eagerness in his voice palpable. Since the two of them worked full time, they often split the domestic chores. Therefore, it added a certain realistic challenge to their games. Not that it was the point, of course!

Bert eyed his love with a look of questioning, wondering what she had in mind. Yet he needn't wonder for long as a scent wafted in his nose. It was pungent, spicy, and forced a surge through his cock that was both familiar and exciting. His erection rose so swiftly that it hit the table underneath, making him wince a little. Never before had he gotten a whiff of pheromones so pungent!

The source of the odor was obvious. It was the cause of his lust every day since he had met Val. Yet, instead of wafting from his lover's sex, the musky scent of arousal seemed to be emanating from her shoulders, like a pungent perfume. He assumed this was a deliberate action. Val was always coming up with new ways to bring their wolves out, especially in the most embarrassing of circumstances. This had to be the most intense way she had concocted yet!

Already, Bert could feel his cock starting to shift, the point tapering as the shaft grew engorged with blood. The base was bulbous, pressing almost painfully inside his clothing. It was maddening!

Bert tried with every ounce of willpower not to give in to the needs of his growing wolf-cock. His hard-on raged in his pants, the head peeling down into a sheath that itched and peppered with black hairs. The ache in his loins was powerfully insistent, making him whine through gritted teeth. It was all he could do not to leap across the table and take his love right there!

Yet, deep down Bert was excited. Not by the prospect of bestial sex; that was a given. But, if he could hold out against Val's ploy and make her come to him, body literally quivering, the mating would be all the more satisfying. This challenge was the greatest one she had put them through yet!

Val, for her part, was trying to resist playing with the moist opening of her female sex, grinding her knees together to give her at least some semblance of pleasure. The pheromones of her own body were potent enough to trigger her interest, after all. But, worse was the present scent of her lover's erection and its leaking juices wafted into her nose. Breathing deeply of their combined musk, slits were forced to form in the sides, bringing more of those divine scent molecules into her nose. It was heavenly!

Bert, meanwhile, was doing his best not to rub his erection against the underside of the table, lest he bust a nut right there. That would lose him the game, after all. He did his best to focus on something else, anything else. But his only stimulus was the beautiful woman across the table from him, and her heady, hormone-laced perfume. Extracting her lycanthropic odors into a spray had to be cheating, right? It would be akin to him rubbing his neck with his precum!

A growth in the back of his pants started to poke out and wag against the chair in its impatience. It itched against his underwear, providing a needed distraction to prevent him from losing so quickly. His shoes were getting tighter on his feet, making it impossible not to rub them on the ground. Hair growth was spreading over his navel, reaching up towards his slightly chubby stomach as Bert moaned his impatience. It was maddening not to jump his lupine love right there!

"Are you ready to order?" A woman's voice asked, and Bert looked up, trying to remove the pained expression off his face. In truth, he hadn't even looked at the menu. But, it was a steakhouse, so his choices were understandably limited.

“Steak, blue, with a side of mashed?” He replied, almost as a question. The waitress gave him a confused look from his presentation. She might have noticed something off about their features, but in her professionalism chose not to comment.

Val decided to order the same, keeping her head down as she did so. The alterations to her face were more predominant than her lover’s, after all. Her ears had stretched an inch higher on her head, and her nose was distinctly black at the tip. Worse, her watering eyes were indicative that they had changed from their usual blue to something more akin to amber. She would certainly raise questions if she made direct eye contact!

Finally, the waitress walked away, leaving Val to breathe a sigh of relief. It was lucky the human hadn’t noticed the wolf pheromones hanging cloying in the air, under all of the other odors of sweat and perfume in the evening heat. Humans really were blind to smell!

Yet, the hormones that Val had so cleverly used to tease her husband were having an adverse effect on her as well. Her ears were twitching now, listening for the sound of ripped clothing that would indicate that Bert was losing. She could smell more of the wolf on him now, and the pungent aroma was forcing her body to change in ways that she was hardly able to control.

Hair was growing around her breasts now, waving in between her perky assets as more of her lupine heritage poked through. The familiar sensation of new nipples against the insides of her dress made her lower her hand to rub them before she realized she needed to stop. That would draw attention to her changed form far earlier than she would have preferred. Worse, she would have to run away and lose the game!

Looking up, she nearly growled her annoyance at her boyfriend, whose facial features seemed far more human than her own. How was he winning!?

“How are you feeling, dear?” Bert asked, a smirk on her features. Her plan seemed to have backfired, after all. The scent of her own redolent seemed more effective on her own physiology than it was on Bert’s!

Pulling out her sunglasses, she placed them over more angular features and smiled, grinning with pointed canine fangs. “Not feeling like doing the cooking for a week, honey,” she replied snarkily, trying to regain her composure. She would not be so easily swayed by her own needs. And, besides, the longer she held out, the more amazing the inevitable sex would be!

“That’s too bad, my love. I love the *taste* of your dishes,” Bert said, unconsciously squirming in his chair. Though he was unaware of it, his tail was getting longer, making it harder

to stay still. The damn thing was wagging, squeezing out on his pants and over the back of the chair, though no one would notice if they weren't looking.

“But, I bet if you ask me really nicely, you could convince me to *eat out*,” he growled, the words coming out deeper than he intended them to. The sensation of his teeth growing in his jaw garbled the words, but Bert was too horny to notice.

The words made Val squirm in her chair, her own spine lengthening into a tail that was starting to thrash into the back of her pants. Panties soaked with her fluids, she crossed her legs a little more, trying to coax every ounce of pleasure without having to actually touch herself in public.

Her feet suddenly feeling tight in her heels, she kicked them off, pushing them towards Bert's shoes in an effort to make him aware she was getting ready for him. The act had the desired effect; Bert could immediately feel his toes begin to contract, the nails thickening as his gray fur peppered the backs of his feet. His stretched heels almost tore through his dress shoes in several places as they grew to nearly the length of his calves. Bert was prone to fall over if he was inclined to stand up!

He, too, kicked off his shoes, letting his bare feet rest on the ground, uncomfortably without his paw pads. He would likely have them soon, so it was of little consequence. Still, it was nice to feel the itch of fur, the shrinking of his toes, and the lengthening of claws as his feet warped into a perfect facsimile of paws.

Val's feet were in a similar state, her own gray fur running up legs that were compressing somewhat. She had to adjust herself in the seat a few times to have them touch the ground as the overall length of her leg declined. If she let things go like this, she would soon be meant to be on all fours while still sitting in a chair made for humans! Then, she would have no choice but to run, Bert most likely in tow. That would be the end of the game and the start of her week on cooking duty! She wouldn't have it!

A huge sip of wine helped override her own odor as she tried her best not to focus on the stench of musk that she's so generously applied. Yet, it also had the adverse effect of allowing her awareness of her longer tongue, her pointy teeth, and a jutted jaw that almost fit into the glass. It was everything she could do not to just stick her mouth in and start lapping up the wine like the wolf she was becoming!

In another bit to reduce the impact of the changes, Val took out her phone, scrolling through news feeds. It was a struggle; her nails were longer and thicker, and she didn't want to

damage the screen. It would at least stay in her purse, strapped to his neck in case they ended up dashing away from the restaurant in lupine form.

Yet, the more she scrolled, the harder it became to hold on to the device. The visual stimuli were more difficult to pay attention to with her lupine eyes. Worse, it did nothing to take her mind off the stench in the air, both the one from her neck and the one from her own dripping sex! Immediately, she put it back, struggling for something, *anything* that would prevent her from losing the game before dinner!

Risking a glance at her lover, she noticed Bert's features were more angular. His glasses were having trouble staying in his face; he would likely have to hand them over soon so that they wouldn't get left behind. His eyes had golden flecks in them, though they remained mostly human. His slight beard was a little bushier, grays leaking in as more started to crawl up from his increasingly hairy chest. But, he still looked far more human than her. Val was going to lose at this rate!

Bert, for his part, was having a hard time struggling with the heat from hair growth as every inch of his body was steadily covered. The gray shades were rolling up under his shirt, taking over the skin as his true nature shone through. The backs of his hands were peppered with wolverine hairs, as his bare palms and fingertips started to swell with pads. His own body hair was thickening, lining up with the lupine hairs until he was covered in a fine coat obscuring the skin entirely.

It was taking every ounce of his willpower to keep his clothes on in an attempt not to lose the game. But, the hotter he got, the more his skin was unable to sweat as it lost the glands to do so. He had to pant now to cool the heat in his body, and his tongue seemed to be lengthening to compensate. The canine appendage looked out of place on his features, though his mouth was getting longer to accommodate it. He tried his best to keep it in, to help hold onto his humanity as long as possible.

It was taking every ounce of willpower not to touch himself through his pants. His hips started to crack, sending pangs of irritation through his spine. His cock was clearly canine, at its full length as it strained at his pants. His waistline was thinning, and even if his belt had been unnotched, it would not hold up the pants if he were to stand. He would have to stay seated until he was ready to run!

Bert's saving grace was that the fingers on his right hand were shortening, growing claws that would poke through his pants if he was to rub through them. A thick webbing soon stretched from their base as his fingertips and palms started to protrude into pads. He had to twitch his thumbs a few times to keep them working so that he could eat his meal when it came. If he dug

in face first, that would surely force his body to shift to a canine configuration. It would be enough that he would start chasing after his bitch right then and there!

“There you go,” said the waitress, almost causing Bert to growl from her sudden intrusion. But, thankfully, he was shocked out of his self-reflection enough to hold off from actually growling like the wolf he was!

Though most of the changes were confined under their clothes or the table, their facial features had altered enough that it warranted a second glance from the clearly confused woman. Bert wouldn't have blamed her if the notion of change wasn't so familiar to him.

Still, as most humans did, she played it off as a trick of the mind, thanked them, and told them she would be back to see if they needed anything. Bert paid her no mind. The scent of *meat* hit his nose, an almost raw steak that made his mouth water. He sneaked a glance at his love and noticed that Val *was* drooling, saliva dripping onto the plate as she eyed her meat with obvious intent.

“Bon appetit,” he said, motioning to her as he went down to lift his fork. It was difficult to manage with stiff fingers, but he was able to do well enough. He could see his lover's face start to stretch out, becoming a pseudo-muzzle before his eyes. Even if she could use a fork, he doubted she was inclined to try!

Val, for her part, was thankful that the food had gotten here in time to prevent her from jumping across the table to jump her boyfriend's bones. The smell of barely cooked meat made her muzzle push out further, but no one was currently paying her any mind. She was free to do as she wanted, to dig into the steak and change just enough to savor it without risking losing the game!

Yet, the moment she reached down to grab her cutlery, she realized the bane of her initial plan. Her fingers were half their normal length and still shrinking. Her thumbs, however, were worse off, almost gone by the time she reached down. She couldn't lift a fork even if she tried!

Yet, Val was not to be deterred. Lowering her head towards the plate, she inhaled deeply before biting down with sharper teeth. Her new claws were still good for holding the meat in place as she pulled up with powerful jaws, ripping a massive chunk before chewing only enough to prevent choking. Juices dripping from her growing maw, she snarled a bit, holding the meat with her growing claws as she devoted her meal.

It seemed as though the sounds of her dinner escapades had gathered some unwanted attention from those around the table. Some of her features were surely obscured by the

impossibility of them to exist on a human frame. But, mutters of ‘make-up’ and ‘bad table manners’ were enough for her to know that she was losing the battle. If she allowed herself to continue like this, she would change so much that she would have to leave!

Bert was still eating, though his fork and knife were about to fall from his hands at any moment. A flat pink tongue played over blackened lips. He smiled at his love with his eyes, glowing golden now as they widened on his features. Yet he was far more human than she was. Val was going to lose!

At the sight of his love’s wolverine visage, Bert felt his cock stiffen even more, red rocket growing taut against his pants. The fluids had long since soaked through, and he reflexively lowered his paw to rub at the flesh. A sticky string of precum rose from his paw, and Bert brought it to his lips, sampling his own excretions. As he did, his beard continued to thicken, wolverine sideburns lancing up his features in excitement. His own human hair started turning gray, though looking far more energized rather than an aging appearance.

The bestial image was more than Val could bear. Her muzzle cracked out a few more inches, chin dribbling fluids as she licked her own blackened, gummy lips. The stench of male wolf in the air made the fur ruffle over her neck, running up to combine with the fur on her chin and cheeks. Minute whiskers burst from her nose as the appendage continued to swell in a desperate bid to drink in as much of her mate as possible. Nothing else mattered than the wolf that her lover would be and the cock he would grace her nethers with!

Only the odor from her own sex and his mattered at this point. Not the cries and gasps that entered her lengthening ears. Not the scents of the mostly-eaten food before her. Not the aches of muscle growth and bone shifting that would complete her own transition. She needed her mate, and needed him now!

A series of cracks started to resound through her body as her skeletal structure adjusted to accommodate her preferred form. A bulging chest, shrinking waist, a longer spine, and flattening shoulders all started to flow over her body as easily as she would slip into another set of clothing. Fur thickened over her frame in a wave, running up her cheeks and merging with her long brunette mane, bristling down her neck and back as her entire body heated up with anticipation.

The changes were quickly progressing past the point where Val’s clothing would no longer remain on her frame. Yet, the notion that she would be seen nearly naked was powerfully arousing, sending a crack through her body as the bones shifted. Though her breasts were deflating, the ones underneath rubbed exquisitely under her shirt, sending tingles into her loins that were almost maddening.



A growl escaped her lips as Val then knew she had lost. It was everything she had not to force the male to take her right here! But now was not the time or place. She could still make him chase her, and take her fun in setting the scene.

Stumbling over her seat, people gasped as she dashed out towards the street, getting down on her front paws as she did so. Yet, even in her hybrid state, she was fast enough that most people had no time to really take in her features. Her lean body was enough to crawl out of the rest of her clothes, leaving them strewn on the street as she took off, tail wagging as her fur became exposed to the warm evening air.

Bert wasn't far behind her, getting up and running with inhuman speed towards the silent street. It was dark now; most people would have a harder time noticing his wolven features as he made his way after his wife. Even if he still had hands, he had no time to grasp the clothes strewn across the ground; they would be discarded into the night, left for someone else to find. They often lost their clothes whenever they performed these games. Their clothing budget was through the roof, yet it was worth it for the amazing sex that always followed!

Neither of them noticed as the waitress from before walked over to their table, shocked that their clothes were pulled off along the ground leading towards the street. All that remained on the table were several stacks of bills and the empty perfume bottle, reeking of something akin to wet dog. Some of its fluids sank into her skin as she picked it up, but the waitress was unaware of its metamorphic properties as she went about cleaning the table. It was the most bizarre experience of her career!

A woman's scream hit Bert's twitching ears as he fell forward onto his two front paws. Though his hips had not fully adjusted, Bert had to dash forward quickly lest she have the time to snap a photo. He did hear the click of a camera phone going off as he dashed through the streets at inhuman speed. Yet, he knew from experience that even in his hybrid state he was far too fast for anyone to take a coherent picture!

The last bits of change flowed over them both as they ran forth on all fours, spines cracking as the position became theirs for the evening. The last bits of fur were truly allowed to grow as shoulders slouched and pelvises snapped into place. Pads blossomed from front and hind paws as tongues hung out of elongated muzzles. Tails pushed to full length, helping maintain their balance as the two horny beasts ran with reckless abandon through city streets, so fast that they looked no more than massive dogs to the casual observer.

Though his lover was long gone by this point, her odor was too prevalent in the air for Bert to lose it. His growing tail wagged his excitement as his engorged testicles moved to his backside to prevent them from slapping against his legs as he ran. She was out of the downtown

area, running towards the woods that lay beyond the suburbs. Bert had more than enough energy to finally catch her and take her like the horny bitch she was!

Though his night vision had enhanced through wolverine eyes, Bert did not need to see the world flashing around him to know that his lover was close. Her stench in the air was palpable now as her hormones flooded his senses. She was waiting for him on the fringes of the woods and paused only until she could see him coming before dashing off. Bert was off like a bolt, every bit of energy used to try and overtake her and take what his aching cock required!

The two wolves ran into the night, without a care in the world as they reached a place far away in the woods to mate in private. The consequences of the display were the furthest thing on their mind. It was a large city, after all. Sometimes they traveled to nearby towns, wrecking places in their efforts for more and more exciting sex. No one ever caught them; the idea of staring at people changing into wolves was so alien to the mind that anyone who saw it simply erased the realization. Clearly, something was either wrong with the food or the drink that caused them to hallucinate such things. That couple had just been nudists that ran away with their clothes still at the tables, naturally!

It did not take long for Val to stop, flagging her tail in a gesture of surrender. She knew she was losing the mental battle, but it did not matter. Things such as cooking meant nothing to the wolf she had become for the night. She was a bitch in heat, needing to show off her moist, glistening sex for her mate's inspection!

Bert quickly stopped, penis hanging almost painfully out of his sheath as he drooled at the sight of the bitch's offering. The odor in the air was randy with the needs of sex, and he would be remiss not to take her right there. Still, some of the human in his mind knew he had won. He wanted to lord his prize over her as long as possible. He took his time, sniffing at her nethers and breathing heated breath over her loins, making the she-wolf shiver.

An exploring tongue reached out and teased the fringes of her sex, making Val growl from her persistence to be mated. Though she loved the sensation of clitoral stimulation, particularly Bert's practiced precision, she needed cock and needed it *now*.

Finally, the needs in Bert's dangling wolf dong won out, he, too, needing the same level of sexual intercourse. Getting into position, he rose up and gripped her flanks with the sides of his paws, thrusting hard against her opening with such force that it would wound most women. But the wolf Val had become welcomed the force of his sex, and she liked it just as rough as she thrust back with fervor.

The mating act itself was rather short, Bert's persistent pounding on her clit enough to send the she-wolf into instant orgasm as the next followed quickly on its heels. All too soon, Bery felt his balls bunch up and he howled, spilling his lupine cream into her insides as his knot pushed in to tie them together. Yet, only a brief respite passed out over her back was needed. Bert would cum and cum again tonight, lupine stamina enough to sate even Val's most carnal delights!

After several rounds of fucking, hunting, and chase, the two wolves eventually passed out together, their usual escapades leaving them tired and happy in the other's company. But that suited each just fine. They were content to pass out, knotted and together and dreaming of the next location to trash in their bid for the wildest, most beastly sex yet!