

Bored out of your mind waiting, you once more take a quick glance at the clock beside your bed. 3:15 pm. Shit. The hours felt like they were fucking crawling by like years!

You squirm in your chair a little, an uncomfortable itching across your skin making it impossible to sit still. Though its meaning excites you, it is of little reprieve. The sensation you truly crave is still hours away.

Impatiently, you stare at your hands as you place them on your desk, clenching your fists as your human nails dig into the wood. You want them to grow, to lengthen, to... But nothing happens. You sigh in frustration. You feel as though your body is betraying you!

Staring out the screen door as the sun still beats through, you sigh in frustration. You can see the forest so clearly beyond the treeline of your backyard. It's calling to you with the siren songs of scents and prey and experiences that no human could begin to comprehend. Yet moonrise is still hours away.

You look down at your scrawny frame, barely 120 pounds soaking wet. You wish you could feel your muscles bulging out over your flesh, your coat of fur swiftly covering them as your powerful wolverine visage takes hold. Yet you are forced to wait. Only moonrise could give you the form you craved.

You've had lycanthropy for almost two years now. And not the mental illness where you believe you possess the ability to turn into a wolf. You've had evidence to the contrary. Naturally, you hated your affliction at first but as time went by you became accustomed to your monthly change. Even more recently, you grew to love it. What wasn't to love about being a powerful wolf-man?

Now you even *craved* it. Today the change was so close and yet so tantalizingly out of your reach. Like every other change, it required full lunar rays on your skin to activate. Desperate to feel that sensation now, you find yourself wondering if you could force the change and will your transformation to begin. Trying to imagine the scenario only a few hours away, you can almost feel the call of the moon on your skin, the catalyst to bring forth your better self. It was so close. You can almost see her pull on your flesh as though taunting the beast within. Mother Luna's call burning brightly on your skin.

You've never changed without the moon before. Though you haven't tried, not really. Even in those last few months when you most looked forward to the changes, of sharing your mind with your beast. You've always been too busy. Some silly novelty in the human world distracted you from being your true self until the time was right.

This time, however, you had nothing to occupy your thoughts as you felt your wolf pressed at the corners of your mind, just below the surface. You could sense him there, stalking you with the same intensity he used to stalk his prey. You knew that feeling well. You've seen it so many times through wolf's eyes.

You want to reach out and touch him, to rub that thick fur and make it your own. Yet you can't, not yet. Can you? You can do nothing else except suffer in agony before suffering in pleasure from the change. You might as well try. What would be the harm?

You focus. Close your eyes. Really concentrate. Try to bring the wolf's form to the surface. It's there, just beyond your reach. So close...

Your eyes snap open. Nothing. You're still in your room in mid-afternoon, still your lanky, embarrassingly scrawny self. You chastise yourself. If it were that easy, you would have subconsciously done it months ago.

Still, you close your eyes again. Grit your teeth. Brace your palms on the table. Plant your shoes firmly on the ground. You really focus this time. Your wolveren senses will spring to life soon. They always got a little sharper on the day of the change. Using them to their full ability, you drink in the world around you from the open door. Take in the atmosphere the way only a wolf can. The way you will truly be able to, soon.

Sweat is pouring down your body now, soaking your clothes. Yet, despite the inconvenience and irritation, you drink in the rank stench of your exertion. You've always loved how musky your sweat smells during the change. You soon become massively aroused by the putrid masculinity that rolls off your body in waves as you will your form to match what you were on the inside. You couldn't sweat as the wolf, you lost that ability during the change. But the foul stench of changing male musk always lingered on your flesh long into the night. And, like all those other nights, you allow yourself to really revel in it.

As if in response to your thoughts, your cock began to expand in your pants, tugging insistently at the weak fabric. Finally realizing its presence, you shudder in disgust at the thought of it being confined by such annoying human things. Your massive red rocket should be on display for the world to see, after all! There is no shame in showing off your bestial rod!

The oozing cock tip, even though confined in your underwear, sends another whiff of your male musk into the air. Your newly-sensitive nose perks up at this. You sense that your awareness of the scent is spurring on your change, your bulging muscles twitching under the skin

of your wiry frame. You picture it, bit by bit. Each individual muscle presses outwards as the fibers add layers upon layers until they bulge beautifully out of your skin. Expanding everywhere, adding hundreds of pounds of pure animalistic power. Your stomach flattening, your chest broadening. Your arms and legs expanding impossibly large. Enough to tear apart your puny human garments with a twitch.

Now you move on in your mind's eye. You imagine the sight of fur spreading over your form in a luscious wave, bursting out of every pore. Covering your skin, protecting you from the elements and the forest. Softer fur coats your groin as your cock bulges out into a canine knot, spreading around and forming the fuzzy sheath you're soon to possess.

Your imagination has your wolverine features take shape now. Your spine tingles as a tail rips out of your skin, wagging in excitement. Your fingers and toes become adorned with sharp black talons. Your ears stretch, your muzzle grows longer, and your fangs lengthen. The desires in your mind creep forth. You need to hunt, to feed, to...

You can almost feel it now, a corresponding twitch in your arms with your imaginings. Are they the beginnings of your change? If so, it's much slower than usual. The change generally takes you all at once, lasting only mere moments and indistinguishable from anything else. Yet, now, you feel yourself teetering on the edge. Just a little more, you think. Then the transformation will consume you as you've been craving.

You open your eyes, staring at the flesh of your arm. The skin is discolored, and your muscles are indeed growing under the skin before your eyes. Yes! It's happening! You concentrate on the sensations, feeling every inch of expanding muscles, feeling them spread down your biceps towards your elbow. You can see the veins bulging outwards as the flesh expands. The itching as tiny hairs start poking out all over your skin.

Yet you need more, only just a little, you think. A tiny bit of willpower to push the process to begin in earnest. You envision yourself bursting out from your clothes, tearing them off as your wolverine body reaches its full size. Your shaggy fur becomes exposed as your growing muzzle drips spittle and snaps hungrily from the scent of prey all around you. You envision your form hunting, stalking prey, your claws tearing into flesh...

You are driven from your trance by the sound of splintering wood. Looking down, your trembling fingers are getting longer, the nails blackened and pointed. The sound is from your fingers digging tightly into the frail wood of your desk. Though part of you should lament the damage, you simply love the feeling of power in your fingers. You are already changing. It is

slower than you would like, and you have to fight for every additional strip of muscle and every inch of gray fur. But it's happening!

You can clearly feel the tingling of the change overtaking you now. The itching of fur that spreads from your upper arms into your chest. The swelling sensation in your stomach as the muscle underneath forms a six-pack. The twinges in your pecs that signal your chest is barreling. The sensitive spots down your chest where your new nipples will soon form. The pricking of hairs that demand to burst forth from your skin.

Your mind revels in the changes. You can feel every cell flare with sensation and you love it. In some ways, this is far better than the moon's usual pull on your form. This time you have some control. A willingness to force the changes out of you. To make you the beast that you truly are. To shed the human facade.

With perfect clarity, you realize the final thing you need. You get up from your desk despite the aches and pains of transformation and walk over to your door. You know it's up there. You can feel it. But maybe if you try hard enough, you can *see* it. It's a clear day, and although the sun has not set yet, maybe it is present in the sky, just biding its time.

There it is. The object of your desires. Your everything. Your goddess. Bringer of the greatest gift you've ever experienced. You long to raise your head to praise her, to call out her name, and express your joy at the shape she bestows on you once every month.

The floodgates are open now. You couldn't stop the change now, even if you wanted to. And you don't want to. You growl an animalistic sound as the muscles writhing under your skin go into overdrive. What had started as a trickle is now a wave as your muscles expand all over, pressing almost painfully against your skin as your body is reshaped to make room for them.

You revel in the sight of your arms bulging under your shirt sleeves, quickly pulling them taut. Your powerful lupine arms tear at the edges of the sleeves as your skin thickens. A light carpeting of hair underneath the shirt sleeves becomes a forest, making you feel uncomfortable in the human rags. Yet, you know you don't have to worry for much longer. Soon your powerful frame will outgrow the trapping confines of your clothes.

You stare in wonder as your hands writhe and twitch uncontrollably. You can see bits of fur covering the surface as your fingers grow longer. Your nails are blackening as their surface thickens to encompass your fingers. Blood leaks out of the tips as your vicious claws stretch out to their full length. Your palms feel rough as the skin bubbles and thickens into rough canine paw

pads. With excitement, you flex your powerful digits, feeling the strength your muscles arms can put behind them.

All the while, your chest widens under your shirt as your entire body itches. You can almost feel every hair pushing out of your sweaty body, making you shiver from excitement. Your stomach tenses as your spine extends, causing your shirt to ride up and expose your furry muscled abs. You can feel your nipples grow more pronounced and sensitive as your chest barrels out and tears at the fabric of your shirt. Such a pathetic thing won't last long on your powerful frame!

Potent scents flood your nose as your sweat glands empty themselves all over your changing skin, leaving you drenched in the salty fluid. Your nose is already black and pointed, and you drink in the rank perfume of masculinity wafting from your body. The pungent aroma leaves you powerfully aroused, your still human cock leaking and tenting in your constrictive pants.

Momentarily distracted, you are aware that your calves are straining at your jeans. It feels tight, yet the new bulk doesn't feel pained from the confinement. Rather, it's more of an irritation against your bulging quads. You think about using your new claws to shed them, but there is no need. Your powerful furry body won't be trapped for much longer at the rate you are growing!

Something above your ass begins to tingle and you push back against the fabric of your briefs. You can feel your spine begin to unfurl and you know what is coming. You can feel every glorious inch of your lupine tail stretch over the waistband in your pants. It begins wagging uncontrollably as the entire surface becomes enveloped with a forest of grey fur.

All the while, your new muscles strain against the remnants of your shirt. You love the sounds of rips all along the surface, exposing a little bit more fur or muscle. You hunch your shoulders, the pressure too much as with a resounding rip your shirt splits down the middle and falls unceremoniously onto the floor. Triumphly, you stamp on it, happy to be rid of the human thing.

From the tightness in your pants and legs, your jeans aren't fated to last much longer either. You can hear the pleasant-sounding rips down their length, exposing muscles and flesh and fur. Your expanding waist is pulling so tightly on your jeans until with a *snap*, they finally burst apart, leaving you clad only in your precum-stained undies.

You can feel your feet stretching in your shoes, as though several sizes too small. A part of you recalls the shoes were expensive, but it's of little concern to your increasingly-wolven

mind. A shudder runs through you as the growing claws pierce the leather and press tightly against its edges. You wriggle your growing toes, desperate to free them and force their change. A beast like you needs massive, thick, powerful paws to run on, after all!

You grunt a little as your claws thicken against the weakening seams of your shoes, popping the stitches apart. Your toes expand as your large toes shrink and rotate into the beginnings of a dewclaw. Thick black pads form on your feet as your heels are stretched impossibly long and you hunch over, the digitigrade stance becoming more comfortable. They grow more muscular, stretching at the backs of your shoes as the leather pops and groans from the ever-increasing pressure.

You growl impatiently, wanting to see your massive paws take shape, but are unable with the restrictive leather scraps still clinging to them. You flex your new muscles, straining against the confinement, relishing every snap and pop as your paws grow impossibly wide. At last, your still-growing feet burst forth from their prison, and your gray-furred wolf paws breathe in the afternoon air. Your socks, too, are torn apart into fragments on the floor beneath your powerful lupine feet.

With your human garments gone, the changes go into overdrive. You can feel your chest, stomach, and neck swelling with lupine muscles, the likes of which your lanky body could never support. But, you are far from that puny human form as your beast takes shape. A truly bestial growl escapes your lips as your powerful frame towers several feet above the confines of your former human body.

At last, your face begins to change, fur spreading out of your cheeks like a beard before it thickens into a lupine coat. Your nose blackens into a moist point, heightening your awareness of your lupine musk. You can feel your mouth extending, one of the more painful aspects of the change as jaws snap and tear forth from your still-human muscles. You can even taste blood in your mouth as your fangs tear out of your gums. Yet you revel in the pain of your wolverine visage taking shape, happy to leave your frail humanity behind for the best you long to become.

The changes are soon to complete, your ears curling towards the top of your head, pointing and rotating around to take in all the sounds around you: every bird, every mammal, every insect chirping in the forest. Even the distant sounds of humans and their cars. You can see much greater detail. Your forehead slopes as your hair lightens from its dark brown to gray like the rest of the fur covering your body.

At last, your eyes blink and water and you know your golden lupine eyes will become alert to every movement. Able to pierce the darkness and still see prey. You open your eyes,

noticing colors are a little washed out, but you don't care. The level of detail is amazing and easily compensates for human concerns.

But it's the scents that really come alive. A wealth of information about the goings-on of the world, both past and present are all yours for the taking. Yet through all the scents you can detect, it is the one of your leaking member that draws your attention.

You grab at your still human cock, careful of your new claws as your groin sprouts soft gray fur. Though you can see you've come to full arousal the still-human size is disappointing. Yet that is soon to change. The tip grows pointed as more precum drools from it. You can see the entire shaft getting red as it grows longer and thicker still. Your balls swell out, plump and ripe with lupine seed. Its base bulges thicker, swelling into a canine knot so massive you can barely wrap your new paws around it. Your former foreskin spreads downward, coating with soft fur and threatening to cover the shaft as it gets closer to your belly. Yet nothing can keep your massive shaft down now as it erupts back out of its furry prison, pointed eagerly towards your fuzzy belly.

You revel in the sensations of your cock changing, making you leak more sticky fluid all over your massive paw. You love this. Every sensation is amplified from the change. Your powerful body is sexy as hell.

The bestial need welling up in your mind needs to rut. To spill your seed before you hunt. You can't resist it. You don't want to. Skilled paws feel up and down your massive length, its size making the motions difficult. But soon you find your pace. The strokes of your paw on your cock become more and more frantic

You are so close now. The scent of your musk and the power in your body bring you to heights of arousal that no human could match. You can't hold it back. You don't want to. You need it...need to howl and be free...

“AAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWWW!”

Body lost in rapture, you blow spurt after spurt of thick hot lupine seed all over your floor as you raise your head and howl in ecstasy. You want Mother Luna herself to hear your cries of release. She is sinking behind a cloud now, hidden as the sun gets lower. But she will be back soon. Her guiding light will aid you in your hunt.

The scent of your musk is still strong in your nostrils, making your cock twitch once more, even though you've just cum. Your new body and all the power it contains is a potent

aphrodisiac. Yet you have other needs. A gnawing hunger. The urge to get as deep into the woods as you can, to rule over your domain.

You can't stay here any longer, awash in the foul stench of human things. You run out into the waning day, experiencing everything as only a wolf can. Every sight, every scent, and smell stimulates your brain. You are lord of the land. An apex predator.

You have achieved what you wanted, transforming before the light of the moon had even hit you. Letting your true self show whenever you want. The world is yours as you race into the woods, looking to satisfy all your hungers, both physical and sexual. You truly are the beast you've always been inside