

You find yourself standing in a field, the full moon slowly creeping up over the sky as the last remnants of golden sunset fade on the horizon. You are shivering; the night is warm, but you still feel a chill from nervousness. You look around for the hundredth time, making sure there's no one else around. You don't want anyone to see you out here, though worse than that, you aren't sure what would happen if anyone else stumbled upon you here and now.

You know what's going to happen to you, at least. You've felt it coming all day, felt the moon's pull. Your senses are supposed to sharpen the day of the change. In your nervousness, it is impossible to distinguish placebo from fact. You'd been wondering all day if scents were a little stronger, the sounds around you more nuanced. Even your sight, the way you looked at the world, seemed more clear. Like a predator. Like the beast you know you'll soon be.

You stare up at the moon, wondering what it will be like, how much of yourself you will lose to the beast. You hope you are far enough away not to cause anyone or anything harm. You considered locking yourself in your room but knew the risk of getting caught was too great. That and the damage your new body would do would have you evicted. So, your only option was to head out into these remote woods for your first night of change.

It is your first time changing after you'd been infected. You'd allowed yourself the luxury of remaining ignorant of the process until the need for it became urgent, looming over you like the impending full moon. Now, standing in a field awaiting the oncoming moon, you have no idea what would happen or how it would feel. Your only certainty was that you were to change into a beast until the moon sank below the horizon the following morning.

In your reverie, you hardly noticed that you've already started changing. A slight tingling spreads over your sweaty body, making you ache and shiver. You quickly pull off your clothes, realizing you don't want anything to happen to them while you change. To your chagrin, you even strip off your shoes and underwear, not wanting to leave anything to chance. After a few moments, you stand there in the woods, naked, chilly, and waiting for your first night as a beast.

Glancing down, you realize that even though the sun has set, you can still see yourself clearly in the dim light. Though you can't tell without a reflection, it seems probable that your eyes are now amber, glowing softly in the waning light. It is with this lupine vision that you witness the very first alterations to your human form.

Your chest hairs have begun to grow out, changing to gray as they reach their new length. The hairs are centered down your treasure trail, thickening until you have a sort of pelt that you want to scratch. The hairs on your shaved groin grow back with a vengeance, giving you a thick bush that makes you a bit embarrassed.

All over your body, the formerly human hairs spread like weeds, lancing from every pore, eliminating your meticulously shaven body. Even your underarms are growing a thick patch of lupine fur. Strangely you haven't begun to grow any additional hair, save the spaces where your shaven human hair would normally occupy. You realize that your former human hairs are guard hairs now and that the rest of your fur pelt might shortly follow.

A dull ache spreads across your frame as the skin ripples from below. The meat underneath seems to be suddenly stretching and tearing. Your leg muscles are bunching up, bulging faster than your darkening skin can accommodate them. You grunt from the pain and hunch over, trying to keep your balance. By now, your glutes and calves are aching as they prepare themselves for the muscled visage you'll soon acquire.

Similarly, your forearms throb as your arms grow in diameter and firmness. Your muscles bulge tightly under the skin, your biceps, triceps, and deltoids easily twice their former size in mere minutes and the envy of any bodybuilder! You see a flash of red as your nails grow sharper, blood flowing from the tips as your palms begin thickening with thick black patches of skin.

Your chest begins to expand as your ribs push painfully against the confines of your skin. It should hurt like hell, and it does, but there's something else, something beneath the pain and fear. It's almost like anticipation, a desire for the changes to continue. You want to see how big you'll get, how much you'll change. No! You don't want this, can't want this! You know you'll be a beast. So little of yourself will be left in the wolf as it runs around the night, doing God knows what. Yet you can't stop that feeling of anticipation that slowly begins creeping into your psyche.

You fall forward as your spine begins to expand, a nub of skin moving behind you of its own accord. You wince slightly, feeling the bones in your lower spine start to break apart. Your coccyx is torn, though new bones are forming from the fragments. Soon, the bones are more numerous as the new growth swells out behind you. You have a lupine tail now!

Breathing in the night air, you can already tell that your senses have enhanced. You can really smell yourself now, rank with the stench of fear and perspiration of exertion from

the change. Yet it's not a bad smell. There's a power there, the presence of the beast in his natural element. The stench of your own body is almost intoxicating!

You can't see your face, but you know your nose must be blacker and moist to smell yourself like this. The edges have formed slits, flaring to drink in every scent molecule of the night air. You know your ears are higher on your head, able to take in the sounds around you as they twitch from the growth of new muscle underneath. Your eyes can see clearly into the oncoming night, likely having acquired a golden sheen. Your hair is longer, ragged, looking more fitting on a wildman than a human being.

You gasp as suddenly a familiar tension begins to build up in your groin. Nothing about this night should be arousing, yet you suddenly find yourself moaning in orgasmic release as your balls churn and spray your jizz into the forest floor. Something about the scent is repugnant. You gasp as you realize that was the last of your *human* cum as your balls fill with the lupine seed you'll require for your nightly activities.

To your shock and horror, the changes begin to feel *good*, in a way that shouldn't be possible. Despite the aches and pains from your chest and back, you feel yourself growing excited, aroused. Each flash of pain causes a corresponding surge of pleasure, radiating down towards your hairy crotch and through your entire body.

You moan as your cock begins to harden once more, still human for now but somehow larger, more erect than you could ever recall. The changes have awoken something primal in you, a need to rut beyond anything the human you have ever felt.

Just then, the crunching from your expanding chest seems to halt for a moment. The itching from your changing hair, the surges from your shifting muscles, all of it ceases. The night is suddenly quiet and still to your heightened senses. Are you done?

You still have your human mind, you realize. You're still yourself. Yet somehow, you find yourself disappointed. You want more. You want to be covered with fur. You want your face to extend into a muzzle. You want to be complete, to be a wolf, to feel what it's like to run free through the wilderness.

Suddenly, your nose catches a whiff of something else, someone in the clearing with you. Looking over, you see a man, close to your own age, watching you with curiosity. At first, you blush, embarrassed at the lewd display you've given him. Yet, soon, the embarrassment turns into fear as you wonder what will happen to him once your changes complete. You yell to him, telling him to run, to get away.

Yet, the man stands there, a smirk on his face, telling you not to worry. It's nothing he hasn't seen before, after all. You smell no fear coming from him, only anticipation. Could he be excited to see your changes?

You're distracted by the sudden cracking from your rib cage as your chest pushes out, and you nearly lose your balance. THERE it is! You moan from pleasure as your chest gets thicker, arms swelling with muscle and strength. You're massive now, far larger than you were as a human, and the thought leaves you panting in the cool night air as your body continues to warp.

A small part of you wonders if you should try to hold on, to resist the beast welling up inside you. But you know it's futile. The beast is so strong. The beast would win easily. The more you consider trying to fight, the more the notion of change becomes appealing. Would it really be so bad to change all the way?

It's more than just that, you realize. You WANT this, no matter how much you may hate yourself for giving in. The promise of what the beast might bring is far too enticing to pass up. Even if it means willingly giving up your humanity.

The changes are coming, whether you want them or not. And now, you are so close to embracing them. Your body itches as thousands, millions of inhuman hairs begin erupting all over from your pores. They slowly spring up like writhing snakes, covering your body with a luscious coat of canine fur, matching the formerly changed human hairs that had been barely covering your naked form. This is much better, your changing mind reasons.

Your new pelt coats you all over, even merging with the short human hair on your head. The pricking intensifies as it spreads down your back and even across your growing tail. The new appendage starts to wag without your control, excited by the prospect of completing your change and all the night promises you. You shiver in excitement, feeling an alien part of you moving on its own.

Through all this, your cock remains human-looking, though hard and exposed in the cool night air. Each change, each transforming cell, fills you with lust, unlike anything your human body could give you. You stare down almost longingly at your cock, willing it to transform, to show your true nature and give you the release you feel welling up in your balls.

The fur spreads ever thicker as your still human testicles are covered with a soft white spread. Your cock tip leaks, as though your body knows the changes it will soon finish undergoing and is preparing itself. You feel your fluids dripping eagerly from your cock tip, as

though excited for the transition that will soon occur. You find yourself wanting it more than you could ever imagine!

A warmth envelops your crotch as the lupine fur spreads up your cock. Your cut foreskin has grown back and is pulling downward, wrapping your penis in a warm cocoon. It is there to protect you, keep you covered until your need becomes too great. You feel your member sinking beneath the confines of the lupine sheath you now sport as if hiding in preparation for its metamorphosis. But it won't stay there long.

The lust is already fueling your new member as a reddening tip pokes from within the cocoon. You can't stop it even if you tried. You growl a feral baritone as more of your changing cock escapes the confines of your lupine sheath, growing thicker and more powerful to match the new form you've been blessed with.

You rub your warm flesh with your changing hand, careful of your sharp claws as your cock throbs to life. The feelings of change spur your arousal like never before as inch after inch of changing wolf cock grows in your grasp, your touch a catalyst. Every twitch, every flare of muscle feels all the more sensual as your new wolf-hood makes itself known. A bestial moan escapes your lips as the base starts to swell, the bulbous flesh of your lupine knot three times the girth of your new penis.

You no longer care about your future, or even the still-staring visitor as the sensations from your cock call out to you, an animalist need to rut, fuck and spill your seed overpowering. You can't fight it any more than you could stop an oncoming waterfall. Your body is changing, growing, becoming more the beast you once feared. Now, you can't imagine being anything but this magnificent being, free to touch yourself and cum at your leisure.

Your face aches and you groan, blackening nose getting further away as you pump at your still-changing wolf-hood with reckless abandon. You feel your forehead slope, your face crack as your jaw gets ever longer. Your lips blacken, and the taste of blood from your changing teeth fills your new muzzle.

You can move your ears now, in response to the slightest sound, to alert you of prey or of any oncoming threats. Though you know deep down that nothing can threaten you now. You are KING of your domain, a true alpha predator. There are only rivals like yourself to challenge you. You will either take your place upon their back as they submit or submit to them in turn....

You're so close now. You can't hold it back. You know that when you cum, the changes will complete, the beast will own you. But you don't care. This feels too good, too RIGHT, in a way you have no explanation for. You're willing to give yourself up to the beast for even a moment of this ecstasy.

It's coming closer... you can't stop it... can't hold it back... you need to let go... to release... to be free....

“AAAAARRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWW!”

You howl in rapture as your throbbing cock coats your hand, fur, and the ground with thick, rank lupine seed. Your nostrils flare, breathing in the scent of your maleness and musk. It brings you a sense of calm, quieting the human mind as the beast relaxes. It takes stock of its surroundings, the forest, and the lives it now has dominion over with its raw power. The energy feels electric like you can do anything. You can easily run all night and claim the world as your own through sheer might.

One scent stands out above all the rest. A part of your former human mind recognizes it as the man who had been watching you. But the wolf smells something different. A changing, musky fragrance, becoming much like itself. The scent of a mate.

You crouch down, sniffing the air, breathing in that heady aroma as your member rises once more. Your cock comes to full attention at the prospect of what is being offered. Someone to rut with, to breed, and howl with in the joyous ecstasy of your moonlit form...