

“Hey, man, what was in that last drink? Shit’s strong!” Gilles commented, making a disgusted face.

“Decided to bring out the good stuff!” Eli replied, a smirk on his face. He didn’t figure his German friend would mind his booze on the strong side. But maybe he had impressed his buddy enough with his normal servings that Eli didn’t even need to bring out the ‘good stuff,’ as he’d put it. That was probably for the best, for now. Didn’t want to get his buddy *too* drunk early on, tired from his flight as he likely was.

Though Eli had been waiting with excitement for a visit with his German friend, Gilles’s arrival had been rather...*hectic*. Not just the miscommunication about meet-up times, the overall delay of the plane, and the shitty flow of traffic, mind. Gilles had been really...*off* since meeting his friend in person for the first time. Not just the usual shyness that came with a first-time meeting in real life. It was obviously more than that. Gilles was cranky, irritable, snapping at his friend more than a few times. Eli had to resist the urge to respond in kind, not wanting to make a one-week trip something that they both would regret. Sighing, Eli chalked it up to jet lag, hoping for Gilles’s mood to improve once they had gotten home and settled.

After that, Gilles did seem to calm down somewhat, even becoming amicable, especially after dinner and a few drinks. Eli let himself relax at that, getting into the conversation and remembering all that the two of them shared and why he had wanted to see his buddy so badly in the flesh. And not just that the other man didn’t look bad at all, though to Eli’s devilishness that was part of the package. He couldn’t help sneak a glance here and there, though Gilles played it off well enough, having been something discussed as part of their friendship.

Yet, as the day wore on, Gilles’s sour mood seemed to return, making Eli have to stifle his irritation once more. Though it was quickly apparent that Gilles wasn’t feeling well, regardless of his predisposition. It seemed like some sort of irritant along his skin that was plaguing him as though even wearing his clothing was making him uncomfortable. And he even growled a few times, the sounds almost bestial, enough that they came to Eli’s attention.

“You doing alright man? Do you need anything? I think I’m out of aspirin, want me to run to the store?” Eli offered, trying to think of anything that might help his buddy.

“No, No, I don’t wanna...ah, shit! Fucking headache. Better not be getting sick...” Gilles commented, Eli nodding. Telling him to hang in there, Eli took off, not wanting to leave his friend in agony any longer.

Gilles, for his part, made his way to the bathroom, trying not to hold his stomach as he did so. Though, it was hardly Eli’s meal or the alcohol that was doing him in. Rather, it was a

dull ache all over that made him concerned that he'd contracted something on the long flight. Yet no past ailment could explain what he was feeling now. It was almost akin to being ill-suited to exist in his own skin, the feeling as alien as anything Gilles had ever experienced.

As he entered Eli's washroom, Gilles soon realized that the light of what had to be a full moon was leaking in from a single window. It illuminated the small bathroom almost as well as the overhead light would. Despite the aches in his body, Gilles found himself drawn to it, looking out the window at the beautiful golden radiance that seemed to pierce the sparse clouds swirling around it. Gilles had never really cared too much about the presence of the moon in the sky before, usually finding himself too engrossed in his day-to-day life. But there was no denying the beauty of the moon at this moment, especially since its position was not in the same place as he was used to at this hour. That in and of itself was a fascinating sight, as though it was the moon of a different sky.

Yet, even the sight of the moon could not alleviate the sensation of wrongness that had been gnawing at the back of his mind. Though it seemed to quiet the aches in his stomach, at least for the moment, his ailment had not abated. It was getting harder and harder to simply stand with the strange sickness that was making him pant now, as though he was overheated. A thin sheen of sweat had erupted over his whole body, and Gilles made his way to the sink, looking for any relief he could get.

A brief glance in the mirror made the German man freeze in his tracks. Staring back at him was the same face he'd worn all his life. Yet there was something haunting in the expression that made him shiver like it wasn't him staring back. Whatever the explanation, it seemed as though something was fundamentally *wrong* with his reflection, something that he could not rationalize but something he could scarcely deny.

Even after splashing some water on his face to try and alleviate the sensations, Gilles felt his entire body tingling, as though he'd come into contact with some source of static electricity. It began in his feet and was working its way through him in rapid order. The tingling was followed by an increasing warmth, as though he'd stepped into a sauna. Gilles was soaked through his clothes now, though the sweat did not manage to cool his body in the slightest. It was becoming so maddening that Gilles wanted to crawl out of his own skin!

In a desperate bid to relieve the intense discomfort, Gilles tore at his shirt, eager to remove it from his body. With an unexpected level of strength, the shirt tore at the back, Gilles throwing the tattered rags to the floor as he started to work his belt. He was barely aware of the sensation of the buckle twisting in his grasp as he pulled down his pants, peeling off even his underwear until he was entirely naked, skin flushed red. It was little reprieve from the heat as Gilles contemplated jumping in the shower, anything to relieve the irritation plaguing him.

Yet, a tingling in his feet stopped his forward motion, prompting him to stare down as they started to twitch and writhe out of his control. The powerful contractions were almost painful, though so long as Gilles didn't resist, it wasn't unbearably uncomfortable. Still, there was something disconcerting about his body moving of its own accord, making him cautious as he gripped the counter, hoping that he wouldn't fall over.

Yet, nothing could have prepared him for the sight of his toes starting to retract, with an audible *crunch* of bone and sinew. Soon, they were the size of small nubs, their previous mobility robbed from him. Their new state of being was further cemented by the formation of a fat layer of webbing between them, making it impossible to flex them even if he forced all of his will into the effort.

Yet, that change did not hold a candle to the sensation of something pushing against his nails, as though hoping to be birthed. It started as a dull throb, though a numbing soon rolled over it, enough that Gilles could tell his nails had dried out, no longer sticking to his toe tips like they once had. It took almost no force for the protrusions under the skin to pop away his former nails, though not without a little blood flow. But that was hardly the worst of it. What had removed his human nails were thick, black claws, pointed at the tips as they touched the floor, curving just slightly and thickening to the diameter of his new digits. No matter how much Gilles stared, it was impossible to deny that he now sported claws that looked like some sort of animal!

His suspicions were confirmed as he lifted one foot into the air in tandem with the tingling of the skin under each digit. Staring in horror, Gilles could hardly believe his eyes as the skin soon swelled and bubbled, turning black and thick like pads over the bottoms of his toes in a distinctive shape. It gave the impression that his foot had altered towards the visage of some sort of animal, one that was obvious even without knowledge of such things. Yet, that was impossible, wasn't it...?

Gilles suddenly pitched forward, his heels stretching backward and leaving his stance off-balance. The flesh was pulled upward like putty, his lower feet into a digitigrade configuration as he held the sink for dear life, not wanting to fall over and injure himself. Though, it was a moot point, given that the changes were warping his body into inhuman shapes beyond what was physically possible!

Though such a horrific transfiguration should have been horrendously painful, only a dull ache preceded the alterations to his physical form. Gilles was thankful for the diminished sensations even as he was being cursed to undergo such a process. The one reprieve was that it seemed to alleviate the intense heat plaguing him, at least over the parts that had thus far changed. He was still sweating profusely, dripping onto the floor, though his feet were

comfortable at this juncture, altered in form as they were. In fact, the heat all over was starting to wane, except in one particular area...

Despite being alone, a blush crossed his features as he realized his penis was starting to flush with blood, bobbing up and down on his groin as it grew turgid. Gilles would have assumed that he couldn't possibly be getting hard, not at a time like this. But there was no denying the intense ache racing through his genitals. He was growing impossibly erect, the only possible stimulus the horrific changes that were playing over his entire body.

The puzzle pieces were starting to fall into place the more that the changes raced through his form. Though it should have been impossible in the real world, there was no denying the bestial quality of the changes to his feet. Only one explanation in lore could account for such a happenstance. And his reaction to it, though impossible, was exactly on-brand for his specific proclivities...

However much the process was one out of his wildest fantasies, the reaction he felt was anything but elation. It was a fantasy, a game, something to imagine only for the sake of arousal. No way would he have wanted it in real life, with all the added repercussions. Hell, if given the option for this...what? Affliction? Curse? Gilles would have rejected it outright! He would never want to be left in his friend's bathroom, sweating and shifting and getting hard to the reality that he was turning into a goddamn werewolf!

How? How was this happening? The words raced through his head over and over like a mantra. Such things did not occur in the natural world, within circles of science, or even magic as he understood them. Stranger still, he'd incurred no bite, no scratch, no curse or reproach that could possibly explain his current predicament. Surely, if he was a werewolf, then he would know, right? This couldn't have been his first change. But he'd had no recollection of anything remotely supernatural occurring before now. Then how in the hell...?

Itching from the backs of his feet deterred Gilles from his current train of thought, prompting him to look down at the sight of his hairs lancing outward, lightening from their darker brown shade. It did not seem that additional hairs were growing, rather, his own were extending, changing their configuration to what Gilles was starting to realize was decidedly lupine. The sensations were spreading over his foot, but began up his leg and calves, the odd extensions of hair almost like flowers blooming in real-time.

The heat from before started to build in his legs once more, though not with the same intensity. Rather, the warmth was sinking into his muscles, causing them to break apart and swell, reforming rapidly and almost tearing the skin with the force of their growth. But he felt only mild discomfort as his calves soon swelled to twice their human size, weighing heavily on

his stance before his thighs could catch up. What he assumed were lupine legs looked comically out of place against the backdrop of the rest of his body, even more so as the hairs continued to sprout to their wolverine equivalents. Still, Gilles was able to let go of the sink, walking a little unsteadily but able to stay standing without falling over with his legs in their current state.

Arousal ever-present, Gilles was still unprepared for the extreme erotism of his foreskin peeling downward, exposing reddish raw skin underneath. It was pulled towards the base of his penis as the expanse of flesh spread up his groin, tugging his member inside the skin as though wrapping it in a silken sack. He was powerfully tempted to touch it, though was more enraptured by the sight of the newly bundled foreskin being pulled upward towards his belly, his penis bobbing slightly as it was orientated towards his chest and head. Yet, before his hand could encroach over his member, the force of blood caused his still-human phallus to rise from its new home, sensually sliding out of what he could only call a canine sheath.

Though the skin shade of what he perceived to be his sheath looked odd, it soon became obscured by a peppering of light brown hairs, making him want to scratch. Though, with the sheer amount of arousal he felt towards his shifting form, Gilles was sure that even the slightest contact would be enough to send him over the edge to spray over his friend's bathroom. So, he forced himself to watch with discomfort as his new growth of skin was covered in a wave of wolverine pelt, so thick with the wiry hairs that he could no longer see the skin as his own groin hair started to sprout to match.

Already rather hairy balls were soon covered with their own swash of softer brown hairs. Gilles felt a shiver run through him as their plump contents started to alter as their interior became swollen with what he assumed was lupine sperm. Gilles groaned before his testicles expanded, hanging almost heavily underneath him. Their presence made his dick impossibly turgid, though he was not able to reach orgasm, not yet. It seemed as though the fear of the changes, or the alterations themselves, were preventing him from achieving the desired release.

Though the pleasurable sensations kept the discomfort at bay, the intense feeling of his chest cracking, the bones thickening and reforming soon came to his attention. His ribs pressed against his chest until the skin started to swell before the expanding flesh could keep up. His spine lengthened and pressed at his tailbone, making him wish to reach back and rub the irritation. Various aches assailed him, altering his physiology to what he could only assume would be more favorable to his lupine self. Though, given the already hybrid nature of his being, it seemed to denote that he would remain on two legs, not a full wolf like he might have feared. It was hard to say at the moment that any boon could outweigh the bane that was the reality of this situation!

The ache in his tailbone soon encompassed his awareness as it started to force his spine out into a bulge. A covering of skin proceeded new muscle and sinew wrapping around the growth as it started to twitch of its own volition. As the protrusion itched with the formation of fur, Gilles was slowly coming to the realization that he was in possession of a canine tail the envy of a full-blooded wolf. It seemed to cement the reality of the changes to possess such a bestial appendage, something that no human could possibly own.

The itching of fur growth was growing more intense around his feet now, as though the formation of a pelt over his tail and groin was a catalyst. Every inch of his skin erupted with more fur, playing over the backs of his feet and in between his toes until nothing was left of the bare skin he once possessed. The same prickling spread up his legs in a wave, light brown fur bursting from every pore as his calves and thighs itched furiously. It was getting harder and harder to stand it, though Gilles was cautious about touching the fur, the last thread of his sanity as to whether the transformation was real or not.

Lost in the changes and still a slave to the pleasure at undergoing such a thing, Gilles was remiss for not noticing the sound of the door opening or the familiar call of his friend as Eli returned. *No! Not now!* Gilles was so far altered already that the notion of being seen like this was frightful. There was no way to hide his changes or even his modesty as his human form was steadily robbed from him. Gilles could only call out to his friend to tell him to stay away. But, a part of him was certain that would only delay the inevitable...

“Hey, I’m back dude, you feeling any better?” Eli called out, a little worried that he didn’t see his friend in the living room. There were no sounds that he could hear, as though the house had gone deadly silent. He went to call out again, though, noticing the bathroom door was closed, decided to give his friend the privacy. But then five minutes and ten passed without sounds. Concerned, Eli walked to the door, knocking gently and calling out “Do you need anything? Grabbed some meds, if you-”

“RRON’T RRRROME IN!” Roared a voice on the other end, making Eli’s blood run cold. It was Gilles’s voice, to be sure, but the tone was much deeper than he felt comfortable hearing. Possibly deeper than humanly possible, if not without severe pain.

Eli was immediately concerned. He didn’t want to invade his friend’s privacy. But what if he was seriously hurt? It didn’t sound like Gilles was doing well. What if he had done something to himself? Eli had a responsibility to know, to help his friend, whether he wanted it or not.

Eli was surprised when the knob turned in his hand, expecting it to be at least locked. In that brief moment, before he was witness to the sight in the room, Eli found himself realizing that he didn't really know what he would do if it was unlocked. Surely, Gilles would have thought to keep himself barricaded if he was in real need though refusing it. Then why was the door unlocked, unless everything was really OK...?

The sight of the figure in the room erased any errant thoughts that Eli might have harbored about the situation. Far from his human friend, hunched over or otherwise in pain, the hybrid beast standing before him nearly made his jaw drop. It was clearly some sort of wolf-man, the feet paws, the spreading fur, and the wagging tail obvious indications. As impossible as it was, the state that he found his friend in could not simply be the result of natural phenomena. Even the applications of prosthetics would not account for Gilles's altered visage. And, perhaps worse, was the growing fur and twinges of muscle development that clearly signaled changes were still sweeping over his form. There was no doubt in his mind that Gilles was a werewolf! A bonafide lycanthrope!

Of most note was the fierce erection sticking out of what looked like an animalistic sheath, clearly dripping fluids. Gilles's still human hands seemed to slide over it for a few moments, as though contemplating whether or not to give in to the urges that were clearly plastered over his face. It was obvious, as Eli had not-so-secretly hoped, that such a change was arousing in real life as he had always hoped it might be!

Eli was equal parts stunned and curious. Was it something that Gilles had kept hidden? Something that had suddenly assailed him, as scary for Gilles as it was for Eli to walk in on him like this? Or was there something else to the situation that Eli couldn't understand? Eli couldn't well ask him, caught in mid-change and losing his human voice as he was!

Still, the pleased expression on his friend's still-human face made Eli a little concerned, wondering how much joy he was really taking in what should have been a painful transformation. Though it seemed impossible for his friend to be able to focus on anything else, Gilles's gaze eventually met his own, and that plastered look of rapture quickly changed to one that frightened Eli to the core. Gilles looked *scared* to see Eli in the room like he was afraid of the other man. Or, perhaps, was scared of what he might do with his waning human sensibilities...

Gilles, for his part, couldn't fathom what to do in that situation. There was no getting out of the apartment without moving past his friend. And, there was a growing worry in his mind that what he was turning into wouldn't be fully under his control. It was impossible to know for sure, right? After all, werewolf lore, both past, and present seemed to imply that he would lose himself to a bloodthirsty beast, one that ripped apart the flesh of man. Yet, Gilles couldn't let that

happen to him. He didn't want to hurt Eli! But, there was no getting past him at this juncture. He could only hope that the beast within wouldn't win, that he would carry within him even a modicum of his humanity as he continued to transform...

Yet, it was becoming harder to hold onto that hope with the flashes of memory that were playing over his mind. It was brief visions at first, ones of power, of running, of fur and claws and teeth. The implication was clear; this was not the first time that Gilles had shifted. Even though it should have been impossible for him to forget such an experience, it seemed to be the case now, as it often was within victims in the lore. And, with that, there was no saying what exactly the wolf within got up to when Gilles's mind wasn't home...

Such notions were slowly eradicated, however, with the pleasure pounding through his penis, making him desperate to touch himself. Though, there seemed to be little need to do so with the powerful waves of arousal that were rushing through his member. It felt like even the slightest breeze would make him cum, and it was getting harder and harder for him to recall why that would be such a bad thing. After all, he needed to cum, and he was now a wolf, an apex being, one that took what he wanted...

The notion of giving in to the beast he was becoming was so powerful an attractant that Gilles couldn't help but blow his load. Torrents of human seed quaked from his cock without even the touch of his still-human hand to aid him. It sprayed over his chest and ran down his sheath, making him howl with a bestly baritone the likes of which the human him could never hope to elicit. It was as though the remnants of humanity were being rid of his body through the act of orgasm. He reveled in the realization, allowing room in his balls for the formation of new lupine seed that would spur on the rest of the changes.

With the expulsion of his human cum, the beast that Gilles was becoming knew it was time to be blessed with a member that befitted his true form. His aching cock started to grow from its former 5 inches, stretching further out of his sheath to reach something closer to 8. Its reddening shade soon gave it the appearance of a red rocket as the cleft melded with the skin of the crown. The pisshead pointed upward as the remnants of human seed oozed out like the human thoughts from his head. Still, the most noticeable feature of his altering member was a swelling near the base, pulling on the sheath as the rest of the shaft erupted from it like a blooming flower. The spreading of erectile tissue and blood near the base forced it to swell to twice the size of the shaft, a plump protrusion that canines used to stay tied to their mates. Finally, the compression of calcium and other minerals in his penis to form a baculum bone helped keep his rod erect and ready, further erasing his humanity.

Part of his mind resisted the changes that were playing over his psyche. Simple needs like *cum*, *hunt*, and most of all, *fuck*, were steadily creeping in, spurred on by the expulsion of human

seed. It was as though the human thoughts that made him Gilles were drowning, being swallowed by a massive beast like the one he was to end up as. Though Gilles tried to force himself to the surface, the beast was winning, and it would be unlikely that he'd be able to hold on to what humanity he had as the change progressed towards its inevitable conclusion.

With those thoughts came the awareness of the need in his loins, more paramount than any of the beastly urges that Gilles was starting to accept were part of him now. It was almost exhilarating to allow his mind to drown in the beast. Fight it though he did, it was far too strong, too tantalizing in a way that defied human understanding. Even though there was the very real fear that he would do something to harm his friend or worse...

Yet, even the dwindling humanity knew what the wolf saw in the other man. It was not a hunger, though that was one aspect of the desires that were dominating his oncoming lycanthropy. Rather, the wolf found the man was quite handsome, and the perfect outlet for the lust that was playing over his loins. Though, Eli could do with some changes himself. Another wolf, another beast like him was surely on the menu for his sexual satisfaction. And even the fading humanity knew what to do to achieve that necessary goal...

Eli stood there, stiff as a statue as he stared with a sense of reverence at the beast. How Gilles had kept such a thing from him, Eli had no idea. Maybe his friend was ashamed of his lycanthropy or simply didn't know he'd been infected from a bite last month. Could he possibly forget each beastly act like in some of the movies? Did werewolves really work like that? None of this made any sense!

Even though his full attention was on the changing creature that was formerly his friend, Eli had no ability to move as the beast advanced on him, shoving him out the door and onto his ass with a heavy thump. Eli was knocked prone, winded from the force of the fall. Still, he maintained the wherewithal to close his eyes, hoping not to stare at the beast that could rend him limb from limb if he was so inclined to do so. But, there was little in his power to do anything if Gilles decided to have him as a snack.

Gilles's thoughts were anything but on food, however, with the intensity of the ache in his loins. He was of a mind to fuck Eli right there to deal with the intense lust that surpassed all understanding. Yet, all he could do at the moment was hold down the object of his desire, not wanting him to run until the pleasure of the change finished with him. His fingers were cracking, aching with the alterations of the joints and tendons within. Not to be the fully lupine paws of his hind feet, they still soon became thicker, less flexible than their human equivalents.

The only ache enough to make the wolf-man growl was the piercing of claws against his skin, filling his altering nostrils with the coppery scent of blood, even from spilling such minute

amounts. They dug into the floor beyond Eli's shoulders, though even in his lust-fueled haze Gilles kept the wherewithal not to injure his friend, save for the bite that was needed to transform him fully.

Yet, soon, it was time. Gilles's mostly-human mouth reached down, sharper teeth gripping Eli's shirt as he pulled up with his powerful neck muscles. In one swift motion, his jaw ripped the shirt from him, leaving it hanging in his mouth before he shook his head and threw it to the ground. Gently, his claws reached down to pierce the edges of Eli's belt, and powerful arms ripped off his pants, leaving Eli clad only in his underwear. Soon, even they were removed, leaving Eli naked and sweating fiercely from the implication of being so close and vulnerable to such a dangerous beast.

Yet, it was then that the changing wolf-man did something very unexpected. Cock dangling over Eli's chest, drooling fluids, the wolf placed his furry ass over Eli's flaccid member, rubbing his groin gently as though trying to stimulate Eli to arousal. As much as Eli loved werewolves, and was turned on by the notion of potentially becoming one, there was no possibility of becoming aroused by this scenario. Still, there was no denying the insistence of the brown-furred beast as he rocked his hips, as though seeking Eli's cock with his needy rectum.

Gilles, for his part, felt an overwhelming compulsion to take what he wanted from the prone man. A powerful clenching in his backside prompted his actions, wanting something inside of him to quell the pseudo heat that had been building up. The idea of being force fucked and knotted while power-bottoming the prone man was firmly entrenched in his head, and no force would remove the changing wolf-man from his goal.

Though, something was still missing. The being below him still stank of humanity, of sweat and fear and urine. There was nothing of the fellow were-beast in his odor, the thing that Gilles needed to fuck and take him. Instinctively, he knew what to do, lowering his still-human face towards Eli's shoulder and sniffing fiercely, like a dog presented with meat. It was all he could do not to nip the man right there, though his infectious saliva could not be transmitted with so weak a bite as the hybrid man could deliver.

That was soon to change with a powerful crunch of muscle and bone as Gilles's face pressed outward, as though inching towards his eventual goal. The bones within were becoming more powerful, additional connections for the muscle needed to bite with the force of a wolf. Pointed teeth formed predatory ridges as a panting tongue ran around them, before sliding out of his muzzle and dripping drool all over his prey. By the time it was done, Gilles had been granted a 4-inch muzzle, one eager to tear into the flesh of his target and initiate the change that would make him the perfect mate.

With his muzzle in the proper configuration, Gilles now had no trouble reaching down to close his lips over Eli's shoulder, biting down with just enough pressure to pierce the skin. Though the flavor of blood was savory, Gilles knew it was not the time for dinner, that he desired his friend's cock more than his meat. Besides, the minor wound would close quickly, healing over in no time with his infectious wolf saliva lapping it closed.

Eli remained still through all of this, even though it was near impossible not to cry out from the pain. Yet, the very real fear for his life was enough to prevent more than tears from running down his cheeks. The bite came slow enough that he was able to prepare for it, though the thick fangs felt more like fat needles with the level of precision that the wolf placed on his shoulder. Even the blood that leaked from the wound seemed to quickly ebb as Gilles's eager tongue ran over it, lapping it up until it stopped flowing altogether.

A small part of his mind knew, of course, what a bite from a werewolf would do to him. Yet, he was not expecting the strange tingling over his shoulder from hairs growing out through saliva-soaked skin. In particular, the ample hair under his armpits were pushing at their pores as the follicles thickened and formed their lupine equivalents. Eli scratched idly, keeping his eyes closed so as not to stare at the beast directly and bring down his ire. Still, the itching was so intense that he could not help but scratch, shocked by the wiry texture that met his fingers.

Yet, it wasn't until he felt the spiraling aches of muscles reforming, of bones sliding out of their sockets numbed only by werewolf saliva, that the reality of Eli's situation sank in. A curious eye opened, followed by the other as he expected to meet the other beast's gaze. Rather, Gilles's brown-furred visage was turned to look out the window, the moon full and bright outside. Eli found himself entranced by the sight, perhaps the most lovely thing he had ever seen. The aches and pangs of change, minor though they were, were all but erased as his thoughts waned. All that mattered was the moon, and what it meant for him. What it wanted for him...

Lost in the gaze of the moon, Eli was hardly aware that the bones of his sternum and shoulders were popping and reforming under skin that was being peppered with black hairs. His ribs pushed against the skin, extending the tissue until it was able to make room for his altering internal anatomy. It left his arms slightly restricted, as though he could get down and run on all fours if he was inclined to. His arms began bunching up with muscles, cracking and expanding all the way down to his hands, which themselves were twitching in preparation to change.

It wasn't until something pierced painfully from the cuticles of his fingertips that Eli was prompted to look down at the sight of gnarled claws bursting forth. That, in tandem with thickening skin over the tips of his fingers and palms, and the growth of hairs that coated their backs, gave them a more lupine appearance that matched those of his friend. Eli was changing, the bite having obviously infected him the same way that Gilles had likely been infected.

Yet, the idea of changing, not a foreign one, was powerfully arousing to Eli even under the worst of times. The fear of being in the presence of a real-life wolf was taken with the knowledge that he would soon be one himself. Add in the fact that the insistent beast was still grinding on his groin as though desperate to be fucked, and Eli couldn't help but get hard. His still-human maleness came to full attention, leaking all over Gilles's backside, covering it with slick fluids and getting him ready to be fucked in earnest

Gazing into Gilles's blue eyes, Eli was just in time to see them shift towards a lupine green, glowing in the light of the moon that was creeping in from the bathroom window. He seemed to shake his head a few times as though trying to come to terms with something in the back of his mind. The caring human expression that Gilles often carried was gone, a bestial look plastered on a face that was continuing to press outward. It seemed as though whatever remained of the man in the wolf was fading away, scaring Eli to the core. What would the wolf do, even to a fellow wolf in mid-change?

It quickly became evident that the wolf had the same inclinations to be fucked as much as the human Gilles had. Still grinding his ass over Eli's now turgid erection, the wolf reached down with his muzzle, licking Eli's mouth with his tongue in an act of submission. Eli found the beast's breath repugnant, but he allowed the contact, cementing their bond as wolves before the change fully took Gilles's face.

Little remained of the human that Gilles had been, though even that was rapidly being robbed from his visage as his muzzle stretched to full length. A sniffing black nose sat on the end of the slobbering muzzle. Even through the wolf's attentions, Eli could tell that the creature's ears were twitching, moving to the top of his head as a result of a sloping skull and compressing cranium. His reddish goatee started to thicken across the bottom of his muzzle, spreading its length and covering it in rather fetching sideburns. The hair atop his head thickened, forming a ruff of sorts before puffing out even further. In moments, Gilles seemed to possess a leonine mane, a lighter brown than the rest of his features, adorned with reddish highlights. All in all, Eli found him hot as hell! Though, he might have been biased...

The sight of the fully formed wolf made Eli all the more eager to transform into a wolf himself, though the changes seemed to be creeping across him at a rather impressive speed. His chest had stretched, torso thickening while his stomach was pulled taut. Hips snapped as his pelvis became more forward-focused, though it was harder to determine his eventual stance given his prone position. Eli figured that he could run on all fours as able as the wolf-man before him, though was sure that Gilles could stand on two if he tried. Eli eagerly awaited the changes that would make him into a beautiful wolf like his friend. Anything for the dream to be a reality. Even the temporary pain of the bite or the fear of his fate was worth it!

The changes were running down his legs at this juncture, making Eli moan as his hips widened, thighs and calves bulging with powerful muscle. Eli growled, more of a snarl now as the other wolf's prodding pucker tried to find its mark. He could feel the warmth of Gilles's backside and started thrusting his altered anatomy to try and find the object of his affections. In his current state, he couldn't imagine not fucking the wolf-man just as Gilles seemed to crave. It would be exquisite to feel the other man's ass around his cock as his member reddened and thickened and wolfed out, as it were.

With a growl of triumph, Eli could feel the tip sink in, Gilles's thick meaty pucker wrapping around it and sucking Eli inside of him. The sensation of tight werewolf ass against his cock made him pant, sending a shiver through his body along with a surge of change. At that moment he could feel his toes contracting, bloody claws bursting from frail nails and the tensing of muscles and skin swelling into thick pads. Most irritating of all was how his heels were stretching, altering his stance into a hybrid anatomy as he flailed his feet in tandem with the grinding on his cock.

But it was the sensation of his penis altering, swelling within his lupine mate that Eli was most anticipating. A bizarre tingling along the head as the skin bunched up and separated made him confused until a tugging sensation drew the skin down along his shaft. Eventually, it popped out of Gilles's asshole, the pleasure of being pushed down along his base making him growl. The cut man grinned a sharp-toothed grin; the exquisite sensation of regrowing a foreskin was more than he could have imagined. The heat of it merging with the flesh of his groin and along his stretched belly could only be compared with the tight grip of his lover's rear on his ass.

The rest of his cock was not far behind, however, though Eli could not see it. He could, however, perceive that it was getting longer than its 5-inch length towards something akin to 7 inches, stretching deeper towards Gilles's aching prostate. The tip grew pointed, and Eli was able to look up to see that the base sliding in and out of his lover's rectum was deep red, far different than a normal human penis. The throbbing flesh at the base seemed to expand before his eyes, forming what could only be a canine knot, much like the one he wished to implant into his lover.

The more that Eli's cock changed, the greater the lupine desires in his mind became. It was harder to think or focus on anything other than the throbbing need of his erection. He desired to take this beta, this wolf that had submitted himself to Eli. The drives were more powerful than anything he had been anticipating and threatened to send his human mind over a cliff in place of lupine impulses. He needed...no, this beta, willing though he was, was not in the proper position for the dominant beast that Eli felt he was. He would take what he wanted by force, as was his right!

With inhuman strength, Eli pushed the fully-formed wolf-man off him, cock leaving Gilles's rectum, much to Eli's disdain. Though he knew that he would have his way with the other wolf, it would be on his terms. He growled at the other beast, who looked prone and confused for a moment before turning around, wagging his tail and wafting his scent in Eli's direction. In response, nostrils blackened and slits slid up their sides, drinking in the pungent perfume of lupine musk. His cock ached and grew another inch before Eli moved to sniff the eager opening. Already slick with his own fluids, Eli sampled them eagerly, as well as his mate's anal glands, before getting up on his back and prodding with his newly minted lupine penis.

A flash of realization hit Eli just then as his moist prick hit home and pushed back inside Gilles's already protruding pucker. He was turning into a wolf, as had his friend before him. There was little of the human in Gilles's expression left, making Eli sure that his humanity had been robbed from him. He could feel the powerful pull of his own wolf, tugging on his psyche, threatening to take him away with the undertow. If Eli continued like this, he would lose himself the way Gilles had. Could he so willingly allow his humanity to be robbed from him, like the seed he wished to expel from his loins?

It was too late by this point. Eli's seeking cock tip had already sunk home, and any remaining human doubts were swept up in a cloud of lust and lupine rut. His cock pushed in easily this time, slick from his prior intrusion. He started pounding forcefully at Gilles's rear, making the other wolf struggle and whine slightly from the pain. But Gilles was all wolf now, and would not be so easily inconvenienced when his goal was to take his alpha inside of him, whining only slightly in submission.

The more Eli pounded his mate, the more of his mind started to slip, and the more eagerly that he allowed his body to shift. His backside wriggled, as though he wished to have a tail but nothing was present. In response, his spine rapidly pushed out of the skin, wagging as soon as the muscle and joints allowed it to do so. It was not to remain skin bare for long, prickling as black hairs erupted from its surface. The itching was irritating, though not enough for Eli to even think of the possibility of pulling out of his mate, eager as he was.

The itching continued playing over his form, starting from his own hairs turning black and prompting him to twitch slightly, the skin seeming to respond to his commands. It became more intense as those same equivalent hairs started bursting forth, covering the pink skin and obscuring it from view in some places. Swashes of fur soon became a black wave that coated his lupine legs, chest, torso, and ass with a pelt the envy of any wild beast. Though he was sweaty from the change and from his sexual escapades, Eli was aware that he could not leak more fluid from his pores, opening his mouth reflexively to pant and alleviate the warmth that was bothering him so much.

At this point, changed as he was, Eli found that he was literally drowning in the instincts of the wolf he had become. Though part of him was afraid for the loss of himself, of becoming a beast in mind as well as body, it had largely happened to him of its own accord. Eli had been a willing participant in the urges that his body was giving him. It became impossible for him to resist the flood of lupine hormones overtaking him, and the more that Eli contemplated resisting, the more that he realized that he couldn't. He *should*, but there was no way it was possible now. He was too much the wolf that he had become physically, and now, mentally, as he prepared to cum in his mate...

The constant pressure of his knot was getting far too intense for Eli to stand it. He thrust with the force of a desperate beast, his canine knot popping inside of his mate with a wet sucking sound. The moment that his knot burst into the brown-furred wolf's rectum was the moment that what little humanity remained was sprayed into him, Eli howling eagerly from the potent release. Nothing of Eli remained in the black-furred wolf, heavy balls slapping against his mate's as the other wolf came with no stimulation.

Though the changes to his visage hadn't quite completed at this point, the howl that escaped Eli's lips was all wolf, signaling the inevitable conclusion to the process. Tied to his lover, Eli still continued his consistent thrusts, wanting to squeeze every ounce of pleasure from the encounter that he could muster. His aching balls were being drained of all their sperm, his male essence injected into his mate. All would know that the two of them stood together as pack, having successfully mated and shared their seed.

Though the brown wolf finished changing, the black had minor facial alterations awaiting him. His face was far too short for a proper muzzle, though a cracking sound indicated it would soon match the 6 inches that adorned the brown's face. Teeth sharpened into predatory points, a panting tongue hanging over them to cool the heat from their lust. A sniffing nose took its proper place at the end of his muzzle, drinking in the perfume of their musk and sex. Ears grew into points tufted with black fur, twitching to take in any threats that might hinder their activities. Though, little could harm the two beasts once their rut was over and they were no longer tied together.

The black wolf shuddered in lust as the final alterations to his visage were completed, matching in form the anthropomorphic being below him. The brown-furred wolf seemed to prefer being on all fours for the time being, though they could easily stand and fuck if need be. The black liked the notion of being draped over his mate, resting before they would inevitably fuck again, satisfying the urges that played over their minds with the power and lust they carried in their lupine bodies.

The brown-furred wolf was pleased with the arrangement as well, loving having the other beast tied to his rectum. Though he figured they might have the opportunity to switch as the opportunity came up, he was happy to be submissive at the moment, even reaching up with his muzzle to kiss the black lips of the wolf tied inside of him. It was not a romantic attachment, but rather a beta responding to his alpha's wishes. The brown wolf wanted to show the black that he belonged to him, knew his place in the hierarchy, and at his mate's side.

The black wolf barred his teeth, allowing the beta to serve him. The notion of dominance, of control, brought the other wolf to full arousal, knot swelling once more in the brown wolf's bowels. The force of the erection opened the brown wolf up, prostate flaring and bringing his half-mast cock fully from his sheath, knot and all. Both were virile and eager, easily able to rut and cum again multiple times from the power in their bodies and the lust they felt for each other...

Eli arose to the stench of something foul yet familiar. It took his nose a few moments to really distinguish the aroma, slowly finding it one that had him rather entranced. It was a combination of several things, though its nuances were not readily accessible to his psyche. There were elements of a locker room, of unwashed bodies that made Eli self-conscious about not taking a shower the night before. Wait, had he? What had he done last night? Why was everything such a blur...?

Another odor rose over the pungent perfume perforating the room, one that reminded him of once when he'd gone without for several days only to ejaculate several times while laying in bed. The rank smell of cum, more noticeable now that he realized what it was, covered the room in a haze, making him want to wretch. Yet, strangely, the scent started to sink into his psyche, making him slightly aroused by its presence. In fact, the flush of arousal was getting more intense, so much so that his penis quickly pounded erect, tip nearly leaking from need.

Yet, the force of the erection caused a bout of pain, and not just from the speed at which it came on. Rather, it was as though his groin and member had been coated with dried semen, enough so his penis stuck to his groin somewhat. That was evidently the source of the smell, though it seemed to perforate the entire room as well, leaving him with even more questions.

Stranger still was when he realized he wasn't alone. Gilles was there, too, lying passed out though seeming to rouse with the presence of the other man awake in the room with him. Still, he was sleepy enough that Eli didn't pass up the chance to check him out. Gilles was nude, as much as Eli was, and the other man sported a rather sizable pelt of hair that excited the man to

the core. In particular, his balls, groin, and chest hair made Eli almost drool. Especially with the arousal that was flowing over Gilles's cock...

Still, he had to repress his urges as Gilles opened his eyes, cock equally hard though quickly confused with the expression on his face. Though they were both painfully, it was hardly the circumstance to bring anything about it. Still, it was clearly the scents in the room and the sight of each other's naked bodies that were doing it for both men. Eli shook his head, the fog of what had happened heavy in his mind. They clearly had a really good night, but why couldn't he remember it?

The expression on Gilles's face was not one of disgust like Eli might have feared. Rather, the other man wore a smile, as though the events of the last night were pleasant ones. Eli wanted to inquire as to what Gilles recalled, though part of him was ashamed of asking the question. After all, he didn't want Gilles to think he didn't appreciate any fun that the two of them might have shared after the drinks were downed and they evidently got frisky!

Yet, the words coming out of Gilles's mouth were not the ones that Eli had been expecting. "So...I guess we had some fun? I don't want to be the downer, but I don't have a clue what we did! I bet you were good, though!" Gilles commented, reaching down to rub his ass as though they'd had penetrative sex.

"Yeah, I guess so...must have been some night! I'm starving!" Eli replied, a rumbling in his belly distracting him from the moment. It was likely for the best, given the circumstances. Any awkwardness would be quelled over some coffee and bacon, he reasoned.

"Must have been! I bet we turned into fucking werewolves if we had that good of a romp and can't remember it!" Gilles joked, rubbing some of the dried semen from his chest. He certainly had ejaculated all over himself enough that only a wolfish erection could explain that kind of stamina. If only...

"Ha, I wish!" Eli replied with a chuckle. It really was wish fulfillment to even entertain the thought, he reasoned. Still, with their very real blackout and the sheer amount of cum they had ejaculated onto each other, anything was technically possible...