

“Well, this is it! You like?” Darren said. Mateo had to admit, the place was pretty nice, especially since he had such a short amount of time to find somewhere to live before the semester started. He could certainly do worse, that was for sure!

Even though there were few options left by the time he started looking, Mateo was sure he would have jumped at the chance for this one. Homophobia on the rise as it was, he was glad to see Darren’s ad for a roommate saying it was friendly toward LGBTQ+ people, he being gay himself. It did not take long for their back-and-forth to come to a rent agreement. Not that Mateo was looking for a lay or anything, but it was nice to bunk with another gay man and not have to worry about bringing guys home or the like.

Even though they had chatted for a bit, Mateo was not expecting the sight of the man, amazed by Darren’s appearance and physique. It looked like the man had been working out all his life, massive at 6’3 with tanned skin and green eyes. Dude was hairy, too, beard as thick as a bear, and a treasure trail obviously ran underneath his shirt if what he could see under the collar was any indication. Bear was hardly the proper term, Darren didn’t seem to have an ounce of fat on him.

The sight of Darren made Mateo a little self-conscious about his own frame, tiny and lanky no matter how much his parents had insisted he played sports growing up. His naturally dark skin was a nice contrast to Darren's own, though his short dark hair was the opposite of Darren's long blond curls. He was single and had a thing for jocks, but a man of Darren’s size was well out of his league. Besides, he had no idea if the man was single, right?

Mateo had made a pact with himself not to get involved with the man, regardless of what he looked like or how they hit it off. At 19 and 20 respectively, they were a little too young to get into anything serious, and if things went south, Mateo might find himself out on his ass. Better to focus on school, anyway, having transferred to this university for his second semester and not knowing the lay of the land.

Unknownst to Mateo, however, Darren had other inclinations about the other man even before they met, which were confirmed the moment he laid eyes on Mateo in person. He was the perfect candidate for a mate, something Darren had been looking for. Not just body type would matter very little at the end of the process. Rather it was the man's scent that assumed Mateo would take to the change well. And, it certainly helped that Mateo was interested; even if he couldn't smell the man's pre-cum leaking, the flush of his features and the way he was staring were dead giveaways.

Still, there would be time enough for that later. For now, Darren was more than happy to help Mateo move his stuff in. Even though Mateo didn't have much, he was still thankful for the

help of the massive man, who took almost all of his bags in one go with ease. It was impressive and made Mateo more than a little jealous. With that, it took almost no time for them to finish, and Darren recommended they order takeout and get to know each other better. Given the trip over and the day spent moving, Mateo was in no mood to cook!

Over dinner, the two of them chatted as though they'd been friends for years. Even such taboo topics as sexuality came up, Darren even going so far as to ask Mateo about the kinds of guys he preferred. Mateo was understandably sheepish, not wanting to say muscled jocks like Darren but not wanting to lie outright, either. So, he decided to bite the bullet and admit he liked larger guys, though made sure to state certain men were way out of his league, not wanting Darren to get the wrong idea, even if his mind eventually went there. Yet, Mateo was not expecting Darren to place a hand on his thigh, telling him that the only way to get the man of his dreams was to go for it. The subtext there was obvious, though Mateo stuck to his guns, thankful that Darren didn't push the issue. He didn't want to say no outright, but he wasn't going to let himself get caught up in the sight of his hot new roommate. Maybe enjoy a glance of him out of the shower when he could, sure. But nothing beyond that.

With dinner over, Mateo excused himself to bed, citing the activities of the day leading to great fatigue. However, he wasn't about to admit he wanted to go rub one out, the sight and even the smell of the man making him hard as hell. Hardly a virgin, it had still been some months since he'd been with a man, and living with such a hot specimen was going to be trying for the first few weeks. He made sure to close the door, resolving himself to be quiet and not leave any evidence of his activities. But, to his dismay, fatigue really did do him in, and before Mateo had the chance to touch himself, he passed out, fast asleep.

Whether it be through his dreams or memories of the man from before, Mateo woke some hours later with a huge hard-on. Moving to reach for some tissues, he soon chastised himself, realizing he had not grabbed any and was unable to touch himself without making a mess. Hoping it was late enough that his new roommate would be asleep, Mateo decided to risk it, figuring he wouldn't be able to get to sleep unless he rubbed one out. Thankfully, the lights were off, and he was able to make his way to the bathroom in darkness, not tripping over anything as he did so.

The sounds of grunting hit his ears just then, and Mateo found himself confused, thinking it was his roommate's bizarre snoring. Yet, a line of moonlight from the open door caught his attention, and he couldn't help but look in. It was hard to see exactly what was in the room, but from the movement, it was clear Darren was awake, moving in the light. But what he wasn't expecting was to find the man jerking off, moving his cock back and forth, and grunting from the pleasure. He didn't even need the light to know what the man was doing, and he had no ability to pull back, turned on by the sight and frozen there as he watched with some reverence. Even as

nervous as he was, his hand reached down to tease his own erection, unable to resist the urge to touch himself at the erotic sight.

Yet, as he feared, it did not take Darren long to hear his new roommate in the hall, and he reached up to turn on the light, illuminating Mateo and his leaking rod. Mateo felt himself freeze with terror and embarrassment, not wanting to be caught in such a situation but unable to come up with any way to get out of it. Yet, he was not expecting the words to come out of Darren's mouth, far from embarrassed at being caught in the middle of the act.

“Want to come join? I'm glad you're enjoying the show but there's no need to wait out in the hallway,” Darren offered. Mateo felt himself blush even more furiously at the suggestion. He wanted anything but to join the man, even as aroused as the sight made him. But with the offer there and his arousal at its apex, how could he possibly say no?

“I...um...” Mateo said, able to take his hand from his cock but not losing any of his erection. He wanted anything to be out of this situation, out of temptation and desire. The man was offering, but he had resolved himself not to... though would it be so bad if it was just for fun? The man wasn't asking him for a relationship, as much as Mateo fancied himself a romantic. How could he do something so casual? Then again, how could he not, given the circumstances?

Without a word, Mateo made his way into the bedroom, not caring he was naked and focused on the man's body. He moved to get into the bed, and Darren scooted out of the way, patting the mattress to encourage him to sit. Mateo paused only a moment, drinking in the man's thick musk and feeling his own erection shiver. He knew he should back out, that it was a bad idea for the long-term to get some short-term pleasure. But damn if it wasn't everything he wanted and more!

Sitting on the bed, the larger man guided him onto his side, decent-sized erection moving against the hairy man's own. To Mateo's embarrassment, the burly bodybuilder had an erection to match his stature, and even Mateo's impressive length didn't hold a candle to it. But Darren seemed not to mind, pulling the smaller man in close with one hand and reaching down to guide their cocks together. A low moan escaped Mateo's lips, penis leaking pints of precum from the contact. Following suit, Mateo started to hump against the other man, the two finding a rhythm as Mateo reached down as well to rub their dicks together. Their fingers intertwined around their hard, slick lengths. It was so damn hot, and Mateo shivered from the pleasure even through the heat of their two bodies.

Wondering what was appropriate, Mateo decided it best to let the larger man lead, not touching him in any way that he didn't initiate. He was generally shy and subby, though figured

Darren was into that, taking charge and stroking them off together. Though he was tempted to rub the man's thick, hairy chest, he resisted the urge. He didn't want to kiss the man either, figuring his breath was foul from sleep and thinking such a thing was inappropriate for playtime anyway. And with the sheer lust he felt for the other man, there wasn't much time for him to get into things before he finished.

Feeling his end getting close, Mateo managed to moan out, "Close...tissue?", recalling the reason he had gotten up and found himself in this situation in the first place.

"Nope! Just let it happen..." Darren said, and with the words of encouragement, Mateo felt he couldn't hold back. His cock went into orgasm just then, spilling onto the hairy chest of the other man, more cum than he'd produced in a while. Damn, he was pent-up!

The moment he went into orgasm, a painful sensation pressed against his shoulder, a sharp ache as if he was being bitten. He yelled out, embarrassed, though it was hard to tell over the pleasure of his orgasm whether it had really happened or not. Still, without the feeling of blood or any after ache, Mateo was sure he was imagining things, and left it there, body shivering with post-orgasmic waves.

With the thick scent of musk in the air and the taste of the young man's blood on his lips, Darren was also unable to hold back, spilling his load all over himself and Mateo. His own release was thick, shooting upward and some even getting on their chests. Mateo was impressed, loving the sight of the man's orgasm face and how much he let himself get into the act. He wondered if Darren really had bitten him, and reflexively reached up with his clean hand to feel the skin. It was damp, but there was no pain, no mark, and he simply played it off as a phantom sensation.

After their respective releases, Mateo was tempted to lie there with him, enjoying the afterglow. But he was feeling sweaty, dirty, and sticky, and besides, he didn't think it was appropriate to cuddle after their fun. He wasn't opposed to doing it again, that was for sure. But he certainly didn't want to make it a regular thing, figuring his room was forfeit if things went south. And was it really appropriate for them to play like that on their first night as roommates? Surely, they were both gay, horny men, but still...

"I'm going to go get cleaned up. Night," Mateo said, sounding awkward but not really sure how else to word things. Sure, he had fun, and it was hot as hell, but...

"Hey. I hope you had fun. I certainly did," Darren said, grinning at him. He didn't make a move to get up, and as Mateo left the bathroom and went back to his own room, the sound of his roommate moving to clean himself off never hit his ears. Was he just lying in bed covered with

sweat and cum? Mateo figured he shouldn't judge in the end, and decided not to worry about it, especially as he quickly fell asleep.

Waking early the next morning, soreness over Mateo's body made him confused for a moment, though soon figured it was from the move. Still, rubbing his arms found a level of tone that should not have been present. Not that he touched his arms very often, but it was still a little shocking. Hell, he'd barely done any of the lifting yesterday, with Darren there to help him. There was no way...and stranger still, his arms felt a little larger than before, not only in muscle tone and circumference. Still, he figured he was just confused, and got up, tripping over his legs for a moment as though he was not used to his height from the ground. He stumbled forward a little bit, legs aching worse than he recalled from growing pains. It made little sense, though, without a good explanation, Mateo decided to ignore it for now.

Aches and pains were not the only unwelcome consequence of the night as Mateo reflexively scratched at his chest. Where once was bare skin seemed coated with a dusting of coarse hairs, small for now but otherwise absent before. Walking into the bathroom, he was a little shocked to see the brown hairs of a treasure trail evident where there had been none before. Thinking he was dreaming, Mateo rubbed the hair, finding he rather liked the texture, fetching and masculine, and something he felt he was missing previously. Hell, even pulling down his underwear revealed his pubes had started growing back faster than he might have expected. He was pretty meticulous about shaving down there and was sure he still had a few days before it was time again. But this bush looked like he hadn't bothered to shave in...what? A week or two?

"Mrrfff, that's what I like to see in the morning," Came Darren's voice and Mateo immediately pulled his underwear up, feeling a surprising level of shame for being exposed when they had just jerked each other off last night. A blush crossed his features, though in his shyness he wasn't sure what to say other than "Oh, yeah..." He really found the man hot and should have been thankful Darren felt the same way. But it was all too sudden, with the sex and the changes to his body that seemed more bizarre than his sleep-addled mind could explain.

Darren did his best to keep his expression straight, though it was impossible with the predatory nature of his other half. It was obvious, and not only from scent, that his infectious bite had taken hold. The effectiveness of his saliva allowed the tiny prick to heal up before Mateo had even noticed, and in the midst of orgasm, there was little chance of him being sure he had been bitten. Though even from just barely piercing the skin, the effects of his saliva were obvious, extra hair, more muscle, and that thick lupine musk that only someone of Darren's inclinations could detect. Now, all he had to do was guide his new roommate along for the rest of the process...

Feeling shy, Mateo passed his roommate as Darren went to the bathroom, getting a heady whiff of the man's musk. He obviously hadn't cleaned up from last night, and the scents wafting from his body were thick, though hardly filthy. In fact, the odor had a natural effect on Mateo's libido, a reaction that did not go unnoticed by his roommate. He didn't say anything, which was for the best, given they both had class today. But the grin on his face did not go unnoticed, and Mateo couldn't help daydreaming about a time when the two of them would have the chance to play again...

With that, Mateo went to get ready for the day, wanting to arrive at campus early to find his way around. Grabbing a clean shirt, Mateo was quick to learn that it was a little tight on his frame, almost uncomfortably so. It wasn't just the one shirt; Mateo went through all of his shirts, finding them to ride up past his navel, tight around his chest, and pulling uncomfortably at the sleeves. He was able to get his jeans on, thankfully, but didn't need the belt, as though his waist had gotten wider. The cuffs seemed a little higher as well, but at least he could hike his socks up around them.

"Having some trouble?" Darren said from the door, and Mateo once more felt the embarrassment of being seen in a compromising position. Still, he had left his door open, and there was something flattering about the way the sexy jock kept staring at his bare body. He wanted to be lusted after by a man of that body type, as much as he didn't want it to be with someone in charge of his lodgings.

"Yeah, I think everything shrunk in the wash..." Mateo lamented, and with that, Darren went to his room, coming back quickly and tossing Mateo a shirt. It looked a little small for Darren, and much too large for Mateo, though having it billowing around him was preferable to wearing something that exposed so much skin. And, it had the added bonus of smelling like Darren's musk, something Mateo was not only getting used to but was coming to find powerfully arousing...

It had been one week since Mateo had moved into his new place, and he was starting to get used to the layout of his new school and his class workload for the new semester. Though the introductory classes were relatively easy, Mateo found he was having a harder time focusing than he had during his first year. It was not the classes themselves, but rather the constant scent of Darren's body in his nose. It made him impossibly horny, and he was embarrassed that the jock straps and shorts he was borrowing from his roommate were stained from leaking precum. At least they were a little big on him for now, but each day seemed to bring with it enough growth they were more and more comfortable to the point he could swear he'd bought them himself. His

own clothes were forfeit, as though they'd been bought for a man a size smaller. It was certainly bizarre, though Mateo didn't want to admit it to himself.

It was not only the scent of his new roommate that did it for Mateo, much to his chagrin. Some of the guys in his class were damn hot, not as much as Darren, mind, but still enough to make his cock rise. Mateo had never been so damn *horny* in all his life to the point he actually masturbated in class once, reaching down under his desk when he thought no one could see. It began with him rutting into the desk, needing the stimulation to get off more than anything he could recall. Soon, a hand moved down to touch himself through his pants, not wanting the sound of his zipper to tip anyone off. Surely, he couldn't imagine doing something so brazen in the middle of the class, public indecency the least of his concerns!

Yet, the mental images of his roommate were firm in his mind, and there was little choice but to pull out his cock. It was still under his desk, and no one could see it, technically. He didn't want to look around and make it obvious he was worried about being seen. A paranoid part of his mind was almost sure that every whisper was about him and what he was doing. But there was no chance of him making it to a bathroom to rub one out without drawing more attention to himself, keeping the groans and grunts out of his voice as best as he could. He wasn't sure if the sounds he was making were in his head or out loud. But he couldn't stop himself, the mental image of one of the hot guys in his class at the forefront of his thoughts. It wasn't like his normal fantasies of being topped by such men, which was powerfully confusing to his sex-starved mind. Rather, he wanted the large man on his back, to be fucking him and grunting and drooling over his lusts. And wouldn't it be even better if that man were Darren? Oh fuck...

With that, a splat of cum hit the bottom of the chair, and he was sure his gasp of release caused some heads to turn. It took all he had to keep a straight face as he went into orgasm. Still, he managed to stifle it and look ahead so he couldn't be caught in his perverted actions unless someone moved to check under his desk. Surely, if anyone got close enough, they could smell him, but the stain on his pants was at least hidden by his backpack until he got to the bathroom.

Naturally, even as hot as those guys were, thoughts of Darren came to his mind once again. Even walking home to the man was enough to make his dick rise and his walk awkward. At home, the need to masturbate was a constant, and even though he wanted to avoid it, Darren offered to help out on several occasions. Mateo found he simply couldn't say no, happy even to have assistance from such a handsome roommate. They didn't do much beyond frothing like the first time or jerking each other off, but it was only the first week, and Mateo was sure he would say yes the moment Darren asked him to go further.

The increase in size and muscle mass was not the only thing Mateo noticed in the course of the last few days. With the extra groin hair, he'd been stubborn about shaving it, the itching

being maddening and him wanting to stay clean. But after a few days, the process seemed to be for naught to the point he left it be. Mateo was sure his chest hair and treasure trail, too, were longer than that first morning, and strangest of all, his facial hair, something he only needed to tend to every other day, was thicker, forming a thick stubble that came back the day after shaving. Mateo eventually decided to leave it alone, if only for the fact it looked like Darren's own.

Mateo entered the apartment in time to find his roommate getting ready to go to the gym. "Hey, good timing! Want to join?" Darren offered, and Mateo thought it over for only a moment before thinking it was a good idea. He had been full of energy lately, sexual mostly, and figured it might be an appropriate outlet. Besides, he had never thought the gym was a worthwhile endeavor with his formerly meek body, but with how much he had swelled out now...

And it was impressive, Mateo able to lift nearly the same as Darren from the onset. He didn't want to push himself but there was no denying his excitement over his strength. Even better was the praise the other man gave him. It was a wonderful experience and perhaps something he figured he might take up the next time Darren offered.

Setting the barbell down on its latch, Mateo took a moment to enjoy how enthused he was over his strength, even with how sweaty and musky he was. Much to his chagrin, he had an obvious boner, be it from the workout, his sexual energy, or the musk exuded by his roommate, just as sweaty as he was. He could not hide such from Darren, who was grinning down at him with the same sly look he gave before asking to jerk off together. Mateo wasn't sure how to respond, and only followed the other man to the lockers. There was some excitement in the act, though he knew how taboo such would be. And surely they could wait until they got home, right?

"So, you're coming along well," Darren said, slapping his roommate on the back as they walked into the locker room. The pair took their clothes off, not bothering to shower before they reached for their clothes to leave the gym. At least, Mateo did. He was not expecting the sensation of strong hands to reach over his thicker arms and fuzzy, bulging pecs. Mateo had been aware of their alterations, though had largely been ignorant of the full implications. Darren's hands, however, had a different idea, tracing over his masculine assets. Eager hands moved up Mateo's arms, clearly larger than they had been a week ago and perhaps even more so from his workout just now. Hairier, too, pepperings that had moved beyond his treasure trail. The texture was heavenly, and deft fingers moving over the divots and lines that had formed brought Mateo's attention to their beauty. There was no denying his growth was stunning!

Those same hands moved from his bulging arms down to protruding pecs, fuzzy with body hair in their own right. They were firm, their new size even making Darren's workout

clothes a little tight. A gasp escaped his lips as Darren started to tease his nipples, the nubs more sensitive than anything he was used to. Part of him was worried about being seen playing like this in a locker room. But something made him sure they were alone, and even if they weren't, Mateo wasn't sure he could hold back the erection in his pants.

When Darren moved down to take off his roommate's shorts, Mateo allowed him to do so, standing naked in the room and eagerly groping each other's sweaty muscles. Though cocks were lancing at each other, the two of them took their time, tracing each other's pecs, and upper arms, and teasing flattened, firm bellies. Even through the forest of fur that had grown, it was obvious some tone had formed, not quite matching Darren's but certainly on its way, especially if they kept up their gym regiment. Even their raging erections could not distract from the pleasure they were getting from their bodies, muscles being more a powerful aphrodisiac than Mateo could have ever expected. And it was even better possessing the same tone he loved on other men!

It was not only the texture of the man's muscle to do it for him, the stink of their musk more heavenly than he could have imagined. Bacteria not having time to form, their sweat was clean, virile, and heady, making Mateo's head swim. Without thinking, his head moved in toward Darren's pits, the stench of sweat wafting from there more strongly. Pushing his nose in and sniffing deeply, Darren giggled, not expecting his roommate to get so into it but happy his bite was taking such an effect. He responded by taking a heavy whiff of Mateo's shaggy hair, drinking in deep of the musk, and enjoying the presence of his would-be Alpha.

Yet, even licking his roommate's hairy pits was a far cry from tending to the needs in their loins, and there was another scent entering Darren's nose that drew his attention. Pulling back for only a moment, Darren grinned mischievously before getting down on his knees and gripping Mateo's thick rod, preparing to give him a blowjob. "Wait, shit, what if someone comes in?" Mateo said, but the words barely had weight to them. He needed it so bad, his cock ached with the need to be tended to. And they had never tried having Darren go down on him, as much as he wanted to go down on his friend. Wait, did he? The idea of having this larger, sexy man servicing him was suddenly powerfully arousing.

Without further fanfare, Darren took the man's tip gently into his mouth and pulled his rod inside, lips wrapping around his meat as he got used to the size. Already impressive by human standards, it seemed the process had already enlarged it a little, nowhere near its final size but impressive nonetheless. It was almost too big for his mouth, though Darren was a skilled oral lover, and he managed to deep-throat the man without gagging. Soon he was working up the man into a rhythm, enough that Mateo didn't cum too quickly but not so weak that he wouldn't be brought within the next few moments.

The more he was sucked off, the more Mateo's mind shifted and his previous fears dissipated. It was as though he wanted to be an exhibitionist, wanted someone to come and see him being sucked off by his roommate. It was a sensation of confidence, of power that was beyond anything he had ever experienced in his 19 years. He even reached down to push Darren's head onto his cock, running his fingers through the man's waves of long, blond hair and encouraging him to suck him off to completion.

That was something Darren was more than eager to do, especially since he knew how his 'gift' worked. The more physically worked out the target got, the larger they would grow, with respect to their potential. Darren had assumed, correctly, it seemed, that Mateo's potential would make him larger than Darren himself. A true Alpha, something he had been seeking as a mate for some time. All he could do was hope, and have plenty of fun along the way as he sucked the man off, loving the taste of his precum and how close he was getting with just a little encouragement. Even more so, how eager he was, and how little Mateo seemed to care about getting caught. Hell, he almost wished they did get caught, to see what might happen to the Alpha's demeanor if they did...

More to the point, however, their public oral actions were having a definite effect on Mateo's physique to the point he could hardly play it off as the workout sessions or a simple hormone imbalance. A hand moving down his chest found his hair was growing in thicker, not as thick as Darren's but already over halfway there. His arms and belly grew stretch marks, not from fat but from the muscle swelling and tearing within. And, best of all, the man's already impressive cock was getting longer even in Darren's mouth, to the point even the experienced man had trouble taking it. It would be a moot point if he had his muzzle, but that would be far too much for a public place...

"Oh fuck, can't hold it!" Mateo called out and started thrusting his hips, face fucking his roommate to the point it seemed he was taking his pleasure by force. That was hardly a deterrent for Darren's oral effects, sucking with gusto to bring his roommate to completion. His efforts were rewarded with a mouthful of cum, more than Mateo had let loose for some time. Like the pro he was, Darren took it down without gagging, loving the taste and grinning like a fool. Getting up, he was almost prepared to kiss the other man, mouth tasting of cum as it was. But he was sure Mateo wasn't ready for that, not yet. Soon, however...

Another week had passed, and the pair's gym regiment had become a daily occurrence. Though it had a detrimental effect on Mateo's attendance, he was far more obsessed with working out than he was with making it to all his classes. He yearned for the workouts with his roommate, loving the obvious gains and craving more, the potential in his body greater than

anything he had ever expected. Weighing himself, he had gained over 50 pounds since he had moved in with Darren, an impossible feat yet something he couldn't deny. His diet had changed to match, preferring meat, but in general, eating double the amount his tiny stomach could manage. It was hard on Mateo's wallet, but Darren was more than happy to chip in, having savings he could spare.

And it wasn't just their gym attendance that kept the two roommates together. Their sexual romps became a daily event, sometimes more than once a day. Mateo's changes made his sexual appetite insatiable, and Darren had a libido to match. Still, despite how open they were with their physical relationship, Mateo was hesitant to put a label on it. He had no interest in other men beyond the physical, and his thoughts in those times always returned to Darren and expressing those lusts with his roommate. But his pledge to not get involved with the other man kept him from asking the question, and Darren hadn't made a move to do otherwise on his own.

One day, Darren came home to find Mateo with the bathroom door open, taking selfies in the mirror and obviously enjoying his latest gains. He had his shirt off, which made sense since even Darren's usual clothes were starting to get a little tight. He had a few looser garments that fit the other man nicely, but there was every chance he might outgrow those as well. It was amazing that Mateo still hadn't thought to question the impossible growth, though, between his eagerness for more and the fluids he had gifted the man with, it seemed his focus was elsewhere.

Better than the increase in size was the change in personality the other man showed in such little time. His admiration for his newly gained size was enough of a sign that the previously shy young man was becoming more the Alpha that Darren envisioned he could be. In fact, at the realization he was being watched, Mateo turned around, flexing and showing off the muscle he had gained. Hell, Mateo could probably lift a man the size he had been with one arm now.

"You know, I never did thank you. For the workouts, I mean. Well, maybe the other stuff, too," Mateo said, something that would have made him blush to say once but now was said in confidence.

That was not the only thing that had changed in his demeanor, given the fun they had. Part of him, until recently, had thought a man the stature and sexiness of Darren was well out of his league. But they'd had so much fun together, in the bedroom and outside it at the gym, there was no denying something was brewing between them. And, the more he reflected on it, the more Mateo realized it was his doubts over his worthiness of a man like that rather than his foolish no-dating rule that kept him from going all in. And he certainly wanted the man, so why not take him? The notion sat better with him than he thought, and Mateo decided what the hell.

The arousal in the room from both men was palpable, and Mateo was tempted to take the man to bed and maybe go a little further than they had prior. But there was something else on his mind first, something he had to know. “Hey, there’s something I’ve been wanting to ask,” Mateo said, the confidence in his voice having a noticeable effect on Darren’s demeanor and erection. “Where do we stand? We’ve been having lots of fun, but are you looking for anything more? Because I...I think I am,” Mateo said, something that would have frozen him with fear before now. But there was a certainty in the words that made him sure of them, that it was not just something he *could* ask, but something that was his right to.

“Why don’t you come and take what you want?” Darren replied, coyly. It was his fantasy to be taken in such a way, after all, and the notion the other man was ready to do so made him leak another blob into his shorts.

This time, a blush did cross Mateo’s face, though it lasted only a moment as that confidence welled up to the surface. With that, he moved to the other man and took him in a kiss, deeper than anything he had done for the first time with a man. The pair of them made out passionately, groping each other’s chest and even bulges as their tongues entwined. Eyes closed, the two of them allowed themselves to get into it, grinding their bulges together. Both were leaking furiously now and were sure they would need release soon.

It was Darren that broke the kiss in the end, grabbing Mateo gently by the bulge and motioning him into Darren’s room. It was their usual go-to, Mateo’s formerly smaller body now needing a bed large enough for the two muscled men they both were. There was an excitement there, unlike the romps they had shared before now, like a tension in the air. After all, both were confident it would be the first time they had sex as boyfriends.

In the moment of passion, Darren had not had time to prepare himself fully. But that did not stop him from running into the bathroom, giving himself a quick clean for anal. It was not the first time he’d bottomed, though it would be their first time making it official. So, with that done, and the aches in their cocks at their zenith, the two made out for a few moments before Darren got onto the bed, prepared to be taken doggy style.

Slipping a condom on and lubing up his lover’s ass, Mateo took a moment to really appreciate the difference in his size. He was almost as big as his crush-turned-boyfriend now and would have thought topping the man to be a physical impossibility. Now it was easy to get on there, taking his larger penis and rubbing it against the outer rim of the man’s pucker before pushing in, eliciting a groan from the other man. “Fuck...you’re big! Perfect!” Darren let out and with that, Mateo started to thrust, slowly at first. The pressure in his loins seemed to build rather quickly, however, and he was unable to resist thrusting harder, slick slapping sounds of the lube and their balls resonating in the room to the point neither of them could focus on anything else.

“Ohh fuck...” Mateo moaned, reaching down to stroke off his now-boyfriend, feeling Darren’s erection leaking in his hand. It was hard to focus on stroking off another man while keeping thrusts consistent into his ass, especially with his inexperience at topping. But he managed it, keeping up a rhythm and bringing his lover to bear. It wouldn’t be long now, and he wanted to hold off, extending their pleasure as long as possible and fully enjoying their first time in a relationship. But with the lust he felt for the other man and the dominant streak the action gave him, he didn’t think he could manage to pull out or slow down without his glorious release.

“Don’t hold it...” Darren muttered, wanting to feel his lover fill him up. More than that, he wanted his man to take his pleasure from him, to use him and fuck him. Darren was a sub through and through despite his stature, and he wanted nothing more than a larger, dominant man to take his sexual pleasure from him. He was about to get everything he wanted and more...

With the words of approval from his lover’s mouth, Mateo found no reason to hold back as he let himself go, the tension in his testicles reaching its zenith as he felt himself going over the edge. Unable to keep hold of his lover’s cock without hurting him, Mateo let go, gripping the man’s ass cheeks as orgasm washed over him, feeling his cock filling the condom and spilling his lust for the man. Yet, in the moment of passion, it was more than that...

“I love you!” Mateo called out and would have been shocked by the words if he wasn’t on the heels of the most amazing orgasm he’d perceived in his life. It was far better than their mutual masturbation, far better than the blowjob, and beyond his imagining to cum with the power his body now possessed. And he truly felt for the man, beyond the physical pleasures. It was everything he had been given these past few weeks to thank Darren for, and as a romantic, there had been a growing feeling he’d kept on the back burner until allowed to release it. And even as he pondered it in post-orgasmic reverie, the words had no regret, they held true.

Darren did not respond directly, though the elation at the words sent a pleasant shiver through his loins. It was exactly what he wanted to hear, though his own release was just steps behind and he reached down to stroke himself to completion, wanting to feel Mateo inside of him as he did so. Nothing was present to catch his release, but that was a moot point as he wished its stink to burn into their nostrils, not caring to be clean of sexual fluids. He called out, cock spasming as he coated his stomach hair, and the bedsheets in his spunk, feeling the pressure on his prostate the whole time.

Eventually, Mateo went to pull out, wanting to get cleaned up after their fun. There was a part of him that felt ashamed for his outburst, thinking that even in a relationship it was too soon. Yet, the moment he went to get up, Darren pulled him down and into a cuddle that Mateo could not escape from. He was still the smaller of the two, and it felt right for him to be the little spoon.

The pair snuggled like that for some time, not saying anything. Mateo was worried about ruining the mood, and Darren was simply happy that his would-be Alpha was taking the next steps. When Mateo did move to speak, Darren simply kissed him, and Mateo felt his fears allayed. After all, Darren had told him to take what he wanted, right? And if he wanted to say I love you in the heat of lust, then that was his prerogative. It was getting harder to think about such things, however, with the fatigue coming over him. It was soon to the point he no longer thought about getting up, cleaning off, or even going to his own bed as his lover's warm, hairy body and the thick heady musk of their lovemaking lulled him into a deep sleep...

Later that night, Mateo roused slowly from sleep, having been cuddled against Darren's sweaty body. His own body was overheated, and as he woke, a restlessness came over him, as though the energy in his body had been dialed up to an eleven. The gym was closed at this point, and he wasn't particularly aroused, so Mateo figured his best bet was to go for a run. Donning some workout clothes and dashing out into the cool evening air, it wasn't until he had moved well down the street from the apartment that he realized he hadn't bothered to put on any shoes. But it was a moot point, given he didn't seem to need them, the ground comfortable on his feet and even rocks and other debris went unnoticed. With that, he took off down a wooded trail in the middle of his city, the sounds of insects ringing in his ears but nothing else, a sign he was alone.

Running all out now, there was no denying how amazing Mateo felt, muscles pumping and heart reaching as he did so. The heat and energy that had awakened him that night had only intensified during his run, encouraging him to move further, faster. Far from being winded, Mateo felt he could run out all night if he wanted to, and thankfully, the path seemed to go on forever, allowing him to rush through the woods. Eventually, he was off the trail, though even branches and rocks did little to hinder his tough skin.

As he ran, the pressure in his clothes seemed to rise to the breaking point, as though his muscles were bulging beyond what they should have been able to contain. It was getting difficult to run, and rather than looking to slow down and preserve his clothes, Mateo was more inclined to push himself, not caring about the tearing of his clothes or the pulling of his shirt and pants that would leave him naked. There was no one else around, and so what if there was? They would bathe in the spectacle of the Adonis-like form he now possessed.

The further sounds of clothes tearing filled him with greater elation, stopped to flex only a bit as the bulging of his back pushed at his shirt, causing it to tear down the middle and be thrown with a sweaty splat onto the ground. His back was bulging with muscle at impossible

speed, upper arms swelled, pecs flattened, and stomach washboard and firm beyond even the most seasoned bodybuilders. And he was hairy beyond belief, the skin impossible to see down his treasure trail, though peppering of hair covered every inch of his chest and back. Even his arms seemed coated, the backs of his hands blanketed with the brown pelt. It held his sweaty stink well, and the scent of his power and prevalence rang true in his nose, a testimony to his pride and prowess.

The growth was not just limited to his upper body, however, with his waist and ass making quick work of the back of his pants. Thickened thighs raised the tears to meet, and even his calves were too much for his clothing until their presence on his person threatened to trip him. With that in mind, Mateo stopped only to rip them off, leaving him clad in only his underwear, the fabric damp with sweat and pre-cum and straining against his massive cock. Even that would not last long, as his lust for his body was growing...

With the multitude of orgasms he'd experienced thus far, there was no way his arousal should have been this high. Be it the hair coating his skin, the aches of muscle spreading over his body, or the heady musk from pre-cum, there was no denying how badly he needed release. The notion of doing so in the woods, in the wild only served to up his elation. He ripped his stained underwear from his body and quickly stroked himself off, grunting like a beast and leaking strings of pre-cum onto the ground.

Thinking for a moment his lust would only allow him mere moments before release, the tingling of change kept him at bay enough to watch them happen in real-time. Rather than being terrified of their presence, Mateo was enthusiastic to watch more muscle swelling all over, a good ache he'd come to know through his frequent workouts. Soon, he was far beyond even Darren's form, looking like no one he'd seen at the gym, the size to make the largest man jealous. And with the hair itching all over, he was tempted to stop and scratch, watching hairs spring up like weeds in real-time. Hell, with the sheer amount of hair over his body, he was almost convinced he was the missing link or some other horrific cryptid.

“Ggrrr...rrrooww!” Mateo called out with a surprisingly guttural noise as something dug into the skin of his cock, causing him to worry he was bleeding. Unable to raise his hand from his cock, however, Mateo simply adjusted his grip, lifting his other hand to see what was happening. Shock and awe flooded his thoughts as the nails tinted black before his eyes, lengthening beyond the tips of his fingers and thickening around their circumference with keratin. An inch long in their own right, it seemed Mateo now possessed a set of vicious talons, like that which might belong on a beast. And with a similar ache at his toe tips, it was obvious the same was becoming of their nails, Mateo reflectively flexing them and digging them into the dirt, feeling their size and weight.

Concerned now, an intense tingling in his face made him raise his hand, though stopped himself from scratching his face open with new claws just in time. Still, he could feel his nose tingling, the cartridge popping and his nostrils flaring to take in his own musk. Mateo hadn't realized it before now, but his vision was far more acute than it should have been in the middle of the woods without any light than the moon. And strangest of all, the taste of iron played over his tongue, followed by an ache as though his teeth were expanding, shearing his gums and causing them to bleed slightly. Almost as though he was turning into a...

Yet, it was almost impossible to think about what was happening with his arousal climbing toward its apex. It was getting to the point where Mateo could not hold back, even if he wanted to. Fear over the changes was not enough to keep his lust down, and to his chagrin, the more he touched himself, the more sensitive his penis seemed to grow, to the point that nothing could draw him from his rod.

A strange sensation did cause him to glance down as though he was tugging something from below the head of his dick. The more he stroked, the further the thing seemed to pull downward, as though taking a firm patch of skin with it. Yet, as the slick skin moved down to the base of his shaft, it seemed to get stuck to the skin of his groin, as though his pre-cum was gluing them together. Either way, Mateo's hitched-up cock was preparing to unleash its burden, and there was no chance of him holding back, blowing like the beast he was...

“Rrr...rrrhats...rrhaping...to me...oh...oowww...Aaaarrrroowww!” Mateo howled, unable to resist the pent-up power his body exuded. With that, his seed was spilled into the forest floor, the howl extending into the night until his balls blew the last of their burden.

Shaking himself and his fur, Mateo got down on his hands, the four-legged stance more comfortable than it should have been. Mind awash in hormones, he hardly found the position to be wrong, more laser-focused on the woods around him. Instincts told him to run and hunt, and he did so eagerly, fur and skin unscarred by branches as he made his way through the woods, smelling and hearing and seeing everything under what he was starting to understand was his true domain...

The sun poking through his curtains was enough to rouse Mateo from sleep, and he slowly opened his eyes, shocked by the rank scent of his breath as soon as he opened his mouth. It took him a few minutes to wipe the fog from his mind, thinking something profound had happened the night before but having difficulty truly understanding what it was. There was something about the woods...no, that had to be a dream, surely. But he'd had a romp with Darren, *that* was real, and he'd asked him out, no, took what he wanted...what was his...

At that thought, Mateo felt a stirring in his loins, and reflexively pulled back the covers, considering stroking himself off or perhaps seeing if his new lover was awake to be taken again. Yet, he was shocked by the sight of his erection, larger than he was used to, and that was not the only thing that surprised him. Rather, it was the image of his brown hair-covered foreskin, pulled against his groin like an animal's sheath, his still human cock sliding sensually from the flesh and leaking its urgency. It was almost as though he had a...but then, did that mean...?

There was more to the alterations than just his cock. He was larger than even the night before when he'd made love to his new boyfriend. Even Darren's clothes would be too small for him now, and no amount of training at the gym or amazing sex could compensate for the size he had added. He was also incredibly hairy, which made it hard to see the skin over his sides and legs, and impossible to tell in his chest and center. His beard was thick and wiry, and his sideburns ran up toward much shaggier hair that reached his shoulders, longer than he was able to grow under normal circumstances. Yet, the more he thought about it, the more the changes seemed...less, than what he had been. As though a dream or fantasy where he was larger, more powerful, more...free.

No matter how much he looked over himself, he felt only admiration rather than fear, and Mateo could not bring himself to find fault in the changes. His enhanced body seemed to suit him just fine, and he was now even larger and more powerful than the object of his sexual desire. He was the dominant one now, and he got the impression Darren was happy to be his submissive, being taken by him as much as Mateo desired. It had felt so amazing doing so last night, and at the rate he was growing, he would be even larger to the point their sexual roles would be obvious to any passerby. Even the more drastic and animalistic changes were not enough for him to feel concerned, though he was sure those weren't the only ones he should have. His nails were darker and pointed, sure, but shouldn't they be longer...?

His pointed ears perked at the sound of his now-boyfriend walking around in the kitchen, making his cock burble out another blob of precum, and Mateo rose naked, wanting to greet his lover, perhaps with his erection. Still, he had plenty of time to reach up and explore his body, enjoying his weighty pecs, flat firm stomach, and arms that were surely the circumference of his former body. As impossible as that should have been, there was no denying how excited the changes to his form made him. Best of all, however, was teasing his furry sheath, the fur coating it soft to the touch. Stroking it seemed to coax more of his cock to emerge, leaving the man excited about what his potential might be.

Figuring out his load would be wasted if he didn't implant it into his lover's ass, Mateo walked into the common area, his nakedness not at all a concern. After all, he was sure Darren wouldn't complain. Seeing his boyfriend with his back to him, making breakfast, Mateo moved

to embrace him from behind, feeling up his chest and ass before kissing up his neck, sniffing, and softly biting the skin. Shivers ran through Darren's skin, which left Mateo elated, and he almost bit into him a little too hard, not that Darren seemed to mind.

Turning around, Darren was pleasantly surprised by the sight of the changed man, far larger even than he'd been last night. Sure, the change came in spurts, but this was...impressive, to say the least. Mateo was the first man he'd gifted his essence to and had certainly made the perfect choice, given his stature. More wolfish traits were even present, in particular the sheath his still-human cock hung from. Not that the darker nose, thicker nails, and pointed teeth weren't enough to show off his lupine side. Some of the changes would not be permanent, sadly, though they could always shift later if the need took them. And, perhaps Mateo already had, though his memories might not be present to denote the event.

Powerfully aroused by the sight of his new boyfriend, Darren gave Mateo a gentle kiss, running an eager hand through Mateo's full, bushy beard and giving him a long, sensual sniff. Moving lower, he began teasing his nose through the thick, almost fur-like hair between Mateo's now mountainous pecs. The bestial action served to make Mateo growl his contentment, grinding his leaking dick against his boyfriend and tightly grabbing his ass, as though claiming it for himself.

"How are you feeling, hun?" Darren asked, loving the effects of his gift, both physically and mentally on the other man. Mateo would soon be ready for the rest of the process, though he may have already had a brief excursion if his nose was right.

"I feel amazing," Mateo muttered, his deeper voice echoing in Darren's ears as he moved to kiss his boyfriend. Yet, there was something in the back of his mind at the words, as though he didn't quite believe them. Almost like something was missing from his memories, though he could not quite put his finger on what it was.

"Mmm...I can make you feel even better," Darren replied, as though sensing his boyfriend's thoughts. Yes, his lover indeed had a romp in the woods, the scents were obvious on his body even under the male musk and stink. Mateo was ready, and Darren had been waiting for this ever since he'd smelled the man's potential weeks ago.

With that, Darren moved to grab Mateo's cock, rubbing it roughly, though not enough to make the man uncomfortable. Mateo simply whined his need, instinctively thrusting forward and already teetering on the edge. He wanted to see what Darren would do to him, how the now smaller man would service him. He felt dominance over this man, something that never would have crossed his mind when they first met. But now, he found the notion as natural as anything, feeling the other man reciprocating the thought and reinforcing his belief.

Yet, Darren simply stood there, grinning up at his boyfriend as Mateo waited for what was to come next. “What do *you* want to do with me?” He asked, and at the question, Mateo felt something powerful surfacing in his mind. Instincts beyond his rational mind flooded his inclinations, and suddenly all he wanted to do was throw his lover to the ground and hump his ass until he came.

“I rrrreed to claim you...” Mateo growled, a beastly sound that should have scared him but only served to turn him on more than anything before.

“Well, then, what are you waiting for, you beast?” Darren said, and with that, Mateo let out a snarl of pent-up lust.

Mateo took his mate, pushing Darren against the wall to make out with him, snarling and drooling over his beard as they did so. He did not care about the discomfort, tearing at the other man’s clothes with a strength that defied his humanity. With little effort, Darren’s shirt was ripped from his chest, and he was quickly able to get his pants down, exposing his own erection as well as a thick waft of musk as the two made out with gusto.

It took everything Darren had not to give himself over to the lust that was threatening to swallow him up. But he wanted desperately to watch the changes he knew would come over his lover as he grew into the form of Darren’s dreams. And if the shifting of Mateo’s scent was an apt indication, Darren would be treated to a show as his lover started to swell with muscles and hair that soon threatened to cover every inch of his form.

Already a beast of a man, Darren was privy to the feeling of Mateo’s muscles swelling, bulging under the surface, and rippling under his touch. It was amazing his skin was able to keep up. Though Darren was used to changing himself, a true alpha was much larger in stature than he could ever hope to match, and he wouldn’t have been surprised to see stretch marks covering Mateo’s form. But his skin seemed to be perfect, expanding around the muscles underneath and allowing it to grow and tear to reach the size that Darren knew he could get to.

It wasn’t just muscle Mateo was putting on. The hair around his body started to thicken as well, brown and luscious and covering every inch of skin. Darren was sure his lover wanted to scratch it, but he was currently engaged in rutting against his groin and making out with him. Besides, if Mateo was to scratch, the monstrous claws Darren knew he was developing would get in the way of such until he injured himself. Still, as Mateo pressed his hand against the wall, the forming talons dug holes into the drywall, not enough to deter him from his lusts but obvious all the same. The same talons soon adorned his feet as well, digging deep grooves into the floorboards and holding him in place as his power forced Darren to take whatever he had in

mind. As Darren was a werewolf himself, there was little Mateo could do to properly hurt him, and he was along for the ride, loving the larger wolfman changing and taking his primal pleasures from him.

Mateo, for his part, was scarcely aware of the changes overcoming him, though a part of him recalled the night before and how natural they seemed to be. He didn't mind the claws or the hair or the muscles, instead, a piece of his subconscious eagerly welcomed them back. His nose, too, was changing, growing blackened and flared, and he breathed in the heady stench of their sweat and musk with renewed vigor. It was overpowering to the point his erection was reaching its limit, and Mateo knew he needed to fuck his love right away to stem the ache that was welling in his loins.

With that, powerful arms flipped over the smaller man, and Mateo prodded at his pucker, as desperate to rut as a beast. He was changing all the while, hair covering him, jaw cracking forward, and erection growing beyond anything humanly possible. It was hardly a concern to him, however, his only thought on achieving the release he desired. Meanwhile, Darren was used to the pain and outright expected it from a soon-to-be lupine lover. He wanted to be taken rough, and he could take it as much as his asshole was opening wide to engulf the cock he wanted so desperately inside of him. And, better yet, the knot that was sure to form in even this partial state...

"That's it, take it stud...take what's all yours..." Darren growled, unable to keep the shift out of his own body. He was steadily being covered with golden hairs, a sign of his lupine visage and something he was unable to hold back. Before, he had been afraid of letting the wolf out and showing his lover his other side. But it was time for Mateo's change to take root, and there was no need to hold his own back. After all, he would need to be part wolf to take the lupine knot Mateo was sure to rut into him.

With the experience he possessed, it took little effort for him to shift, growing larger and becoming coated in the dirty blond fur that made up his lupine heritage. Claws poked from his hands and feet, and his black nostrils drank deeply of the musk their combined sweat and masculinity exuded. His face pressed out just slightly, not enough for him to change all the way but enough to match the one possessed by his lover. He wanted to reach up and kiss the man's muzzle but thought better of it, not wanting to draw his attention to the more drastic changes just yet. It might panic him, and Darren knew from experience it was better for Mateo to rut it all out and then deal with the repercussions of what he was now.

Mateo was still changing, muzzle pushing out slightly and fangs bursting from his drooling maw. He would not change all the way, not without the full moon, but in Darren's eyes, he looked beautiful, rutting with him and growling like the beast he was. Even when Mateo

reached down and reflexively bit him on the shoulder, Darren growled out from the pain, but it was a good pain, making him spurt out a thick glob of precum as he gripped his own shaft, getting off by being taken by the massive beast. Best was seeing something twitching on his lover's backside, a growing stripe of flesh that began wagging its excitement as soon as it was able to do so. It was rather fetching, growing longer and coated with the same lovely brown fur that made up Mateo's lupine coat.

In Mateo's mind, all that existed was the need to rut and fuck, the sensations from his prick and the rank scents of wolf musk in the air were all that mattered to him. It was more than he could rationalize in the moment, the changes to his body put by the wayside. He needed to mate his lover, this beast his mate, and it was his right to rut and take. Even the sensation of his cock growing larger, pushing against his mate's insides and opening him up impossibly wide was hardly felt, save for the need to be inside of him and planted firmly there. His orgasm was coming, and an ache at the base of his cock was all that mattered, needing to get it within his mate in order to cum. The urge was all-consuming, and no care for his mate's comfort, no rationalization, could bring him out of the mood. He was so close, just a little more, only a little more thrusting...

Darren growled his lupine cadence from the pain of the knot penetrating his rectum, Mateo not caring about his comfort as the brown-furred wolf howled and went into orgasm. Warm fluid splashed into Darren's bowels, the scents and sensations against his prostate enough for his paw hand to bring him to completion as well. His own howl echoed Mateo's own as he exploded wolf cum over their chests and groins, effectively marking this as their den and each other as mates. The mental comparisons of wolveren instincts and human companionship sat well with both of them, and Darren put his smaller arms around the other wolf, pulling him into a warm, furry embrace.

Part of Mateo's instincts prompted him to pull out then, though a growl escaped his lips in the realization that he was stuck. It was that panic that seemed to bring him back into the present, to the fact that he was stuck in his lover and it was harder to see anything human in the man he was currently tied to. "Rrrrhat...what happened?" Mateo growled, struggling with his voice and the deep guttural quality he now possessed.

"Well, long story short? You're like me, now. And I couldn't imagine you turning out more handsome," Darren said, reaching up to kiss the other man despite the awkwardness of the situation. Mateo eagerly returned the kiss, though his mind raced as he tried to fully understand what was going on. He wasn't human anymore, he was a...werewolf? There was no denying the familiar image staring back at him, and he now looked largely the same. He had changed without realizing it, and more to the point, it was the most amazing experience in his life. Even the scent

of blood did not bother him, given that the wound on Darren's shoulder was healing and there was no repercussion for biting into his beta. Wait, beta? Was that right?

"How was I turned?" Mateo asked, still trying to piece it all together.

"Well, I've been a werewolf for a couple of years now, and all it takes is a bite," Darren said. "It's something I haven't passed on to anyone before as it's taboo for us to do so. But, I was bitten by an alpha my freshman year, a massive, muscled alpha werewolf." His dick twitched at the thought, spurting out another glob of semen. "But, when it came time for him to graduate, he left me all alone. I was searching for a new alpha when I met you. You looked adorable and amazing, and I wanted to play with you from the moment I saw you, but...it's hard to explain how I knew you were the one. Something about your smell, I guess? But from the size that you've added on, I can see I was right." At those words, a wide grin spread across his proto-muzzle.

A mixture of shock and fascination moved across Mateo's features at that, not really sure how to take everything in. It certainly made sense and explained his rapid growth, something that had not bothered him with the enjoyment of what he was becoming. But looking himself over, it was obvious even without his human form that he would be far larger than Darren when they reverted.

Noticing Mateo's confusion, Darren smiled, reaching up and rubbing his paw hands over Mateo's chocolate brown fur, worshiping his adonis-like form and loving the beast Mateo had become. Loving the attention, Mateo felt his body tremble a little before a few more spurts of cum were ejected into his boyfriend's tailhole. The smell burned into his nose, and he loved the sensation, feeling like his cock was a cork inside his lover's rectum. It took some time for him to feel it softening enough to come out, but with that, the pressure continued to rub each other's forms with love and reverence. Mateo had a ton of questions about what he was and what the future would hold for him. But at the moment it was too tempting to reverse their new forms, to touch and play and feel his cock rising every once and a while, making him feel the need to rut a little to get out the last bits of cum.

Eventually, the two of them started to revert, Mateo feeling it happen of its own accord and Darren following suit. "Woah..." Mateo muttered, feeling his fur starting to recede, his claws diminishing, and his muzzle pushing back into his face. Strangely though, his size did not recede as much as he had been expecting. He had started out larger than Darren, he was sure, but now the size difference was obvious, as though becoming a werewolf was enough to make his human form larger each time. How big was he going to get by the end? And, more to the point, did he mind the notion that he was getting so large? He now had a form that the younger him held in reverence and all the confidence to match!

A hand was soon on his much hairier chest, Darren now having to reach up to kiss his lover, though Mateo didn't mind bending down to embrace his mate. He still loved this man, knowing that he had Mateo's best interests in mind when he'd bitten him. Hell, if Mateo had known this would happen, he would have taken the bite willingly and eagerly. And he wanted to know where this new change in life would take him, being the alpha wolf of Darren's dreams.

"So big, and you're not even done," Darren said, groping Mateo's massive pecs. "Once the full moon hits and you change all the way, then we'll know for sure. Either way, you're already hot as hell, my love!" Darren said, kissing Mateo on the lips once more as Mateo kissed him back.

Despite the surprise Mateo felt over the situation, he couldn't help but hunger for more power, a larger physique, and all that came with it. He wanted to be the Alpha Darren longed for, the one he deserved. And it seemed that would not be the only change he would undergo if Darren's words held true. With that, he gave Darren a hug, taking him in a passionate embrace as they made out. Though the changes had receded for now, he was sure they would soon return with his libido. And with how much stamina he seemed to have, there was every chance he could go several more times that day, as a celebration for who Darren had helped him become and all the promise their new lives might hold...

Mateo was hardly able to keep his head in the car as the pair made their way into the woods, the road bumpy and threatening to bang his head on the cab. Another amazing week had passed, and the couple was making their way toward the destination for their first full moon together. Mateo was a little uncomfortable in the passenger seat, his now-massive, hulking form barely able to fit into the seat, though he managed it, and Darren was thankful he didn't have to get a new car. Mateo's luscious hair and thick beard were billowing around him from the cool breeze coming in through the open window, and he couldn't help but stare at the oncoming moon with equal parts reverence and trepidation.

The scents of the world around them were amazing, beyond anything he could imagine. Though the memories of his previous nighttime escapade were fuzzy, he could still recall some of the scents that the woods had to offer. And even before the final change, his nostrils were alight with the scents of the woods, ones that spoke of the world around and begged his investigation. Darren looked over, putting a hand on his lover's knee. "Excited, honey? You're gonna love it. Not only the change, but it's like your own personal playground out here. No one for miles. It's my favorite spot!"

“Fuck, I can’t wait…” Mateo’s voice trailed off as he felt his cock getting hard in his pants. All he wanted was to jerk off in the car, though he knew he should save his load for his lover’s ass. Especially as full wolves, as soon as they were allowed to change fully under the moon’s rays.

“Hehe, down boy. You can jerk it if you want to, you’re going to be able to go all night, stud. You’re amazing,” Darren said, and Mateo resisted the urge to reach over and give him a kiss, not wanting them to go off the road. They would have plenty of time to make out and make love, though the trip was making him hard as hell, and he had enough energy to jump out of the car and run alongside it. He could easily do it under wolveren power, but the urge was suppressed by the knowledge he had other ways to work off that excess energy.

“Your ass is amazing, hun,” Mateo said, feeling his cock leaking at the thought of how tight it would be.

“And it’s going to be yours all night,” Darren said, and Mateo whined, wanting to get out and fuck him right then and there.

After what felt like an eternity, the car stopped, the duo arriving at their destination. They got out, Mateo struggling a little with his size but managing all the same. Standing side-by-side brought the disparity of their sizes to the forefront, Mateo having gotten significantly larger than his lover to the point where any clothes would hardly fit him. Far from the scrawny college kid he had been a month ago, he was now 6’8 and over 300 pounds of pure muscle, easily able to lift his lover, which made Darren truly feel like the sub between them. Some of the lupine features remained in his form, particularly the amount of hair he possessed. Though hazel eyes, sharp teeth, pointed ears, and a massive cock were all par for the course as well. It was something a normal human might find unnerving, but Mateo would not be compatible with a normal man sexually, nor did he ever want to be with the sexy specimen he had for a lupine lover.

Taking a moment to embrace, the two of them breathed in deep of their musk and love for each other, erections straining in their pants. Mateo started by ripping his lover’s shirt off, neither man caring about the clothes. It was part of the arousal they felt, literally wanting to rip their humanity off as they changed. Darren couldn’t wait to get his own thick claws over Mateo’s body, worshipping his abs and pecs with his hands before moving in and starting to sniff and grunt like an animal. Mateo simply rubbed his mate’s increasingly coarse hair, loving that it was becoming more and more like fur. He wanted to be worshiped, feeling it was his right as the Alpha and worthy of such praise. And Darren was more than willing to give it to him!

Soon, Darren’s exploration of his lover’s hairy body moved to his nipples, licking them with a skilled tongue and making the Alpha male’s exposed cock start to leak over their groins.

Frotting them together, Mateo growled in contentment as Darren moved his tongue toward Mateo's pits, sniffing the damp, musky fur before starting to lap at their secretions. It was amazing, the flavor of his lover burning into his nose and tongue to show his reverence for the male form. His fingers continued to tease down along Mateo's nipples, prompting new lupine ones to grow below them, each as sensitive as the last. With Mateo's hands stroking the two of them off as he was, it was little surprise when they blew their first loads onto each other's hairy chests, spattering in the hair and filling the air with their rank ejaculate, a sign of their love and affection for each other and their bestial forms.

Eventually, Darren, sub as he was, awakened his teasing streak and was quick to tear off naked through the woods. Mateo growled playfully before following in hot pursuit. Darren led the way, and they soon came across a lake deep in the forest, running all the while. It was exhilarating for Mateo to chase, like he was hunting an animal, or practicing such, playing with his packmate as wolves often did for fun. Darren was fast and knew the territory, so even with the power Mateo possessed, he could not quite keep up. Pushing himself to the limit, Mateo felt his muscles try to keep up with his love, though it was never quite enough. His desire was enough to will his new form into existence, and the burning within the tissues became enough to spur on the transformation.

Having been somewhat practiced with his lover over the past few nights, the sensation of change was no longer entirely unknown or unwelcome. He had been assured this final change would allow him to take on a true were-creature's form, larger than even their romps had made him. Though rather than being scared of such, Mateo was elated to experience what it would be like to be a full werewolf, to become the being his boyfriend regarded with such reverence. Not that Darren didn't love the human him before. Rather, he saw the potential in the man that Mateo hadn't even known he was capable of. And soon he would reach the pinnacle of that potential under the light of the full moon and in the presence of his love.

As he ran, the now familiar aches started to play through his form, growing larger than even he had those past few nights. Muscles tore and reformed at an impossible rate, pushing at the skin and building with each gait he managed. His already towering form was rising, hitting his head on branches, though they broke easily against his toughened skull. Branches grew lower around him as his height moved toward 8'0 and beyond, far larger than even he had been in their apartment. Chocolate brown fur coated him from head to toe, the buttons of his feet and palms of his hands the only places left uncovered. He was sure anyone coming across him now would think him to be some sasquatch or forest ape, though Mateo knew he would not look that way for long.

The more lupine features were quick to develop, needed for his run through the wood without discomfort. Already comfortable on his bare feet, the padding seemed to swell even

thicker to the point it was like he was walking on soft carpet. Heels stretched, and Mateo, not used to the stance, hunched over and had to pause his run. It was a little awkward to move as he was, but he was still able to manage it, getting used to running in a digitigrade stance as the muscle ran over it. The ache in his backside of a lupine tail, claws bursting from his nails, and further lengthening of his heels made the stance easier, and soon he was running impossibly fast through the wood, branches and debris hardly a deterrent.

Though he had already changed somewhat over the past few nights, his full lupine form was far more impressive than anything he had thus far experienced. He was larger, to be sure. But the ache in his jaw signaled a muzzle that was more wolverine in appearance. It was easy to see in front of his face, and he soon realized his eyesight was better at night, that the moon had risen, and that the darkness was almost as bright as day for him, as much as the colors were faded. Ears had moved to the top of his head, and even his skull was flattening, moving out to support his jaw, which along with his neck muscles gave him biting power beyond most animals. That was something he wanted to try tonight, as Darren had assured him they would be able to hunt here once they changed and the amazing sex was over.

Yet, all of that was a drop in the bucket to the changes in his cock, something that had altered before but something he had not experienced in full until now. He wanted to stop and watch his waving erection grow, the foreskin attaching to his groin as a darker shade of chocolate brown fur coated its surface and rose toward his massive, muscled belly. His canine dick was deep red even in the moonlight, the tip tapering and pointed and leaking beads of fluid into his fur.

Though, as his skull started to compress, and while his mind was still present, the lupine instincts to hunt, to run, and of all other things, to rut were at the forefront of his thoughts. Those instincts urged him to chase the other wolf down and fuck his ass. Though he couldn't see Darren, his scent was ripe in the air for Mateo's discovery, and soon he was on him, tackling the fluffy, blond wolf and sending the two of them rolling in a heap, painlessly against their muscles as they came to a stop.

By this point, their lust was palpable in the air, and all Mateo needed was to spill his seed into his beta's ass. "Fuck...I need...Darren..." Mateo growled, and no more words were needed between them. Darren grabbed him as the two of them embraced, making out with messy muzzles and rutting their increasingly lupine cocks against each other. They were all beast, the thick stench of their musk burning within their flared black nostrils. Mateo wanted to fuck his boyfriend's ass right then and there. And there was no reason not to, right? His form was monstrous under the moonlight, of most note his prominent erection dangling in the air and ready to rut into Darren's rump.

“Sorry...I need you...can't hold it back...” Mateo said, towering over his lupine lover and pushing him down, cock in paw as he prepared to leak enough into Darren's ass to fuck him.

“I'm more than fine to have you fuck me hard, babe. I can take it. Take me! Fuck me like a beast!” Darren howled, and Mateo wasted no time pushing inside of him, holding him down with his massive paws and thrusting within him, the other wolf's ass opening like a glove to take him in.

With that, it was impossible for Mateo not to use the other wolf as his personal cock sleeve, thrusting within him and forcing them both to rock together. Though the ground should have been uncomfortable, Darren's fur and skin were resilient enough to prevent him from harm from any debris. He started to stroke himself off in tandem with the force of the thrusts, the beast Mateo was in instinct not having the cognizance to bring his lupine lover with him.

“Yeah, that's it...we have all night...fuck me over and over till you can't fuck anymore!” Darren shouted, turned on by the dominant beast more than he even thought he would. This wasn't his first time with an Alpha, but Mateo far surpassed his expectations in both stature and skill. Beast Mateo was in mind, there was no fear of him; wolves could handle things on the rough side, and preferred it. Even when Mateo reached down to bite his lover's shoulder in a spray of blood, holding him in place as he rutted with desperation, Darren was only content.

“More...give it to me...my Alpha!” Darren growled out, his own massive werewolf stature barely even matching his lover's own. The knot within him was enough to tear at his insides, but his werewolf form was made of sterner stuff and was able to manage, allowing him to continue stroking off his cock in tandem. Even the drying cum staining his belly was of little concern, Darren focused on little more than the fucking his bowels were receiving.

It took Mateo little time to feel his end nearing, the stench of sweat, musk, and wolf cum spurring his arousal to its greatest heights. Biting down on his lover's shoulder even harder, he felt his body going into orgasm, knot pressing in just before a flood of wolf cum spurted into his lover's bowels and flooded back toward his knot. Yet his lupine knot was made to prevent any backflow from escaping, keeping his seed inside and filling the other wolf with his scent, cementing their bond. And Darren would have it no other way, wanting to be used and taken by this stud of an Alpha. Even if Mateo was having a little difficulty keeping control, the result was perfect to please him.

“Mrrff...so good...” Darren moaned, reaching up with his muzzle and lapping at the lips and gums of his Alpha. Mateo felt the contact was right, speaking of Darren's submissiveness to him. Yet, even with the wolvern instincts, he reached down and kissed the other man, and the two of them enjoyed their time locked together, writhing occasionally and milking each other's balls

of all they were worth. It seemed like they were cuddled there all night, watching the moon pass over them as they snuggled into each other's arms.

After a long while, Mateo pulled out of Darren with a rush of seed, lapping some of it to clean his lover before the two of them took off. The night was filled with such lupine frivolities, running and chasing and hunting and fucking. Mateo did gain some skill in controlling his instinct to bite so hard, though Darren assured him it was fine, the pain a prelude to pleasure that came from it, and soon any trace of a scar was removed with his cells being in flux and easily able to heal. Several such romps followed that night, the sex amazing but only one of several things that triggered the sheer elation of lupine life under the lunar light.

Saving the best for last, Darren showed Mateo an outcropping he'd known, one where the orange glow of the sun started creeping toward the horizon. "Make love to me," Darren said, and the two of them started kissing, making out, and rubbing each other's cocks and nipples. It soon turned to fucking, Darren getting down on his back as what was his favorite position. Mateo pushed in this time, though without the bestial intensity they had enjoyed all night. This lovemaking was tender, kissing and lipping and rubbing against their massive musky bodies while Mateo gently thrust into his beta, making love rather than fucking him into submission. Both were enjoyable, though it was nice to mix things up as the two of them howled their release into the waning night.

Happy and content, Mateo nuzzled his beta affectionately, cuddling up against him and thrusting his throbbing knot and still turgid cock into his tight ass. A sense of excitement for all that was to come with his new life and mate filled him, and he wanted to vocalize his gratitude for the gift Darren had given him. But words were unnecessary for wolves, Mateo licking his beta as they waited for their cocks to soften and their forms to revert.