

Nervously checking his phone for what felt like the twentieth time in so many minutes, Derek did his best to find something, anything to distract him from the waiting. It was already twenty minutes past doors open, and the line hadn't moved at all. Not that it was uncommon for shows to start a little later, but he had been out here for hours now, even with VIP tickets. He was too excited to meet the members of his favorite band Here At Last. By this point, his legs were starting to get a little sore, and he was feeling more than a little anxious about actually being able to shake their hands in person. Now that it was time he could hardly wait a second longer!

It had been years waiting for the band to reschedule their tour after the pandemic, and now that it was time, Derek felt as though he was in a dream. Hell, it had been forever since he was able to make a concert at all, the pandemic making that facet of life all but impossible. At least he'd had the time to save up, book off, and stay in the city before and after the show so that he'd have the extra time to relax. More than that, he was able to afford VIP tickets, with a chance to meet the band and special seating for the show. It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience and something Derek was sure he would cherish forever.

At last, it was time. There weren't many people allowed to go in, all being VIP ticket holders, but he was right there with them, at the back of the line and the last one to meet the five members. That had been his intention, however, wanting to be the last one to make an impression, if that could be worked out at all. Still, it was nerve-racking to walk into the venue hall, all five members sitting behind a table and standing to meet the fans as they signed shirts, CDS, and posters for each member, smiling and thanking them for coming.

Derek felt his heart race as he met the band members, all in their early 20s, like himself. He was sweating, hoping he wasn't ruining their impression of him. Not that he would be remembered in the myriad of fans the band met each and every day on tour. Wishing he was confident and could say something witty to each one, Derek found himself shy, not sure what to say and leaving him worried that he'd missed the opportunity with each one. He made his way down the line, shaking hands with Zack, Pedro, Ryan, and Tommy, before taking a deep breath. James, his favorite member, was last in line, and if Derek was being honest with himself, he had a massive crush on the man, not unusual given his handsome face. Though the man was likely, not gay, and had any number of female fans chasing after him.

"Hey, thanks for coming out," James said, taking his hand. Derek was sweating profusely by this point, and overly worried about making a bad impression on his crush. It was silly, he knew, with zero chance that James would remember him. But he didn't want to do something so embarrassing that the memory would be tainted forever, in this one chance to meet the man of his dreams.

Yet, there was something in the man's eye that made Derek do a double take as he looked into them, a glint of gold in the brown eyes that should not have been there. Shaking his head as though he'd been imagining it, Derek was surprised to see James staring at him, a curious expression that made Derek blush a little. There was no way the man was gay, as much as his wishfulfillment was screaming at him otherwise. Still, James reached out his hand, and Derek took it, being thanked once more before he moved to get photos with everyone as a group.

What happened next shocked the man to the point Derek almost let go of the hand he was holding. James's features scruned a little, as though he was detecting an unpleasant odor. Derek felt his heart sink at that. Surely, he didn't smell any worse than any of the other VIP members. Yet, it was not a look of disgust that crossed the cute man's features, but rather one of...intrigue? No, there was something more, almost like a desire, something that Derek's starstruck mind interpreted as lust. It was only present for a moment before James's features softened and he smiled, as though his mind had been a million miles away. With that, he gave the man's hand another shake, passed him a signed photo, and made his way toward the side of the room for the group photo.

Derek followed, James almost beckoning Derek to stand beside him. It was almost more than he could bear to be that close to the man, sweating and nervous and hoping he would at least look presentable in the photo, which was not something he was sure he would be able to pull off. Still, James was beside him, right *there*, and this moment would be captured for the rest of his life. Derek could hardly believe this was really happening!

Looking over at the man, trying to steal a glance while looking nonchalant, Derek could not have imagined the expression on his face. James seemed distracted, sniffing the air again, what Derek just now realized he was doing when they'd shaken hands. As though in a trance, the man turned around, sniffing the air for the odor that seemed to be escaping him. It was a little off-putting, seeing a man, even a cute one, sniffing the air kinda like...a dog? And stranger still was the fact that his nose seemed to be homing in on Derek...

As though just now realizing what he was doing was a social taboo, James stopped, blushing a little as he did so. Then, giving Derek a grin, he moved close, putting his arm around the other man and pulling him in for the photo. The contact was almost enough to make Derek melt, having never expected to get this close to the man in his wildest dreams. Did he do this with all his fans, in particular, the male ones? Such was far more welcome, far more pleasant than anything he could have prepared for to the point Derek wished the moment would never end.

Eventually, the photo was taken, and James took his arm away, though not before keeping there a little longer than Derek was expecting. The contact was almost enough to get Derek a

little aroused, though he was far too shy and embarrassed for such. Still, it went above and beyond anything he could have anticipated, especially as James gave him a wink and a nod, telling him “Enjoy the show!” Derek felt he could almost melt right there!

In a trace, Derek moved out into the concert hall, clutching his signed photo but more so fixated on the memories of what had happened. It was like a dream come true, better than he ever could imagine. And he was going to see the band play live in just under an hour! Derek found himself falling into the fantasy, elated beyond his wildest expectations, It had been worth every penny for the VIP tickets, to have a memory to last a lifetime!

His seats really were at an amazing place, overhanging the crowd but just under the lights. He was sure that he'd be able to be seen from the stage, though it wouldn't be like James would be looking for him, or anything of the sort. It was a silly thought, one that he chastised himself for. The contact he'd gotten had been way more than enough, to the point he couldn't believe it had happened. And he had the entire show to look forward to, seeing his favorite band on stage for the first time!

The performance was everything he could have imagined and more. They played all the hits, songs he'd waited to hear live for what felt like forever. Hell, Derek could even swear that James looked toward him a few times that night, though he was likely just regarding the box and the seats of the fans. Yet, as though James was aware he was there, it really did seem like he was looking Derek's way, singing his songs like he was really serenading Derek. It made his heart flutter, even though there were likely hundreds of women in the audience who felt he was doing the same thing. Still, he couldn't deny the feeling that the sly grin at the start of the show was meant for him, as though Derek was the most important member of the audience in James's eyes. Fuck, he would have to rub one out in his hotel room tonight!

Heading out after the show, Derek found he couldn't get over it to the point he figured it was the best night of his life. It was a short walk back to the hotel, thankfully, one that he could make without too much danger. Heading down the stairs, he was greeted by a pair of what looked like security people, giving them a nod in thanks. As fixated as he was on the band members and James in particular, he would never be one of those crazy fans to storm the stage or harass the members. Besides, he had gotten everything he'd wanted that night and more.

Yet, he could not have expected to be stopped by the two men, as though they were getting ready to frisk him. Having nothing even resembling illegal substances, Derek felt he was being targeted, though he could not have expected to be asked to come backstage, that one of the band members wanted to see him after the show. The words left Derek stunned. Surely, they had talked to the wrong audience member, but then again, James had seemed to look at him with interest that night, right? So maybe it wasn't out of the realm of possibility.

Derek was led through the back halls, something that few fans ever got to experience and something that made him more nervous than anything he could recall. He didn't necessarily want to be here, yet it was too tempting an offer not to jump on, and he had to brace himself, hoping there was something about him that attracted James's attention. Hell, maybe the man really was gay and was looking for a lay for the night. It made as much sense as any other reason, to the point Derek wasn't sure what he would say if asked to do something so forward.

The reason was, to his surprise, an invitation with the band to dinner. It was James who reached out with the offer, putting a hand around Derek's shoulder as he had earlier. The other band members seemed a little standoffish as he smiled at them, but James waved them off, grinning like a fool in a way that almost made Derek drop dead. It was more than just a crush spurring him on. Derek hadn't made any advances, and James already seemed to be all over him!

Still, he was conflicted, wondering what this whole thing was about. It couldn't be normal for one of the VIP guests to be asked to go out to dinner like this, right? He was immediately suspect, but other than his company, or maybe a lay, what would they want with him? They were surely loaded, being a boy band, after all. The bigger question of the night was whether or not Derek wanted what they could offer him. Would he sleep with the man if that was offered? Derek was no stranger to men, but a famous one? And a crush no less? What would happen if he was found out?

In the end, Derek decided fuck it. He was a little out of sorts from the whole whirlwind experience so much so that he could hardly say no. and when rationality finally settled back in his mind, he would certainly lament his inaction. So he said yes, following the boys to a limo and being led by the hand of James. The proximity to the man made him a little hard despite himself as did that sort of possessiveness that he seemed to lord over him. Though he could not pinpoint the source of the man's interest, Derek felt more than along for the ride!

"Dude, you sure?" Tommy asked at one point, but James simply bared his teeth, pulling Derek in close as they got into the limo. Derek didn't know what the hell was going on, but the whole display turned him off slightly to the point he wasn't sure what the hell was going on. Did he really want to get into a vehicle with a man that was a little, well, crazy? Surely not? But then, wasn't this a chance to die for, something any fan would give their right arm for? And it was all being offered up to him on a silver platter, no less.

The dinner, for the most part, was a rather quiet affair. They managed to grab a private room at a franchise restaurant, nothing too elaborate, which was good, since Derek was hardly dressed for such. Neither were the other boys, thankfully, all dressed casually, like any other twenty-year-olds. They ordered a few rounds of appetizers, and some drinks as well, something

Derek was thankful for. He didn't think he could handle the awkwardness of the whole thing sober!

Derek felt he had a million questions for the band members, but he didn't want to seem rude or childish by acting the fanboy. So he was forced to sit there, having idle conversations about venues, what they would do with their days off, and other such things that he had no real way to contribute to. Hell, it was getting harder and harder to tell why he had been chosen to come along, feeling so out of place with the guys like they lived in entirely different worlds. And that was the case, wasn't it? What the hell had Derek been thinking, saying yes to this?!

James, of course, sat beside him, not joining in on his bandmate's conversations either. Instead, he seemed fixated on Derek, staring lustful beams at him, as much as Derek could tell. It was a little uncomfortable, and Derek was not really sure how to act from the attention. James seemed hesitant to make a move, whether it be in front of the guys or the fact they were in public, albeit in a reserved setting. Maybe the other boys weren't comfortable with James being gay? Was that the reason Derek was here, to begin with?

Dinner came and went, loads of appetizers followed by mains that it seemed impossible such lean and in-shape boys could manage. They seemed to eat almost ravenously, barely taking breaths between bites of nachos, wings, and burgers. He figured they had insane metabolisms to eat that much and stay so thin, but that wasn't what bothered him. It was the way they were fixated on their food, the rest of the world faded away as they ate. And, stranger still, they took turns passing around apps, moving from one end of the table to the other, James and then Derek being last. By that time, there were usually few appetizers left, but taken aback as he was by the experience, Derek could hardly muster an appetite to eat their leftovers.

Eventually, they were done, Derek going to pay despite having barely eaten anything. But being waved off by James, their rather lavish bill already covered, again, figuring it was likely fine given their celebrity status. The other four boys called it a night, Tommy again mysteriously asking James if "he was sure." James nodded, taking Derek's hand again and drawing him up, holding him close as they moved to another exit, this time with a cab waiting for them. Derek had seen him texting and was about to get in when he stopped. "I-I should probably go," he said, feeling uncomfortable. "Thanks for everything, but..."

It was the pained sight on James's face that caused him to pause for a moment, not really understanding why, given that he was likely to be the man's lay for the evening. "Are you sure? Nothing you're not comfortable with, promise. I just...well, there's something about you. I'm sorry, I'm so bad at this. Let me try again?" James offered that cute smile on his face enough that Derek couldn't really see a reason not to.

“Let’s go back to my hotel room. Just to chat, I don’t want to seem, well, forward or anything,” James said, blushing a little. It was humanizing to see him acting shyly after he’d practically dragged Derek out of the venue. The whole night was such a blur that Derek hardly knew what to say, simply nodding. Again, he wanted to ask the obvious, but somehow couldn’t form the words, as though worried anything he might say would offend the man. This was a celebrity, after all, and other than his music, career, height, weight, and everything revealed on his social media presence...OK, maybe Derek was more than just an average fan. There were hundreds of conversation topics he could glean from that information alone, but he was silent, leaving himself to wonder what the night might bring.

Looking over at the other boy in the cab with him, there was no denying the presence of a rather sizable stain in his pants with a lump that could only be a rather prominent erection. It was really hard to fathom why he had such a thing without obvious stimulation. After all, he had just gotten to know Derek, not even that with how little they’d talked. And there was something else that left Derek confused, as though the other man was audibly sniffing the air. At first, it made Derek uncomfortable, especially with how he figured he’d smelled from the night’s activities. But it seemed James was detecting a scent in the car that was not only intriguing but evidently arousing. Derek had no metric for why the man’s sense of smell was so acute, but there was no denying the effect it was having on his arousal.

Really focusing in on it, even Derek could detect a strange odor in the air, one that was a little spicy and pungent, like an undertone of their sweat. It was rather pleasant, he soon found, and more than a little arousing, making it all the more obvious as to what had interested James so much. Hell, against his better inclinations, he was starting to get aroused, fear over the bizarre nature of the situation erased at the realization that he was in the car with his crush, a celebrity, no less, and the other man seemed to feel the same way. It was all he could do not to jump the man in the cab!

Derek felt his heart leap as the two made their way into James’s private hotel room, anticipation at its apex. His own cock was erect at the implication of what they would get up to, much to Derek’s embarrassment. But James only stared with anticipation and excitement over what was to come, still sniffing in that unnerving way, one that seemed to make Derek shiver with excitement.

Willing to go with whatever the man had in mind, Derek was still not prepared to have him reach down and rub his erection through his pants, making the poor man moan. His touch was gentle, with just enough pressure to keep the man aroused, the perfect tease. Such was a dream, and Derek couldn’t help but think that perhaps he was in a fantasy, having his crush being gay and into him, no less. It was even better as James grinned up at him, taking him in a smoldering kiss and making Derek’s erection rise to its apex. This was no dream.

Deft fingers worked the zipper of Derek's pants, reaching in above the waistband of his underwear before pulling out his cock and allowing it to bob in the warm hotel room air. Derek wanted to say something, but the other man's lips were still on his own, and the Asian man had no desire to do anything but continue to taste the other man, feeling himself leaking thick goo all over the other man's able hands as James started to gently stroke.

Wanting to give something back to the man, Derek was surprised to feel the kiss break, James grinning like a fool before getting down on his knees at level with his bobbing cock head. Derek was a little self-conscious of his size, but James was staring with rapt attention, as though he was looking at the most fascinating thing in the world. Without hesitation, James moved his tongue out to start to lick the tip, trailing a thin line of his fluids from it before he opened his lips and gently sank down on the tip, moving down the shaft and making Derek moan out.

As James started to find his rhythm, Derek could only reach up and run his hair through the man's curls, getting the best blowjob of his life. It was better than touching himself, better than any sexual contact he could imagine, erasing all lingering doubts about what he was doing. James didn't seem concerned with a condom or the like, but in the moment of passion, Derek could hardly bring himself to question such, more powerfully pleased than at any time in recent memory. In fact, the pleasure was so good that he was being brought to the edge quickly, a little too quickly, and he groaned out, letting James know to stop before he got too close.

Yet, at that, James only picked up the tempo, not even needing to stop for air as he sucked the man off with skill and tenderness. Derek couldn't resist his orgasm as he held on to James's head, feeling himself falling over the edge and shooting his load. To his surprise, James was eager to drink it down, stopping only when he was sure Derek was drained and gently pulling off, grinning with a mouthful of cum.

"Don't worry about being done for the night," James said, panting and red-faced. "You'll recharge before the night is done, trust me. Besides, I wanted to taste you once while you were like this. And you did not disappoint," James said, moving to the washroom to get cleaned up.

Derek felt a little confused at that, not having a clue what the man was on about. Surely, he was spent for the evening, and he was more than happy to go down on James or do anything else the man might have in mind. But Derek was certainly done for the night himself, and almost felt a little shame in that, not wanting to disappoint his new beau.

James was back on him the moment he was out, taking the man in a kiss once more and leaving Derek breathless. He could taste his own cum on the man's breath but was hardly deterred as they made out once more. To his surprise, he did feel his cock starting to stir at that,

but nowhere near the arousal he needed to cum again. But it was the other man's erection he had in mind, and it was Derek this time to break the kiss, feeling emboldened to get down and pull out the man's cock, a little shocked though not surprised at his size, one that matched the elevated status Derek regarded the other man to be. For a moment, Derek found himself wondering if it was maybe too large for him, but he was determined. With some tenderness and skill of his own, Derek was able to lick at the tip, taking the salty flavor of precum as he licked and encouraged more to leak from the head. It seemed that James was pleased with his efforts, rubbing the man's head and moaning, all the encouragement that Derek needed.

Again, a passing thought pervaded his mind that he should stop, and ask the man if he was tested, but he didn't want to ruin the mood. consequences be damned. He continued to work his mouth over the man's shaft, a little pained from the size of it, though he was not to be deterred. The flavor on his tongue was divine, and he was able to bob up and down over it a few times before having to stop for breath, before getting back on, desperate to make the young man cum in his mouth.

Yet, the more he sucked, the more he noticed something was a little off, as though he was having a more difficult time with each passing moment. At first, he figured James had yet to grow to full length, and wasn't too worried about it. Though the more he sucked, the larger it seemed to grow, to the point Derek was prompted to pull back, needing to rest. And what he saw made him gasp.

Far from being the human-shaped member he'd started sucking, the man's shaft was growing larger, a deep red, unlike a normal human penis. The head started to taper a bit, urethra pointed as it inched toward him, adding on some noticeable size. A sack of skin seemed to swell from the base, though it was soon pulled back as the shaft itself started to swell beyond anything he could conceive. It almost looked like the man was developing the cock of a-

Yet, the strong arms on his head pushed him back toward the throbbing member, and caught in a lusty trance as he was, Derek continued his best to pleasure the bestial pole, not caring how alien or monstrous it was. He was taken back by the size, nearly gagging, though able to repress the urge as James started to face fuck him, almost down to the knot itself. It was almost too much for him to bear, especially as a scratch nicked the top of his head from something sharp and unexpected, drawing blood. Yet, it was not enough to stop James from shoving his cock in and out of Derek's mouth, its throbbing length a sign the man would not last long.

Stunned, Derek could only moan as he pulled back from the pulsating rod, in time to get hit with a face full of cum. The pungent scent hit his nose, and some of it got on his tongue, Derek finding he didn't so much mind the taste. Yet, no sooner did he wipe the cum out of his hair and eyes than the shape of it had returned it its normal, though respectable size. Had Derek



simply imagined the whole thing? It certainly didn't seem so, but there was no easy explanation for what he had soon.

Going to wash up, there was no denying the sheer elation he felt over having given his crush a blowjob, despite the messy aftermath. It was a little bizarre, but lost in the post-orgasmic haze as he was, Derek could find so little fault with it. Save for the ache in his jaw, and at the top of his head, which he reached up to rub. Derek was a little surprised to feel a trickle of blood there from scratch, realizing he at least hadn't imagined that. Still, he wasn't bothered, figuring it was an accident and well worth it.

Going back to the main room, Derek was greeted with a glass of wine, something he normally didn't drink but took anyway, not wanting to see him. It was a little awkward, but eventually, Derek broke the silence. "So, do you always bring a fan back to play after a show?" He tried to tease, though realized how rude of a question it was too late.

Still, James laughed. "No no, there was something about you, something about your...well, smell? I guess? That will make sense soon. But yeah, I figured I wanted to get to know you better, and you're really cute too, which is a nice bonus," James said, before grinning and moving in for a kiss. Blushing, Derek did the same, taking the other man's lips in his own and trying not to reflect on the rather strange words. In the end, he simply didn't want to ruin the moment, he reasoned.

With that, the two of them chatted, Derek trying not to fanboy too much and letting James take the lead. They kissed and cuddled, and eventually, James even invited him for breakfast, something Derek couldn't say no to. Part of him wanted to stay over, but they both decided it was a little too soon and with the band in town for a few days between touring schedules, they could spend the next night together. There was a certain gleam in James's eye, and he even sniffed the man a little before Derek left, something he was becoming more comfortable with. In fact, it was a quirk he was even starting to find hot.

Even as he made his way back to his hotel, Derek felt a little dizzy, off balance as though drunk. Was there something in the wine, perhaps? Or was he simply stunned by the fact that it had been real, he had his celebrity crush's phone number, and was likely getting lucky again tomorrow night? Still, there was no denying the strange sensations running through his body or the dizzy sensations that caused him to pass out the moment he fell into bed. His thoughts carried over into dreams, thinking of men, of fucking, with a bestial intensity he had never known, but something he wanted to do all the same.

The sound of his phone going off woke him, and to his shock, it was James with the morning's plans. Derek was dumbfounded he'd almost forgotten, though quickly rose to rise off

and say he'd be a little late. As he did so, a damp sensation from his blankets reminded him of the night activities, and how James had promised he might cum a second time, after all. Hell, at the thought of James, Derek soon realized he had a huge boner still, one that he wished he had time to tend to. Maybe, tonight with James...

As he got in the shower, Derek was quick to notice something was off. And not just the size of his erection, though that hardly escaped his notice. It was a little redder as well than it should have been, and Derek was reminded of the night before, sucking a cock that was a little different than a human one. James's, too, had grown large and red before...what? Hadn't Derek simply imagined that part? Yet, there was no denying the visceral images of what had to be an inhuman member on his man's loins, even as he had sucked him off and taken his load to the face. So then, what did it mean for Derek to have a similar member?

Thankfully, his cock did not change any further, though it maintained its erection to the point Derek was sure he really would need to rub one out in the shower. But other subtle differences over his body seemed to spark some curiosity. His hair, for one, was thicker around his happy trail, something that did not match his genetics as far as he knew. It was obvious he was a little bulkier as well, as though he'd added a few pounds of muscle in short order. Not something that his recent habits as of late could account for. In the end, however, Derek figured he was imagining things, trying and succeeding in conforming his body into a physique that a man of James's stature would find hot!

Thankfully, it was just the two of them at breakfast, not that Derek didn't want to see the other band members. Their attitude toward him had been standoffish to the point it made Derek self-conscious, be it homophobia or a sense that he was beneath them for not being famous. This time, they didn't bother renting a private table to eat at, and no one seemed to recognize James for who he was, which was likely a nice change. The two of them chatted about nothing in particular, though it made Derek feel a connection to the man, something he did not know he could do with another human being. All the feelings of inferiority, of unworthiness, were gone with the realization that he really did have a crush on the man for who he was, or, perhaps, something deeper...

Feeling his attraction rise, Derek couldn't help but sport a boner, even in public. It soon came to the point that Derek could feel it leaking in his pants like James had the night before in the cab. Though it was under the table for now, it took Derek everything he had not to jump the man right then and there. More than the sight and the presence of the man, however, there seemed to be a smell in the air that was doing it for him, reminding him of how fervently James had sniffed the air before. It was starting to make more sense to him to the point he couldn't help but make a show of it as well, sniffing to the point he was sure he was gathering stares.

“Whoa, down boy!” James chastised, and though the words should have been derogatory, they held a certain sense of familiarity that made Derek smile. He would have taken the man right then and there, but wanting was fine, allowing their lust to build before it was time.

“Maybe a little later,” James offered, and it was all Derek had not to cum right there. He wanted it so badly, needed it to the point his erection was straining at the bit. He was so powerfully horny, specifically for this man, and nothing else would do.

Yet, their romp would have to wait, James offering for Derek to come to see him later, as he had plans with the band. Derek was noticeably disappointed, though felt better with a kiss, something James didn't try to hide, even though they were in a public setting. Derek couldn't wait, but with the promise of what was to come, he would do so as long as needed. He had to see the man again, even if their paths would soon take them apart.

With that, Derek was relegated back to his hotel, having to extend the reservation but finding it worth it just to see his new man again. Not that they were to be an item or anything, but that was moving far too quickly. Still, he couldn't get the man out of his head, to the point the hours were left ticking painfully by with little to do in the interim. Playing on his phone, listening to their music, and imagining James singing the lyrics to him were the best he could manage, waiting for the moment it was time to see him again later that afternoon.

There was, of course, the persistent ache in his crotch that made him unable to focus on much else. There was a part of him that wanted to save himself for his new beau later that night, but it was maddening without being able to alleviate it. In fact, his cock seemed a little larger in his pants than even that morning to the point Derek had to pull it out and see what was up. And rub one out, figuring in the end with the tension he had, he might explode too fast with his friend later that night and ruin their fun.

The moment his hand started to play over his exposed member, it started to tingle, as though the contact was enough to make his member engorged. It was getting larger in his hand, swelling beyond its human contours to the point it was more like the member he had sucked last night. Derek was sure of what he'd played with now, though was hardly afraid of it, rather enamored with the meat he possessed and powerfully aroused by how much now it was like James's own. And becoming more so by the moment, though in his lustful state, Derek was remiss for not understanding fully what that was to entail. Rather, he was only focused on stroking his member, the scent of his mate in his nose as he continued to play with himself, not caring how loud he was being or if there was anyone else adjacent to that could hear him. Derek simply needed it so badly!

His cock was getting larger all the while, nine inches or more now as he felt its warmth in his hands. His foreskin was pulled down his groin now, skin itching as though more hairs were covering it. It seemed to hitch his cock toward his belly, but that seemed to improve his ability to jerk off, much to Derek's enjoyment. And like the tip of the member he had sucked last night, it seemed to get pointed, leaking furiously and reminding Derek of the taste of cum on his tongue. Oh, fuck...

With that, Derek could not hold back a yell as he came, spraying his load all over his hand, pants, and the carpet of the hotel room. It seemed to take a few extra seconds to cum, leaving him panting and tired but feeling great. His cock was somehow more sensitive than it had been before, and only the memory of the blowjob he'd gotten last night could surpass the sensations he was feeling right now!

The changes to his member were not stop there, even as the last drops of cum were milked from his loins. Of particular note was the bulbous mass at the base, pushing his foreskin sensually drawn down by its girth. Rubbing it made him moan, spurring out another glob of cum as though he still had more to give. It was strange, alien, and yet if it looked anything like the member James possessed, he was all for it!

Unlike James's member the night before, however, his did not revert to a more noticeable human shape. It was a little disturbing to feel it moving within the hairy sheath that had formed, though it was at least flaccid enough that he was able to get his clothes on. Such was a little difficult, be it the extra hair itching over his skin, or the muscle mass he'd put on without realizing it. That, his nails got caught a few times, as though they were a little sharper, more pointed than he was used to without a much-needed trim. Still, he managed, the tight garments accenting his body as he got ready for wherever James called him to go out that night. The anticipation was almost palpable in the air and he waited for the fun he was about tonight.

The buzz of his phone couldn't come fast enough, James telling him to meet at his hotel's lobby for what was to come next. Derek made the joke that it would be him to cum next, to which James responded with suggestive emojis. It was more than he could bear to get in bed with the man, having cleaned himself out earlier in the day in case their fun went in another direction.

Taking one more look in the mirror before he headed out, Derek had to do a double take, almost unfamiliar with the image reflected back at him. His facial hair was thicker, despite having shaved the night before. His canines seemed a little sharper, and sideburns moved up toward his wild hair, something more untamed than what he was used to. And there was a glint in his eyes, like amber flecks that shone as he moved his head around to see himself from every angle. Rather than being disturbed by the sights, however, Derek couldn't deny there was a

certain sexiness about it, hoping that James would feel the same way when it was time for them to meet!

Still, with the excess energy he had, Derek decided to walk to the hotel, the trek taking little time when factoring in the time to wait for a cab. And with how energized he felt, there was every chance he'd make it there faster, walking with a power and stride that he had never known. After all, he was about to get laid with a celebrity, handsome man, and have the fuck of his life. If that wasn't a confidence booster, then he had no idea what would be!

Even as he walked, the strange tingling playing over his body was not to relent, as though the cool evening air was a catalyst. His nose was constantly leaking, something he couldn't stop, as much as he rubbed at it. It was cool and moist, and as he breathed in the night air, the sharp edges of scents came to his awareness, things that he couldn't possibly know but were made aware to him and his nose. Things like fuel exhaust, garbage, and food were at the forefront, all clear in his nose than they had ever been. But even under those scents were other, subtler odors, things like animal's pee, aftershave, and perfumes of people that had passed. Hell, even people's sweat and individual scents that had alluded him all his life were made aware to him. It was almost overwhelming, something he would hone in on if Derek wasn't so fixated on his goal.

That was not the only change to come to his attention as he walked, taking in the scents in his nose and increasing his awareness of the world. His ears, too, were moving back and forth, twitching at the slightest sound and making him hyper-aware. Rather than being scared of the sounds, however, Derek was elated with his strength to the point that errant sounds evoked more curiosity than anything else. Stray animals, the sounds of traffic, of people talking, were of little concern, even if he took them in more acutely than he was accustomed to. All in all, it met his mental image of himself, as a superior being able to take in the world in a super-human method.

In no time at all, Derek had made it to the familiar hotel skyline, moving toward the door and seeing his lover in the lobby, grinning like a fool as he did so. Though his appearance made a few heads turn, James was all smiles as Derek walked toward him, as though he had been expecting the facial alterations and found them alluring. His cock was rubbing against his pants the whole time, the scent of his pre on his nose and making him even more erect. The same was the case with James, Derek able to smell him and his seminal secretions even from a distance. It made Derek horny as hell to the point he was sure he could cum in his pants, though was able to contain himself, at least for now.

Yet, the closer he grew to the man, the smell of him made Derek want to jump him right then and there, not caring about who was around to witness him. A part of him, a fleeting part, was a little afraid of how insistent he was, nearly whining with need as a lump in the back of his

pants started to twitch. His twitching body made him a little nervous, not wanting to scare off his beau but needing to let him know how desperate he was to fuck either way.

“It’s alright,” James said, hugging him and seeming to understand what Derek was going through mentally. It was a little akin to being drunk, like he could barely control himself, and was only able to do so with James’s words. If the man said to fuck him, Derek would have no qualms about doing so right then and there, despite the whole was in the room with them.

For now, all Derek could do was to sniff him, drinking in the potent musk and making his cock leak from the proximity. There was something about his scent that went deeper than even the lust he felt for the man. It was as though his scent was lighting up his nose in a way that was different than all the other people in the lobby around them. It was a pungent scent, one that spoke to the man’s importance, and one he was sure only someone like him could detect, making him feel special in a way that surpassed his previous human experience. He was the only one that mattered because he was the only one that smelled the same as the other man. The only one worthy of being fucked by him, Derek was starting to realize.

James said little, taking the other man’s hand and leading him to a service elevator, one that they had not used to get to the room that James was using last night. Derek was a little confused but trusted the man intrinsically to the point he would follow him anywhere. It seemed the elevator was being taken to some sort of executive suite, and as they waited, Derek stared into James’s eyes, there was a hint of something else there that had him excited and nervous in equal measure. Either way, he was certainly down for some fun tonight, and the wait was almost maddening!

Having never seen the inside of such a room, Derek was almost taken aback, figuring this was something that only people of status could afford. Yet, he hardly had the ability to really give the room a once over with how fixated he was on his man, who was staring at him, grinning and exposing teeth that looked almost like Derek’s own. Derek went to move in for a kiss and that stopped. For a moment, he thought he was imagining things, that the man’s eyes were reflecting in the light in the room. But there was no denying the golden glow in them, how they were changing, turning amber, and giving the man an eerie appearance. One that, with a black nose and spreading beard, almost looked like Derek’s own...

James simply grinned, pointing to a mirror by the door. Derek looked at his reflection again, not prepared for the same amber eyes to be greeting him. He had known about the rest, but those eyes...

“Me, too?” Derek asked, his voice deeper, more guttural as it started to dawn on him what was happening. “What did you do to me?”

“Nothing that wasn’t going to happen eventually. I just sped things up a little. I hope you don’t mind, hun,” James said, by way of explaining. “Only certain people with the right genetics can become, well, what you know as Werewolves. I could smell it on you the moment I met you. It had been a while since I smelled someone who hadn’t been turned yet, and I just couldn’t help myself. It certainly didn’t help that you’re cute as hell,” James said, moving in to kiss the man. Derek reciprocated, not really sure what to make of the man’s words. But there was no denying the lust he felt for the man or the knowledge that their contact was simply *right* in a way that Derek couldn’t deny, consequences be damned.

Pulling back, James proceeded to explain. “Wolves tend to mate for life, even same-sex pairs. It’s an instinct for us as well, and, to be honest, the other band members are mated pairs. I’m the only one without a...well, when I smelled you at the meet and greet, and you wanted to come over, I was kinda hoping-well, I know it’s sudden. And I know I forced it on you earlier, but-”

Derek broke the rant by giving the man another kiss on the lips, reaching up and rubbing his back, which was decidedly hairier than before. In truth, he was taken aback by everything, not really sure what to think. He didn’t know he carried a gene for...Lycanthropy? Was that right? Would he have changed regardless? He was certainly changing now and likely had some alterations to go before before it was finished.

In truth, he was conflicted over the whole thing, having been essentially forced into the scenario without knowing. Still, he’d always had a crush on the man, and nothing that had been done to him changed that. The whole mating-for-life thing was a little sudden, but there was no denying how much he at least wanted to get to know the man. And for tonight, he needed more than anything to get to know him intimately...

As the two of them continued to make out, eyes closed, Derek could feel his jaw starting to crack and pop, pushing outward against James’s own. What should have been painfully felt rather pleasant to the point of almost making him cream a load in his pants. Derek took James’s words to heart, however, about being able to cum multiple times a night. So he allowed himself to get into the kiss, not caring how horny the act was making him or how hard it was to hold back. The change, rather than being painful, was surprisingly pleasurable to the point Derek wished he had known he was a werewolf sooner!

As the two of them made out, Derek could feel an inhuman tongue pushing against his own, one that was more canine and Derek was used to. Rather than being disgusted, Derek was elated to feel his own tongue getting longer, panting and huffing and wrapping his own tongue against the one inside of his growing muzzle. The two morphing canines French kissed each

other, their muzzles getting longer and allowing Derek an increased olfactory capacity as he drank in his new mate's muck. If he had any reservations about making his man his mate, possibly for a long time, then they were removed by the simple scent of him, enough that he was mad with the need to cum and smells his mate's own seed!

Pulling back a little, James started to lick his now mate's muzzle a little, encouraging more fur to cover what was once a human beard. The fur was spreading over his muzzle, cheeks, and sideburns now, and even his human hair was starting to convert into the shaggy mane of a werewolf. Fur was growing down his neck now, making him itch in his clothes as his body hair continued to convert into fur before more lupine fur burst forth from the skin. It was getting to the point that Derek found himself whining his irritation, James chuckling as he reached down and pulled up Derek's shirt, taking it off and releasing more of his potent musk into the air, and raising their lust to new heights. It was all Derek could do not to beg James to fuck him right then and there!

Eventually, both men pulled off their pants and underwear, exposing erections that were thick and lupine. Derek's hadn't changed much from what he'd masturbated earlier, though it was obvious it was already in its canine state, over ten inches long, and hardly to stay confined within his pants. He was still in time to watch James's cock altering as it had the night before, growing larger as a sheath peeled down from the skin and the entire shaft started to redden. Its pointed tip was leaking like a facet, and the knot at the base was swollen to the size that Derek was sure he couldn't take such a thing inside of him. But damn, did he want to try!

Moving in for another kiss, James reached down and took both massive cocks in his hands, a little larger than what he could manage comfortably, but he seemed to want to try. His grip was firm with the pads that had grown from them, and he rubbed both rods together, using their fluids as lube while working them up and down. Derek growled a canine cadence as he was stroked off, feeling his end coming near already from the pent-up lust. He allowed it to happen, feeling his own knot swelling to the point that it would take only moments for him to release his load. And knowing they were not to be finished for the night, he was eager to let it happen, wanting to let the beast out in more ways than one!

Thankful his clothes had already been removed, Derek could feel his body continuing to grow, swelling with mass and muscle. The hair over his body continued to thicken, giving him a brown and gray coat the look of a natural-born wolf as best he could perceive. He wanted to rub at it, finding it irritating for it to itch against his skin. He was sweating profusely from the heat generated between their gyrating bodies, though it seemed his skin could not produce anymore, given his more canine heritage. It was uncomfortable against the growing fur, though the stench wafting into his canine nose burned into his mind to the point he could no longer hold back his



load, and he didn't want to with how close he was to the edge and how much he desperately needed release.

“ARRROOOOWWWW!” Derek cried out, ignorant of his surroundings as he howled like the wolf he was. With that, an eruption of semen blew from his cock, coating both their chests and belly as James, too, came and howled in unison. Derek might have been worried about being heard, but they were in an executive suite, one on its own floor, and able to hide their howls so the two of them could act the wolves they were becoming.

Coming down from their release, Derek couldn't help but notice that his cock was hardly retreating, rather eager for more sex, given he had a male to mate with. James, too, was erect and reach, fur glistening with trails of cum as he moved to kiss the man once more, Derek eager for the contact. This time, their cock bobbed against each other naturally as James held him up a little knowing what was to happen. Derek was thankful for the contact, feeling his heels stretching and bulking up with muscles as his calves shortened and his thighs expanded. It was a little difficult to balance on his feet, though as the bases expanded, claws growing from the toenails, and the toes themselves pulling into stubby nubs, he was able to manage a more digitigrade stance. As though returning the favor, Derek held James as he underwent the same alterations, his feet undergoing the transition more fluidly from the experience he had as a werewolf. Something that impressed the man to no end!

It was now just dawning on Derek that he was a werewolf, was almost fully shifted into one. Far from being painful, the change felt natural, and sensual, though part of that might have been the encouragement he got from his lupine lover. Derek was thankful for it, wanting to give back to the man that had not only chosen him as a mate but made the transition so sensual and delightful. And having anal in the back of his mind, Derek got down on the bed, reaching back and spreading his ass cheeks with the wolf's inspection. He wanted nothing more than to take the wolf's cock inside him, having experience with anal before. Though perhaps not with the size of the knot at the base of James's!

Yet, he was a little surprised not to feel the wolf's cock in his bowels, but his tongue instead. Derek was thankful he'd cleaned himself properly, though was hardly able to think of such with the sheer pleasure he felt from the wolf's careful tongue, rimming and licking and getting in there in a way that made Derek whine his lust. It was almost more than he could bear being licked and goosed, James sniffing audibly as his nose drank down scents that Derek could only imagine were wafting from his canine body. Canine sex had risen his anticipation to new heights, and it was only to get better from there.

The sound of the opening door was enough for his ears to move in that direction in reflex. It was the other four men, laughing and talking and getting handsy with each other. It was

obvious the whole band were werewolves, their scents glowing up to his nose as much as James's own. It was obvious they were paired off, though Derek had a hard time figuring out who was who as they started to change, tearing off their clothes as fur started to poke through the rips and muscles expanded against the fragments. Their noses worked overtime, drinking in the musk from Derek and James and ripping off their pants to exposure throbbing lupine erections. Yet, as much as Derek's human self would have been shamed about being walked in on in the midst of carnal lust, the wolf he was wanted nothing more than to have an orgy, the scents of wolf musk burning into his nose to the point he could barely stand it!

As though reading his mind, James started to rut into him, pushing his knot against Derek's backdoor and scratching down his back, making the newly minted werewolf growl from the pain. Yet, for werewolves, Derek was soon to find out that pain was a pleasure, the wounds healing immediately and leaving a warm tingling that severed to accentuate the ache in his asshole from being taken with a cock too large for him. The sex soon became his entire world, Derek barely able to comprehend the sights and scents of the other men turning into their lycan forms, baring down on the duo with interest. Derek was at least thankful that, while they did not use words, they seemed to accept him now, smelling the wolf on him and preparing to mark him as part of their pack. Something Derek could never have imagined experiencing in his wildest dreams. And it was just the beginning...

Only an ache in the back of his spine could draw his attention, something pushing out the back of him and moving of its own accord, as though wagging. With the wolf cock stimulating his bowels, it took Derek a few moments to realize what it was. However, looking back at his lover's own, it seemed he was growing a tail, something no human should have, and reminding Derek that classification no longer applied to him. With that, he wagged it eagerly, allowing each linkage and muscle to grow and feeling it all as it started to brush against the fur of James's muscled belly, making the fully formed wolf growl.

The air was filled with wolf musk and muscles continued to tear at their skin, bulking them up to the point Derek thought it was impossible. As gradual as it was for his first time, the other four wolves to join them seemed fully formed already, taking on the massive muscled forms of the beasts they were down inside. and their presence seemed to accentuate his own lust to the point it was impossible not for him to reach the edge. James was stroking him off expertly underneath, bringing him blessed pleasure as his cock grew beyond its human contours and toward the bestial appendages of his new packmates.

Even the pain of a lupine knot pushing painfully against his insides could not decrease his love of the idea of being a werewolf. It was not just the bond he shared with his celebrity crush, but the raw sexuality that this new form promised him. He felt his body going into orgasm with that, not able to hold back as his rectal muscles were shoved inside for the painful intrusion of

the wolf man's knot. It was a good pain, however, and it caused Derek to howl out his release, cumming all over the bed, and his own insides were filled with hot wolf cum. It was amazing, whiting out his mind, though not enough that his nose didn't pick up the scent of seed being ejaculated from the other wolves, spraying down the pair as though a baptism into their pack as a mates pair.

Even in the afterglow of such amazing sex, there was a part of Derek that felt he wasn't spent. He almost wanted to jerk off again, the stimulation in his bowels against his prostate sublime to the point he could imagine nothing better. Having so much cum in his fur was a little annoying, and he was tempted to lick at it to clean it up. The taste was heavenly, reminiscent of the masculinity each of the band members possessed. It seemed to fuel his already lusty inclinations, wanting to taste their cum from the source as he got off and rutted with his new mate. It was nice to finally be part of the pack, part of the band, and the scents from the other werewolves were all he needed to know that he was finally accepted.

Though it took some time, James finally pulled out of his ass, his knot deflating enough that he was able to exist with a rush of semen. With a thick canine tongue, James sampled his own secretions from Derek's anus, Derek happy he had used a douche on himself before coming over. It was pleasant feeling his anus being cleaned out, the wolf evidently loving the taste of his own cum as he lapped Derek clean. Even as James moved to kiss Derek once more, Derek was not deterred by the taste, loving the sensations and feeling his lust growing to new heights.

Even though he felt submissive to his new lupine lover, the sight of James's exposed ass as he bent over was more than enticing, and Derek couldn't resist shoving his nose up his anus, breathing in the deep of his scent. There was something canine in the action, realizing that more lupine glands had developed on his backside, and the scents of them sent volumes of information through Derek's altered brain. Knowledge of his mate's identity, his health, and other things Derek had no way to identify were made known to him, and Derek sniffed with vigor, drinking in the odors from James's lupine anal glands. It was better than getting to know the man over weeks and months, finding everything about his body with a few deep sniffs. And, best of all, the scents turned him on more than anything had a right to, bringing him forcefully shove his cock within the wolf's rump to claim him as Derek's own.

From the sounds and scents in the too, the other mated pairs had caught their second wind as well, each fully changed and rutting in their partner and fucking away the remnants of human thought. Derek felt it easy to fall into the same pattern, growling and licking at the back of James's neck as he shoved his knot forcefully against James's rectum, seeing entry. It seemed James had more experience with lupine matters, anal muscles giving way and taking the knot within him with ease. Derek growled, giving it all he had and fully engrossing himself in the sensations of being a werewolf. It was far more intimate, far more sensual than any sex had a

right to be. And he was along for the ride as he rutted into mate with gusto, preparing to blow his lupine load.

Despite the fact he had cum already two times that night, the moment his knot sunk home, Derek howled in a true lupine cadence as he creamed his lover's tail hole, spilling his seed and making the other wolf howl his own release. As though his cum was a catalyst, James was able to bring himself to orgasm, spilling his cum onto his paw and growling his release. His rectal clamps worked their way over Derek's knot to the point that they milked Derek dry, Derek holding on as he was drained and finally allowed to think again.

It seemed that the other rutting wolves were done as well, collapsing in a furry heap and moving toward the newly bonded pair, their scents burning into Derek's nose and getting to know them in the way only wolves could. And he would take the time to study their scents and their bodies in both human and werewolf forms. But for now, he was focused on the wolf wrapped around his cock, nuzzling and licking him and prompting him to reach back and do the same, obviously caring about him beyond the simple mating act. There was so much he wanted to ask, so much he wanted to know. But there would be time for that later, basking in the afterglow of a werewolf orgy the likes of which surpassed Derek's wildest dreams.

With that, the two of them kissed, a little awkwardly with their muzzles as their furry bodies sank into each other, and those of the furry bodies of the other former singers, now lupine beasts. Though Derek was inclined to cuddle the man before him, it was nice with the scents of cum and musk rolling off the bodies of the others, no less pack mates in their own right. Still, there was a sense of belonging that came with being with James, as though they were a mated pair, and that seemed to settle well into Derek's mind as fatigue from the change started to take him over.

A fading thought in his sleepy mind found himself wondering what his future would be like now as a wolf. It was more than likely the source of the band's singing voices, and Derek was curious if he had been gifted the same vocal talents. Perhaps the back would turn into a six-man line-up, but even that was wishful thinking, given the newest of his circumstances. In the end, he decided it simply didn't matter. He was willing to go with where things took him with his new life, his new future, and most of all, his new packmates...