

Aiden sighed quietly to himself, as the last of the rush crowd finally headed out the door. He was finally allowed to catch his breath for the first time since his shift started four hours ago. He was already overworked enough as it was, and he didn't need this kind of shit in his life. Muddling his way through his section, he made sure it was ready for the next inevitable wave of greedy customers. Fuck, he hated this job, one that demanded so much of his time and energy: just to barely pay the bills. He dreaded going to work every day to this understaffed, underpaid retail job he'd had going on two years now. Was this what his life was to be like? Aiden shuddered at the notion.

Subconsciously, Aiden began stroking at the amulet he'd worn under his work uniform; something he'd found online that had simply caught his eye. It was a relatively basic design with a wolf carved into the center, though a bit unique in the wolf's massive proportions, compared to the background. He'd felt a certain attraction to it from the moment he'd laid eyes on it, and he had to have it. Despite knowing it was against his company's dress code to wear it at work, he kept it under his shirt so his bosses wouldn't see.

He sighed softly to himself, as another customer walked in, a young skinny guy in his mid-20's. Aiden went to welcome him, when something about the man caught his eye. The guy looked...kinda...wow. Aiden shook his head a few times, trying not to stare as the guy ignored him and went about perusing the store, bending down to check out some items on a lower shelf. Despite himself, Aiden couldn't help but stare at the guy's bottom. Fuck, he had a nice ass!

Aiden forced himself to look away and berated himself for thinking that way, disturbed by the foreign thoughts invading his mind. Why was he so enamored with a guy? He'd never been attracted to other men before, never had any gay thoughts or desires. But something about this guy made him take a second glance. Well, a third or fourth at this point. Especially embarrassing was when he realized he'd sported a rather noticeable boner in his work pants!

'Shit not here!' He thought to himself, pressing his body against the counter. Thankfully he was the only one on cash after the rush so no one could see him from this side. However, to his dismay, the cute guy had gotten up and was making his way to the counter with his purchases. Fuck! Try as he might, Aiden could simply not will his boner down. What the fuck was wrong with him? He'd never been horny for a guy before in his life, so why was this happening now?

It took Aiden every ounce of strength not to touch himself, as the guy walked up to the counter and set his stuff on it to be scanned. Aiden tried not to look at the lithe athletic body that was driving him mad. The guy even *smelled* good, the natural odor he was producing from the warm day driving Aiden to new heights of arousal. It was all he could do not to jump the guy

right there! He could never do that, he'd die of embarrassment if the guy rejected him. But the urges from his body were undeniable. What the fuck was wrong with him?

Aiden slowly, carefully scanned each item, worried that any stray motion might trigger the need in his groin. He was sweating, and he was certain the guy had noticed that something was amiss. Still, he had to get the items scanned so that the guy would leave, then maybe get to the bathroom 'til his 'little' problem subsided. But everything about the other man's presence was powerfully arousing, and it took every ounce of willpower to stop from cumming right there.

'One step at a time', he told himself as he scanned each item, reflexively asking the young man if he needed a bag, and how he would be paying. He just needed to complete the transaction, and no one needed to be the wiser about his raging boner. He dimly heard the man say debit, and Aiden hit the corresponding buttons on his till. Almost done, then he could go somewhere no one would see...

Aiden reached over the counter to pass the man the debit machine when his worst fears were realized. He felt his cock tip, already straining against the fabric of his undies, touch lightly against the underside of the counter. He had been so pent up, so powerfully aroused by the sight and scent of the other man, that even the slightest contact was all it took to send him over the edge. He scraped every ounce of willpower to stop the process, but the tension in his balls was too great, and he couldn't hold back as his cock sent him over the edge, towards orgasm.

Aiden gasped and moaned as his cock shot load after thick load of creamy cum into his underwear. He tried to stifle his pleasure but was unable as his body rocked back and forth from the orgasmic release. He knew he was being watched, that the hot guy could see him. He knew the cameras could see him jerking and moaning, spasming as his cock shot load after thick load into his previously clean briefs. It was an impossible amount of jism; Aiden had never cum this hard in his life. His cock head, his shaft, and even his balls were covered in the sticky substance as still, he shot out more. He could even fucking smell it now!

"What the...the fuck's wrong with you, dude!" The guy yelled, throwing his stuff on the counter and running out the door. Aiden couldn't respond, still caught in the throes of orgasm as his cock pumped spurt after spurt of cum into his already sopping undies. He shivered and shook as his cock finally died down, yet still, his erection persisted somewhat, as though he had not entirely emptied his balls, impossible as that was.

As he came down from the orgasmic release the realization of what he had done hit him like a ton of bricks. Aiden almost started crying right there. The entire interaction was on camera; he was going to have to hear about it from his bosses! And his pants were completely

stained with cum! He'd shot a far larger load than he ever had in his life, far more than he'd ever thought he was capable of.

Making his way towards the bathroom, Aiden waddled awkwardly from the sheer quantity of cum that was oozing out of his briefs, between his legs, and onto his work pants. It was like a walk of shame, moving across the store towards the employee restrooms. He didn't even bother looking for a coworker to tell him he was going to the bathroom; anyone who saw him would know his shame, and he couldn't bear the thought of anyone seeing him like this. He would get in shit for it later, but there wasn't much choice given the bizarre circumstance.

Lucky for Aiden, the path to the employee restrooms was clear. He quickly closed the door behind him, locking it to make sure he'd remain undisturbed. He took off his pants, the putrid stench of his cum reeking in his nostrils. There had been so much sticky seed that it still wasn't dry, leaving him a little chaffed from walking so far in the damp clothing. He threw them off, upset at himself that he didn't have a change of clothes in his locker.

A quick glance in the mirror showed that his tired eyes gleaming with a hint of something that wasn't there before. Were his eyes a different color? The need to touch himself and cum again was present in his mind, and Aiden had to push down the urges to take stock of his body.

More than just his eyes, a more thorough examination revealed more subtle changes. His body was hairy, much more so than usual. Aiden pulled up his shirt to stare at a thick gray treasure trail that had formed over his once mostly hairless chest. Rubbing the hair, he discovered that the texture felt...strange. It felt too thick, almost soft, and, as he looked, he realized he could hardly see the skin underneath the hairs in some places.

That was hardly the worst of it. His hands seemed somehow larger, his palms darker with coarse skin. His nails looked a little longer, maybe sharper though it was hard to say. And the hairs on the backs of his hands were thicker as well, a distinct gray shade matching his chest hairs that disturbed him.

A closer examination of his face revealed changes that were subtle but present, enough to make Aiden more than a little concerned. His nose was a bit darker than he'd expected, his cheeks a bit puffier. And were his teeth maybe longer? Aiden blinked, noticing once again the golden flecks in his eyes. Twitching in his facial muscles made him aware of the location of his ears, how they were a little higher up on his head than he could recall.

A knock at the door broke him from his reverie. "Hey Aiden, you in there? Boss wants to see you. Hurry up!" Said the voice of his coworker Greg. 'Oh, shit' Aiden thought to himself,

realizing that his presence would not go missed for very long. Yet he couldn't go out there looking like this!

“Almost done!” He called back, hoping to buy himself some time. He frantically tried to dry his cum soaked undies in the blow dryer but the sheer quantity of seed that he'd blown made the process difficult. He had to look, yet was not aware of how big his cock was now, still semi-erect from the stretch of his own present musk. The tip seemed different, more pointy, and the shaft somewhat redder than before. Aiden even felt something warm pooling around the base, like an extended foreskin, though he was afraid to examine it further.

He'd been in there almost 20 minutes, before he heard Greg knocking again. Shit! He had no change of clothes, and his pants were still damp and reeking of cum. Yet, he could think of no further excuses. He had to get out and face his bosses.

Aiden tried pulling up his undies and pants, noticing for the first time how tight they felt. His ass was massive, waist digging painfully into the elastic of his work pants. He grunted, trying to get his still-erect member in without hurting himself. It was a nearly impossible task, and Aiden struggled all the while hearing the insistent banging at the door. His face blushed in embarrassment from having to awkwardly waddle to the door and unlock it.

Greg started in shock at Aiden's soaked pants, the stretch wafting from the bathroom offputting. His reaction simply made Aiden blush all the more. There was no way the guy didn't realize the pungent aroma coming from the bathroom had been cum, or that Aiden's features had been altering somewhat. How was he supposed to explain himself, when Aiden still had no idea what had happened himself?

Aiden opened his mouth to speak, to say something to defend himself, anything, when the sight of his long-time coworker gave him pause. Greg was handsome, his thin body, bearded face, and fine definition he'd gotten from working out making him visually appealing. He was as sexy a guy as Aiden had ever laid eyes on. How had he never noticed it before? Aiden shook his head, wondering where the intrusive thoughts were coming from. They were the same as the guy from before; it was as if the sight of men, in general, was somehow making him unexplainably hard!

Aiden blushed again, when his changing nose caught the scent of Greg's powerful masculine sweat, and he felt his member raging hard against the frail fabric of his pants. Not again! Aiden moaned a little, as his taut erection sprang to life, rubbing the still-damp area on his undies and sending shivers through his body. He wanted desperately to will his cock down, but the scent of Greg's surprisingly sexy body was just too much for his altered sensibilities.

Greg went to say something, but simply stared dumbfounded at the sight of his coworker sporting a clearly inhuman erection. The sight of the sexy man simply made Aiden drool, and he unconsciously moved his hairy hand towards his groin, his body screaming at him to touch his erection. Aiden closed his eyes, not wanting to see Greg's reaction to what he was about to do.

With trembling hands, Aiden unwittingly reached closer and closer to his cock. It took every ounce of strength he could muster to pull it away. Panting, he rested it on the wall near the bathroom, bracing himself to wait for the sensations from his cock to subside.

But it seemed his cock had other ideas. Even without touching himself Aiden could feel the familiar bunching up in his balls, from the mere contact of the cockhead on his damp pants. Aiden braced himself, the sensation of his pointed cock head against his soaking undies too much for the tension in his straining balls. Aiden could only blush in shame, as torrents and torrents of jism shot from his cock, soaking into the already damp undies.

It was far worse this time. Aiden held himself up on the wall as more, and more cum shot out of his massive dick. His legs wobbled, as his massive balls produced copious quantities of cum for his throbbing member to churn out. He looked up at Greg pleadingly, wanting him to help, but the man's sweaty musk only served to spur on his arousal. Tears streamed down Aiden's face, as he continued to nut in his pants, the thick rank fluid leaking through and onto the floor.

Try as he might, Aiden couldn't stop his intense orgasm, or his feelings of lust for the male form before him. He imagined, for a brief moment, seeing Greg naked, which caused another thick blob of cum to ooze from his cockhead. No! He had to rid his mind of the intrusive thoughts, before he made it worse!

“The fuck is wrong with you man? I'm getting the manager!” Greg yelled and turned away, as Aiden tried to call out to stop him. But, there was nothing he could do in the face of such an extensive orgasm. Aiden came and came, his massive balls churning out blast after blast of thick musky seed, making his body rock in orgasmic release. More seed than his human testicles could ever produce were shooting out of his massive cock like a fire hose, now pooling onto the floor.

At last, it stopped, leaving Aiden a little weak and woozy. He would have collapsed if he could, but another wave of change started rushing over him, invigorating him. The hairs on his body were slowly thickening, and Aiden suddenly noticed how uncomfortably warm he was becoming in the enclosed space. He shook himself out of his daze, realizing he had to get out of here, lest more people see him like this! He knew he'd likely be fired for ditching work, but the

thoughts of embarrassment from confronting his boss with his cum soaked work clothes were too much to bear.

Even as he ran through the store, Aiden could feel the bizarre changes progressing. Of most prominence was how tight his posterior had made his pants, the likely culprit of why he'd nipped so easily in the front of them. His ass was massive! Stranger still, it felt like something was poking out over the fabric of his undies, growing longer and moving on its own, as he made his way out of the store.

Despite that, Aiden kept his eyes down, not wanting to make eye contact or wanting anyone to see him. He was a disheveled mess, his massive ass and cock threatening to tear out of his work pants at any moment. He waddled awkwardly out the door, trying his best to move quickly, but also dealing with the uncomfortable chafing from so much fluid in his pants.

“Hey, are you alright?” A familiar voice called out to him. Aiden wanted to keep running, but he couldn't move fast enough to avoid the source of the voice.

'Oh, shit' He thought, as he recognized the voice coming from his friend Jeremy. This was the worst! He couldn't let anyone he knew see him this way! And, what if he got hard from seeing his friend? An image of his buddy flashed through his mind, and already he could feel a twinge of arousal from his still-erect cock.

Aiden had to stop and brace himself on the side of a building as the scent of his buddy wafted into his nostrils. His cock was straining the already impossibly stretched pants, as his ass grew tighter and tighter. He had no idea how it had managed to remain in his pants thus far, but his waist was painfully stretched from the force of the growth.

Aiden moaned, as the sight of his buddy entered his peripheral. Fuck, Jeremy was hot as hell! Even hotter than the other two guys he'd encountered today. Aiden knew deep down he wasn't gay, that he had to resist, but the scent of his friend was just too much for his enhanced senses. He turned around to look at Jeremy head-on, his eyes glazed over with need, as he drank in the sight of his friend's sexy body and the scent of his masculine perfume.

“Holy fuck!” Jeremy yelled as he saw his buddy's grizzled face, massive ass, and cum-drenched work pants. What the fuck had happened!?

Aiden could only blush as, for the third time that day, he felt his massive cock rise in his moist work clothes. He held his hands to his sides, but he knew that it didn't matter. He could no more stop himself from cumming than he could fight a waterfall barehanded.

Though he could not see it, his cock felt even bigger now in his pants, the shape all wrong. He had a massive bulge pressing against his undies, a flap of bunched-up skin pooling under his shaft coated in his cum, and weighty testicles covered with what he assumed was luscious gray fur. Had Aiden not known any better, he would say the shape matched some beast, rather than a human's phallus!

Even as his orgasm built he could feel himself growing larger, his heavy frame tugging at his shirt and pants. His ass was so big now, he couldn't remove his tight pants even if he'd wanted to. His body was so hot, so furry as his muscles bulged and shifted under the meddlesome human trappings. He would be better off without them, so that the sexy man before him could see his glorious masculinity...

"Please...fuck...go...I can't...ahhh!" Aiden called as his balls bunched up, threatening to send him into orgasm once more any second. He fell over on all fours, as his massive cock rubbed the withering fabric, sending shock waves through his body. Oh, fuck...why was he so horny...why did he need it so bad...?

Aiden growled, as his cock shot load after load onto the ground, the fluid being forced out through the rips and tears in his pants from his growing frame. His pants couldn't hold the sheer amount of cum his thick bestial balls were producing! He grunted and panted, as his orgasm persisted far longer than the human part of him had ever known, nearly collapsing from the sheer force of ecstasy.

Jeremy, startled as he was by the sight, reached down to help his friend, to pull out his phone and call for help, to do *something*! He couldn't believe this was his friend of four years, moaning and cumming on all fours like a beast.

Aiden looked up at his friend, a pitiful expression in his golden eyes. He longed to be away from here, free from the shame of acting like a damn animal in front of his friend. He couldn't bear to have Jeremy see him like this. He got to his feet and ran, not caring where, just *away* from here, away from the guilt and the shame and the judging human eyes.

Aiden ran and ran, ignoring the stares from any people that might have spotted him. The scents of nature in his nose led him closer and closer to freedom, knowing he had to get away from human odors, lest he shamed himself further in front of his betters. He got to the treeline, not stopping till he came across a field, one that lacked even recent human scents, perfect for a beast like he was becoming. Finally collapsing onto the ground, huffing and panting, Aiden's soggy pants felt like lead weights and had been making the run a struggle. Yet he had been filled

with a certain energy, a powerful desire to run out into the wilderness and be free. It was a bestial impulse, though one that sat better with his current proclivities, as he continued to change.

Finally, Aiden had the chance to look down at the latest alterations to his form. His hands were thick and furry now, his fingers shortened and awkward. His thumbs were seated high up on his wrists and he sported nasty-looking sets of claws on either hand. They were twice the size his human ones had been, and still growing, if the aches and pains were any indications. Given the rest of the changes to Aiden's form, he was almost unsurprised at their paw-like appearance.

The changes raced forward now, either because he was in the woods, or had accepted his fate Aiden wasn't sure. Regardless, he could feel his shoulders rotating forwards, as his back and legs hunched, making it more comfortable to sit close to the ground. He could see his nose in front of his face now, could feel his massive jaws and pointy ears, as his changes slowly crawled onwards. He really was turning into a beast, an animal!

His thoughts turned to Jeremy, to Greg, to all the men that he'd seen that day. Their muscled bodies, the way they smelled, their thick cocks hidden under tight briefs. It would be so easy for his new jaws to tear off their clothes and lick the succulent cocks underneath, spurring them on until the men would have no choice, but to give in and fuck his bestial form...

Lost in beastly thoughts, Aiden hardly realized his cock was hard once more from his inhuman stamina. He wanted to fight, not to give in to the homosexual thoughts that had played over his mind all day. But deep down he knew there was no point. The beast he was becoming had won, and it seemed to feed on thoughts of the male form to fuel its amorous lusts.

Aiden moaned as his large cock head once again pressed against the damp undies that had somehow still survived the changes, spurring on his arousal. Unable to touch himself now, he was thankful for their presence to stimulate his cock. His ass was so painfully tight in his pants now, his widening hips and protruding pucker pressing against the frail fabric, as his new tail swished over them. He felt his whole rump widening significantly, far larger than a human, larger still than even a horse's ass, as it swelled up with muscle. Yet, somehow, the desecrated pants still clung on stubbornly, a testament to his workplace's craftsmanship, he assumed.

Aiden whined a little, as his ass started slowly tearing apart the weakened material, freeing more of his masculine stench into the air and causing his cock to throb in response. He had no idea how being confined in such frail things could be so erotic, but the thought of finally freeing his massive ass was powerfully arousing!

It was clear the changes were accelerating, as he felt his back lengthening and pressing against the tight pants. His hands were nearly paws now, more easily able to support his massive build, as his ass ballooned outwards from the shifting of his hips into a more feral stance. Similar feet paws were ripping out of his shoes, breathing in the evening air, as his large toe rotated into its canine position, and his thick paw pads dug into the earth to brace himself. His shirt was tearing at the seams, as his shoulders rotated forward, his chest barreling out, as his stomach flattened and his body put on hundreds of pounds of muscle. The size and shape reminded him of the massive direwolf on the amulet that still clung to his neck. That must be the form he was slowly acquiring!

A distinctive rip rang through pointed ears, as the stubborn pants and underwear finally started to give under the force of his massive ass. Aiden pushed back against it, straining his hips to be free from the meddlesome fibers. Every push tore a little more of the fabric away, bringing him closer to the freedom he so desired. Every tear sent another shiver through his cock, as the thought of ripping them apart spurred on his arousal. His cock was massive now, Tugging apart his undies, far larger than anything a human could support. It nearly reminded him of the girth of a horse's penis, though the shape was clearly lupine.

Aiden cried out with an inhuman howl, as his pants started to tear, sounding their death cry against the force of his massive hindquarters. He shuddered and grew, as the rips increased in tempo. His fluffy butt was finally visible, as with a resounding *rip* his pants tore down the middle and the elastic of his work pants and undies finally gave. The relief nearly made him cum right then and there, as his tattered pants hung around him like weak rags. He panted, humping at the remains that still clung stubbornly to his frame, craving the final release that would signal his baptism into lupine form!

He couldn't fight it anymore, not the changes, not the need to cum. From the way his massive horse-sized dick was rutting against the sopping remnants of his undies and pants, he was not going to last long. All the memories and scents of sexy men flooded his mind as his balls churned a final time, bringing him the true release he'd been secretly craving all day.

“AAARRRRRRROOOOOWWWWW!”

Aiden howled in release, as his horse-sized wolf cock shot load after load of heavy spunk all over the ground, the heavy seed marking the territory as his, a sign for any male that wished to meet with him and mate. The orgasmic sensations rocked his entire body as still, he came, a puddle forming underneath him that even touched his paws as his balls emptied an impossible quantity of seed.

Afterward, Aiden shook himself a few times, trying to get off the last human rags still clinging to him. Free of the clothes, the last vestiges of changes began to wash over him, as his face shoved out into a full muzzle, his tail wagged as it reached its final length, fur replaced every inch of bare human skin, and his massive lupine balls hung heavily under his thick frame. He was a proud beast, far larger than any natural wolf, and he reveled in the power his masculine form afforded him.

The only thing that remained attached to his wolfish visage was the amulet that still hung around his furred neck. It felt rather comfortable on his frame like it belonged there. A moment of contemplation left him wondering if it was the cause of his change. He wondered if he removed it if he would revert to the human form he'd worn for all his 30 years. Yet he was not ready to try, not yet. After a little run, maybe. Aiden took off, running into the oncoming night, enjoying the freedom from embarrassment and shame for the first time in his life.

Sometime later, Jeremy came upon the torn clothing in the clearing, still damp and reeking of cum. Did these belong to Aiden? From what he could tell, it was, in fact, a work uniform from Aiden's job. He wanted to pick them up, but the reek of cum was off-putting to his nose. What had happened to his buddy?

Jeremy figured he should head back, call the police and start a search, but he had no idea what to tell them. What would they think if he told them he thought his friend had run into the woods to turn into a fucking animal?

As Jeremy walked out of the woods, he noticed something glistening in the moonlight. Picking it up, he realized it looked like some sort of chain with a tooth at the end. Maybe the tooth of some sort of big cat, but he had no way to be certain. It probably belonged to someone. He went to put it in his pocket, and turn it in at a local lost-and-found when something stopped him. Instead, he fashioned the chain around his neck, as he walked out of the woods, hardly noticing the feeling of something poking out above his ass, swaying back and forth as he walked...