

Bored out of his mind, Miguel pulled out his phone for what felt like the twentieth time that day, anything to stay awake during the lecture. Anatomy was all memorization, so why did it matter if he understood the systems when he would have to learn them all on his own time anyway? Why was he wasting time in the lecture hall, other than for the 5% it would add to his final total for perfect attendance?

It was then that he noticed a text from his best friend Shane, one which made him a little confused. Shane wasn't the greatest conversationalist when it came to text, but he at least usually said enough to make sense. This time that was not the case. All it read was, "Meet me after class. I've got something to tell you." Miguel asked him a few times what was up, but there was no response. The checkmark on the phone showed that Shane was getting the texts but was clearly not replying. What the hell was he on about? Miguel couldn't hope to pay attention to the lecture now, not with how worried he was about the mysterious text.

Shane was waiting for him in the parking lot when class ended, and Miguel got into his car before they drove to Miguel's place. Shane was specifically vague, saying that it was better to wait for them to get to Miguel's place before he told him, and left it there. Other than shooting the shit about classes, music, and upcoming movies they wanted to see, Miguel was left wondering what was coming as soon as they were back at his house. It left him with more than a little trepidation as Shane parked the car and the two made their way inside.

Offering Shane a soda, Miguel found himself giving his buddy a once-over, not something that he shied away from. At 19, having gotten into college on a sports scholarship, Shane had the body of a jock. He was 6'1", decently toned and muscular, with quaffed black hair, and was a little on the hairier side with his dark stubble beard. Miguel had a little crush on him for the longest time, and Shane was bi as much as Miguel was aware. Hell, if he asked, there was every chance that Shane would at least be down for some fun, maybe see where things went. But, shy as he was, Miguel had no ability to make a move on his much more extroverted friend.

"Hey, are your parents home?" Shane suddenly asked, putting the empty can down on the kitchen island. Miguel shook his head, wondering why he would ask that after not hearing anyone else for the last ten minutes since they had got in. Surely, he could tell they were alone, right? In fact, Miguel's parents would be out late, both of their jobs requiring long hours. Surely, Shane didn't have sights on his parent's liquor cabinet, having driven here and unable to stay the night. So, then why did it matter if they were alone...?

"I'm sorry man, I just can't hold it back anymore. What I'm feeling. I hope...ah, fuck it!" Shane said, moving toward Miguel before taking him in a quick kiss. Miguel felt his heart leap at the contact, though was still unsure what was going on. His friend's sweet breath was on his lips,

and Miguel was tasting it eagerly, getting into the sensations. Though the contact was a surprise, it certainly wasn't unwelcome, and Miguel closed his eyes, allowing himself to get into it. He'd fantasized this very moment countless times before, and having it happen for the first time in real life was more than he could bear!

Breaking the kiss, Shane looked down at Miguel's smaller body: 5'10", with a much leaner frame and barely any body hair. Miguel wasn't sure why his friend was so enamored by someone of his body type, but he wasn't complaining, and it wouldn't be the oddest thing to happen. Still, even though he was generally timid and introverted, he wasn't going to let this chance go by, especially with how damn *hard* it was making him!

This time, it was Miguel to get into the kiss, going in for it without saying another word. Shane seemed almost as stunned as Miguel had been when Miguel made the next move but was just as eager to continue their passionate embrace. The warmth of his friend's skin, the taste of his lips, and the electricity running between them were more than he could bear. Eyes closed, he savored every taste, every sensation, feeling his turgid girth rising under his pants, soon to the point of aching.

Still, Miguel took his time, running his hands up his friend's back, and teasing under his shirt a little, just enough to let Shane know that he wasn't a prude. They had all evening to have some fun, after all, and there was no doubt in his mind where Miguel saw the night going, so long as Shane was down for it, too! There was no reason to hold back, not with how well they knew each other and how eager Miguel felt for some sex with his buddy!

Shane, too, reached down and ran his hands up Miguel's shirt, teasing his belly and making Miguel a little self-conscious. He almost wanted to pull back, not having the muscled tone of his friend and would-be lover. But, for Shane's part, he didn't seem to mind playing over Miguel's average frame, and the generous exploration kept him running over Shane's impressive back, loving how broad it was, and not minding the surprisingly furry skin. Miguel loved the sensation of Shane's hands on his bare skin, unable to stifle a moan but not caring in the heat of the moment.

Though, it was Shane that broke the kiss first, however, still keeping his hands under his lover's shirt. Tugging it off, Miguel allowed himself to be shirtless in front of his friend, something that was not abnormal for the pair of them. Yet, the obvious bulge in his pants was something that Shane had never seen, even with all the times that Miguel found himself staring at his friend. Now, as he pulled back, he was elated to see the same bulge in Shane's jeans, an impressive one that made him drool!

Miguel returned the gesture, pulling off Shane's shirt as the two of them went back into their embrace. Now their hands explored their warm bodies, Miguel's tracing over the sculpted perfection of his friend's. It was a little surprising to feel the slight bit of stubble, as though his friend was rather hairy. He must have shaved rather frequently as the area that Miguel felt was a little hairy was rather expansive. That, and his back had a rather thick pelt, almost bear-like if Miguel could quantify it as such. Still, it didn't matter, Miguel was excited to play over his lover's body, no matter how it felt. It was simply exciting to be playing with his crush in such a manner!

Shane, it seemed, was having as much fun playing over Miguel's body as much as Miguel was enjoying his own. Miguel allowed himself to get into it, enjoying the fact that Shane eagerly seemed to be into him. It wasn't every day that you found out your crush was into you, after all! Their lips kept contact all the while, Miguel keeping his eyes closed and enjoying the moment, not wanting it to end yet desperate for the next thing that Shane had in mind. It was part of his fantasy to allow Shane to do with him as he would, and Miguel was powerfully turned on by being taken in such a fashion.

Still, Miguel was almost surprised when the sensation of a large hand on his bulge made him moan into his lover's mouth. The pressure on his cock made him leak a burble of precum into his underwear, though Miguel was hardly in a position to care about making a mess. He instead ground his hips against his friend's hand, leaking more and grunting in desperation. Though he was hardly a virgin, it had been some months since he'd been with a man, and it was exciting to be physically intimate with someone, let alone his best friend and crush.

Not wanting to let the other man down, Miguel just as eagerly reached out and traced the bulge that his buddy was packing. It was an impressive package, as befit a man of Shane's stature. Though Miguel was hardly a slouch in that department either, he was still impressed at the size of the snake in Shane's pants. The texture of it was sublime, as was the moan that came from Shane's lips from the contact. The two of them started a rhythm, playing over their rods and making out with intensity. There was a fire between them, one built from repression and pent-up lust. Though it was hardly the first make-out session that the two of them experienced with other people, it was certainly the best, neither having been with a more eager and skilled partner!

A little too soon for Miguel's preference, Shane broke the kiss, looking at his friend with lust and excitement in his eyes. "Want to take this to the bedroom?" Shane asked, as though not knowing the answer. Miguel had no other response than to kiss his friend quickly, and taking his hand, led him toward his bedroom. Though the two of them had been alone in the room multiple times, never before had Miguel thought they would ever have fun in there. Though, with the prospect at hand, Miguel couldn't imagine wanting anything more!

As with his fantasy, Miguel guided Shane onto the bed, and pulled down his zipper, allowing Shane the chance to pull out his cock. The sight of the uncut head, foreskin wrapped about it, made Miguel almost drool. It was definitely the largest cock that he had ever sucked, and Miguel was eager to taste it, especially since his lover was already leaking copious fluids. Without missing a beat, Miguel dove on his friend's nob, licking the precum before lowering his lips over the tip. Though experienced, Miguel was still impressed with the size of his friend's meat, and the difficulty that he had to really get down on it. However, Miguel was eager to step up to the challenge and managed to get down about halfway, making his way into a rhythm, sucking with enthusiasm, and eager to please his friend.

“Oh fuck, you're amazing at this...just like I imagined...” Shane moaned, putting his hands gently on Miguel's head as Miguel continued to bob up and down. The words of encouragement could not have been better, imagining that Shane had the same fantasies that he shared. It was more than he could have hoped for, and Miguel was determined to make sure that it was the best first time for the two of them that it possibly could be!

Though the ache in his jaw was starting to become troublesome, Miguel kept up the tempo as best he could, wanting to show his friend how determined he was. Though, eventually, he did stop, but not for lack of ability. Rather, he wanted to go all the way the first time, as much as tasting his buddy's load appealed to him. He didn't want his friend to waste it on his mouth when Shane could unload in his ass!

“Wanna fuck me?” Miguel asked as soon as he caught his breath after pulling up off Shane's rod. The quiver in his friend's legs was all Miguel needed to know that Shane was up for the task, and Miguel was eager to take him. It would be a tight fit, but Miguel loved anal and had some experience bottoming. Going all the way for the first time was a little pretentious, but as the two of them were both guys, and had known each other for some time, there was really no reason to hold back, knowing each other's sexual habits and safety well.

“I would love that,” Shane said, giving Miguel another deep kiss. Miguel was aware from their many drinking nights that Shane had some experience being inside of men as well, so he wasn't worried about asking. Shane was a self-described skilled top, eager to dom for any of the guys he had been with. And Miguel was just as eager to take his friend inside of him and get the ever-so-coveted prostate stimulation.

Miguel got up on the bed, and Shane put his hands on Miguel's hips, guiding him to stay on his hands and knees to be taken doggy style. That suited Miguel just fine, and he took off his pants and underwear, getting himself ready. “I've got lube and condoms in the drawer by the bed,” Miguel offered. He immediately heard the drawer open, and Shane rummaged through it before clicking open the container of lube and rubbing some on his hand. Miguel moaned as

Shane generously applied the fluid to his anus, making him shiver in anticipation. He even went as far as to stick a finger in, and then two, getting his buddy ready for the eventual penetration. Miguel couldn't wait to get fucked by his best friend! His cock was impossibly hard at the idea, and it was all he could do not to stroke himself off at the anticipation alone.

Still, Miguel was a little surprised to feel his friend's cock pushed in a little forcefully, the head popping up and making Miguel grunt. Stranger still was the sensation of the bare skin of Shane's cock pushing in, something that made Miguel want to protest. He usually preferred to keep on the safe side, and he didn't have the time to clean himself out properly. However, he kept his thoughts to himself on that matter, not wanting to ruin the moment and figuring if Shane was OK with it, then he could get over it, too. Besides, he was sure that Shane usually kept up safe practices, the two of them always talking openly about getting tested.

Miguel let himself get into the fucking, loving the sensation of being filled and fucked, bracing himself on the bed and getting into the rhythm. "Oh yes...fuck me Shane...make me yours..." Miguel muttered, and one of Shane's hands slapped his buddy's ass, making Miguel shiver with pleasure. It was a little rough, but Miguel was okay with it. Best was the grip on his penis as Shane stroked him off, tugging him in tandem with his thrusts. It was everything Miguel could have hoped for and more, and he was starting to feel his release build eagerly. It was far from romantic, though there was something exhilarating about the rough sex that made him delighted.

Yet, as he was fucked, Miguel thought there was something else a little off. Shane wasn't talking, save for some beastly grunts and even drool that fell on Miguel's back. He was gripping him a little hard, holding his cock too tightly, and making Miguel cry out at one point. The constant ache was almost lowering his arousal, and Miguel gasped at another slap against his ass, one that came with the sharp sting of nails across flesh. Still, Miguel barred it, timid as he was and desperate for his lover to be fulfilled. He hadn't known Shane was into rough sex and wouldn't have expected it to be *this* rough!

Shane, for his part, was all instinct as he rutted in his friend, jerking off Miguel in tandem with his thrusts. It was as though something was compelling him to fuck, to rut like a beast, not making love like he normally would with his crush. It was almost as though something genetic was compelling him to take his friend, his mate by force. It didn't occur to him in the slightest that Miguel wasn't loving it as much as he was. After all, Miguel wasn't asking him to stop, right?

"Oh Fuck! Miguel!" Shane called out, feeling the tightness in his friend's ass bringing him to the precipice of release. Normally, he would have tried to hold out, to bring his lover with him. It was as though something in the air seemed to spur him on to be so rough. It was

impossible for him to hold back as he cried out, thick spurts of cum filling Miguel's bowel and making him cry out. His cock rocked against his friend's insides as he held himself in there, making sure not a drop of semen leaked from his friend's bowels.

Even through the aches from the rough fucking, knowing that he had brought his lover to completion was enough to bring Miguel close to the edge as well. It was becoming harder and harder to hold back against the onslaught, and Miguel closed his eyes, ignoring the aches as he felt his release. "Shane, don't stop...I'm gonna...uggggg!" Miguel cried out as his cock spasmed and he shot his own modest bolt onto the bed and his friend's hand. Shane, for his part, had the stamina to keep his cock inside of him, which was welcome in helping him finish. The prostate stimulation was sublime, making Miguel joyous that he had been able to partake in such fulfilling sex.

After getting cleaned up, the pair snuggled for a bit, spent and eager to enjoy each other's bodies in a more casual setting. "Fuck, that was so good dude," Shane commented, and Miguel reached up to give him a quick kiss. He wasn't sure if it would be inappropriate to do so, not really knowing where their newfound discovery of each other was going. Still, it felt right in the moment, and Shane wasn't complaining, getting into it as much as Miguel was. And Shane's body was nice and snuggly, making Miguel comfortable with the notion of emotional intimacy as much as the physical side. Having this experience with his crush was so rewarding, that Miguel felt nearly as giddy as he had his first time.

Not wanting to ruin the moment, Miguel put off asking the question that was really on his mind. What came next? They had some fun, sure, and it was likely that Shane would be up for some more in the near future. They spent so much time together even without the sex that it would make things comfortable in a relationship. But what if it didn't work out? Miguel didn't want to ruin their friendship. And did Shane even want to put a label on things? The question of what his friend was thinking was almost maddening!

"What's on your mind?" Shane asked, seeing the contemplation on his buddy's face.

Miguel decided to bite the bullet. "Where do we go from here? I'm not sure what's best but...I definitely want more..." Miguel said, feeling a little shy as he did so.

"Yeah, me too, I figured it would go down well, but I didn't think *this* well. I kinda hoped it would..." Shane said, voice trailing off as well.

Both of them sat there in awkward silence for a few seconds, not really sure how to respond. After a while, Shane got up, giving Miguel a kiss as he did so. It was getting late, and he didn't want to get Miguel in trouble for having a guy over. Not that his parents minded that

Miguel was gay, and Shane had been over many times before. But, it was for the best that his parents didn't know what he got up to when they weren't around!

“Wanna talk more tomorrow? Give it a night to think it over? How fast to take things, I mean?” Shane offered, and Miguel agreed. He, too, didn't know where to take things, if they should remain friends with benefits or make themselves an item. Even setting some ground rules would be a pretty good idea, and waiting would give them time to sit with their feelings. Giving Shane one more kiss goodnight, Miguel got up to see his friend off and get ready for bed.

Soon afterward, Miguel heard the familiar sound of his parents coming home, thankful he had cleaned up beforehand. Sharing only a few words, Miguel went to bed, his ass a little sore from the rough fucking. Though, with everything that happened in the past few hours, it took no time for him to fall asleep, pleasant dreams playing over his thoughts.

Though, upon waking in the morning, the events of the past day came to him with a flood of emotions. He had sex with his crush, someone that was as into Miguel as much as he was into them. Regardless of the outcome, whether or not they started dating exclusively or just played around for a while, Miguel wanted all in. It was certainly too soon to put a label on it, Miguel was sure. Still, the thought of what would happen next was at the forefront of his thoughts, preventing him from getting back to sleep before his alarm went off.

With that came a rather strong arousal, one that shot blood through his dick and prompted him to reach down and start jerking off. He was impossibly hard, leaking only thirty seconds into touching himself. It should have been impossible to be so erect after the intense orgasm that he'd just experienced the night before. But his lust for Shane had him coping with a hard-on beyond his fathoming. The only thing better would have been Shane here with him to help him out. But the scent of his buddy was still on the sheets from last night, enough to put him over the edge.

Having difficulty stifling his moan of euphoria, Miguel came with an intense release, spurting all over his hand and the sheets. In his haste, Miguel hadn't bothered to grab any tissues, making quite the mess from his rapid orgasm. Still, he did a piss-poor job of cleaning up, not really caring with the afterglow of a pleasant orgasm washing over him.

Eventually, Miguel made it to the bathroom to clean up, catching his reflection in the mirror and doing a doubletake. At first, figuring he was just a little tired or still coming off the heels from an intense orgasm, Miguel was still a little surprised at the level of hair that covered his face. His sideburns had prickled with the growth of hair making them thicker, and he was sure that he'd shaved the day before, making the short stubble on his face a little surprising. Rubbing his face, Miguel yelped a little as he scratched himself with his nails, and a closer

inspection noted they were a little sharper than he'd expected, as though he'd gone too long without clipping them.

Still, Miguel paid it no mind, shaving quickly and trimming his nails before getting into the shower. Though, part of him wanted to leave the hair, finding it rather fetching. Still, it would be a little too out of place for his usual visage, he figured. Rubbing down his chest through the water, he found his chest was a little hairier as well, though figured it was the early hour or perhaps some sort of freak hair growth. Still, like his facial hair, Miguel paid it little mind, rubbing down his body before washing himself. He liked the feeling of soaping up a hairier bod, hoping that maybe he wasn't too exhausted and that it really was part of him now.

The moment he touched his crotch to clean off the cum, was the moment that his cock came to full erection once more, aching to be touched. The unexpected sexual stamina was beyond anything that he had experienced, and for a moment Miguel hesitated to touch himself, not wanting to wear himself out before he could meet up with Shane again. Still, the ache in his groin was getting insistent, and he couldn't help himself but jerk off rapidly, cumming within two minutes and shooting his load down the drain. Yet, like before, it was not quite enough to fully sate him, Miguel feeling a slight bit of arousal left over. Unfortunately, there was no time for a third go, and Miguel figured he could hit up Shane later to curb his new lusts.

Walking down the stairs to breakfast, his mother gave him a little bit of a look that Miguel was not expecting. "Was that shirt so tight last time you wore it?" She questioned, and Miguel shrugged, the scents of bacon and toast wafting into his nose and making him famished. In truth, he did find his clothes a little difficult to get on this morning, even the ones he'd worn the night before. Still, he brushed off the comment, more focused on eating and trying to keep the raging erection hidden from his parents as his thoughts drifted to Shane. Surely, they had just shrunk in the wash, right?

Once on campus, Miguel's nose caught a scent on his way to class, a faint whiff of odor that made him stop and look around. It was powerfully interesting, and although he recognized it, Miguel couldn't quite place it right away. Yet, he hardly had time to reflect on it before a pair of strong arms grabbed him from behind. Turning around, he excitedly realized that it was Shane, though had little time to reflect on it before Shane took him in a passionate embrace. Though Miguel might have been a little embarrassed about kissing in a public place, there was no one around and he let himself get into it, knees getting weak as his heart thumped.

Eyes closed, Miguel was hardly aware of the itching that played over his face, as though his beard was growing back. The scruff of his beard felt like it was rubbing against Shane's, and the sensation almost brought him out of the moment. Though the feeling of hair on hair was no

match for the waves of passion washing through him, the two stepped up their paces, practically slobbering over each other as they made out in the empty hall.

Eventually, they broke the kiss, Miguel opening his eyes to greet the sight of his friend-turned-lover. He was a little shocked to see the familiar visage of Shane's face look a little...off. It took a moment for Miguel to place it, though it wasn't off-putting, not really. It was as though Shane had gone some time without shaving, though they had made out sufficiently last night, and Miguel was sure there had only been a dusting of facial hair. Today, it was a full mane, almost befitting a lumberjack. Though, in the end, Miguel was remiss to care, more interested in the sexy man and how the extra facial hair was turning him on.

Reaching up to rub the slobber from his chin, Miguel was a little shocked to feel that the stubble he'd shaved off this morning was back, as though a razor had never touched his skin. Sure that he hadn't imagined it before, he rubbed the skin, puzzled to feel his scruff was every bit as thick as it had been this morning. Save for a hormone imbalance, there was really no getting over that he had a week's worth of hair growth over his face, that hadn't been there not five hours before.

“What's wrong, stud?” Shane asked, and Miguel brushed it off, wanting to get back to his lover and continue their make-out session once more. Before their kiss started up again, a brief glance over Shane's form brought to mind the comment from his mother that morning. The clothes and shirt that Shane was wearing seemed a little tight, his muscled body showing through the form-fitting clothing. Miguel played it off though as Shane wearing something older and less appropriate for his recent gains, enjoying the show and getting back to their makeout session.

Eventually, their privacy was interrupted and it was time to make it to a shared class. Though, on the way, they decided to have the conversation that Miguel was both looking forward to and dreaded in equal measure. “Damn, I couldn't stop thinking about you last night, stud,” Shane said, unable to keep his hands off his long-time buddy even though they were being watched. Rubbing Miguel's back and even groping his ass a little was par for the course as they made their way toward their class across campus.

“Me too, man,” Miguel said, not really sure what else he could say in the presence of such a muscled specimen. And, as far as Miguel knew, Shane was being truthful, the look in his eye as much the gleam of lust and excitement as Miguel knew was reflected in his own.

“Fuck, I had to rub one out like twice! Even after the great fuck!” Shane declared, a little louder than he'd intended, to the scorn of some of the students passing by. Though such talk was hardly out of place on a college campus, it wasn't something that Shane or Miguel was eager to flaunt, except to each other.

“Dude, me too! Fuck, I was thinking of you the whole time...” Miguel said, seeing the excitement reflected in his lover's eyes.

“Couldn't stop thinking about you either...” Shane said, wanting to lean down into a kiss but not wanting to make a spectacle out of themselves. Though, with the lust that he was feeling in the moment, Miguel was tempted to throw Shane in the nearest broom closet and have his way with him right then and there!

“Still can't get my mind off you, fuck...” Miguel muttered, with more confidence than he was expecting. To his chagrin, his cock was starting to get hard in his pants, even though they were still in public. “Pretty sure you were in my dreams too, man, though I'd rather have you in person...” he muttered, rubbing his lover's back and groping his ass a little, making the bigger man squirm.

“So, what do you want to do? Like, um, about us? I mean...sorry, we don't have to decide right now. It's, fuck, sorry. I don't want to put any pressure or anything...” Shane stammered, remarkedly cutely for the larger man. Though, Miguel couldn't blame him. He felt the same way about Shane, and he'd been thinking it himself. The fact that his best friend wanted the same thing...why not make Shane his man? He couldn't imagine Shane tied down, but if Shane felt the same, why not go for it?

“No pressure, but I'd like to go steady with you if you'd be down, ” Miguel said, putting the word out there. Part of him regretted it, in case it was too soon, too desperate. Still, the notion felt right to him and sat well in his mind. And, there was every chance that Shane would feel the same way...

“Yeah, I'm down to be your boyfriend, if you want...” Shane said, and before he knew what he was doing, Miguel moved in to give him a quick peck on the lips. He didn't want to make too much of a display and figured it would be in their best interests to wait to consummate things. At least until class was over...

The pair headed to class, sitting beside each other, which wasn't that unusual for the two of them. But this time, it was impossible for them to pay attention to the lesson, thoughts drifting to the other as much as anything else. Stealing glances, making physical contact under the desk, and groping their erections when they thought no one was looking came to the forefront of their activities. Though there was every chance that they were being watched by some of their classmates, neither was able to keep their hands off each other or focus on anything other than their bodies.

Too eager to get some alone time, the pair were the first ones out the door, nearly pushing some of the other students out of the way. Miguel led the charge, keeping his eyes open for a place where they could have a little fun. Nearly racing down the hallway, they spotted a single-room bathroom and both entered, locking the door before anyone was the wiser about their shared use of the space.

Both horny teens were immediately on each other, unable to keep their hands off as they reached under shirts, pulling them off and rubbing each other's chests and backs. They maintained their lip lock all the while, though eventually, they parted, not caring about the saliva staining their beards. The sight of each other's surprisingly hairy chests caused only a brief pause, Miguel sure that Shane was clean-shaven last night. But the rather generous dusting of hair only served to amplify his lust, and before Shane could react, Miguel was sniffing him with the insistence of a beast.

The gesture only served to confuse Shane momentarily, before, he, too, got the notion to try the same thing. Rubbing the back of Miguel's hairy body, he started sniffing along his beard and licking the skin. Shane's exploration soon found him at Miguel's ears, and he started nipping at them, surprised at the sensation at their apex, where his tongue found the shape a little pointed. Though, he was remiss to care in the moment, enamored by the thick sweaty musk of his friend and the sensation of Miguel's own exploration.

Miguel, for his part, was more focused on the potent scents trapped by Shane's hair. He hadn't showered this morning, and the bodily odors were really doing it for the smaller man. He explored with enthusiasm, sniffing down along Shane's neck, teasing his chest and pecs with an audible sniff. With some eagerness, he reached out to lick Shane's nipples, eliciting a groan from the other man, evidently having hit an erogenous zone. The contact was welcome by his friend, even the edges of sharper teeth that almost nicked the sensitive flesh. It was almost enough to make Shane nut his pants right there. Especially when Miguel dug his nose right in Shane's hairy pits, breathing in the sweaty musk and making both men's cocks drool!

Unbeknownst to the horny men, the itching that had plagued Shane since the night before started back with a vengeance. It started over his back, skin that he shaved regularly being covered in a manner he hardly could have imagined. It seemed to pepper his form before sprouting like weeds, the individual hairs lancing out before being joined by dozens of their brethren, making it hard to see the skin in some places. His back looked like it had never been manscaped in years, as though he was becoming a bear of a man.

The hair growth was not confined to his back, however, the itching assaulting his form all over. As though Miguel's exploration was the trigger, Shane's underarm hair quickly sprouted into a bush of sorts, trapping the sweat from their writhing bodies as they licked and sucked each

other's skin. The abrupt shift in Shane's body odor only served to turn Miguel on even more, and, with eyes closed, he continued to enjoy the pungent masculinity that his lover's body was exuding. Never one for musk, the aroma and taste were certainly doing it for him now!

There were more, subtle changes that neither man seemed to notice, at least, not at first. A consistent ache plagued Shane's body, though not enough to deter him from the man in front of him. It was as though the muscles were tearing and growing under his skin, the results of a good workout. Eventually, it came to the point that his clothes felt uncomfortably tight, like just slightly irritating as they'd been when he'd put them on this morning. It was getting troublesome to stand still in the room, though, his perspiration certainly seemed to be doing it for his buddy!

It was the muscles in his face, particularly his chin that seemed to ache most persistently, though Shane was remiss to care, ignoring it as much as possible. Still, it almost felt as though his facial bones were cracking forward if such was possible. It was as though he needed to snap his jaw back in place from being dislocated, though such should have pained him immensely. Therefore he tried not to pay it too much mind as he continued to sniff and play with his lover's body. The aches were a small price to pay for partaking in such an erotic activity!

Miguel, too, was showing alterations, though not to the same degree as his boyfriend. His clothes felt tighter, a slight soreness to his muscles that the skinny man had hardly experienced before, not one for the gym. But it was a pleasant ache, one that made him feel *good* as he made out with his new boyfriend. Part of him had been worried that Shane would find his much more scrawny body unattractive, and although that was obviously not the case, there was still some precedent to enjoy the unexpected growth spurt.

Though the exploration of increasingly furry bodies was erotic on its own, eventually, the needs in their cocks grew paramount and required immediate attention. Miguel looked up at his new boyfriend with a sense of longing and desire. He needed to get fucked, needed to feel Shane's thick rod inside of him. The ache in his prostate was getting insistent, and even in the relatively public space they found themselves in, Miguel could hardly contain himself.

“Shane, fuck me!” Miguel declared, not with the longing that he expected to come from his voice. Rather, there was a commanding tone in his demand, one that *ordered* Shane to breed him. He needed the other man's thick cock inside of him, and he needed it *now*.

Part of him was worried that Shane might protest. After all, they had been in the bathroom for some minutes and they might not have time to finish their fun before they were caught. But the need to be fucked and jerk off with a thick cock in his bowels was all-consuming, and any consequences of the action be damned.

Shane seemed to be of one mind, and he was soon pulling down his zipper, thick cock dangling there and wafting his musky scent into the air. Miguel almost stopped to suck it, though the urge to be fucked was at the forefront of his thoughts. He wanted the sensations of last night, though knew that it would only get better from here. After all, their first time was as close friends, but now they had made their relationship official. With the romance they now felt toward each other, it was sure to be stunning sex!

The two kissed for a few more moments as Miguel got his pants down as well, and they rocked their hips together, cocks jousting a little as strings of pre-cum leaked from the tips toward the floor. Yet, again, their sexual desires were becoming insistent, and there was little more they could do but to part, Miguel leaning over the back of the toilet and sticking his ass in the air. He could feel the warm fluid being rubbed against his ass, and neither seemed to mind that they didn't have any lube. Miguel seemed eager and open to take Shane's length, and Shane slid in easily, making both men groan from the tightness.

“Oh fuck...you're so tight, honey....” Shane muttered, trying out the term of endearment for the first time and feeling that it sat well.

“Fuck me, babe!” Miguel said, bracing himself against the seat and thrusting back against his lover's entrance. His tight ass cheeks gripped his lover like a vice, as though drawing him in to take the cream that Shane would grant him.

Thrusting with intensity, waves of pleasure flowing from his loins, Shane hardly noticed the increasing intensity of the changes that were taking him over. Already covered in ample body hair, Shane's pelt grew even thicker, closer to what might be found on a forest beast rather than a human man. Had he still had clothes on, he was sure that they would rip from the size he was growing, the soreness developing in intensity as his size nearly doubled. He would have been heavy on his lover's back, though Miguel was also growing, albeit at a much slower rate.

It was more than just size that Shane was acquiring, though lost in a fog of lust and rut, it was impossible for him to be aware of it. The aches of change were playing over his feet with more intensity than he was prepared for, and Shane pitched over as his heels cracked, altering his stance. His toes felt numb, though since he kept his socks on, it was hard to see what was happening. Though it was harder to balance with heels 1.5 times their size, Shane managed, holding onto Miguel tightly for support.

Miguel let out a quick yelp as sharp nails dug into his sides, as though Shane had never trimmed them before. Their presence left deep lines in his flesh, though they were quickly healed over by expanding skin and a peppering of body hair. Miguel welcomed the irritating ache, getting into lust as he was fucked with the ferocity of a beast. Part of him wanted to like the

rough sex that his lover enjoyed, to get into the bestial intensity and really give himself over to it. The other part of him was already enjoying it to the point where he was returning it in mind, clinching on the man's cock with thirst and desperation. It truly was the best sex he'd ever had, and Miguel could only see himself wanting more!

And then, there were the slight pops and cracks to Shane's face, as though his jaw was getting longer. Giving him a momentary underbite, Shane clenched his jaw a little, trying to overcome the discomfort. It was a bizarre sensation, though hardly the only thing afflicting his face at the moment. A heat played over his ears and nose, as though each was expanding, but it was impossible to tell. His ears did seem to be able to pick up sounds in the hall that were further away than they should have been. And the odor of musk and rut was getting more intense with each passing moment, making both men drool from the odor.

Part of him wanted to look into the mirror and see what was becoming of his visage, though was every bit focused on the back of his lover. Yet, every time he tried to pull out, the craving to have his dick inside his lover's tight ass was too intense for him to remove himself and see the changes. He *needed* to fuck, and he was already so close to the edge that it wouldn't take him long to finish!

Miguel, too, was not spared from the changes, though his were far less drastic. Though he would barely be able to get his clothes back on, they would still fit without tearing. His bulk had increased to the point where he wouldn't look out of place wearing some of Shane's clothing by this juncture. And he was properly hairy now, a musky bear of a young man. Still, even with pointed ears and nails, there was hardly more to denote the changing man as an eventual beast.

Both men were hardly in a state to care about the changes, Shane cock deep in his lover as he was. Only the sensation of his cock digging deeper into Miguel's insides kept him from spilling his load. It was as though Shane's cock was getting larger, opening Miguel further than any toy or other man had before. Though Miguel only growled, needing it as much as anything he could recall. It simply felt better and better, and his insides were on fire, almost to the point that he could cum hands-free.

"Fuck me harder babe...finish in me!" Miguel managed to utter, using one hand to hold them both up while the other jerked himself off. The prostate stimulation was beyond compare, bringing him right to the edge. Only waiting for the familiar spasm of his lover's cock in his ass was enough to hold his own release at bay, wanting the pair to cum together.

It was the sensation of something thick and bulbous slapping against his ass that really made Miguel a little confused. It was one thing to feel a cock getting impossibly large in his bowels, but another for something *else* to be trying to pop in. Still, with how open his anus was,

there was little chance of resisting the intrusion of anything inside of him, and the pressure opened him up with a wet *pop*. Shane called out, spasming rapidly as the tension in his penis grew towards the breaking point and he *came*, spilling a heavy load of cum into his lover's anus. Miguel came as well, a few strokes were all it took to join his boyfriend in blissful release. Miguel hardly had the wherewithal to grab toilet paper to prevent the inevitable mess. He simply didn't care at the moment, more inclined to mark the bathroom as theirs.

Yet, even as they stayed in that position, panting, Shane didn't feel his dick softening. He tried to pull out, the last few orgasmic tremors playing over his body as he did so, Miguel's anus milking every ounce of cum from his ballsack. Yet, even as he pulled backward, there was some resistance, as though his cock was too large to be removed. Bracing himself against his boyfriend's back, gently piercing him with unexpectedly sharp nails, Shane tried to pull out again, only to find the startling resistance keeping him in place. It was almost as though the base of his cock had somehow swollen, and his erection was not going down, no matter how much he tried.

"Hey, all good?" Miguel asked, looking back at his lover. It was strange that Shane was able to keep an erection inside of him for so long. And as the moments ticked past, the sensation grew even more bizarre. It was almost as though Shane had a-

Miguel's train of thought was suddenly derailed as he looked into the altered visage of his new boyfriend. The face looking at him was not the one that Shane had worn mere moments ago before they started fucking. His jaw was jugged and angular, canines larger and more pointed. Nose was dark and slitted, and the hair of his beard had trailed upward to merge with his ample sideburns. Ears were pointed and stuck out towards the top of his head. Strangest of all, his eyes had a certain gleam in them, almost as though the pupils were darkened, closer to amber than their previous brown. It was almost as though Shane was turning into a...

"Dude...you're a...Lycan?" Miguel asked, stunned by the revelation. Though he knew of Lycans existing, he had never seen one, knowing it was a relatively rare disease. He certainly hadn't expected to meet one at school, a scarcity as they were. Let alone never anticipating that his best friend was one!

"I don't...I didn't...stay back!" Shane said, louder than he intended. Miguel simply watched his friend's body with equal parts fear and fascination. Shane was clearly changing, had changed from his former self. Some of the features, particularly around his face, were vaguely lupine. Rather than be frightened of the sight, however, there was no denying that Shane's altered form was really doing it for Miguel. Even though he'd cum not moments ago, he was erect once more, the tip of his uncut cock leaking in anticipation of what he knew his lover could bring to him.

“Fuck...I don't know what to do! Shit, I have to get this figured out...until then, we should...probably stay away from each other...” Shane said, voice trailing off as he struggled to get his clothes on. His shirt barely fit, and it was obviously uncomfortable against his furry body as he pulled it down over his muscular torso as far as it would go. The pants tore in several places as he struggled to get them on, sucking in his belly as far as he could to struggle to get them on. His shoes were forfeit, though the swollen pads on his feet would protect him for a few moments as he unlocked the door and ran out, hoping no one would see him.

“Hey, don't go! It's alright!” Miguel called out, not really sure what was happening but not wanting his lover to leave. It was not the time to separate, rather to figure out what was going on and how best to address it. As bizarre as the alterations were...

“I can't...I can't...I'm sorry! Sorry!” Shane yelled back, thankful there was no one around to see as he tore out the door, sounds of running down the hall and out one of the side doors to parts outside their college campus.

With that, Miguel was left alone, tears running down his face. Though Miguel hadn't changed nearly as much as his boyfriend, it was obvious that he was not the same size as he had been. Putting on his clothes was a chore, though even as tight as they were they did not rip. And, thankfully, his shoes still fit though were still a struggle to get on. The itching of his body hair was almost painfully irritating as his shirt struggled against it, the urge to rip off his clothes almost overwhelming. But he managed, getting out the door and into the hall, just in time to avoid being spotted as the source of the obvious mess that had been left.

No talk of any wolf-men running by hit his ears, leaving Miguel to think that Shane had escaped campus unnoticed. He was sure that Shane would seek out medical help, though a quick check at the campus clinic yielded no results. Besides, their college was relatively small and unlikely to hold any information pertaining to his condition. He tried texting a few times, but received no answer, no notice that Shane had even seen the messages. So, as much as it pained him, Miguel was alone, without his best friend and now boyfriend to comfort him as he underwent a process that was beyond his understanding of the natural world...

Missing class was the furthest thing from his mind as Miguel sat in his bedroom staring at his phone, hoping that Shane would call him. There was no answer, of course, when he tried to call his new boyfriend. It seemed that his phone was off, not even checking the texts that Miguel sent. He was disappointed, though not entirely surprised that Shane had gone off the radar, even as much as it hurt at the moment.

In the meantime, Miguel stripped down to check himself out in the mirror, thankful that his parents were away and not present to witness the alterations that would surely not go unnoticed. He was, for the moment, still very much himself. But there were enough changes that they could not be ignored. There was certainly more body hair than he had even that morning, and even if Miguel was inclined to shave, he figured there would be little point. It would simply grow back in quick succession, after all!

To add to the confusion, the size of his body was noticeable enough he looked even larger than Shane had before. Thick pecs, meaty thighs, broad shoulders, everything about him was just...bigger. Miguel continued rubbing himself all over, pounding erect from the manly physique he now possessed. It was more than anything he could imagine on his own form, and despite the obvious implication of such rapid growth, it was difficult to maintain the proper amount of fear that he figured such a change should elicit. He figured he was large enough to the point that most of his wardrobe would no longer fit. It was obvious that he was changing, much as Shane was. Still, how could he ask his parents?

Lycanthropy was something that Miguel had no comprehension of, and even looking it up on the internet left very little in the way of information. It was like all knowledge pertaining to Lycans was hidden or simply too unknown for anyone to have posted about it, other than some sightings and missing person reports that were thought to be either someone who transformed or were speculated to have been eaten by a Lycan. None of those scenarios were particularly illuminating, let alone reassuring.

After multiple attempts to contact his love, Miguel decided to leave it be for a bit. By this point, he was feeling restless, as though he needed to get out and run. Eventually, he decided to do just that, putting on a stretchy tank top and shorts, the only things he had that would comfortably fit now. Never one to really go for runs, Miguel felt rather invigorated for some reason, taking off with power and speed that were unknown to him before today. He was as large as Shane had been before the changes and figured that he had the energy and stamina to match.

He ran full out for five minutes, then ten, not even winded and eager for more. It felt amazing, running as fast as he could have fathomed and not even the slightest bit fatigued from the efforts, even though the exertion was covering him in a sheen of frothy sweat. His muscles pumped in and out with ease, used and pushed their limit and aching for more. Exhilarated, Miguel did his best to focus on the power his body exhibited, loving the natural latent ability he possessed and was able to put it to proper use as he raced around a park in minutes.

Still, it was impossible for him to get his mind off of Shane, and with that came an intense arousal, one that even his run couldn't work off. Getting home and still alone, Miguel

made a beeline to his bedroom, not bothering to stop and shower or clean up. He was powerfully erect, the needs in his member at the forefront of his thoughts. There was little he could do to resist them, even if he was inclined to do so. He *needed* Shane, even though he was worried that his love had left him. He couldn't stop thinking about the sexy man, desire burning into his brain. And the heady scent of male musk only reminded him more and more of their lovemaking, to the point that Miguel had to let himself go...

Only the itching over his body was enough of a deterrent to keep him from washing over the edge as Miguel stroked off with fervor, eager to cum to the mental image of his lover. He was powerfully horny to the point that he figured it would be impossible to hold back. And he neither wanted nor needed to, powerful beast that he was. His pungent smell in the air reminded him too much of lovemaking with his boyfriend. Too tempted, Miguel gave in and lowered his head down into his own bushy, sweaty, musky pits. Reaching out and licking the damp skin, Miguel found himself entrapped by the pungent bouquet, lapping it up with some slobbery licks. It was a stench and sensation he could not get enough of no matter how much he breathed it in. It was simply too reminiscent of having his lover deep in his bowels. Or, to be deep in his lover's bowels, to be the one fucking on top...fuck...Shane!

“Oohhh uuugghhhh!” Miguel called out as his cock shot all over his body, making him spasm from the sheer force of the release. He had lost count of the number of times he'd cum over the course of the last 24 hours, though it was far more than his body should have allowed! Rather than feel fatigued, however, he felt invigorated as though he could go again at a moment's notice. In fact, he *could* go again with the pungent stench of musk and release in the air, turning him on to the point of having a half-chub already.

Miguel was brought out of his post-orgasmic reverie, however, by a persistent tingling, one that was centering on his chest and groin. Eager to be rid of his tight shirt, Miguel went to tug it off, though was irritated by how much it seemed to rub at his hair. It was a struggle and the sounds of ripping hit his ears as he tore it off. Still, Miguel was remiss to care with the sight of his body and chest, definitely not what he'd had mere hours ago when making love to his boyfriend. He was larger, Miguel was sure, muscle definition under the skin greater than even Shane's by this juncture. But it was hard to tell, especially with how much *hair* he had, making it hard to see the skin in some places. Almost as thick as Shane's own...

Feeling a little dizzy all of a sudden, Miguel made his way to the bathroom, in case he was going to be ill. He stumbled a few times, as though his body was not of the same dimensions that he was used to. It was not lost on Miguel how that should have been impossible, such a growth spurt denied all laws of nature. Though he'd just seen the same thing happen to Shane right? But then, why was he changing so much more gradually?

The visage that greeted him in the mirror was far from the young man that he was accustomed to. He looked more like a man in his thirties, a preview of what he might soon appear to be if he had the genes for Shane's physique. His beard was thick and full, running down his chin and up to merge with his scruffy sideburns. His hair was wild and untamed, and running his hands through it denoted a smooth texture that hadn't been present with the usual fluffiness he was accustomed to. Opening his mouth, it seemed that his canines were a little pointer, though without seeing a before picture it was hard to be certain. And were those golden flecks in his eyes, like he'd seen on Shane's face? He spent a moment trying to look in the mirror for extra signs but found nothing for certain.

Stranger still was that the hair seemed to pepper his chest and body, making it itch against the skin. It was hard to see the skin in some places with the brown hairs that had grown in the span of a few hours. Rubbing his hands over his skin, it was hard to get it through the hair all the way, longer nails catching in the hair. The texture was all wrong as well, softer close to the skin, and coarse where the hairs were longer. It was almost as though he had a thin coat under his already longer body hairs. Miguel figured he could now easily say that he had the start of a fur coat!

The irritation of growing hair made Miguel reach to scratch, suddenly hit with a wave of musk that made him shiver. The stench trapped in the body hairs was pungent, almost offensively so. Yet, there was a nuance to the aromas, one that made his cock leak and come to arousal once more. The sexual stamina was beyond anything human, and Miguel felt a wave of fear rushing through him. How fast were his own changes coming? Would he end up like Shane, soon?

Yet, despite the evidence that he was becoming a Lycan, that the same thing was happening to him as it was to Shane, Miguel couldn't help but pound erect, his rod aching with the need to be touched and stroked. Though the skin was reddish, it was not raw or peeling as he might have expected it to be. Blood flowed into the tissues, engorged and needy as at any other time in his life. It was almost more than he could bear to stand there, cock bobbing from the stench of musk in the air and the sexy changes overcoming his form. He was a hairy, muscled specimen of masculinity, and the sight of his form turned Miguel on more than anything he could imagine, save for Shane's sexy visage.

Firm hands were on his dick before he even had the chance to stop himself, and Miguel was stroking eagerly, leaking fluids causing a slick slapping as he found his rhythm. A pleasant tingling played through his body, one that translated to the itching that had been ailing him all day. Though rather than annoy him, the persistent prickling over his chest and arms seemed pleasurable, a sign that he was changing, becoming something more. The ache of muscle growth, though present, was not as intense as his previous sexual escapades. Though he was sure that

with his effort, every inch of his body sported a fine coat of hair, one that his other hand played over with eagerness. It was almost too thick, like a fine layer of fur, and though it was something impossible to persist on his person. Rather than being panicked about it, Miguel could do naught but continue to stroke his penis, the feeling of fur forming far too sensual to fear.

Lost in lust as he was, Miguel was hardly aware of the tingling in his finger and toes, as though the nails were expanding slightly, taking on a sharpness that even months without clipping could not account for. They were thicker from the bases, the keratin pulling upward on the digits until they resembled the start of some sort of claws. Though he was only careful to avoid their presence as he stroked faster, not wanting to hold back and needing the release to wash over him. He simply rubbed his dick with desperation, needing relief as he grunted and groaned like the beast he was steadily resembling.

One thing nearly halted his masturbatory efforts, an ache in his eyes as they started to water. Curious as to what was bothering him, Miguel opened his eyes, though was blinded by ocular fluids and could hardly see what he was doing. It was as though the very lenses were changing, and he didn't want to risk rubbing at them with pointed nails. Not that he could bring himself to pull his hands off his dick in time to look, however!

Yet, there was no holding back, even with the ever-present awareness that his changes were accelerating. The heady musk wafting off his body only grew more arousing, and Miguel could feel the tension in his testicles growing, needing to cum and unable to hold it back for much longer. And he didn't want to, recalling how intense each orgasm had been and needing it all over again. He was a sexual beast if there ever was one, and a few further strokes were all it took to bring him to the edge...

“Ohhh...ooooorroowww!” Miguel called out with a long inflection in his voice that made him shiver for a moment before the orgasm overtook him. The howl, for that's what it sounded like to his now-pointed ears, sent a shiver through him that intermingled with the vibrations of release that wracked his body in waves.

The conduct of sonic and pleasure created an unexpected cocktail of emotions even as Miguel rode the waves of release. Yet, coming down from the intense orgasm and opening his eyes drew Miguel to the sight of his altered features. Of most paramount was the alien visage staring back at him, inhuman and making him do a double take. His eyes were golden, the pupils squinted in an inhuman way that made Miguel shiver. They were the scared eyes of some sort of animal, like a wolf...like a hybrid beast that had become of Shane. Though, his eyes were already far more altered than his boyfriend's had been, leaving the poor man to stare in horror for what seemed like an eternity.

There was more, much more. His face was seemingly altered beyond its humanity towards something that even the application of makeup or prosthetics could account for. His eyes, wide as they were, seemed to sit almost uncomfortable in the sockets, as though they were too large on his human anatomy. His flared nostrils seemed slightly wider, twitching as they drank in a heady musk that was now mingled with something that Miguel was starting to understand was fear. His ears were pointed to an inhuman level, even that of a fantasy creature could not match. And his teeth, already curiously out of place on his face, were clearly inhuman, sticking out between darkened lips that made it seem as though Miguel had applied some sort of gothic makeup.

The next thing was the thickness of his beard, even more unkempt and beastly than possible on his frame. Though the rest of his face was coated with a fine peppering of hair in its own right. Miguel couldn't even see the skin anymore, though his beard and hair were thick enough that they stood, somewhat fetchingly, on his wider face. The hair was not limited to his face, as lowering his gaze revealed that his chest and arms were a forest of light brown. Though his treasure trail was noticeably thicker and darker down, his chest hair light brown in contrast to the hairs on his arms. No trace of his skin was visible, and as he rubbed the skin, the soft texture of the hair reminded him more of the fur of a dog rather than anything a human could grow. And, of course, there were the lupine nails that he needed to be wary of as he explored his altered body, thick muscles covered with a fur coat.

It was impossible to avoid freaking out at this point, tears running out of Miguel's lupine eyes as the reality of his situation hit him full force. He was more a Lycan than even Shane had been, and the changes had come faster after touching himself. Whether it be sex or an increased heart rate from strenuous activity in general, it seemed that his urges have spurred on the changes. He must have been infected by Shane, though could not bear him any ill will. Surely, Shane was just as shocked about the whole affair as he was.

Miguel's mind went to what little he knew about Lycans, though could draw up very little. Other than Lycanthropy being a real transformative disease, there was very little for him to go off. It didn't have any tie to the moon as best as he could tell, it being the middle of a lunar cycle. Then what had caused him and his boyfriend to start changing? How far would it go before it was done? Could he turn back? Miguel's fears only rose the more his thoughts raced.

The buzz of his phone going off broke him from his panicked state, and Miguel was prompted to head back to his room to grab it, hoping that it was Shane reaching out to contact him. Though the walk should have been effortless, the sensation of bare feet on the carpet brought his attention down to his altered feet. The skin at the base of them was clearly thicker, darker than the rest of his skin, and raised in certain spade-shaped patterns more reminiscent of what he assumed a Lycan's foot might look like. And the size of his heels was all wrong too, to

the point that angled upwards and made it more comfortable to walk on the balls of his feet. In its hybrid state, his gait was awkward, though not unmanageable as he made his way for the object of both excitement and trepidation.

Carefully picking up the phone, wary of his new claws, Miguel soon found it was an email, rather than a text, from Shane. All it said was "come meet me here" and came with a Google maps address, one for a part of town that was unfamiliar to Miguel. Still, his heart leaped in his chest at the notion that Shane wanted to meet him, and by this point, Miguel was sure he would walk through hell barefoot to see his love.

Hiding his form as best he could, Miguel donned a far too-tight hoodie and much smaller pants. Shoes were forfeit, far too uncomfortable for him to don properly, and overall pointless. His muscles bulged under the shirt, pulled taut around his form, and stretched the material almost to the breaking point. Confining his fur under the fabric was immensely annoying, though there was nothing to do for it if he didn't want to get caught and punished before he could make it to his goal. It was hard to even don the garments, his claws tearing at the fabric a little, though it was of little concern at the moment. But, in the end, he was able to get something together that hid most of his changes, unless someone looked at him too closely.

Miguel was about to head down and out of the house, but the sound of the front door opening gave him pause. He stopped on the stairs, realizing that it had to be one of his parents coming home. Without much time, he made his way to the backdoor, running out as quickly as he could lest his mother see him. "Honey? Are you home? Didn't you have school today?" Called out his mom.

Miguel felt his heart sink at that. He didn't want to lie to his mother, but what choice did he have? "Class was canceled, mom! I'm heading out for a run, later!" he said before leaving the house, closing the door before she could walk out into the hall and see the state he was in. Still, he could hear his mom calling out to him, better hearing not missing a beat "Honey, you're voice sounds awful? Are you getting sick? Are you sure should be going for a walk right now?"

Miguel felt a pang of guilt for leaving without telling or showing her what had happened to him. But what could he do? She would surely panic, and there was every chance he could find a cure or otherwise figure things out with Shane once the pair met up again.

It was a several-hour trek from his house, and without shoes and altered feet, it was a little painful. Though there was no chance to get to on public transit, and he didn't have his own car. Certainly, he couldn't go back and ask his mother, who would see his changes right away no matter how he tried to hide them. Therefore, there was no other choice but to walk the way and hope that he was ignored by passers-by both in cars and walking past.

Thankfully, the journey, though long, was uneventful. Miguel wasn't sure what he would encounter as he came to the house, one at the end of a cul-de-sac and relatively away from the rest of the homes on the block. Miguel couldn't help but notice that a forest surrounded the place, thinking that someone trying to hide their changes could sneak out into the woods at night if they needed to. Though, other than that, Miguel couldn't imagine why his new boyfriend was here or what the endgame of the meeting was. Had he changed even more, enough that it was impossible for even a disguise to allow him interaction in the human world? Was that why they were meeting here and not back at Miguel's house? And, who owned the place?

Knocking on the door, the sound of his lover calling out to him resonated in his new ears, and, eagerly, opened the door, finding it unlocked as though waiting for him. The room was dark, though Miguel's altered eyes seemed to be able to detect two forms standing at the far end of the room, near a hallway where they could likely escape if needed. The scents in the air spoke of familiarity, and he was sure that Shane was one of the pair gazing at him. The other...there was something in the notes of scent that made Miguel excited, even a little aroused, to his embarrassment. Miguel was nonetheless excited to see his lover, and whoever was in the room with him to determine what they would all be doing next.

Yet, Miguel could not have expected the sight to greet him as a light clicked on, and he had to blink a few times to allow his altered eyes to adjust. The smaller being of the two was undoubtedly Shane, much in the same state he had been when he had run from the bathroom hours before. Only now, Shane's eyes were the same brilliant golden orange as his own. The rest of the features were in much the same state as Miguel's own, fur covering his body and muscles now comparable. But he could still make out the familiar visage of his lover in the changed form, as much as he figured Shane could see Miguel and the alterations that had overtaken him. He wanted to go to him, to kiss his boyfriend and confirm that everything would be OK.

But it was the sight of the other being in the room with them that had Miguel frozen, unsure what he was staring at though certain what it was. The beast was 8'1, his powerful muscles covered with short, reddish-brown fur, though Miguel couldn't help but notice that some white accents persisted. He was all beast, with a thick muzzle, swishing tail, with a bipedal, hunched-over stance. Though he stood a full foot taller than the two of them, Miguel found himself more mesmerized than terrified. The beast seemed to exude a layer of confidence, energy, and animal magnetism that could only be the presence of a mature lycanthrope.

Miguel, having never seen a full werewolf, found himself enraptured by the sight. He knew very little about them other than their known existence. In truth, he would never have thought that he would see one in the flesh, so to speak. But then, he was turning into one himself,

right? Was it really so scary to be among his own kind? Though, what if the werewolf hated him for some reason...?

“Hey, honey...” Shane said, bringing Miguel back into the moment. He had almost forgotten all of his fears and concerns with the sight of such a beast before them. Remembering himself, Miguel went over to him, Shane getting up and taking him in an embrace, hugging and kissing each other with tenderness. The feeling of his fur, the sensation of lips that were slightly more gummy than he was expecting, and, above all, the familiar scent in the air left Miguel powerfully comforted as he kissed his lover, as though they had not seen each other for months.

Yet, after a few moments of their passionate embrace, the two of them remembered they were not alone and turned up to look at the werewolf in the room with them. He was watching, though did not seem embarrassed by the display. There was an air of patience waiting like he was giving them time to reunite. Miguel was thankful for it, but with the moment passed, he wanted to give the werewolf the floor to speak. He wanted to hear what the wolf-man had to say, powerfully curious about the whole affair as much as he was frightened.

It seemed as though the werewolf could read their expressions, though, as Miguel was starting to understand, it might have had more to do with the scents in the air that betrayed their intentions. “Common you too, we don’t have forever. I guess there’s enough time to sort things out before we have to go. And, I’ll answer any questions you have, though make it quick. I’ve already given Shane here a rundown, though I wanted to wait till I got both of you, so to speak,” he said, a sly gleam in his voice that made Miguel equal parts curious and aroused. It was the sight of what looked to be a lupine cockhead rising from the sheath that really did it for him, however. Like the wolf-man was aroused having the pair in his presence. And, as horny as he had been for Shane, maybe that was part of the experience of being a Lycan?

Still, there were other questions that took priority for the moment. “What’s going to happen to us?” Miguel asked, simply. He needed to know the severity of the situation, to find out what the end game was. Miguel knew so little about werewolves, other than they existed, and it was likely a genetic trait. That, and he had contracted it from his lover without either one of them knowing that was a possibility!

What he did know was this. Lycans were hardly a new phenomenon, documented hundreds of years ago and a known part of society. Well, perhaps well-documented was a little bit of a misdemeanor. Some of the old lore about werewolves was true, at least in terms of sightings. Though rather than being a demonic force or satanic cult following, there was a clear genetic disposition for someone becoming a Lycan. Still, it was of little consequence for anyone with the triggered gene to change, to lose their humanity forever, and be the target of public ire and persecution.

“Well, let me give you the same rundown I gave your beau. Lycanthropy is genetic, as you probably know. The gene tends to run in families, and anyone with the active variant is going to change at some point in their lives whether they want to or not. There’s a treatment for it, but it’s preventive in nature. Once you start to change, there is no cure. It isn’t infectious, well, not exactly. You don’t change under the light of the moon, and you can’t infect anyone with a bite. You don’t lose your mind, at least, though there are some lupine instincts that come with the package. The urge to hunt, the need to eat meat, and, well, I’m sure by now you’ve figured out the part with the arousal,” he said with a smirk. Miguel couldn’t help but look down and see that his member had come to half arousal just by being in the presence of his lover and the other werewolf.

“I’m also sorry to say that it’s a one-way trip. There’s no turning back once the gene is activated. You’ll change, and you’ll end up looking relatively like me, though your coat and size are dependent on a number of factors. Not important, though I think brown is rather... fetching,” the werewolf said, that same sly grin on his features that made Miguel blush. Though he was in the presence of his boyfriend and would do nothing without his consent, he had to admit that the werewolf’s musky presence was really doing something for him!

“The gene is detectable by a test, but it’s so rare that most people don’t get tested unless there is a genetic disposition for it, as far as I know. Honestly, I’ve been a werewolf for so long that most of this information is second-hand,” the werewolf continued, both changed men listening with rapt attention. “Besides, if your gene is recessive, it won’t trigger unless you have close contact with another Lycan. Sex or exchange of other fluids will do it,” the werewolf continued.

Miguel started to realize what had happened. If either he or Shane had even the recessive version of the gene, then there was a chance that having unprotected sex had triggered it in one of them while the other had the dominant version. He was sure that no one in his family had it, otherwise, he would have heard something about a change! Maybe they simply had avoided getting tested for it? And, besides, he just then recalled, wasn’t Shane adopted? It would make sense if he didn’t know a member of his family had the gene! Shane was overly hairy, shaving rigorously to get rid of the body hair. Would he have started to change in a few years? How would Miguel have felt about it if he didn’t have the gene himself? There were so many questions!

“If you have the dominant version of the gene, you’re likely to start really changing in your mid-twenties. It’s a lot slower if you don’t have exposure to another Lycan, with the dominant trait or not. Can take a few years. With exposure...days. Hours, possibly, depending on the contact. If you guys fuck, well, the changes will come faster. Though honestly, that’s

probably the best way to go about it, the results coming the same either way..." the werewolf added, that same sly tone in his voice that excited Miguel. Were all werewolves as...amorous as Miguel and Shane were? Was that to be his life now? Miguel had to admit, it was not an unwelcome notion.

"I see..." Miguel said, taking it all in. Would he have eventually changed before there was time to deactivate the gene? Probably not, if his family had the recessive version and had no idea, never getting tested for it. Still, he wasn't sure how he felt about the whole affair. He certainly didn't want to be a werewolf, to lose his friends and life and family. But, Shane was now one as well, right? And he didn't want to be apart from his new boyfriend, even if their attraction was largely due to Lycan pheromones.

"Travis is going to help us out," Shane said, adding his two cents to the conversation. "He sniffed me out after I ran into the woods, and he luckily has this house here in town. There are apparently lots of Lycans around in towns like this, though they mostly stick to the woods far from people, using places like this as safe houses where they can." The odds of that didn't seem to be very high in Miguel's opinion, but there was little to deny what had happened, being part of it now.

"I'll give you some time to talk things over. I'm sorry for the bad news. It's not the easiest thing to come to terms with. But, well, at least you have each other," Travis said, turning to head out the back door. "I can take you to the safe haven near here. A place where Lycans can go to live without percussion. Shane's already agreed that's for the best, and he hopes you will, as well," Travis continued, and Miguel simply nodded. It was a lot to take in, coming on so fast, but it certainly made sense at the moment.

"I've got some things to get ready for the trip. Take all the time you need, this house is safe. Governments are interested in incarcerating Lycans, but so long as we keep a low profile, it should be fine. Oh, shit, I forgot. Name's Travis," the werewolf said, extending a paw. Nervous about accelerating his own changes, Miguel hesitated for only a moment, before extending his hand in greeting. The beast was far more powerful than Miguel could have imagined, and part of him was excited by that. Would he and Shane be that powerful? Sure, he didn't want to be a Lycan, but he couldn't deny there were some benefits to the transition.

With that, Travis headed out the back door. The two of them were left alone to talk about what was to come. Miguel honestly felt as though he had a million things to say, though had no idea where he could possibly start. Shane looked equally confused like he had a thousand racing thoughts in his head. Still, Miguel wanted to wait for him to start, ultimately, figuring that the guilt he had to feel needed to get out in the open first before they could continue.

“Honey, I...fuck. I didn’t know. I couldn’t have known. I just thought the extra hair was genetic! I mean, I guess it was, but, still...” Shane started, voice trailing.

Before he could say another word, Miguel reached up and kissed his lover gently on the lips, a confused expression across Shane’s features. He pulled back with a smile on his face, which triggered the confusion to last on Shane’s own expression.

“You aren’t mad?” Shane eventually asked, not really sure about the situation.

“Well, yeah. I mean no. Not with you. It’s not your fault, honey,” Miguel said, confident in his answer. There really was no way for Shane to know he had a contagious disease. Except, it wasn’t really contagious, not if Miguel also had the genetic capacity for this particular ailment.

“And, well, this might be silly, but it came from a place of love, you know?” Miguel said, and Shane came up to him, putting his arms around him as the two snuggled close. Miguel could feel his cock getting hard from the scent, though decided to roll with their closeness for now. It seemed that werewolves were certainly more amorous than humans, and it would be something for them to get used to.

“Even if it was from pheromones? Some hidden attraction that our genes chose, and not us?” Shane asked, though still remained close to his lover. He didn’t seem judgmental with his words, more as though he was stating a point of fact. And, it likely was a point of contention, though Miguel wasn’t sure if Shane really felt that way. It was more as though he was worried Miguel might feel that way and wanted to clear the air, so to speak.

Shane needn’t have worried. “Honey, we both know that compatible pheromones play a role in sexual attraction even without werewolf genes. That doesn’t matter. Besides, I’ve had feelings for you for such a long time. I love you,” Miguel said, looking into Shane’s face and seeing the same reflected back from his lover.

“I love you too,,” Shane said, simply, the fact that it was their first I love you shared between the pair. With that, the pair shared a passionate kiss, rubbing each other’s fur and feeling their erections come to full attention. In the moment, it was almost as though they could have fucked again right there, and were tempted to do so, the passionate feelings exacerbated by the lust that they felt for each other...

Yet, it was a rumbling in their stomachs that seemed to come to both of their attentions, one that had gone largely unnoticed by the pair given their apprehension. Miguel looked at Shane a little embarrassed, though Shane had the same tummy grumbings that meant the pair needed to eat something, and soon. It was a more powerful hunger than the two of them had ever felt as

humans, though likely normal for Lycans, especially ones in mid-change and in need of exceptional caloric intakes!

“Hey, I think Travis offered his fridge to us,” Shane said and Miguel felt some sense of relief in that. He honestly wasn’t sure what he was supposed to eat, given their new physiologies. Meat for certain, though he didn’t know if processed would do or if they would have to hunt for their food raw. *Or eat people*, Miguel couldn’t help but think, though was hopeful that wasn’t the case for most Lycans. Though he loved being part beast, he certainly didn’t want to be a killer! At least, not of other people...

Thankfully, the fridge was stocked full with meat, packages of raw meat, and half-butchered animals. Though the raw bits of animals should have been somewhat repulsive, both Miguel and Shane couldn’t help but feel their mouths water at the sight. It was really the smell that was doing it for them both, given the hunger they were feeling as well as the changes that had taken a toll on their physiology.

Part of Miguel’s mind wondered if they should take their meals and cook them, wondering how it was that Lycans did things in the wild. Though the moment that some of the more appealing cuts were out of the packaging and the scents hit their nose, then the pair started chowing down without any regard for cooking, or even manners. They were both gorging on their meals, their changed jaws easily able to chew through bones and sinew like the wolf-men were becoming. The delicious flesh was quickly devoured, both men having little regard for anything else than the meals they were eating. It was a little unsavory, but not something that bothered the new packmates and boyfriends. Table manners, it seemed, was not to be the case for Lycans!

After eating their fill, a tall order for their changed physiologies, the two of them sat there, content and holding hands. It seemed as though their metabolisms were enhanced to the point that they could eat so much meat in one sitting and not be too distressed or need to eat again anytime soon. Though, the digestion required a little period of rest, the pair passing out in each other’s arms. Deep snores and lupine grunts, though loud, were not nearly enough to rouse the other, content in their fullness and their mingling scents.

When they finally awoke from dreamless sleep, it was evening, Travis having not come back yet, from the lack of his recent scent in the air. Miguel reached down and kissed Shane’s lips, rousing his lover as he took the other changing wolf-man in an embrace. They kissed a little, holding hands, Shane’s head resting on Miguel’s lap as the two of them took everything in. It was a lot to process, after all. Though they didn’t say anything, content in each other’s presence, it was obvious their minds were on the future, of the unknown fates they would experience once

the changes were done and they were brought to live in Lycan society, such as it was. At least, they both whispered, they would have each other, come hell or high water.

Yet, it did not take long for the scents of each other's musk hanging in the air as it was to bring the pair to arousal. Having already been horny by the sight of Travis's fully formed Lycan visage, and other needs satisfied for the moment, lust was able to come to the forefront of their beings. Both had been sporting half-chubs, but the blood rushing into their loins were making their urges insistent. Cocks were pulled out of overly tight pants, bobbing in the air at their release. Eventually, Miguel found that his hand was on Shane's penis, and Shane's paw hands were on his own, the two of them gently stroking each other through the fabric and leaking all over each other as Miguel reached down to kiss his boyfriend in kind.

Their other hands soon reached up to start rubbing the treasure trails that stuck obviously out against the coat of wolf fur that covered their chests. The feeling was soft, welcoming, and they both rubbed with reverence, loving the textures as well as the firm muscle they felt within. Massive hands reached under to rub at lupine pelts, the pressure making it impossible to keep clothes on all the way. Though with the increasingly changed physiologies there was little need to keep them for long, both well aware that Travis didn't bother to don any clothes, human things not meant for the powerful Lycans they were becoming.

Spending some time tracing over their forms, under and above the shirt, brought both a level of excitement about their physiques. Both had to admit that, despite everything else that was going to happen, the level of muscle and the sexiness of their forms were entirely welcome. It was everything they could do not to keep their hands off each other, their mouths locked in an embrace as they stroked each other off, ripping their pants and zippers apart to tease mammoth cocks through warped underwear. Intense moans turned to bestial growls as both blew thick loads of wolf-cum over their groins and chests, coating the fragmented remnants of their human rags as they tore at them with bulging muscles and sharpened claws. Both were eager to be out of them, though slowly, wanting their beastly bodies to be rid of them gradually, a goodbye to humanity.

Like before, each orgasm seemed only to amplify their lust for each other and was hardly enough to keep their cocks from rising to full attention once more. Even though they both knew that sex, or contact with each other, would accelerate the changes, it was all they could do to keep from fucking then and there. And, if they were going to be werewolves anyway, and enter Lycan society, wouldn't it make more sense for them to be fully changed if they did so? Their sex-addled minds seemed to think so...

Pulling back from the kiss, Shane got down and started licking at the cum on Miguel's chest and groin. His wider tongue soon started working over Miguel's cock, teasing the tip for

more tasty fluid and making his boyfriend moan. Shane moved down into a comfortable position, Miguel rubbing his head and face, teasing lengthening ears, and loving the erotic sight of his lover changing just slightly from the contact. The change itself was no longer frightening, something to be explored and revered. And, he knew that he would much rather experience the rest of the changes with his lover, not wanting to miss a moment of Shane's own transition and wanting to take the journey together.

Yet, lost in the sensations as he was, Miguel was remiss for not hearing the door opening and Travis returning, heady canine musk in the air. It wasn't until Miguel was lifted and his pants pulled down, ripped with his underwear to expose his backside, that he knew what was happening. There was some intention in the wolf's actions, as though an apex beast taking the pair of changing men as his betas. Though, instead of being panicked, Miguel could feel his asshole clench with the notion of being fucked and filled. There was nothing in his mind that he could think of that made him more elated. To be a wolf, to belong to something, and to be with his love, was the epitome of his lupine desires. And, Shane seemed intent on sucking him off at the moment, Miguel didn't mind the notion of being sucked in the center of a threesome. Not that he'd imagined that he would ever be in a threesome, but werewolves seemed to be a little more open about such things, especially with how much they needed to get off!

"Not gonna lie, going to enjoy breaking the two of you in," Travis said, rubbing some lube over Miguel's ass to get him ready for a proper fucking. "I've been looking for a pack of my own, and two wolves would be a good start, if that's something that interests you," Travis said huskily before shoving his way inside.

Feeling the tip of a seeking lupine rod play over his backdoor, Miguel found himself wondering how much his own cock would alter by the time he was allowed to change that much further. Though he was aware that his own changes would be coming along sooner than later, especially as they fucked. But, if fate was to force him to change, he wanted it this way, faster or no. the sex was already so much better than anything humanly possible, and it was so much more difficult to find any reason to not give into the lust at the moment.

Miguel had to admit, there was something in the Lycan's words that appealed to him. Though he was unaware of it, Lycan's had strong ties to packs and bonds. And, even though he was with his boyfriend, they both needed an induction into Lycan society, somehow to get into their new lives. This man was certainly appealing in more ways than one. Though the notion of being betas, while something the meek human should have welcomed, seemed off. It was as though they didn't want to submit mentally to the wolf, that Travis wasn't...worthy for him?

Little time was left to reflect on it before Travis began his breeding in full. The pain of penetration lasted only for a moment, Miguel no stranger to anal sex but was still shocked by the

size of the member in his bowels. The wolf's cock was almost more than he could handle, at least with his current level of change. Though eventually, it found its place within him, and the prostate stimulation erased all traces of pain as Travis slowly began to find his pace. It was a powerful contrast of bestial intensity and caring humanity, not wanting to hurt his new charge but needing to fuck with a primal passion all the same.

Naturally, in the midst of their rut, the changes started to accelerate to the point that Miguel was able to watch them in real-time. His awareness of them was stunted slightly, in the middle of a threesome, and eager to fuck and rut as he was. Still, there was an ache in his jaw corresponding with movement out of the corner of his eye that alerted Miguel to the reality of a stretching muzzle, a proto-lupine jaw akin to the one that was currently sucking him off. Eyes watered and obscuring the sight of it somewhat, even as he blinked. Though he could not see without a mirror, Miguel was sure that his eyes were as amber as his lover's, easily able to pierce the darkness without any of the decreases in color that plagued true canines.

It was more than his face which was to alter, naturally, though Miguel was remiss to worry about it at this point. The changes served to distract him from his lust just enough that he was certain to hold out longer than wolvenly possible. The heat in his balls and member was held at bay just slightly by the intense itching of fur growth, sprouting between the follicles and coating his body in a light pelt. Though shorter than the lupine carpet he had grown already, Miguel could feel they were softer, running his claws over them for a modicum of relief. They seemed to be assailing his body in waves rather than bits at a time, as though eager to birth itself on his form. The undercoating was rather soft, though he was sure that the former human hairs were thicker to denote lupine guard hairs, a literal forest that would make up his coat for likely the rest of his life.

A slightly different sensation soon made itself known over his chest as seeking fingers scratched against sensitive skin that almost made him gasp. They felt as firm as his nipples, Miguel only just now starting to realize their presence on his anatomy. Canines had extra pairs, right? He wasn't sure, save for the sensation of six sensitive spots that were priorly against his growing fur. Miguel wanted desperately to rub at them in his current state of arousal, though was distracted by the persistent peppering of fur covering his body.

Around that same time, another instinct came to him, wanting to reach down and hold his lover over his penis and force him to suck. Not that Shane would stop, mind, but there was something about the notion that sat right with Miguel's mind, a dominant streak the normally meek man was unfamiliar with. It was very much akin to the notion of not wanting to submit to a man as a beta mate, that he was the dominant one. It was strange, yet felt so right to his psyche that there was no denying the beastly urge. He did so, holding down his lupine lover's head with one hand while the other explored his changing body.

An ache in his tailbone made him push away from the cock in his ass, though not enough that his sphincter muscles could properly expel it. Confused by its presence, Miguel wanted to reach back and touch it, though, at the thought of what it was, it seemed to start twitching of its own accord, the meat and muscle already present to do so. Though its presence on his anatomy was foreign, its implication was not, especially with a full Lycan in their midst. He had a lupine tail, smaller than its former stature but still motile. Though rather than be fearful of its presence, Miguel was excited to own one, a sign of his bestial heritage.

It was the sensation in his penis that drew his attention downward, feeling it seeking even beyond what his erect state should have been able to manage. He was getting bigger, his cock painting deeper into his lover's muzzle the more that Shane's face shifted to match Miguel's own. It had to be changing, not simply growing toward its eventual state. He wanted to see its alteration, his lupine-hood twitching in excitement at the notion he was to own a lupine red rocket. It was almost too much for him to hold back against, and Miguel was eager to shoot his load, forcing Shane to down it in time to release his cock and show its bestial heritage to the two of them.

The consistent pounding against his prostate was sending lustful signals through his entire being at this point, and it was steadily becoming close to the end, no matter how the pricklings of change were playing over his form. The intensity of twin pleasures was beyond his rational mind, and Miguel found himself sliding down into bestial desires. It was easy to give in, his prostate pounding playing through his penis in pulses of pleasure, bringing him close to the edge and over it before Miguel was even aware he was starting to orgasm.

“Oh, Shane, suck me...gonna blow...can't hold...oohhhrrroowwww!” Miguel managed to call out, feeling his cock spasming and the tip shooting a load of canine cream down Shane's gullet. Though, Shane was remiss to care, seeming to gulp it down like a tasty treat even from the sheer viscosity of lupine semen being granted him. He was never one to swallow as much as Miguel knew, but his altered physiology seemed inclined to take it as much as Miguel wanted it. Though, it was all Miguel had to do to hold onto these fleeting thoughts with the overwhelming fucking forcing more semen through his cock and into his lover's waiting maw. Again, the notion of forcing his lover's sexual acts, controlling them in an encouraging manner was at the forefront of his thoughts. It was not an aggressive or hateful control, rather a right that he had to tell the other wolf what to do, and one that Shane was likely to respond to in kind. Almost what he might perceive for an alpha wolf to experience...

Pulling back, muzzle full of wolf cum, Shane stared up at him with lust and desire in his eyes. Though, their gazes in tandem quickly turned down to see what was becoming of Miguel's maleness. The tip was raw red, though the flesh around it was puffy, his foreskin having swelled

slightly even as a light tearing sensation seemed to peel it back towards the base of a cock that was much larger than the human him could have ever hoped to see. The exposed skin was as red as the pointed tip, thick veins pumping blood from the engorged tissues and leaving him still pounded erect from the constant pressure in his bowels. With how engorged his cock appeared to be, there was no hope of the foreskin encompassing the head, even though it was increasingly obvious that it would eventually be deep enough to encompass the entire length.

His newly grown foreskin was hardly done with its alterations as both wolf-men watched with rapt attention. Its surface itched fiercely with the peppering of minute brown hairs, a lighter shade to match his belly. Thickening at the base, the flesh seemed to meld with that of his groin, the hair around it parting to make room for the new addition. His damp skin stood straight upward now, pulled towards his muscled chest and leaving it bobbing up and down against his belly. It seemed as though he had a functional sheath, though his penis was far too erect at the moment to be contained in such a thing. It was still powerfully arousing to feel it sliding in and up around the base, eliciting a series of growls from the previously meek man.

It was then that the pounding against his prostate became wild and uncontrolled, and he felt their third partner cumming within him, pushing forward with such ferocity that the pain of penetration of what had to be a beastly knot was barely felt. It wasn't until it was all the way in that Miguel realized Travis could no longer pull back even as his cock spasmed wildly and pumped his lover full of lupine sperm. The pleasant warmth filled his intestines with warm cum, and the pulsating penis pushed at his inner walls with such pleasure that Miguel growled in a deeper baritone than he was expecting.

As the three lay there, Travis tied to Miguel, a strange sensation seemed to overtake him, a dizzying warmth that was puzzling yet pleasant all the same. It was akin to the swelling that he had felt thus far, though confusing given his stature compared to the other two wolves. Yet, even though Shane was further changed than he was, Miguel could tell that he was growing larger, still expanding with muscle and mass. Only the persistent growing pains could denote the effect of expansion that was making him more of a beast than he could have ever fathomed being. Hell, he even imagined himself being larger than Travis, parts of his changed body being greater than the fully formed wolf's. How it was possible to grow that much larger than a fully formed Lycan, he had no idea. Then again, nothing about the change made sense without him knowing anything about the science behind Lycanthropy.

With the added size came a dominant streak that flashed through Miguel's mind, one to take what he wanted and needed from his lover. He wanted to fuck, his cock was still erect and aching with need. The sensation of a muzzle against his prick was pleasant, but only a prelude to his eventual desires. With an unexpected strength, he pushed Shane to the ground, grabbing his sides in an attempt to flip him over. Shane, rather than being offended by the action, made his

effort to get into position, getting the idea and raising his own stub of a tail and exposing a puckered anus that had relocated from receding butt cheeks. He, too, was erect, horny as hell, and needing to take it as much as Miguel wanted to fuck him. A little rough-housing was evidently par for the course for Lycans.

Travis, not to be outdone, and still embedded to his half-changed lover, thrust forward, making Miguel groan and growl from the intense pleasure against his prostate. He was ready for another round as well, and gripping Miguel's sides, he started to thrust, fast enough to take his pleasure but enough that Miguel was able to get into place behind Shane. The trio formed a train of sorts, grunting and growling and snarling as the two mid-turned Lycans learned the ins and outs of lupine breeding.

Miguel, for his part, felt like a beast in rut, needing to fuck his boyfriend as much as Miguel was sure Shane needed it. His mind was feral at the moment, making it hard to focus on the changes that were still encroaching over his form, in particular, the continued growth of muscle and mass. Though it was hardly an inconvenience for the altering young man to tower over his now-clearly smaller lover, to hunch over him and take what he needed so badly. Ass deep in a sexy wolf-man was the only thing to match his desires, no longer being tough enough to sate his sexual appetites.

There was one sensation that met Miguel's attention, however, even with his mind on a hair trigger for bestial intentions. Though his cock was hilted into his lover, pumping in and out like a jackhammer, it seemed as though a thickened bulb at the base of his cock was trying to force its way into his lover's rump. The expansive bulb engaged in his own rear was enough for him to know that was what was happening, his lupine knot trying to tie them desperately together. With little regard for his lover, Miguel thrust desperately forward, growling and drooling as, with an audible pop to his pointed ears pushed its way in.

Miguel felt his end coming and instinctively wanted to bite into his lover's shoulder as he went into orgasm. Though Travis's presence in his backside was enough to keep him stationary as he rode the waves of release, spilling warm semen into his boyfriend's backside. The tight grip of his rectal clamp on Travis's wolf cock brought the beast as well, and the backwash from sticky semen would be enough to rush from his bowels had the knot not been forced so tightly inside. Not wanting to be left out of the howling trio, Shane burst over his chest and claws as he jerked himself to completion, marking each other with thick wolf spunk and the intricate aromas that marked their individual identities better than simple sight could manage.

With that, the three of them were left tied together, fucking a few more times until their cocks finally softened to allow their release from each other. Though the sexual actions altered their physiology, the rush that came with that first orgasm died down enough that the pair of

newly altered Lycans left Miguel half-changed. Shane was closer to the hulking beast that had been his birthright, almost 7 feet tall with a hunched back and a proto muzzle to match. There was little left of his humanity, though Shane was remiss to care given his acceptance of lupine life and having his new boyfriend with him. He had some growing to go, and his fur coat was not fully formed, but the lupine musculature was largely in place, as best as he could tell from Travis's own physique.

It was clear to the trio that Miguel was the largest of the three, nearing Travis's stature even in his hybrid state. He was over 7 feet, a true beast beyond anything his meager human stature could match. Coming out of his lust-fueled stupor, it was obvious to both changing men that Travis regarded Miguel with some sense of reverence. As though the change to this degree was unnatural, more so than the otherworldly process could have managed to make him. There was no denying the shock on his features as they came down from their animalistic rut, finally realizing there was something different about the changing wolf's stature, something he wasn't expecting.

"That's not possible..." Travis muttered, eye level with the other wolf-man now even though Miguel wasn't fully changed. That realization filled Miguel with a slight bit of elation to know that he was to be bigger, stronger. Fitting into the role that his mind seemed to settle into.

"And why's that?" Miguel questioned, Regardless of the shock or trepidation that the fully-formed Lycan felt towards him, there was no denying that Miguel was to be in charge! And, as the moments passed and Travis seemed to settle into that mode, whatever plans he had for forming a pack as its alpha seemed not to be in the cards, given his inferiority to the newly-changed beast.

"It's just...rare," Travis started, seeming to find his words after a few moments. "It seems Miguel is a natural born alpha. I know real wolves don't have alpha pairs, but we, Lycans, do, or at least what we call alphas. It's more of a dominance in size that triggers an innate attraction. Also unlike real wolves, Lycan pair bonds, while present, are a little more...*open*. Well, you know what I mean," he said, and if the pair could have imagined it, he was blushing even under his fur coat.

Shane, too, was more drawn to Miguel than he could have imagined, his love for the man exacerbated by some sort of lupine instinct. Though he wasn't sure what it was, it didn't make the feelings any less real for him. Though, there was something powerful, something commanding about the other man that made Shane's sheath swell despite having emptied their balls so thoroughly with the previous rutting session.

“How did he become an alpha?” Shane asked, though Miguel could not bring himself to care for the reason. An excitement flowed through him with that, the desire to dominate both his love and the full Lucan in turn. The more he sat with the notion, the more comfortable he was with the reality. It was as though his alpha instincts were swaying his inklings, something that he was more than happy to fall into, with how dominant and pleasurable the instincts were. It was as true about the world as much as the fact that he needed air to breathe or male tail hole to rut into. Yet, it was equally true that it felt as though his past recollections of meek personality was a dream, a facade from a past life that he had now awakened from the truth of.

“Luck of the genetic lottery? A beast hiding under the smaller man all these years? Does it matter? Not when we have such a specimen in our midst,” Travis remarked, previous disappointment lost in his tone, as though almost relieved to have an alpha to take over and thus removing the burden himself. With that, grin on his lupine features, he came over to rub both beasts with his thick paw hands. The duo shivered from the touch, skin pricking as more guard hairs started to lance from already covered skin to make up the remainder of their lupine pelts.

“Why don't we indulge in all the pleasures that our lupine bodies can give us? We can go all night on a good meal, and I can smell you've both eaten well,” Travis noted. It was obvious to the two younger wolves that Travis's dick, while surprisingly not as thick as Miguel's own, slid from his sheath and drooled thick strings of pre-cum despite how much he had filled Miguel's bowels already.

“I'll start by servicing this magnificent alpha. That is, if your mate approves,” Travis offered, and Shane only nodded, not feeling as protective of his mate's exclusivity as he thought he might before today. He was more erect at the sight of his lover taking a larger male and becoming the dominant beast over the trio, than being the first to be taken. And he was curious to know exactly what it was that Travis had in mind!

“Let me show you the skill and experience I've amassed in tending to Lycan physiology,” Travis offered, moving his muzzle towards Miguel's proto one and reaching out with a cautious tongue in a lupine semblance of a kiss. Miguel loved the gesture, feeling a sense of submission from the other wolf. Miguel, deciding a more human gesture was warranted, kissed him back, the two of them falling into a bit of an embrace to cement their new bonds.

The embrace lasted for a few moments before Travis moved off him and began sniffing Miguel's cock with purpose. Miguel, knowing instinctively that Shane would enjoy the show, allowed his dominance to assert itself and took Travis's head in his growing hands, forcing his muzzle to touch the tip of his aching cock. While the human him might have been impressed by the sexual stamina that he possessed, his Lycan psyche was convinced that it was simply his truth

that he was to become more virile a beast than could be imagined. Being tasted by this beta was only to be a drop in the bucket before he was truly spent and needed to rest.

The sensation of hot wolf breath on his prick made Miguel growl in anticipation, hoping that Travis's words would live up to the hype and anticipation. Travis's tongue played over the tip sensually, wrapping around it with the flexibility of a canine and working its way around the circumference of the shaft and down toward the inside of his sheath. It seemed to push the rest of his sheath downward, pulling it down over his knot and stimulating the surface with skill and practice. Miguel had to admit, despite Travis's overconfidence, he was impressed by his beta's actions.

Though, as was his right, he soon reached down and prompted Travis to muzzle his prick, wanting to feel the tip press against the roof of the canine's maw. Travis was of course up to the task, keeping his tongue expertly wrapped around his lover's rod while managing to pull it toward the back of his throat. Only the very base of Miguel's knot gave the fully formed werewolf difficulty, though even that was taken by expert lips, the contours of his penis all being stimulated at once and making the changing alpha growl his obvious approval.

Though, even with him being on the edge and wanting his beta to take him the rest of the way, Miguel figured he would be remiss for leaving Shane out of the fun. Repositioning himself, Travis able to hold him in position, Miguel lifted his stubby tail, pucker covered with drying semen from his previous fucking. He had the added benefit of being stretched impossibly wide from having taken such an expansive lupine knot in his tail hole, and Shane slid inside of him with ease, though to the point that Miguel could almost not feel it. Though soon Shane slid inside of him, knot not quite able to enter with the fucking that he was about to receive.

Yet, the growing alpha instincts in his mind were not simply satisfied with sitting back and being pleased for long. Eventually, he shoved at the wolf with his muzzle wrapped around Miguel's cock, Travis letting it go reflexively so as not to inconvenience his alpha. Rather, getting the hint, he simply got down on all fours, lifting his tail and rubbing his ass in the air as though seeking Miguel's cock. The moment that Miguel's tip brushed against his backside, Travis was able to hone in on the target and engulf Miguel's penis without even a modicum of difficulty. Miguel growled, eager for the beta that he'd found and the skill at which he performed the sexual acts. It was heaven!

Miguel's mind whited out after that, the repeated sex and the powerful alpha instincts almost more than he could stand with the still human elements of his mentality. The next thing he knew, it was morning, and Miguel was lying in a bed that was present in the house, with no memory of how he had gotten there. He could feel the drying seminal fluids covering him, sticky and irritating though indicative of being enveloped in sexual acts for the entirety of the night. His

packmates, the other wolves that belonged to him with some certainty, were cuddled against him in the bed, the warmth of their bodies and the scent of their musk filling him with a sense of contentment beyond reason.

To his surprise and delight, Miguel found that his knot had not softened, and was in fact still embedded in Travis's rectum. Eagerly, he ran his hands through their fur, tracing them across bulging muscles and loving the masculine forms that the two of them both possessed. Though Shane's body was not as large as the fully formed werewolf, it would likely be the case after a short time, especially with the frequency and intensity of the fuckings they partook in.

Naturally, the action roused the pair from sleep, a contented expression crossing Travis's face as he realized that his alpha was embedded in his bowels. Rectum reflexively clenching on Miguel's cock, it took little time for Miguel to start to thrust, the rest enough for his morning romp to begin in earnest. Moaning, Travis raised his ass, flicking his tail over the other wolf's chest and making Miguel growl. Though Miguel was the dominant one, he didn't mind feeling his lover's cock tease the edges of his asshole before pushing inside of him and rutting with abandon. It was powerfully arousing to be in the center, controlling the tempo of their rut and acting the alpha that he was. With the power that he held over them, it took no time for Miguel to reach orgasm, blowing his seed into his beta's rectum and feeling a warm rush inside of his own in a sign that his love had unloaded his own bolt into Miguel. All in all, the perfect wake up!

Even as they lay tied together in their fatigue, the trio decided to discuss what needed to be done for them to get to safety. It was something that Travis did often, to their relief, something that would require only them to travel by cover of darkness. No one had any wind of their presence in town, other than the people that would be looking for their missing persons, and it was too soon for that to be a problem. Though part of Miguel worried about his parents, his friends, and all he would miss, that part was fading under the glow of what lycanthropic life had to offer him. The sooner they could leave town, the sooner that the trio would not only be safe but could fuck without repercussions.

Knots finally deflated, Miguel told his mates that he was to head to the bathroom, though had a different goal in mind. Finding there to be a full length mirror, he was excited to play over his new body, exploring how much he had changed. Getting used to walking on his new paw-like feet was a chore, though his mind had altered to the point where it was hardly an issue. The digitigrade stance he possessed was a massive increase in height, the human contours of the room much smaller, dizzying so as he entered the bathroom, ducking to get in.

The size of the lupine beast in the mirror made his cock slide slightly from his sheath, though not enough for him to come to arousal, spent as he was. His muscles were beyond compare, nothing in the human world able to match a Lycan, let alone an alpha like himself.

Rubbing his muscles through the soft wolveren pelt he possessed, Miguel growled knowing that he still had some growing to be. The alpha that Miguel had become revealed in his newfound strength and power, loving the freedom of being naked like the beast he was. Though he longed for the beast that he would be, the changes not yet finished with him yet. He wished to fuck himself into proper form, reveling in bestial love with his new packmates.

The growls of fucking came to the forefront of his ears as they twitched back in the direction of the bedroom. Heading back, he was in time to see his new betas in a sixty-nine position, eagerly sucking rods down to the knots and grunting their lust for each other. Miguel had to admit the sight really did it for him. Not only the erotism of the two wolves making love, but the fact that the three of them were pack, were mates. It seemed already their pack would be close, just as Miguel desired from his betas.

After calling his pack for breakfast, and resting for the day, the three of them made their way out in the dead of the night. The new moon masked their retreat though hardly an inconvenience for the wolves to make their way into the world. Their eyesight took in the minute details of light like no other animal could, though it was really their sense of smell that would guide them. Travis knew the way, this was his territory, and his job was to recruit new wolves to their commune. Miguel and Shane, for their part, found some amusement in the fact that their changes were not tied to the moon, but rather the DNA for the condition that took route at the opposite end of the lunar cycle.

The trio were given backpacks, larger for their sizes and to be filled with meats and whatever they could find. Anything from their human lives was to be left behind, there being no chance for them to make it back to their houses to retrieve anything. It was of little concern to the changing wolves; they wanted for little in their new forms, save for needing food to eat and basic toiletries to make sure that their sexual escapades were sanitary. Though there was some sorrow for the loss of human lives, the promise of the power and sexual prowess of their new forms made it a non-issue for them to give it all up. Best of all, the trio had each other, the most important thing for their new lives.

After a few hours of hiking, Travis had them set up a rudimentary camp, safely outside the city. Though it was little more than a place to place their gear before Travis suggested it was a good time to put their newfound athleticism to the test. The idea of hunting their own prey, while abhorrent to human sensibilities, was rather welcome to the wolves they had become, more amicable now that their changes were nearly complete and they still lacked their final Lycan size. The notion of hunting, of actually catching prey with their powerful new bodies was almost as powerful an aphrodisiac as the change itself and left both new wolves leaking rivulets of precum. They had not fucked since this morning, and a good rut was in order once they had claimed this territory as their own. The instinct to do so was strong, and though Lycans needed larger

territories, many groups congealed into packs, as much as Travis informed them. There would be plenty of territory within the space of sanctuary they would journey towards, one far away from civilization and one of many within the country at large.

Still, with no other Lycans in the area, it was apt for the trio to spill blood and then their seed in order to claim this space as their own. Travis offered to instruct the pair, but Miguel was confident in his power and the ability to hunt for themselves that he was sure he possessed. The scents in the air told them what they needed to know about the animals around. Rabbits, deer, and a myriad of other things would sate their hunger. Though they had eaten before leaving, there was something about the idea of hunting for themselves, to be the beasts they were, and something that they would have to get used to moving forward with their lives.

Though the power in their bodies seemed sufficient to hunt a deer, in the end, the pair figured that they didn't need all that meat, having fed well as of late. Getting a couple of rabbits would be a testament to their abilities and something to get them over the squeamishness of eating live prey. Though only Shane held a modicum of trepidation, Miguel felt it was his right to do so. Shane, trusting his alpha, allowed Miguel to take the lead. The brown wolf sniffed the air, a cacophony of scents almost too much for him to bear. The night was full of animals, ones that elicited hunger in his belly, even though he was satisfied with the meat they had consumed from their rations. He wanted to hunt, to exert his dominance over the land like the alpha beast he was.

With Lycan senses, it was no effort to zero in on what he knew would be his prey. Though all animals seemed to be potential targets, Miguel was able to discern, through senses and instincts, which came from a rabbit, and which came from other animals. Bodies in their altered states were easily able to get down on all fours, arms and legs in a state that they could move with ease. Though such should have been an interesting experience to be walking on all fours, it felt surprisingly natural to be a quadruped as much as he walked around on his digitigrade legs. It was just another aspect of his body to be cherished as much as if he had been birthed in it.

That was not the only thing that felt oddly natural to his new body. Hunting itself was part of his being, mind altered into that of a predator. Like the canine he was, Miguel's senses hyper-fixated on the scent, freezing and sniffing and traipsing silently through the woods toward the object of his desire. Shane was right behind him all the while, sniffing and knowing reflexively what Miguel was hunting. Still, with his alpha in lead, there was precedent for him to follow along behind, both exploring their new abilities and roles at the same time.

It took him no time to locate the rabbit, its twitching nose breathing in the night air but largely unaware of the presence of the beasts upwind of it. Miguel could feel his tail wagging

eagerly, though was careful that it did not touch so much as a branch as he prepared to pounce. With lightning speed, almost so fast that he did not realize what he was doing, Miguel pounced on his prey, the rabbit barely having time to squeal before Miguel bit bloodily into its neck, killing it. Though there was little remorse in the action, feeling natural and fulfilling as anything he could have managed to comprehend. And, why should he feel bad about it? He was killing to eat, after all, as natural as any other predator, only now unable to get meat from the store as the human him was accustomed.

Shane came up behind him then, taking his lover in a tender kiss before licking the blood off his muzzle. The taste was rather pleasant, tangy, and coppery all at once as the two tore the rabbit in half, eating its body in a few gulps. Their gullets were greedy, though the meat sat well with them, enough to satisfy their hunger at least for now. Licking the blood off themselves and each other, it wasn't long before the pair of them grew to arousal, tongues moving down to taste cocks and precum with equal enthusiasm. In their triumphant hunt, the pair brought themselves to orgasm quickly, going down on each other with the veracity of beasts. Though the energy they felt from release was exquisite, it was but a drop in the bucket for the fun that they were still to have that night.

Though the two of them felt a deep-seated love for each other, surpassing anything that they could recall, Travis was as much their pack mate as the two of them. There was no jealousy in pack, no control save for the order of alphas and betas. As they mated, making love in the dead of night, the trio felt an elation flowing through them, doing so in nature, where they felt their truly belonged. Once more, they eventually formed a trail, Miguel in the middle as he fucked Travis and took the love of his life in his ass. Cum filled their rectums, knots tying them together until their mammoth testicles could release no more, for at least a while.

The morning dawn brought with it a surge of hope for the two beasts, their forms finalized, as best as they could tell. Miguel measured 8'6, the immense difference in their sizes evident upon the three of them waking. Shane and Travis had to look up at him, rather impressed by the stature of the alpha for their pack. He was covered with a shaggy brown coat of thick fur, though some lighter brown accents existed on his form as it billowed in the morning breeze. Both of his betas ran their claws through his magnificent fur, taking in his form under the early morning light, feeling his was finally complete.

He was not the only newly formed wolf in the world. Shane, though significantly smaller at 7'11, was still a beautiful wolf, his own fur coat was black though carried some accents of gunmetal gray. With their changes done, they joined the other wolf as full Lycans, the forms that they would possess for the rest of their lives. Though a modicum of regret existed for their lost loved ones, their families, and such, it was but a drop in the bucket to the promise their Lycan lives could bring them.

Lying under the fading stars and the oncoming dawn, the two spent wolves snuggled up and worshiped their alpha, tracing their clawed hands over his fur and muscles, teasing his nipples, and licking at his lips in a sign of submission. The trio were still leaking from their previous fun, though fatigue was coursing through their forms. That, and even though this place was safe, they were creatures of the night and it was proper time for them to revel in their new bodies. Particularly when they reached a safe haven, though, Miguel didn't know why they couldn't make their den here. Perhaps he could insist, and there would be nothing his betas would protest under his prompting.

Miguel, for his part, was excited, loving the power in his body and the pack that he had created. Travis, without a pack of his own, agreed to belong to Miguel, and there was a precedent for him to take on more betas in the future. Still, with his love and his benefactor in tow, there was no need for anything else. Miguel was content and excited for the future, his role set in stone, and no worries for what would come. He had his pack, his lifelong mates, and his powerful new form to take them into their new lives together...