

## Going Down

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What was insomnia to a city that never slept? It was a question Nathan was asking himself a lot these days, or rather nights. He moved down the long hallway of his apartment building, the translucent plastic apartment numbers jutting out from the gray and burgundy painted walls. Random artifacts like pretend turtle skeletons and fake plants were scattered around to give the place personality, though Nathan wasn't sure what sort of personality that was supposed to be. He reached the elevator at the end of the hall and pressed the button, the recessed disk illuminating a rich pearl hue.

Nathan glanced at his reflection in the metal elevator doors, a little disappointed by what he saw. Gray V-neck t-shirt, black pants, brandless shoes and the same glasses he'd had since high school. If it hadn't been for the fact that he had bleached his hair from chestnut brown to sunflower blond, he would have as if he'd been stagnating for years. Eventually the elevator let out a chime and reluctantly rattled open, allowing Nathan entrance. The elevator was made of green tinted glass on every side but the door, allowing a view over a woodland park and then the glittering skyline beyond. Every building shimmered with a dozen different colors of lights as the rich orange and purple sunset gave way to night. Even the footpath through the park was delineated by evenly placed white lamp posts. As Nathan turned around to reach for the control panel, he saw his neighbor approaching on a light jog.

"Hey bro, hold the door!" he called out. With each stride, the chains around the young man's neck and waist swung and clattered back against his torn up black t-shirt and holey jeans, his mocha skin peeking out through the gaps and contrasting with his burgundy red spiked hair. Nathan was so focused at drinking in his neighbor's appearance that he almost waited too long to reach out and let his hand catch the rubber buffer on the inner rim of the door, forcing it to retract and remain open. His neighbor cracked a toothy grin as he squeezed through the door and stood next to Nathan. "Thanks bro." he said. Up close Nathan realized that even his neighbor's mustache and goatee were that rusty, ruddy reddish-brown color.

"What floor?" Nathan asked. He had to stop himself from using his neighbor's name, Caleb, not wanting to creep him out by revealing how much he knew about him.

"Ground floor." Caleb replied. Nathan smiled.

"Me too." he said, pressing the appropriate button. The elevator began its slow descent, giving Nathan more than ample time to ogle Caleb. It was an innocent enough crush. Nathan had always been attracted to men that didn't mind standing out in a crowd, and Caleb was by far the most interesting person in the building. The only habit he seemed to share with the other residents was how aloof he was. It seemed that everything he'd had to learn had taken more work than was technically appropriate.

The descent seemed slower than normal, enough of a difference that Caleb was starting to look a little anxious. His foot was tapping involuntarily, the well-worn leather of the shoe flexing and straining with each impact. The red headed punk was even drumming his fingers along his hip, idly playing with the lowest loop of the chains he wore. Nathan was a little disappointed that his neighbor was so eager to get out of the elevator, but he couldn't blame

him. He was about to ask a question to try and break the ice when the elevator suddenly shuddered and then stopped.

“No...” Caleb murmured, eyes widening in shock before he turned to check the doors, praying that someone had simply asked for the elevator on a different floor. The doors remained exactly as they were. Caleb moved over, hitting a different button, then the door open button, then the button for his own floor. “No, no, no...” he murmured through gritted teeth.

“It’ll be okay, we’ll just call for help.” Nathan said, reaching over to hit the emergency button. It lit up a bright orange before the speaker crackled to life.

“Thank you for calling Northlake Security Operations Center. Your location is registered as: Pine Ridge Elevator 3B. If this is not an emergency, please press the button again to deactivate. Gracias por llamar al Centro de Operaciones de Seguridad de Northlake. Su ubicación está registrada como: Pine Ridge Elevator 3B. Si esto no es una emergencia, presione el botón nuevamente para desactivar.” the automated voice announced before pausing for a few moments, “Emergency engineers have been dispatched to your location and will arrive in approximately thirty eight minutes. Los ingenieros de emergencia han sido enviados a su ubicación y llegarán en aproximadamente treinta y ocho minutos.”

“I can’t wait thirty eight minutes...” Caleb whispered, his brow furrowed. It was a look of desperation, of panic, an expression that Nathan wouldn’t have expected from such a tough looking punk. Still, anybody could be claustrophobic.

“I guess this is one of those things in life where there’s not a lot you can do except wait it out. I know there’s probably like an emergency hatch or something, but I don’t know about climbing out of here. It might be even riskier.” Nathan said. Caleb turned and looked at him, shaking his head.

“I think it’s going to be a lot more dangerous if we stay trapped in here.” Caleb said, though there was something in the way he said it that made Nathan uncertain. Caleb’s honey brown eyes looked back out of the green glass across the park to the horizon beyond. He could already see the golden haze of the rising moon kissing the tops of the buildings. With each heartbeat it rose higher and higher, and as it did, each of his heartbeats grew stronger and more powerful. Caleb’s hand tightened and he winced, feeling the tips of his fingernails starting to grow sharper and thicker.

“Maybe there’s a way to pass the time, to make things go a little easier.” Nathan said, smiling sheepishly, “I really love your hair.” he said, feeling as if that alone put him out there. It wasn’t common for men to say they liked each other’s looks unless they were of a certain persuasion. It was a make or break move, either swinging the door open or making everything more awkward from that point on. Despite his anxiety, Caleb looked over at Nathan as if for the first time, looking him up and down before settling on his bleach blond hair. A small grin crossed his lips as he gave a nod.

“Maybe we could do something about yours sometime. Looks like it’d take the dye well.” he said. A jolt of electricity ripped through Nathan’s body and he found himself not only grinning but blushing too. Even his nipples perked up, his manhood stirring in his pants.

“Really? I’d love that.” Nathan said, cursing himself internally for saying love again so soon. It felt crazy that Caleb was so freaked out while Nathan was enjoying having a captive audience. Nathan tried to think of what would come next logically, unaware of how fixated Caleb was on the horizon. The punk watched the upper edge of the moon ascend more and more,

tendrils of silver light stretching outward across the city. Caleb's breathing intensified, his ears tingling as they started to stretch into points. The paint on his fingernails started to crackle as they stretched out longer, taking on faint curves. His palms tingled and throbbed as the flesh began to get puffy and tougher, just as little bubbles formed on each fingertip.

"I'm not scared of the elevator." Caleb blurted, realizing there was no use trying to hide it anymore. Nathan looked up, startled from the sudden admission. Caleb swallowed and looked at Nathan, his brown eyes already taking on a rich amber-yellow hue. Nathan gasped gently, watching as Caleb's burgundy goatee began to grow out centimeter by centimeter, the punk's mustache thickening as more stubble began to blossom across his cheeks. Every time his chest rose, it didn't shrink back all the way, gaining a little mass with each movement. "I'm scared of what's going to happen to you trapped in here with a werewolf." Caleb murmured.

Nathan was still stunned speechless. He'd heard the stories, of course, everyone had. They seemed like suburban and rural legends, avoiding the woods during the full moon, but he'd never heard of any werewolves in the city. Still, how could he deny it? As he watched, Caleb's torn up shirt was growing tighter and tighter as his pectorals filled with more muscle and meat and his biceps and triceps expanded in his sleeves. Even the cuffs of his pant legs were riding up, revealing ankles that were getting hairier and hairier.

"Maybe that's the animal magnetism I was drawn to." Nathan murmured. Caleb looked at the blond for a moment before he cracked a grin and then laughed out loud, throwing his head back, the laugh lasting for a long moment.

"I knew you were horny for me." Caleb muttered. Nathan groaned.

"And here I was thinking I was playing it so cool." he moaned. Caleb laughed again.

"I can feel your heat every time you see me." Caleb said. Nathan kept smiling although he seemed to pull back in on himself a little.

"So I guess I'm just not your type, huh?" Nathan asked. Caleb shook his head.

"It's not that at all. I see how nice you are to Misses Creston, and you're pretty cute when you're picking out produce at the market. I just didn't want to ruin your life by turning you into a monster like me." Caleb said, breathing a bit harder before he groaned suddenly, doubling over. A sickening series of pops, crunches and snaps echoed through Caleb's chest cavity as his spine elongated, bumps protruding against his shirt as his rib cage started to expand. His fingers flexed open, revealing full claws and paw pads as rusty red fur sprouted across the backs of his hands and patches began to fill in along his arms.

The punk's mid-riff was showing, a glint of a navel ring disappearing as dark gray fur sprouted across his stomach. Caleb snarled a little, his mouth filling with sharper and sharper teeth. He stumbled back against the elevator door, the change of positions shifting his posture enough that ivory claws pierced through his worn out sneakers, clicking as they hit the metal floor of the elevator. He groaned and growled before forcing his eyes back open, looking at Nathan... and then his erection.

"You got it bad, bro..." Caleb murmured. Nathan tried to recover himself before he smiled meekly and shrugged.

"I thought you were sexy when you were just a bad boy punk. Can I help it if I find a closeted werewolf even sexier?" Nathan admitted. Caleb continued to pant, his nose curling a bit as he smelled the human's musk. It was a weak spice, but compelling all the same. How much sexier would it be if he carried the scent of a werewolf in heat? A beta unable to focus on

anything other than fucking and being fucked, of guzzling down tainted werewolf cum, of filling his belly so full it sloshed around when he moved?

"FUCK..." Caleb groaned hard, feeling the aching, stinging pain in his own groin. He panted hard, reaching a clawed finger down, unable to focus well enough to grasp the zipper and withdraw it. Instead he clawed at the button until it popped off and the zipper wheezed with pressure as a bulge of wet red cotton oozed out, Caleb's boxers barely containing his manhood. He looped a finger under the waistband and pulled it down, exhaling as a plump, fat, furry red sheath erupted, rising up proudly over two huge tennis ball sized testicles.

Nathan was starting to pant as well, frantically tugging his sweatpants and underwear down, exposing his achingly hard cock. He wrapped his fingers around it and started to jack off, letting his grip rise up and down with power and potency. He watched the punk's face distort, his jaw pressing forward, his nose broadening, his ears growing fur as they took on taller and taller points and began to creep up the side of his head, rising to prominence along with the thick red spikes of hair.

Caleb's golden eyes squeezed shut as he felt his legs grow longer, his ribs push apart and his face started to extend outward. The fear, anxiety and trepidation he felt as a human were melting away, replaced with the confidence and power of the wolf. A longer tongue licked wider lips, his ears popping again as his skull stretched out into a muzzle. What had started as soft, willowy facial hair had turned into fur, covering his cheeks, his nose, his forehead and even his eyelids. The fur spiraled down his thick, wide v-shaped neck. It coated his back and his chest, though his nipples were fattening and plumping up.

The red boxers Caleb wore sagged down over furry butt cheeks as a nub began to press out, stretching longer and wider, sprouting fur of its own. It dangled and wobbled behind his legs as it descended toward the floor. Clawed fingers began to massage and molest his furry sheath, feeling the hard meat inside of it growing longer and thicker. Clear pre and lube oozed out of the sheath. The werewolf opened his eyes and looked at the human jerking himself off at the sight of him, as well he should.

A predatory grin crossed Caleb's muzzle. He towered over the human, at least seven feet tall now. His sneaker nearly exploded as he took a step forward, a huge paw stepping down into the gap between them. Caleb wriggled his toes on the other foot, forcing the sneaker to collapse and fall apart. The hungry, lewd grin crossed Caleb's canine face as he slipped closer and closer. He reached out, holding the underside of Nathan's shaft, keeping it upright as he moved closer still.

Nathan gasped as he felt something hot and wet engulf his cock. Caleb continued pressing forward, sliding inch after inch of his neighbor's cock into his sheath. Nathan began to drool, his eyes glazing over as he felt his manhood against the curved, bulging, wicked wolf cock hiding inside that furry pouch. Caleb kept moving until they were groin to groin and they could feel each other's heartbeats pumping through their cocks. Caleb leaned down, running a tongue along Nathan's ear slowly.

"I'm going to corrupt you." Caleb whispered, "I'm going to turn you into that horny pup you always wanted to be... You're going to crave my cum, my milk and my piss... You're going to grow up big and strong, just like me, and we're going to fuck and kiss and get married and have pups of our own and I'm going to make you look wild and cool, just like me." he growled. Nathan moaned out at that, throwing his head back, his cock throbbing a bit as he added his

own pre to the lube inside the werewolf's sheath. Caleb merely growled in contentment, wriggling ever so slightly to line things up and...

"Ahhh!" Nathan gasped, eyes widening as he felt a sudden rush of hot wetness shooting against the head of his cock, then find its way to his urethra. He gasped again, higher in pitch this time before flushing bright red. The smile that crossed Caleb's muzzle was slow, gradual, and incredibly accomplished. He watched Nathan gasp and writhe and moan and murmur as he felt all sorts of unfamiliar sensations ripping through his own cock. That was all it had taken to trigger a rapid mutation, an irreversible corruption.

Caleb rotated his head from one side to the other, basking in satisfaction as he felt his neighbor's cock grow harder and firmed, more rigid, and then... pointed. The mushroom shaped tip of Nathan's manhood eroded into the pepper like point of a werewolf. Caleb began pulling back to examine his handiwork, looking down as the wet slick sound announced that Nathan's length was emerging from the puffy sheath. Nathan gasped, seeing tough red meat where he'd expected pale pink flesh. As his cock emerged, so too did Caleb's, both men standing there with hard canine cocks between them.

Nathan blinked in astonishment, though his blush soon grew more intense as his new member began to ache and throb, growing wider and longer, swelling and stretching at a shocking pace. His balls even managed to start growing, sagging lower as his sack grew rounder. Every change sent waves of hormones through his body, enough that a drunken, dreamy looking expression started to swim across Nathan's face. He looked back up at Caleb, eliciting a happy chuckle from the werewolf.

"That's it, you're going down now, aren't you? Horny little fucker, huh?" Caleb asked. Nathan nodded, panting, then grinning.

"Like you said, no going back, huh?" he asked. Before Caleb could come up with a sarcastic response, Nathan dropped down lower, grabbing a hold of Caleb's cock with both hands before plunging the tip into his mouth. The werewolf slammed a clawed, paw-padded hand against the window to steady himself as he gasped, feeling Nathan's lips and cheeks flutter around his rod. Nathan began to suck and slurp, bobbing his head forward and back, up and down, working with a rapid percussion worthy of a piston from a sport's car engine. Caleb snarled, eyes squeezing shut as he moaned, claws tapping and clicking against the floor of the elevator.

Some small part of Caleb wondered if it would have been more fun if Nathan had put up more of a fight, but the more Nathan sucked him off, the more Caleb felt like that would have just been delaying the real fun. The werewolf wrapped his clawed fingers around the human's head, tangling them in his blond hair to get a real good grip before he started to lift Nathan up, then push him down. Nathan worked fast to relax his throat as much as possible, bypassing his gag reflex right before Caleb's long puppy prick popped right into Nathan's throat.

While the elevator faced away from the building and over a park, there wasn't exactly any anonymity. The full moon was shining right on them and the green glass was lit from within as well, allowing Caleb's hulking silhouette to contrast sharply against the glass. Every breath, every thrust, every flex brought a little more size as Caleb's wolfhood pushed out of him. His tail swept down to the floor, his ankles and knees popped and reshaped. In moments his entire body was covered in fur, save for his cock, nose and paw pads.

Despite rocking out with his wolf out, Caleb's piercings still glinted in the light and his rusty red dyed hair stood up in crown like spikes between his pointed ears. There were even faint spots that emerged along the fur on his back, giving him the faintest inkling that one of his progenitors might have been a hyena. Caleb had taken to hiding away on full moons, not for himself but for the sake of others. All of that had come crashing down with the elevator getting stuck, and he watched with a twisted, corrupt glee as he saw Nathan's ears growing into points beneath him.

Nathan grasped the base of Caleb's cock needily and with hunger, feeling it pulse with vitality, unaware that his own fingers were exerting more and more of their own strength as he suckled from his alpha. Nathan's fingernails grew softer and hotter, the imperfections dulling out before they stretched and curved and thickened, hardening again only as his claws had fully set. Nathan's tongue lapped against hot cock and brushed over surprisingly sharp teeth. It hadn't just been his canine teeth, but all of them.

It became harder and harder to be careful around Caleb's cock. Nathan tried to use his tongue as a safety guide, to use his jaw as rails and set them as wide as he could, but it was harder and harder to fit them all into his mouth - at least until he felt the strange sensation that his mouth was getting longer, compensating by growing outward. It extended down the length of Caleb's male member. Nathan would have exhaled in relief, but instead he felt his ears twitch - ears that were no longer where they had once been. They had risen a good three inches along the sides of his head, the tips rising well above his hairline.

Caleb moaned and groaned, tail wagging, toes tapping. He forced his glowing eyes open, glancing down, looking at the curved green glass to catch sight of his conquest. He watched with glee as Nathan's cheeks bristled with new hair - not blond like the hair on his head, but pristine white like freshly fallen snow. It grew out at first like messy mutton chops, but the hair spread down his chin, his throat, and soon his shoulders and arms. It swept across his skin like the fingers of the sun tracing the landscape as it rose, but this was a transformation powered by the moon instead.

Nathan became rougher, more aggressive, ramming his face deeper, smashing it into Caleb's loins, trying to get all the cock he could. He growled, the vibration only drawing the punk more mad. He held on to Nathan for all he was worth, his own ears perking up as he heard wet, sloppy, desperate slapping sounds coming from where Nathan had latched onto his own werewolf cock. He masturbated furiously with one hand, using the other to keep Caleb steady as he sucked him off.

It was a supreme effort not to cum right then and there. Nathan's body had always felt like a limp sock, a pale extension of his body. Not it felt as if he'd been enveloped by a full body massage that he never wanted to end. It was like electricity was stimulating his muscles, allowing them to gain tone and definition they'd never had before. His back grew tighter and his ribs ached as they slowly expanded outward. This was life! This was how life was meant to be! Caleb used his gangly, long arms to caress at Nathan's chest, appreciating how firm his neighbor's pecs had gotten, not to mention the patch of silky soft white fur between his nipples.

Nathan began to tilt his head and undulate his throat, doing anything he could think of to increase friction. Caleb's admiration faltered as he began to shudder, growl, writhe, and then suddenly cum. Nathan gulped at the seed greedily, though he knew it was one of only three

liquids that his alpha had promised him. Nathan's hand snaked its way up Caleb's furry stomach, making its way up to his chest before newly minted claws pinched at his nipple.

"Arooo!" Caleb howled, throwing his head back, muzzle parting as his vocal chords vibrated. He howled for a good minute as he came, feeling Nathan gulp it down. The idea that he'd turned such a mild mannered perfect goody two shoes into a cum drunk punk was more powerful than any drug could ever be. Caleb snarled with delight, looking down, watching Nathan's nose curl up as it took on a dark black hue, white fur covering the bridge of his nose. Nathan found it hard to hear anything for a few moments, a distant muffled echoing sifting through his head. The reason why became apparent as his ears settled into their final position atop his head and his sense of sound came flooding back.

Nathan had continued to accost the punk's nipple, but as he moved his arm, he felt his bicep pop larger, then his triceps. They expanded in rather sudden fashion, first on his right arm, then his left. He had no time to think as bone crunching pops echoed up through his spine as even that expanded. The clothes Nathan had entered the elevator with were hardly going to fit anymore, the sound of tearing fabric coming as his expanding torso pressed out beyond their capacity. The audible sound of bones and ligaments adjusting filled the elevator, but to Caleb they sounded like the music of the cosmos.

A new nub of white flesh and fur waggled above Nathan's ass cheeks - cheeks that had filled out and fattened, taking on a bubble like shape. Nathan's shirt continued to split and tare as his neck widened, splitting out the collar. New muscles rose from his stomach like a pan of freshly baked rolls plumping in perfect alignment. Nathan barely managed to hold control over himself, his clawed fingers flexing as he felt the stinging, burning sensation of paw pads forming on his palm and fingertips. They were calloused already, surrounded by that soft white fur.

An elevator was hardly the place for a good blowjob, especially with one's knees braced on metal, but every muscle and every joint in his body had changed in the course of minutes. His feet were longer and narrower, his shoulders rolled more easily. He was flexible and powerful at the same time. Well before Nathan even felt it starting, his orgasm surprised him. His new canine cock began to shoot out rope after rope of cum. At first it was clean and white like his fur, but steadily it grew thicker and yellower, corrupted, just like Caleb.

A dull, steady growl emanated from Caleb's lips. He ran his fingers through the long, almost zebra-like mane of blond and white hair that had stretched out longer from Nathan's scalp. It would make a good mohawk, although it needed a little splash of color. Caleb grinned, reaching to rub at the bottom of Nathan's new muzzle. Reluctantly, he popped his head free of the cock, though a long lycan tongue slurped a few more times at the protein drizzle leaking from the tip.

Following the guidance of the finger, Nathan rose up... and up... and up. He nearly wobbled as he reached his new height, six foot eight. The last of the blue had burned away from Nathan's eyes, leaving the same fiery gold instead. Caleb tilted his head and slipped forward, letting his muzzle latch around the tooth bits of Nathan's muzzle. With some effort, Nathan opened his mouth enough that their tongues danced and wrestled in the strange embrace. Clawed hands slipped over one another, feeling and fondling, appreciating the power of true males. Their embrace lasted minutes, maybe even a half an hour. It wasn't until a dull pulsing orange light started to grow more insistent that they parted and looked around. Down at the

base of the building, a utility truck had rolled up and people were getting out in neon yellow vests with hard hats and ladders. A frustrated growl left Nathan's throat.

"I never should have hit the button to call for help." Nathan muttered.

"How sure are you about that hatch thing?" Caleb asked. Nathan grimaced.

"Not sure at all, but somehow it sounds better than getting found out by the engineers." he admitted. Caleb gave a nod at that and moved, bracing his paws against the doors and bending over. Nathan licked his lips and moved up behind him, starting to grind against his backside.

"No! As much as I'd like to, I need you to climb me, not mount me..." he growled. Nathan whimpered a little before he did as he was told, putting one foot paw onto Caleb's back before pushing off. With his elongated body and enhanced strength, he rose up with ease to the ceiling. He ran his fingers around before he found the lip of a hatch that seemed to hesitate for a second before it popped open. With great relief, Nathan slipped his arms up through the hole, flattened them out to either side and pulled himself upward. Caleb lifted his head, watching the white wolf remove himself from the elevator like a noodle being slurped up.

There were pops of the metal as the werewolf turned around and then reached back down the hole, offering his paw to his mate. Caleb grabbed a hold before Nathan tugged him upwards, using his other arm to grab onto the rim and help hoist himself. In moments the werewolves were out, climbing up the elevator shaft and towards the roof. They had made it nearly three quarters of the way when the elevator let out a shrill buzz, several loud clicks, and then continued its descent downwards.

A groan echoed as the hatch on the roof of the elevator shaft swung open, allowing Nathan to scramble out of it first. The air on the roof of the building was cooler than he expected, his white fur rippling in the breeze as he got out of the way. Caleb squeezed through the gap and landed on all fours on the roof, shaking off his body a little before he rose back up onto two feet. Caleb turned to face both Nathan and the full moon, feeling a great sense of relief. He wasn't trapped in an elevator and he wasn't going to spend the night alone. In fact, it seemed quite likely that he'd never have to be alone again.

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Metal music blared through the apartment, only adding to the tingling thrill Nathan felt as clumps of hair sprinkled down across his bare back and leg before collecting in the ceramic tub. His cock throbbed with excitement as he sat there, feeling Caleb work the clippers in sweeping arcs across the left side of his head. A long electric green mane already hung down across the right side of his head, the scalp around his ears already cleared on that side. Caleb chewed his bottom lip as he double checked his work before he nodded to himself, turning the clippers off. He brushed the excess hair off his boyfriend and stood up, heading for the door.

"Check yourself out in the mirror, bruh, I think you're gonna love it." Caleb said before he ducked down the hallway. Nathan pushed himself up, pausing to look down at where his black fingernails contrasted the white tub, another wet spot forming in his already soaked boxers. It had been intoxicating to be turned into a werewolf. It was equally intoxicating to be turned into a punk. He moved over in front of the mirror and gasped, looking at the long green relaxed mohawk he now sported. He turned his head one way and then the other.



Caleb reappeared at the doorway, holding a black, red and silver leather jacket with more metal spikes on it than a porcupine had. Only the arms were free of any dangerous accouterments. Nathan held out his arm, allowing Caleb to slip it into him. It had a heady weight to it as it settled on his shoulders, though his skinny naked chest and stomach peeked through the open gap down the center. Caleb gave a happy growl at the sight of him in the mirror, leaning in to give a playful nip at the scruff hanging down from Nathan's chin.

"Now that's an outfit. Half of one anyway." Caleb said. Nathan grinned, moving to give his boyfriend a quick kiss.

"It's as much of an outfit as I want, makes it easier for you to peel it off me." Nathan said. Caleb gave a satisfied grin at that before reaching to give Nathan's ass cheek a quick squeeze, moving back to stand in the doorway.

"How about we go get stuck in an elevator again." he said with a grin, arching an eyebrow before he left the bathroom. Nathan shuddered with pleasure before darting after him, most excited by the idea.