

The Mind's Eye

Written by Leo_Todrius

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The day had arrived. At last; the State Fair was open. The grass fields beyond the gates were filling with cars and the excited screams of guests being hurtled around on rides that rolled, swung, flipped and clattered were audible for a half mile radius in any direction. The sun had given its blessing by saturating the fairgrounds with enough heat that mist stations had been set up at information booths scattered around. To some, the state fair would have been an assault on the senses. To Ethan, it was an endless source of experiences. He loved the smell of hot cotton candy and kettle corn carrying in the wind. He loved hearing the carnival barkers and the dog show announcers carrying through megaphones. The cacophony of bells and dings and beeps and horns was like a siren song. Even the rough asphalt beneath his feet felt familiar. After walking back and forth all day, Ethan knew his feet were going to hurt, but that's what those neon colored metal chairs with the vibrating foot pads were for!

Ethan stood in line, trudging along as the ticket sellers and the ticket scanners did their duty. Ethan glanced up at the bright orange metal framework he was passing under. He didn't have to remember where he had parked, nor what entrance he was taking. The fair was part of him, it always had been. Ethan glanced up at one of the security monitors and caught sight of himself in the crowd. At nineteen, he was a little older than most teenagers that came on their own and younger than the new parents that brought their kids. He didn't care much. His dark, chestnut brown hair was pulled back into a short ponytail, his skin just a few shades darker than most of the city folk that came to partake.

In another few moments, Ethan had made it through the gate. He had been polite and unassuming which had caused a slight delay as a few people slipped past him, but he'd never been that assertive. That was part of what made the fair so appealing - He could be himself but still control his own fate. Ethan made it past the rides, then zipped through the carnival games and the concessions. No doubt he'd get a corn dog and lemonade before long, it was tradition, but there was so much to see and do!

Ethan reached up to brush a stray strand of hair back, realizing only then that his dark hair had absorbed the heat from the sun. He looked up, his hazel eyes contracting at the blazing light above. That was always the way of it, wasn't it? But the rides came alive at night, they could wait. The tents and booths that sold things were also well lit. He could bide his time, he just needed a way to pass the time, to entertain himself... something he hadn't done or seen before...

"Some call it intuition. Some call it instinct... but the mind's eye is far more powerful than people give it credit for. It is the true window to the soul, a passageway to our innermost thoughts..." A voice boomed, amplified by a PA system. Ethan slowly edged around toward the source of the noise, his eyes casting across a pavilion tent set up near the center of the largest concession block. It had a raised stage and benches going back dozens of rows. It was an event space, mostly for speakers that weren't big enough to charge individual ticket sales.

"I hear you asking yourselves, If the mind's eye has such power, then why have we not heard more about it?" The source of the voice was a man in his late forties or early fifties. His rusty brown hair was slicked back and neat, shaved on the sides with a hint of silver above the

ears and long on top. The neatly maintained sides cascaded out to a full and bushy beard that had been perfectly shorn and oiled with the best beard balms money could buy, two streaks of silver giving the beard distinction. His hazel eyes were alit with energy and potential. An almost predatory smile crossed his lips, "The answer is that almost all of us have closed our mind's eyes. Who here is bold enough to allow me to help open it? Who here will be brave enough to reveal the strength that is locked deep inside?" the man asked, eyes surveying the crowd before he stopped on a young woman in a red sundress and his smile blossomed, "My lovely lady, perhaps?" He asked. There was a murmur among the crowd as Ethan slipped in the back of the tent, slinking into a chair that gave him a good view.

The woman slowly stood up, smoothing her dress, looking a bit bashful. Another figure seemed to melt out of the shadows at the corners of the tent, moving to assist the volunteer up to the stage. He seemed younger, barely eighteen. Long black hair spilled down over his shoulders, though several strands had been woven into a thin braid that crowned his head before coming down the back in a narrow cord. Green eyes looked soulful, maybe weary, and the sideburns that crept down the back of his jaw were unruly and borderline wild. Ethan had been so distracted by the assistant that he'd almost missed the banner unfurled on the side of the stage, proclaiming the bearded man as the Great Dynamo - hypnotist and mentalist. Ethan sat a little forward on the metal bench, resting his hands on the knees of his khaki pants. He wasn't sure how he felt about hypnotism, but now was the perfect time to develop some opinions.

"Thank you, thank you. So kind to indulge an old man's pursuits." The Great Dynamo smiled, waiting half a beat before adding, "This is the part where you say I'm not that old." he murmured, earning a laugh from the audience. Ethan had to agree, the hypnotist looked quite vital. His shoulders filled out his suit quite well and his pants hugged rather shapely legs, not to mention that perfect mane of a beard... Dynamo smiled at his guest with a more earnest expression, "And who might you be?" he asked, holding out a small microphone toward her.

"Jennifer." She replied, still clearly embarrassed at being on stage.

"Jennifer, ah Jennifer. I take it that you're not used to being in front of crowds? What do you do for a living?" Dynamo asked. Jennifer bit her bottom lip slightly.

"I'm a personal assistant..." Jennifer replied, her voice barely audible even with the aid of sound amplification.

"A thankless job, isn't it Caleb?" Dynamo asked. The hypnotist's own assistant gave a meek smile from the side of the stage, the comment bringing yet another round of laughter. Dynamo chuckled lightly himself, "Ah, but it truly is not easy... One must be as meek and as fast as a mouse to assist the movers and shakers, but sometimes there beats something stronger beneath." Dynamo said, moving to take up a position right behind Jennifer's left shoulder. "Jennifer, I want you to close your eyes... Feel the slight breeze brush across your shoulders, taking with it the white noise of your mind. I want you to let it slip away, clear your mind, let it all drift away until there is nothing but the sound of my voice and a vision of yourself in your mind... Is it clearing, Jennifer?"

"Yes..." She replied, already seeming a little more at ease.

"You stand on a great mesa and before you is a stone staircase. You find yourself walking to the stone steps and looking down. They descend a great distance into a jungle. The canopy of trees is all around you, rays of sunlight filtering down, the call of birds echoing in the

distance... The light feels warm on your skin, doesn't it?" Dynamo asked. Jennifer grinned slightly.

"It does..." She agreed, sounding utterly surprised.

"You take a step down the staircase, feeling your burdens lighten from your shoulders... Another step, still lighter. Each step becomes easier than the last. It's so easy going down stairs, after all... Lower, still lower, step by step. You feel the breeze against your skin, the sunlight, you were meant to be here..." Dynamo described, his voice smooth and comforting. Ethan found himself holding his breath, half watching Jennifer and half imagining it all himself. "You're almost to the bottom of the stairs but... something blocks your way, a part of the stone wall has fallen and buried the path..." As Dynamo had been talking, Caleb had maneuvered a palette jack out across the stage, lowering it down in front of Jennifer. The pallet held a table covered with a series of weights, a common brand and one which had a presence at the Fair to sell their goods.

"You are so close, Jennifer... The crystal waterfall is babbling just beyond, the sweet smelling ferns, you want to see it, don't you?" Dynamo asked.

"Yes..." Jennifer said, wistfully, her eyes still clenched.

"No pile of stones can hold you back. You are woman, hear you roar!" Dynamo said. Jennifer opened her mouth and let out a roar. "That's it, now reach out in front of you, grab one of the stones and move it to that rock outcropping on the right..." Dynamo instructed. Jennifer did as she was told, lifting a ten pound weight with ease and setting it to the side, then grabbing a twenty pound weight.

"That's it, oh yes Jennifer, you're making progress! The sound of the waterfall is getting louder, you're almost there..." Dynamo reassured her before whistling gently, "That rock looks heavy, at least fifty pounds?" Dynamo asked. Jennifer let out another small growl as she grabbed the larger weight and moved it like it was nothing, then grabbing two to move simultaneously. Not only had she powered through weights that would have made many blush, but she was picking up speed. When she hoisted the hundred pound weight and maneuvered it to her right without so much as a strained grunt, the audience broke into mild applause.

"You did it! Oh Jennifer, you cleared the path to your own strength. You opened your mind's eye and saw what was truly possible, and now you will move forward into those falls, letting the cascade of water cleanse you of your doubts and you will open your eyes feeling refreshed." Dynamo whispered. When Jennifer opened her eyes, she gasped slightly, looking somewhat surprised that she was still on stage. A soft clitter-clack came as Caleb lifted the pallet back up with the jack before he used all his body weight, gaining enough momentum to get it rolling back to the staging area on the side of the stage.

"Everyone, give Jennifer a big round of applause!" Dynamo said, offering her his hand as she descended down the stairs and moved back to her seat, eagerly sinking back into anonymity. Dynamo grinned.

"That was, of course, the power of one's own mind... Visualization, focus, a worthwhile activity for any time of day or night... But now I must show you what you came to see, some true hypnotism. Who is brave enough to open their mind's eye? Who shall take that leap of faith?" Dynamo questioned the audience. Before the crowd could reach a consensus, another young man sprung up with the sort of confidence and certainty that Ethan envied. His short buzzed hair was hidden beneath a red and black baseball cap and a similarly colored jersey hung over

broad shoulders, the hem tracing over the curve of a fairly muscular ass. His jeans were tight and his sneakers looked well worn from actual use. Ethan was almost convinced he knew the young man, but jocks like him were a dime a dozen. It would be impossible to be sure.

“Ah, our last volunteer...” The speaker said with an equal measure of confidence, gesturing to the stairs. Once more the assistant helped the participant up to the stage, guiding him over to Dynamo. “Welcome to the stage, my friend... And who do I have the pleasure of meeting today?” Dynamo asked. The jock put on a grin that showed off his pearly whites.

“Jace Donovan, number 42!” The jock exclaimed, pumping a fist into the air. A group of three other young men hollered in excitement, eliciting a few sympathetic chuckles from others in the crowd. The hypnotist's assistant was fitting a wireless microphone pack to the jock, slipping the mic itself over the collar of his jersey before tucking the transmitter to his leather belt. The assistant was quite quick, his fingers nimble.

“Have you ever been hypnotized before, Jace Donovan?” Dynamo asked. This time the jock's grin was far more smug.

“I can't be hypnotized, my mind is too tough. I just came up here to-” Jace's words fell silent as Dynamo held his hand out in front of the jock's face and loosed his fingers just long enough for a silver pocket watch to fall down. The weight was impressive, snapping the chain taught and revealing the perfect disk right before the jock's eyes. To Ethan's surprise, the watch did not swing or even twist. It was as if the hypnotist had deployed it to precisely the spot he wanted it to go to. With a slight, deft movement of his fingers, the watch began to swing from one side to the other, back and forth. As it swung, it also started to spin. The silver disc became an oscillating sphere. It caught the light and cast it, practically glowing with refracted light in mere moments.

“The sun sets and the moon rises, time slips into infinity... The push and pull of the tide, can you feel it Jace? Can you feel it pulling you?” Dynamo asked. In the past few seconds, the jock's eyes had grown glassy and his jaw hung slightly agape.

“I can feel it pulling me...” Jace replied.

“I can see inside you, Jace. Strong, self assured, the alpha of the pack... and here you are, beneath the light of the full moon.” Dynamo said with a cool confidence. The audience was understandably invested, but Ethan noticed that the hypnotist's assistant seemed to be leaning in closer, his eyes a bit wider. The Great Dynamo continued spinning his watch, making it appear as a gleaming pearlescent sphere of moonlight. “Jace, you are a lycanthrope, a werewolf, and the change is breaking out...”

“Ungh! I feel it!” Jace groaned, his eyes clenched shut, his face twisting in discomfort. He grunted, then groaned. When his leg suddenly buckled, the audience gasped, Ethan included. He held up his arm and looked at it, his fingers tight and his knuckles bulging. He looked at it as if it was horrifying him, as if it was warping and shifting, though it became clear it was only changing in his mind.

“What does it feel like, Jace? What does it feel like as the wolf emerges?” Dynamo asked.

“It feels... goood.” Jace growled, his voice as low as he could make it. He threw his head back, baring his teeth to the top of the tent before he let out an intense, primal howl. He reached up with both hands, grabbing the collar of his jersey before he used all of his strength to pull in opposite directions. Gasps came from his frat brothers as Jae managed to pop the

stitches on the collar and the rest of the jersey gave way, revealing his pert pectorals and his fairly fit stomach. The jock cast aside the scraps of his jersey, his chest rising and falling with rapid breath, sweat beading across his collarbone. Ethan swallowed, flushing a bit. He wasn't sure how much of it was envy for Jace's experience and how much of it was getting to see another man's body in broad daylight.

"Beware, my daring audience, for he is an animal, a beast..." Dynamo said, pacing across the stage to one end before coming back to Jace. "A beast that cannot be... contained." Dynamo whispered. As if a leash had been released, Jace suddenly dropped down to all fours. He bounded along the stage before jumping off the edge, landing on the mossy grass the tent had been set up on. The front row gasped, inching back in their seats. Jae threw his head up, shirtless but still wearing his hat. He sniffed wildly before bounding forward on all fours with surprising ease. The audience murmured, recoiling slightly from his movements.

More shrieks and gasps came as the jock leaned to sniff his way down the aisle. Ethan stood half way up, straining to see. Jace made it halfway down the aisle before he reached Jennifer. He sniffed audibly, growling slightly before he licked his lips. Jennifer laughed uncomfortably until Jace began to root around at the base of her sundress. Her brow furrowed in tension. Despite having proven her strength, she wasn't sure she wanted to use it on someone. Becoming a beast was one thing, but seeing it acted out was quite another, and it seemed that frat boys truly had one thing on their mind. Dynamo loved chewing the scenery, but as he grew concerned that Jace might chew up his audience, he stepped forward again.

"Jace, the moon! It calls to you!" Dynamo proclaimed, his voice booming from the speakers. Jace spun around, hands muddy, snarling until his eyes found the spinning pocket watch. Dynamo met eyes with him, "The moon... has set. Its grip on you is released." The words seemed to rip through Jace like an icy river. He wobbled, then crumpled to the ground. His knees shook, his chest moved in feeble breaths. Once more the jock held out his arm, staring at it as if it was shrinking, contracting, returning to normal - but of course it remained exactly the same, unchanged. There was a strange mix of weariness and longing on his youthful face. A slight tutting came from the Great Dynamo's lips.

"Jace... it seems in your transformation, you've wound up completely naked in front of all of these people." The hypnotist said as if it was a casual observation. A furious blush erupted across the jock's face. He looked around anxiously before he moved, grabbing onto the stage and pulling himself up, all but running behind the performer to use him as a shield. The audience erupted in laughter, the tension from the jock's wild advances melted away. Dynamo turned, resting one hand on the frat boy's shoulder, smiling. Jace looked up to Dynamo with concern, though as the pocket watch fell sharply into his field of vision, his jaw fell slack and his eyes went glassy. "You may close your mind's eye and return to the mortal world."

"-To show you that I can't be hypnotized. My mind's like a fortress." Jace said with a suddenly confident grin. There were a few gasps in the audience.

"Your mind may be like a fortress, my friend, but someone stole your shirt..." Dynamo said. Jace looked down, his eyes widening until they were almost as wide as the pocket watch.

"Oh my god, that was a vintage Blazers jersey..." Jace muttered, a whimper escaping his lips as he saw scraps of it scattered across the stage.

"And you see, everyone, that is the true power of the mind's eye. Any hypnotist may convince you that you are a chicken, for we spend much of our lives living as such, but the true

power comes from within where the wild and weird lurk. I thank you for sharing your time with me... and when I snap my fingers, you may all wake up.” Dynamo raised one hand, revealing his painted fingernails. He let out a crisp snap of his fingers. One of the speakers in the corner of the tent suddenly popped. By the time the audience looked over to the speaker and then back at the stage, the Great Dynamo was gone.

The exit had been a clear misdirection, the words the hypnotist used little more than what Ethan had expected, and yet the effect it had on the jock had been so complete and profound. The way he had moved had barely been human. He had clearly not believed he was human any longer, and the despair with which he was mourning his shirt made it clear that he had not been in control of himself during the exchange. Ethan looked around as the audience already began to scatter. How could they dismiss it that easily? How could they dismiss that someone had been fortunate enough to have the shackles of humanity lifted from him, even if it was only for a moment? Ethan remained in his seat until only a half dozen of the audience members remained. He had to awaken that strength in himself; he had to open his mind’s eye.

More waves of screams of excitement carried in the air from the many fair rides. A fog horn blared somewhere close by as a gigantic slingshot flung two passengers skyward, hurtling them up a dozen stories. Ethan couldn’t believe himself. He should have been waist deep in the best cake exhibit or trying to see what new food item had been deep fried. He hadn’t even gone to see the animals yet. Instead he’d been lurking around the center pavilion, trying to discover where low rent talent went when they weren’t putting on their shows. He’d nearly given up hope when he saw the hypnotist’s assistant standing outside of one of the food stalls, taking bites of pink and blue cotton candy. The fuzzy confection melted instantly, staining his lips a faint purple color. Ethan tried to steady himself.

“Uh, hey.” Ethan said with a half wave as he approached. Caleb’s eyes warily darted up, sizing up the nerd with the ponytail.

“Hey...” He said, his voice a little deeper than Ethan’s and far more reserved.

“I really liked the show you did.” Ethan said, ending the comment with a smile. Caleb seemed to relax a little, relieved that the stranger hadn’t mistaken him for some friend or something.

“Dynamo did all the hard work.” Caleb commented, taking another bite of cotton candy.

“Well, I mean he’s got the stage presence, but you had to get all the props ready, right?” Ethan asked.

“A magician never reveals his secrets, or the secrets of his master.” Caleb replied. His comment seemed rehearsed, though it was punctuated by a rather loud rumble of the assistant’s stomach. There was a brief flutter of shame on Caleb’s face before his stony expression returned. The gears in Ethan’s head turned as he put everything together.

“Can I buy you a corn dog and a lemonade? It’s sort of a tradition for me.” Ethan offered. Caleb’s dark eyebrow furrowed.

“Your tradition is to buy other guys a corn dog?” he asked. Ethan’s jaw dropped open in shock.

"N-no, to buy myself one... but I figured it might be nice to have company." Ethan explained, at least until he noticed that Caleb was grinning despite himself. Ethan pouted slightly, "Should I make it a tradition to buy other guys corn dogs?" he asked. Caleb looked up, meeting eyes with Ethan fully for the first time.

"How about... you start with me, and see how it goes?" he asked.

"It's a date." Ethan said, though he regretted the word choice as soon as the words had passed his tongue. To Ethan's extreme shock, Caleb walked over, holding his cotton candy in one hand before he took Ethan's hand in his other. Ethan's lungs were nearly frozen in shock, but he managed to speak, "Aren't you worried I'm a stalker or something?" he asked. Caleb took another bite of cotton candy, feeling the warmth blossom across his tongue as the sugar dissolved.

"Oh, I know you are. That's how you found me... But I learned a long time ago the guys to worry about are a lot better at covering their approach. Besides, you got those good boy dimples and everything." Caleb said. Ethan blushed.

"I do not have dimples..." he said defensively. Caleb grinned and shrugged.

"I call 'em like I see 'em." he said happily. Ethan licked his lips a little.

"The best corn dogs are over here... Everyone gets focused on the world's longest corn dog, they don't realize the best one is just a few booths down." Ethan said. Caleb said nothing at that and merely followed after his brown haired compatriot, not letting go of his hand. Caleb studied the look of innocence on Ethan's face, his good natured attitude, the way he navigated so comfortably.

"You really like the fair, don't you?" he asked when they had passed the pavilion and approached the corn dog stall. The smell of fresh, clean grease wafted on the wind along with a more savory, subtle aroma of corn meal and freshly grilled hot dogs.

"Yeah. I mean, as a kid it was one of those things that my family considered as mandatory experiences. Even when they got too old to come, it reminded me of good times. I worked here as a ticket seller for a few years, but it's a lot more fun just to come and take part in it." Ethan said. Caleb held up his plastic bag full of cotton candy. Ethan blushed a little and leaned in, taking a mouthful. It melted rapidly on his tongue, leaving them blue. Caleb bit his bottom lip before he stood up on his tip toes and gave Ethan a kiss. Ethan's eyes nearly glittered in excitement.

"Thank you..." Ethan said. Caleb nearly laughed.

"For the cotton candy or the kiss?" he asked.

"Can I say both?" Ethan asked. Caleb grinned.

"Good answer." he replied coolly, releasing Ethan's hand and allowing his own to rest on the far side of Ethan's hip. Ethan nearly shivered with electricity. Was this really happening?

"T-two of your best corn dogs and your tallest lemonades!" Ethan declared to the cashier in the food stall. The clerk had a glossy, dead eyed stare and a thick nose ring.

"So... large?" he asked. Ethan grimaced and nodded, paying. As the cashier delivered the order and the food started to cook, Caleb leaned in and rested his chin on Ethan's shoulder. It was as if they had known each other for years, dated for months. It felt so right already.

"So, big spender, why did you seek me out?" Caleb asked into his ear. Ethan gave a weak grin.

"Besides the fact that you're hot?" Ethan asked.

“Oh yes, besides the fact that I’m hot.” Caleb replied, his hand sliding to give Ethan’s butt a squeeze through his khaki pants.

“Hopefully this isn’t too silly, but... I really was amazed by the way the great Dynamo made that jock think he was a werewolf. He moved like an animal, he totally believed it. For a second I thought he was going to eat that girl, or worse.” Ethan said, “I thought...” Ethan trailed off.

“You thought it might be nice to open your mind’s eye and see the animal within? To let loose?” Caleb asked. Ethan sheepishly nodded.

“Yeah... I guess it’s pretty silly.” Ethan said.

“Maybe, maybe not... It didn’t feel silly when I let him do it to me. It felt amazing.” Caleb murmured. Ethan turned to face him, eyes widening in surprise.

“You had him do it to you?” Ethan asked. Caleb shrugged.

“With some modifications. I wanted to remember it all, not be some blank slate like that bro on stage.” Caleb explained. “Besides, the Great Dynamo has to practice on someone, right?” he asked.

“That’s amazing... Is there a way to... Maybe get a private showing or something?” Ethan asked hopefully. Caleb bit his lip again in consideration.

“A couple ways. You could pay, of course. Neither of us are going to say no to money... But I think after our date, it might be worth calling in a favor. You just have to promise me two things.” Caleb said. Ethan was nearly breathless.

“Anything.” he replied gently.

“First, you promise me that you really want to let the wolf out and go wild?” Caleb asked. Ethan swallowed and nodded.

“I do, I really do.” he promised. Caleb nodded.

“Alright. Then you also have to promise me that you’ll tell me your name before we kiss again.” Caleb whispered. Ethan blushed furiously.

“Where are my manners, I’m Ethan by the way.” Ethan said. Caleb nodded in satisfaction.

“Ethan, not bad. I’m Caleb.” The assistant said, “Now, if you were trying to impress me with food, how about some onion rings while we’re at it?” Caleb grinned. Ethan smiled warmly..

“Anything for you.” Ethan replied. Caleb cooed at that, leaning against Ethan as they added to their order.

The heat of the day had come and gone. The sun had set toward the horizon, leaving a nebula of violet and orange in its wake. Despite the haze, the summer moon was rising higher in the air. It was full and a rich buttery gold. Everyone on the Ferris wheel tried to take pictures only to be disappointed by how much smaller the moon looked in their photographs than it did with the naked eye. All of those people, all of that excitement, it was electricity to the great Dynamo. The hypnotist straightened his suit vest and his belt after visiting the motorcycle display exhibit, walking back toward the small tent to the side of the pavilion. He folded the flap back, making it half a step inside before he heard the very familiar, very welcome sounds of two young men kissing.

"Now now, Caleb, have you enslaved the mind of an innocent bystander? You really are taking after your old man..." Dynamo said, stroking his beard. The last part was fiction, at least to a degree. Caleb wasn't his son, of course, but he might as well have been given how close they'd grown since Dynamo took him in off the streets. In a way he was rather proud to see his apprentice going to work on that rather nice looking young man. Caleb maneuvered like a snake, kissing the far less experienced boy, but Ethan's lack of experience was balanced by how eager his hands were. Dynamo gave them a few moments before clearing his throat loudly.

"Oh, sorry Dynamo, didn't hear you come in." Caleb apologized. Dynamo chuckled.

"And who is-" Dynamo paused, "Oh, your friend was at our show this morning. Row G, seat eighteen. You were particularly excited by our demonstration, but also by Caleb... and myself." Dynamo said with intrigue.

"He's got a photographic memory." Caleb apologized.

"It really is perfect; I did... enjoy everything I saw." Ethan admitted. Dynamo all but purred, moving over. He reached down, rubbing a pair of fingers along Ethan's jaw line, giving him a good look over.

"But I was wrong, wasn't I? It was you that enslaved the mind of my apprentice..." Dynamo asked.

"You know what they say, the way to a man's heart is through his stomach..." Ethan said. Dynamo remained behind, looking into Ethan's eyes for an almost uncomfortably long amount of time. He tilted his head slightly as if reading tea leaves and gleaning secrets from them.

"You came for more than just love." Dynamo said finally.

"You are right. I feel lucky that Caleb and I hit it off so well, but I wanted to see if there was a way to have you hypnotize me." Ethan said. Caleb looked up with a mix of reluctance and hope.

"He wants to have you open his mind's eye and awaken the beast inside him, like you did to me..." Caleb explained. There was far more context than he had said out loud. Dynamo looked surprised at that. He let go of Ethan's face and walked across the room, looking at a mirror as he straightened his cufflinks.

"You haven't asked for this before, Caleb, not with anyone else." Dynamo said. Caleb looked at Ethan and then back at his master.

"I like his scent... and his style." Caleb replied. Dynamo made a small sound with his mouth.

"I suppose every pup has to grow up eventually..." Dynamo said, "You're certain?" Dynamo asked.

"I am, master." Caleb replied. Dynamo was silent for another moment before he gave a soft nod. He moved to a small box and opened it up, pulling out a purple lanyard with a silver badge on the end of it, handing it to Ethan.

"This will identify you as one of our staff so you will be allowed to stay on the grounds after closing. You two should enjoy yourselves until then. See the sights, drink the drinks, then meet me in the garden district at closing." Dynamo said.

"For my private show?" Ethan asked. Dynamo slowly grinned, revealing abnormally sharp teeth.

"For your very private show." Dynamo replied.

How could life change so much in such a short time? How had he ever lived life without Caleb? They had ridden a few rides, sat through three quarters of a concert at the amphitheater and visited the barns full of animals. Ethan had eagerly purchased a root beer flavored milk shake for Caleb as the sun set and the temperatures dropped with the unexpected benefit that it made Caleb cool enough to cuddle against him for warmth. The two held each other on the ferris wheel and paid for another ticket just so they could make out on one more round trip. The sounds and lights had been a comfortable blanket to wrap around their budding relationship, but it had started to feel different as the gates were closed and the guests filtered out of the fairgrounds. Once again, Caleb's hand found its way to Ethan's.

"Not used to seeing it like this?" Caleb asked. Ethan shook his head.

"Even when I was an employee here, there were a lot of people when I got here and when I left." Ethan replied. Caleb grinned mischievously.

"Well, you're a night dweller now, like me. Life is going to be different." Caleb said.

"I'm pretty sure you were awake when I got here this morning, in broad daylight." Ethan grinned.

"Not by choice..." Caleb said with disgust. Ethan laughed at that as they took the side path toward the garden district.

The south end of the fairgrounds was essentially one massively paved space where any configuration of rides, tents, food trucks and stalls could be set up in any configuration. The north end, by contrast, was far older and more established with permanent fixtures. The trees had grown old enough that the roots caused rises and falls in the narrower paths and a year round canopy of trees covered the space between various buildings. During the day it was a veritable garden of Eden with species of plants both rare and robust. At night it seemed completely different. Submerged lights sparkled in waterfall fountains and a few paper lanterns had been hung up to compensate for the lack of illumination in general. Ethan slowed his advance but Caleb squeezed his hand with reassurance.

"It's going to be everything you wanted, and more, I promise." Caleb whispered.

"Are you able to see in my mind's eye too?" Ethan asked. Caleb grinned.

"I think I can see enough." Caleb smiled back. The two had to press tighter together to squeeze through the gate, the asphalt path replaced by fresh bark dust. They had barely made it around the corner before Ethan caught sight of the Great Dynamo, his eyes widening a bit in surprise.

The hypnotist still wore his suit vest, but nothing beneath it. His arms were dusted with hair and a diamond of dark locks peeked up from the v-neck of his vest. His beard glistened, freshly oiled, and his eyes seemed to catch the moonlight in a way they shouldn't have been able to, almost radiating a gentle warmth of their own. His dark painted nails caressed the pocket that held his pocket watch as he watched Ethan arrive.

"I am so glad you came, Ethan." Dynamo said. Ethan squeezed Caleb's hand.

"There's nothing I want more." Ethan said. Dynamo grinned.

"You may wind up with more than you bargained for. My hypnotism can be very.... Convincing. It can bend more than just your mind." Dynamo said. Ethan looked at Caleb and then back.

“That’s what I want, as long as I won’t hurt anyone. I just want to feel the liberation of being a werewolf.” Ethan said. Dynamo exhaled, nodding in agreement.

“Then we should begin. Ethan, come before me.” Dynamo commanded. With a little reluctance, Caleb let go of his new boyfriend’s hand. Ethan took up a spot just in front of the hypnotist. Unlike the jock, Ethan was aware that Dynamo had withdrawn his watch from his pocket. That still didn’t make it any less impressive as the weighted metal disk dropped down in front of his eyes and came to a dead stop. The silver circle remained there, motionless, taking up Ethan’s entire focus and all of his vision. The metal was fairly dimpled, pockmarked like tiny craters, almost lunar like in its own way - and then, without warning, it started to sway. Side to side, a pendulum swing. As it built up momentum, it also started to spin, rotating around on its central axis. The rich, warm moonlight in the sky seemed to catch in the metal, turning the flickering disc into a steady, stable glow that poured into Ethan.

“Ethan, I want you to close your eyes... I want you to feel a gentle, warm evening breeze brush across your shoulders, taking with it the white noise of your mind, clearing your thoughts, leaving you in this moment alone. I want you to let your past slip away, clear your mind, let it all drift away until there is nothing but the sound of my voice and a vision of yourself in your mind...” Dynamo said slowly, his voice resonant and incredibly magnetic. Ethan had done as he was told, his eyes closed. Despite that, Dynamo kept the watch moving. “You stand before a hill, a hill that rises up from the forest. You see a natural path, a gap between the trees. They ascend toward the peak. There are so many stars in the sky, do you see them, Ethan?” Dynamo asked.

“I do...” Ethan murmured, his voice raptured as if he was seeing the most beautiful thing in his life. “You begin to climb the hill, taking one step after another, feeling your burdens slip free from your shoulders... Another step, still lighter. Each step becomes easier than the last. Your obligations, your responsibilities, they all slip off of your skin, left behind as you rise above it all... You feel the breeze cooling against your skin, the fresh air, you were meant to be here...” Dynamo explained, his voice carefully controlled and comforting. “Every step you take, you are liberated. Your life is far behind you, discarded. You are a part of nature, now. You are wild, you are free. You hear the call of the wild, don’t you Ethan?” Dynamo asked, more urgency in his voice.

“I do!” Ethan said, almost desperate. Dynamo started to grin, revealing that his canine teeth had stretched into fangs.

“You catch a scent on the wind, a spicy and musky scent... Your mate, he is in heat, he longs for you...” Dynamo whispered. Ethan let out an audible moan at that, electricity jolting through his body as his nipples and his manhood both grew erect. “Before you go to him, you must reach the summit, you must find yourself You’re almost there Ethan!” Dynamo whispered. Ethan moaned again, his fingers clenching and unclenching in his hands. “Higher, farther, freer... Your muscles burn, not with exertion but with need, with the heat of the night, with your passion... and then, relief. You’ve reached the top; you’ve reached the summit... Open your eyes and behold the full moon”

Ethan’s eyes snapped open, seeing the spinning watch emulating the full moon, but behind Dynamo he saw the actual full moon as well. Ethan moaned suddenly, feeling his muscles tense. His brows furrowed, his moan turning into a pained grunt... but he forced his head up, opening his eyes again. He could feel his heart racing, his blood flowing. He could feel

fire and moonlight in his veins. He looked up at the moon like a moth drawn to a flame, his eyes starting to gleam with an internal power.

“The beast awakens within you, stirring, circling, growing... It wants out, Ethan. It wants to be free. Can you feel it inside of you? Perhaps you feel its strong arms?” Dynamo asked. Another grunt escaped from Ethan’s lips as he looked down in surprise. The full moon was more than enough to illuminate the peach fuzz that covered his forearms, but as he watched, the downy coating of hair turned darker, taking on the brown of his hair. New bristles sprouted from his knuckles as his wrists started to ache. Ethan watched in shock as the hair emerged, his arm looking more masculine and manly in seconds. Sure enough, the left arm was the same. He flexed his fingers, seeing the wisps of hair that looked as though they belonged on a plumber or a welder rather than himself.

“The truth is, Ethan, that beast has always been there. You were born an animal. You’ve been trying in vain to keep it caged, but it won’t be contained any longer. It’s there, influencing you... Instinct, cravings, even the way you walk... Confidence, longer strides, taller strides...” Dynamo said. Ethan suddenly gasped and then grunted, nearly doubling over. He gasped as darker hair blossomed from his knees down, thickening. His ankles throbbed as they elongated, rising up out of his shoes. His calves began to twitch as they expanded, bulking out and fattening up.

Without the Great Dynamo even saying anything, the pleasurable pain branched up into Ethan’s spine, making the growing nerd arch his back. It felt as if his vertebrae were being stretched, pulled apart from one another, vulnerable in their natural state until each bone grew bigger to compensate. Ethan’s shirt rode up, revealing his smooth navel - at least until brown hair sprouted its way up, claiming the young man’s stomach. The wedge of hair widened dramatically, curls spilling over the hem of his pants, hinting at an untamable bush beneath.

“Ethan...” Caleb murmured from where he was watching, clearly concerned and aroused at the same time. Dynamo shot his apprentice a look before returning his gaze to his volunteer.

“Bigger, Ethan, taller and stronger...” Dynamo commanded. Ethan’s moans doubled in volume, the pitch of his voice dropping slightly. His shirt grew tight, the cuffs cutting into his biceps and triceps as they expanded. The collar of his shirt clung to his collarbone, but most disturbing of all were the bumps pushing out along the back of his shirt. His shoulders were warping and stretching, but that was nothing compared to the animalistic spine Ethan was developing.

“Such masculinity for someone so young. I know you’ll just continue to mature, growing fur of your own like your Alpha... I mean, look at it now? The chest hair of a daddy on the body of a young man...” Dynamo cooed. Ethan’s chest itched and burned. His hand swiped up to scratch, but his fingertips found the soft tufts of a carpet of new brown hair. It crept up from the collar of his shirt, hugging the northern cliff edge of his pectorals, the hairs curling possessively over the edge of his shirt. Even Ethan’s pit hair was growing thicker and longer, capturing his natural aroma.

Caleb tried in desperation not to interrupt the process, but he had already slipped one hand up his own shirt to pinch and twist and tug his nipple, the other groping himself as he watched. Ethan had added a good six inches of height, but he was continuing to grow. His legs were unusually long, his neck expanding. The fabric of his shirt was straining to contain him. There was even a slight tearing noise as the chest of Ethan’s shirt was pulled beyond the

breaking point, popping stitches and tearing its way free of the more resilient collar. The effect revealed a window of skin that peeked out into the night air, liberally dusted with a new forest of brown hair.

“How does it feel, Ethan, to embrace your true self? To open your mind’s eye and see the animal within?” Dynamo asked. Ethan looked up, his eyes glowing gold. His lips were stretched over teeth that were growing larger and longer. A wicked grin crossed his face.

“It feels... good.” he moaned. The look was dangerous, borderline malicious. His back was ridged with bestial vertebrae, his limbs longer than they should have been. Dynamo grinned wider. Ethan was particularly susceptible to his abilities.

“It’s amazing, Ethan, to see the moon bringing it all out in you... You’re becoming a man before my very eyes. Just look at that beard...” Dynamo said. Ethan seemed confused for a moment before he gasped and then exclaimed out in a loud, passionate moan. The modest fuzz on his upper lip darkened as pigment crept out through the invisible hairs, turning them into something of substance. New hairs sprouted where none had before, creeping down the back of his cheeks. At first it was mere velvet, then the fuzz turned into modest sideburns, but the follicles were in overdrive. One centimeter became three, then six, then more. Ethan’s clean cut look was tainted by wild and wily sideburns worthy of a musician or an artist.

This time a whimper came from Caleb. He thought Ethan had been hot before, but seeing him with a mustache and sideburns was so hot. Ethan’s nostrils flared, his awareness of his boyfriend’s lust taking up a percentage of his thoughts, but it was eclipsed by the changes ripping through him. Dynamo said nothing, merely holding the pocket watch, letting its refracted glow cast across Ethan’s face. New hairs curled down from his chin, forming a short goatee. Stubble fanned outward, creeping up from the goatee and down from the sideburns. The edges of his mustache descended like tendrils of ivy until, in one glorious moment, the hair met. Disparate clusters of manliness unified into a whole. Ethan’s youthful face sported a beard that was growing bushier and fuller by the second.

“I know the beast is restless, Ethan... You can feel it, can’t you? Trying to claw at the walls you put up?” Dynamo asked. Ethan realized then that his hands were trembling, his fingers digging into his palms. He forced his fingers to open up, though they started to flex and constrict. A strange, sickening pop echoed from his right hand, followed soon after by the left. His fingers began to stretch, his palms widening. The hair on his wrists suddenly slipped out across the back of his hand, making it almost all the way to the knuckles. Similarly, he could feel the tickling tingle as hair spread down the tops of his feet, unbidden by territorial lines that puberty had never dared to breach.

Another torn stitch, this time his sleeve. The fabric popped loose, revealing a crescent of skin around his shoulder. The veins were bulging, the skin expanding, nothing holding it back. Ethan’s chest rose and fell, grunting with delight and discomfort both. His pants were growing painfully tight, the waistband cutting into his skin and the fabric creeping up between his legs. The reason why became obvious as he flexed one ass cheek, then the other, only realizing then how much more powerful they each were.

“Dynamo!” Caleb’s voice cut the night. Reluctantly, Dynamo diverted his gaze to his apprentice

“What is it, boy?” Dynamo asked. Caleb tried to hold his resolve.

“I want the gift, too. I want to awaken the beast.” Caleb said. A grin crossed Dynamo’s lips, his mustache flexing the curve of his smile, the silver streaks in his beard glinting in the moonlight.

“Caleb, my adorable Caleb... The beast has been awake in you this whole time... Do you think you took to this boy by some whim? You could smell him! His potency, his compatibility. You knew you could trust him... After all, you feel it now, don’t you? The smell of this beast wafting up those nostrils, filling your sinuses, sending roots into your squishy, pliant brain?” Dynamo asked, “That hot blood of the werewolf has been pumping through your veins since the first moon that I changed you, and now the moon is back...” Dynamo said.

A grunt left Caleb’s lips before he could catch himself. His intestines contracted, his stomach lurched. His arms and legs felt like hot gelatin. He squinted his eyes shut and when they opened they had begun to gleam with golden light. His breath was hot and humid, leaving his mouth in pants, passing over teeth that felt hot and soft, throbbing with his heartbeat as they grew. Caleb’s mouth pushed forward over growing fangs. It wasn’t just his canine teeth but all of them. His nose seemed different, the nostril flesh thicker. A dark shadow spread outward, the invisible fuzz on his upper lip taking on the darkness of the night until he had a mustache, a mustache that trickled down on either side of his lips.

Caleb looked older and more mature with a mustache, but when the stubble hit his chin, it erupted. The shadow swept back in waves of stubble that covered his cheeks and stretched up to connect to his hair. Another pained grunt left Caleb’s mouth as his ears burned and stretched to points. He bent forward, arms wrapped around his midsection. His arms were covered with goosebumps, though his fingernails darkened from ivory to onyx. As the apprentice bent forward, his pants began to sink and sag, revealing a swollen, irritated lump above his ass cheeks.

With a wet, soft sound, the nub of his tailbone pried itself loose from his pelvis. Bone grew in, ligament and sinew holding them together. Every time a new segment formed, another seemed to sprout in between it and the next. The tail dropped down behind Caleb, bristling with black fur. Similar patches sprouted from Caleb’s elbows and the collar of his shirt, growing in rapidly. Even as Caleb’s face darkened with the fuzz of a stubble beard, his pointed ears grew dark as fur covered them as well. Caleb wobbled, shifting from foot to foot even as pops and snaps came. His toes stretched longer, his heel reshaping as his ankle reoriented itself. His shirt grew tighter as shoulders broadened and a groaning came from his pants as they struggled to remain on.

“Two young men, alone in this world, driven mad by lust and instinct... That is the fire that burns at the center of humanity, that is the truth to which you must open your mind’s eyes. Isn’t that right, Ethan?” Dynamo asked. Ethan was unable to respond, panting hard. He stood there even as his jawbone inched its way forward, making room for the larger teeth that were filling his skull. The facial hair he’d been growing continued to unspool itself. The hair on his upper lip curved down to hide both lips. His cheeks were covered with a layer of beard fine enough to be a pillow, and the hair that sank down from his jaw was growing thick and bushy.

“Eth...an...” Caleb panted, eyes half lidded, a bushy tail wagging behind him as his arms and legs grew harrier. Stitches popped and his shirt rode up, revealing an oddly furry stomach. Dynamo grinned, swinging the pocket watch back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, and

then it stopped, spinning in place. The hypnotist slowly lifted the watch up, drawing Ethan's gaze as if by magnet until the watch hung just in front of the actual moon.

"Ethan, you find yourself standing in a garden, the heat of the full moon boiling your blood and pushing you through these changes... For you, the moon will always be real. For you, the full moon will pull the animal from within. For you, your time is now... and your mate is there." Dynamo said. Dynamo dropped the pocket watch from his raised right hand to his lowered left hand. The effect, at least from Ethan's perspective, was that the spinning pocket watch he had been staring at had been replaced by the full moon. The embers that had been flowing faintly in his eyes soon burned with an intense fire.

The sound of popping knuckles echoed in the open space. Ethan's hand closed and reopened, fingers flexing. His back rose and fell with each hunched breath, his lips parted despite his thickening beard. Hair sprouted across his chest and thickened in the torn gaps of his shirt. Sweat ran down his forehead, soaked his shirt and even collected from his palms, running down his fingertips to sting at the inflamed skin around his fingernails. The skin was puffy and red, though it grew so much more as it swept across the fingernail itself, webbing and anchoring before healing into actual skin.

Only a sliver of nail was visible on each finger, but that sliver grew and curved, thickening as it sunk deeper into his digit, glinting in the moonlight. More pops, snaps and cracks came from Ethan's hands as they grew wider, thicker, and larger. His arms were aching, feeling like molten lead beneath the skin. The flesh grew taut as his arms elongated, descending down further past his hips. Ethan's nostrils flared, his fangs glinting in the light. He looked at the moon, threw back his head and let out a howl. His clawed paw gripped at the torn remains of his shirt, pulling it from his chest.

The fabric audibly tore as the stitches gave out entirely. A bony, hairy back broke its way free, but as soon as the moonlight hit his skin unbidden, the hair began to thicken to fur. What hair was there straightened and far more follicles began producing their own bounty. It swept across Ethan's shoulders like fields of wheat waving in the wind. A louder, deeper popping came as the stitches on his pant legs began to pop. The khaki material was pried apart by knobby, bony, muscular legs.

Dynamo smiled with himself, quite pleased with his handiwork. Ethan was bathing in the moonlight, letting it soak and saturate him, suffusing him with its power... but Caleb could use a little more work. The hypnotist moved closer to his apprentice, raising the pocket watch again, setting it to swinging and then spinning. Caleb visibly wobbled at that, his eyes transfixed, falling into the pit of the previous sessions he'd had with his master. Dynamo's smile grew larger.

"Caleb..." Dynamo murmured, "Such a patient pup... You were a stray left out on the street, begging for scraps. You were such a good boy as I took you in. You grew and matured, becoming a fine young man... but every man, every beast, has their cravings. I can see it in your eyes, that smoldering flame, that hunger, clawing and scratching... It wasn't puppy love that drew you to Ethan, you could smell it, couldn't you? You could smell the chemistry. He's strong, he's good, he's virile... Everything you could want in a mate..." Dynamo murmured, "You can smell it now, can't you, Caleb?"

"I..." Caleb hesitated, his eyes half lidded, his nostrils flaring. He inhaled and he caught a potent whiff of... musk? Spice, salt, a faint tang of sweat, the bitter tinge of blood? Caleb looked up at Ethan, at the beast he was becoming. A dense brown beard had filled out across his face,

growing out from the cheeks and down to a split pair of points beneath his head. His pointed, furry ears had migrated up the sides of his head, twitching and flexing. A small whimper left Caleb's mouth as his upper lip grew a dark mustache, sideburns creeping down the sides of his face. He panted, his teeth feeling soft and pliable, the enamel and dentin warm as it stretched and grew, stretching into sharp points in his mouth.

So many fangs, so fast - it was only natural for Caleb's mouth to stretch outward around them, deforming his face into a short muzzle. As his mouth elongated, his nose flattened. The bridge shifted to contour to the new skull shape and in moments Caleb's humanity was boiling away. He slid a hand up his shirt, wincing slightly as new sharp claws grazed his skin. He put them to use, pinching and tugging at one of his sensitive nipples. He whined again, back arching, panting as his sideburns grew into his mustache and fine fur began sprouting across his jawbone.

One large sniff came from Ethan's wet nose, his glowing honey colored eyes turning to fix on Caleb. Ethan turned slowly, though his long, muscled lycanthropic limbs exaggerated the movement. Some subconscious part of him remembered Caleb. Standoffish from a distance but willing to open himself up to a sympathetic soul. It had been a potent connection, feeling both like puppy love and as if they had known each other a lot longer than they actually had. That small piece felt like a soft, squishy marshmallow that he wanted to nurture. It was a marshmallow that was currently wrapped up deep inside a big, furry werewolf.

More pops and snaps came as Ethan's spine elongated, his shoulders broadening, his hips spreading wider. The last shreds of his clothing fell away and all it took was one slight flex of his toes to pop the glue and seams, splitting out of the left shoe and then the right. What skin was left glistened in the moonlight but the flesh was disappearing like skin on a cloudy day. Ethan stalked towards Caleb, each toe creaking as it grew longer. Every breath seemed to suffuse the creature with more strength and more stamina. By the time Ethan reached Caleb, he reached out with an oversized paw, a clawed finger curling beneath the apprentice's chin.

Caleb panted as his head was lifted up by the Alpha, their eyes meeting. The fire in Ethan's eyes seemed to ignite Caleb's, the golden orbs fluttering as Ethan leaned down and tilted his head, bringing his full muzzle to Caleb's growing one. Caleb's jaw was pried apart by a massive muscled tongue that slid in so easily, wriggling and gliding against his teeth and tongue, threatening to dip down his throat. Caleb relaxed against the kiss, his erection aching and growing more intense.

Smelling his partner's arousal only fueled Ethan. He slunk his tongue in and out, back and forth, over and over, all of it as lewdly as possible. Ethan's nipples were hard, his own manhood stiff, though it looked strange as a growing mound of fur covered flesh began to stretch up from the base. Every centimeter it grew, the sheath developed. The interior became silky and slick, lubricating itself from new glands. The exterior fur was a rich, dark brown like fine wood. The sheath inched its way up until it slipped over the mushroom shaped head of Ethan's cock, encapsulating it.

Caleb's hands reached up, each one finding one of Ethan's furry pectorals. They squeezed and groped, kneading the flesh before his clawed fingers found the larger beast's nipples. He pinched and tugged, eliciting a growl from the werewolf. Ethan threw his head back, growling with pleasure. A wicked expression crossed his muzzle, his golden eyes flecked with

red before he came down in a flash, sinking his sharp, long fangs into Caleb's shoulder. Caleb cried out in surprise, but in mere seconds his voice cracked, dropping deeper and deeper.

Muscle and fur seemed to ripple outward from the bite, contouring and reshaping his youthful shoulders into thick mounts of muscle. His arms swelled, biceps and triceps bulging. His spine ached, lifting him upward as he gained inch after inch of height. The beard that Caleb had started to grow went into overdrive, the midnight black hair growing bushy and wiry, unspooling from his face. He panted, then growled, then grabbed onto Ethan's oblong skull with his own clawed paws, holding him in place as he tilted his head and kissed his master, tasting the iron tang of his own blood on his partner's fangs.

This time it was Caleb who drove the kiss, his tongue stretching wider and longer as he lapped at the inside of Ethan's mouth. Muffled pops and snaps came as Caleb's humanity ebbed away, his skull reforging itself with infernal heat. The world fell away as his hearing grew muffled, his hair rippling as his ears slipped up higher on his head, auditory canals rerouting and shifting along with them. When the world came crashing back it was as if Caleb had lived his whole life with cotton in his ears and only now heard reality... He could hear the wind, the rustling of leaves, the bubbling of the pond several yards away, and Ethan's heartbeat... His strong, tried and true heartbeat.

Caleb stumbled backward as he broke the kiss, taking a gasping breath. The increase of his lungs was enough to stretch and tear at his clothing, revealing swirls of black fur as they spread and engulfed his flesh beneath. He looked up, staggering a little more as bony bumps pushed against the flesh of his back, coming out as a dangerous ridge of mountain peaks. Something wet and slick caught Ethan's ears before a miniature furry black tail peeled itself free from Caleb's posterior, flicking loose before wagging weakly. After a few heartbeats, though, the miniature tail began to fill in.

Ethan drooled happily, watching how fast his bite had worked. Caleb fumbled with his pants, using his claws to cut through the button and the fly, revealing his own pulsating black sheath and furry balls. Ethan stalked forward, bending half way down, his forearms long enough he could practically walk on all fours. His muzzle parted and his tongue slipped out, slithering out to touch the forbidden slit. Caleb's eyes widened before squeezing shut as he felt the Alpha's tongue sliding into his sheath, finding the space between his mutating cock and the protective coating.

In and out, in and out, a few quick licks was all it took. Caleb's cock reshaped itself beneath the ministrations, the mushroom shaped tip sharpening and honing to a point as the shaft elongated. The sheath made a soft squishing noise as it retracted, revealing a glistening red member. Ethan pulled back up, grinning wickedly as he reached down to grope himself. A gush of precum oozed out of his brown sheath before a spear of paprika red flesh slid free, already swollen at the base into two half spheres.

A shiver ran down Ethan's spine before a wet, slick sound came as his own tail peeled its way free. The new bones were wrapped in ligaments and sinews, each of them reorienting his anatomy and prying his ass cheeks apart. The cool night air hit his hot pucker, forcing it to darken and swell, taking on a rubbery, almost leathery like texture. Ethan knew if he felt that way, Caleb had to as well. Ethan swept forward, his huge paws turning Caleb. Caleb didn't resist, in fact he pressed back, snuggling against Ethan as he was repositioned.

It was a beautiful moment, one of primal nature and instinct and yet elevated by a higher element of hidden humanity. It was a vision that Dynamo had seen several times before in his mind's eye, though never with such precise detail. It was a moment he knew Caleb had been destined for, though he had to be sure Ethan was right for him. He had seen enough now to know that they were as they were meant to be. With luck he would gain another apprentice rather than lose one, but even if Caleb was meant to go with Ethan, he knew he had done his part and had fun along the way.

The hypnotist moved around in a semi-circle carefully, coming to stand before Ethan and Caleb both as Ethan came up behind the beast. Dynamo raised his hand one last time, letting the pocket watch drop into view, mesmerizing both werewolves as it began to glint and spin and swing. He drew it to the left and right, back and forth, watching the furry werewolves transfixed. He let it sink in deeper for a few more moments before he grinned.

"The beast has broken its bonds, the moonlight is your liberator. When the sun rises, your humanity will return and so shall your memories of this night. Tonight begins your new lives, walking on foot by day and on paw by the full moon... Your choices are your own for you now see everything. Your mind's eyes have been opened... When I snap my fingers you will be free to continue what you want ever so much to do..." Dynamo said before he started to back away, edging out of the garden. When he had made it to the archway that cordoned off the area, he returned the old watch to his pocket, raised his hand and let out a clear, crisp snap that cut through the air like a gunshot... and then he was gone.

A snarl came from Ethan's muzzle as he lifted Caleb's tail, tracing his slimy, swollen, large canine cock between the furry cheeks of his lover. Caleb did not resist, drooling a little himself in anticipation until Ethan finally pushed forward. The black wolf whined with appreciation as he was stretched. Ethan got a firm grip on both of Caleb's furry hips before he thrust in, getting several inches. He went in again and again, wedging deeper, building up a good momentum.

Caleb panted hard, falling forward onto all fours, though one dangerous claw reached up soon after to coil around his own werewolf cock. He squeezed and fondled himself, jerking off as his ass was filled so divinely. Ethan growled in surprise and delight, amazed by how much easier it was to fuck Caleb like this. It was as if they had been meant to go at it in doggy style and all of Caleb's intestines had been aligned just right. Ethan's hips moved faster, pistoning like a fine oiled machine. He rammed in hard and fast, feeling Caleb's hot body and silky fur beneath his paw pads as they swelled out from his fingertips.

The animals rutted, bodies swaying, bulging with muscle and soaked with sweat. Their clothes had been destroyed, torn from the inside out as their bodies grew. Their shoes were shredded. It was detritus that few would understand when found the following morning, though strange things often happened at the fair. Ethan's mind was filled with nothing but the sensation of claiming his mate, fucking him deep and hard, writhing as he did it. Caleb was even more brainless, synapses firing in random sequence, flooding his brain with every chemical associated with pleasure, satisfaction and bliss.

As good as it all was, a slight shuddering bark erupted involuntarily from Caleb's muzzled lips as Ethan grazed his prostate through the flesh barrier. A thick, swollen brow bone arched with intrigue and the brown wolf changed his trajectory, striking it again and this time with purpose. Caleb yelped out, then moaned, then howled. Ethan growled with intent, aiming for

that spot and nothing else. Caleb howled, moaned, then howled again until his cock erupted into an unceremonious geyser of thick semen. The wolf's eyes went glassy, his tongue hanging limply out of his maw before he crumpled onto his front arms, his ass still hiked up in the air.

Ethan could hear the wet fountain of seed spewing out of his lover, making a messy puddle beneath him. Ethan held on tight, claws prickling the skin beneath the fur coat. He clenched his eyes shut, thrusting in as deep as he could get. The Alpha got almost as deep as he wanted and went to pull back, only to realize his knot had swollen into place, lodging him inside of Caleb. A few jerks of his hips were enough to show that he was firmly in place. Normally Ethan would be content to accept what fate had given him, but now he had the drive of an Alpha. He pushed with all his might, twisting one way and the next, feeling more blood pump into his cock. It went from rock hard to steel hard, stretching out those last few centimeters to the point that Ethan could clearly claim he had filled Caleb more than any other male ever could.

In that moment, locked together, connected, Ethan tilted his head skyward and let out the longest, most sonorous howl of his life. It carried across the fairgrounds, startling the livestock that started to moo and neigh in response. Ethan's howl continued for several long moments before it dropped in pitch, fell silent, and Ethan came crashing down on top of Caleb. Caleb grunted as he landed in the puddle of his own seed. He was happy, content, and completely spent. Ethan curled over him protectively, one large paw massaging his partner's uninjured shoulder, squeezing it affectionately. Caleb smiled at that, closing his eyes, content to rest with a belly full of his partner's cum.

Ethan had never before appreciated just how good a foot ache could feel. Perhaps the pain was a reminder of all the things he and Caleb had done over the course of the day. Ethan held Caleb's hand as they navigated the serpentine path up to the chair lifts, stepping onto the yellow painted footprints and waited for the lift chair to nudge into the back of their knees and drop them into a sitting position. One of the employees brought the guard rail down in front of them just as they took a swinging lurch forward. A few more wobbles of the lift chair unsettled Caleb, but as they began to ascend skyward the ride evened out and Caleb's smile returned.

A sigh left Ethan's lips as his tired feet dangled in mid air, nearly grazing the roof of the red milkshake barn. As the pair were hoisted higher and higher, they began drifting along the main thoroughfare, high above the crowds. There was a bit of haze in the sky from farmers burning their fields at the city limits, bringing an early golden hue to the afternoon. Ethan glanced to his left to catch sight of the barns, then to the right to see the garden area. How could it only be four in the afternoon? It felt like the day had encapsulated an entire lifetime.

The pair had woken to the dawn light, covered in sweat and a little bit of barkdust. They'd cleaned themselves up and scurried to Dynamo's tent, finding a fresh change of clothes and breakfast waiting for them both. They had assisted with two morning shows and then Dynamo had given them until the evening to have fun. They'd seen the art, compared the cakes, sat through 'as-seen-on-tv' presentations for products for the sole purpose of eating the free samples, but none of it quite compared to the majestic quality of dangling over the fairgrounds with his new boyfriend. Ethan's smile spread from ear to ear, enough to make Caleb chuckle, brushing his black hair out of his face.

"What?" he asked. Ethan's grin fluttered a little.

"I've been up here with family and friends before, but never a lover..." Ethan said. Caleb smiled at that, leaning against Ethan's shoulder.

"Just be glad we did it now instead of last night. I don't think we would have made the weight limit." Caleb smirked.

"Or fit under the guard rail." Ethan added. Caleb smiled at that, nuzzling Ethan's shoulder with his cheek. Ethan slid an arm around Caleb's back, holding him close. "I hope you, uh, liked it, last night?" he asked. Caleb looked up in surprise.

"I mean, we already went over how good it was when we had our fried pickles, then again during ring toss, but yes, I enjoyed it very much. Dynamo transformed me a few times, but it was never like that. I guess it's better if you have someone to share it with." Caleb said. Ethan looked out across the fairgrounds, at all the people going about their lives. There were clusters of families, gaggles of friends – heck, even the food workers were banding together on break to swap stories and share food.

"I think that's true about a lot of things. I'm just so lucky I get to share it with you." Ethan said, using one finger to lift Caleb's head into alignment for a kiss. He leaned in, tilting ever so gently to make it as tender as possible. They felt practically weightless, suspended high in the air, legs dangling free, above the notice of everyone below and in front of them, even if the passengers behind them got a good look. They were young and in love. The possibilities were endless – just so long as they took a moment to open their mind's eye.