

Jeremy shivered, even though the evening air was relatively warm. It was getting late now, and his concert was due to start anytime. But he would be late if he even made it at all. He was certain he had gone the wrong way. Yet, the google maps directions assured him he was getting close to the venue. Jeremy had yet to see any line or otherwise a sign that he was getting close. The longer he walked, the more tired he became and the greater the likelihood that he was lost. It was infuriating!

It was Jeremy's first time in Philadelphia, having decided to take a tour of a few US cities as a sort of vacation. From Canada, he'd only been to the US a handful of times before now. He'd based his vacation on the dates for several metal concert tours happening over the summer. So far, it had been amazing. Over the course of three shows, he'd get to see seven of his favorite bands playing live!

The sun had faded from the sky now, but it was far from dark, even in the alleyway he'd taken as a shortcut. There was a brilliant full moon creeping up into the sky, illuminating every corner. Jeremy had been enjoying its profile over the city as he'd walked. It had been some time since he'd been in a city this big, and it excited him to see how lovely the moon made everything.

As he walked through the corridors of the alleyway, he thought he caught a glimpse of something at the other end that looked like a body. Jeremy grimaced, wondering if he should turn back. It was likely a passed-out junkie. There was no way to tell if they carried a weapon or otherwise posed a threat if Jeremy tried to get by. Still, they weren't moving, and it would take Jeremy at least twenty minutes to leave the alley and go around the fence beyond. It was twenty minutes he did not have if he still intended to get to his concert on time!

Yet as he stealthy crept towards the prone form, the stench of something metallic and grotesque hit his nose, and he nearly vomited from the overwhelming odor. It reminded him too much of blood, though far more pungent than anything he'd ever scented before. He nearly wretched from the putrid redolence, his mind hardly able to process what he was smelling.

It was obvious that whatever had happened, the person in the alley was injured. Judging from the odor, they were likely far beyond saving. But, Jeremy couldn't stop himself from investigating. What if the person was still alive or needed help? It was his duty to try and at least call 911 or see if he could stem the bleeding.

Carefully creeping forward, Jeremy was not prepared for the sight that greeted him. The man was well past saving. The body lay there, soaked in blood and ichor and very dead. Judging from the clothing, he had indeed been a homeless man, someone destitute who likely lived in this alley. Though with what was left, that was all Jeremy could determine. Blood and viscera

strewn the alley, and what looked like bits of meat and intestines had been dragged to the end of the way.

The stench made Jeremy wretch as he stepped back, not wanting to come into contact with anything lest he disturb a crime scene or the like. But it was impossible not to take in the full picture, even from several feet away. The man was torn open, his chest and ribs on display as though a dripping museum of the human body. It was almost too picked clean to be a carcass, though it had clearly been a man once. The body had evidently been torn apart as though by an animal. But it was the middle of the city. What were the odds that any creature that could do this would be loose?

Stepping back from the body, Jeremy did a quick check on his phone for any news of animal escape. He knew he should call 911, but fear for his survival won out. There was nothing in any news feeds that would explain the cause of what he'd seen. But whatever had done this, it had to be close, right? The corpse seemed so freshly attacked...

The realization of that hit Jeremy like a 747. There wasn't even a buzzing of flies to indicate that the corpse had been there for more than a few moments. Jeremy's blood ran cold as he determined his next move. He wanted to try 911, but he didn't know if he had enough time to call for help. Hell, he didn't even know how to describe the alleyway or his location to dispatch!

The low sound of growling from the entrance rumbled in his ears and Jeremy was forced to step over the corpse to get away. Whatever was making that noise was clearly getting closer. Jeremy didn't know what to do, but he didn't want to stick around here! If he made it into a crowd of other people, at least, there was every chance he could get away and get help!

Yet, to his absolute horror, the corner of the alley led to a chain fence, with no other evident way out. Jeremy considered trying to jump it, but the links were too small for him to grip. All he could do was to stand there, hearing the heavy footfalls of a creature closing in on his location.

Instinctively, Jeremy's mind went into survival mode. Jeremy did his best to scan the alleyway for a weapon, something he could use to fight off... whatever it was that was closing in. But, save for a trash can lid near the corner, there was nothing that held any hope of fending off anything larger than a raccoon.

Jeremy braced himself for whatever was to come. Yet, he could not have been prepared for the sight of the beast that slowly rounded the corner and stared at him with golden, intelligent eyes. His first thought was a wolf of some sort. It had a long, bestial muzzle, thick, matted black hair, and walked on four paws. But, it was far larger than any wolf he'd ever seen in a zoo. And the

musculature sticking out of its skin was all wrong. If Jeremy didn't know any better... but there was no way... but then what else could explain...

Even as his mind swirled with the possibilities, Jeremy could not help but notice the massive, red erection that hung eagerly under the beast. It swayed back and forth, the tip leaking precum as the beast licked his lips. It was far larger than anything Jeremy might have expected on the creature, even one of this size. He couldn't stop staring at it, almost forgetting that the beast could end Jeremy's life in an instant.

The creature exhaled a rancid stench as it panted, eyeing Jeremy with a curiosity that made him freeze. The blood on its breath clearly made it the killer of the unfortunate soul on the other side of the alley. But there was another scent that stood out, even above the carcass that it had evidently eaten. A thick, pungent, musky odor seemed to surround the beast as it eyed its next target. It went even beyond that of matted fur or sweat that such a beast might exude.

It took Jeremy a few moments to realize what it was he was smelling. The beast's odor created an entrancing miasma that made his head swim. In his haze, it was hard for Jeremy to focus on what was so frightening about the beast. It was almost beautiful in its own way, a powerful creature, so handsome and muscled...

It was almost too late before Jeremy realized that he was sporting his own modest erection. Jeremy was gay, and always harbored an interest in werewolves and changing shapes. Though he'd never imagined he'd ever be aroused in the presence of a beast, especially a killer, it was impossible to deny the attraction he now felt. His own lust was clearly fueled by the beast's presence, shared by the wolf that could rend him limb from limb. Yet, perhaps the beast had other ideas for the poor man...

Before Jeremy could even elicit a cry from his lips, the beast was on him, leaping through the air and knocking Jeremy prone. All the air escaped his lungs as he hit the ground hard, though he was thankful that he had not hit his head and blacked out. Still, with the weight of the creature on top of him, Jeremy almost wished he had. Though he didn't want to be eaten, the idea of being raped by such a creature held little more appeal, despite what his cock told him.

Still, a sense of relief washed over him when the wolf started lapping at his neck, instead of tearing out his throat. Jeremy felt his body freeze, not wanting to make a move lest he influence the wolf's decision. The only thing that twitched was his cock, trapped in his pants and almost frotting against the creature's own.

Jeremy was not prepared for the wolf's tongue to pull back and his lips to curl into a half-snarl. A scream was forced from his lips and the beast bit down, easily entering the warm flesh. The pain was far more intense than it should have been from such a relatively gentle gesture.

One of Jeremy's last waking realizations was that the beast's thick cock was rubbing against his groin, leaking its fluids all over Jeremy's jeans. He might have found it funny had he not been at the beast's mercy. His own cock felt a swelling of pleasure as it was frothed against the wolverine red rocket as the wolf took its pleasure.

Jeremy felt himself start to fall unconscious, due to either the shock of the events taking their toll or the potent bite itself. His eyes fluttered shut, the culmination of the situation more than he could bear.

Unconscious as he was, Jeremy was unaware as the wolf blew a thick, sticky load of cum over his groin and clothes before darting off, now that its needs were satisfied. Jeremy was left passed out in the alley, undisturbed as the creature howled a ways away, going about the rest of its evening with bestial purpose.

Jeremy awoke slowly, the warm sun bearing down on him as he got up. The events of the night were a haze in his mind. He knew he wasn't in his hotel as he should have been. Had he even made it to the concert venue? And what was that smell, covering his body? His pants were sticky, as though coated with a dry fluid.

Yet, Jeremy didn't seem to mind his state of being. He couldn't muster any concern with the condition of his body or his location. It felt alright, somehow. It was fine that he was in this place because he had received something important here, something fulfilling. Even missing his concert was of little concern with the promise of what had happened last night.

Jeremy got up then, having some vague memory of what he needed to do on the fringes of his psyche. There was somewhere he needed to go, someone who was expecting him. He wasn't sure how it was he knew how to find that location. Yet he did. A faint odor in the air seemed to entice Jeremy forward as he followed the streets several blocks from where he had risen.

At last, he found the goal, an apartment building that strongly carried the smell he had been following. Jeremy knocked on the door where the scent beckoned to him, not knowing what he was expecting. All he was certain of was that whoever was beyond the door would be expecting him.

After a few moments, the door opened, and Jeremy was greeted by the sight of a naked, muscled man, taller than he. The man sported a mane of dark hair, a thick beard, and a shaggy carpet of hair on his chest. Several patches of his hair were covered with a filmy, drying reddish substance. Jeremy was certain it was blood. Another stain adorned his chest and groin, one that smelled exactly like the one covering Jeremy's clothes.

There was no doubt in Jeremy's mind that this was the man whose scent he'd been following. He had no idea who the man was or why Jeremy was drawn to him. But in Jeremy's current state, he wished to see nothing else at the other side of the door.

Jeremy was not bothered by the man's nakedness. In fact, he found himself attracted to it, his cock growing erect in his pants. To Jeremy's delight, the man's cock was also growing hard, tenting outwards impossibly far for even the man's magnificent statue. Jeremy couldn't imagine seeing a penis more enticing than the one before him.

The man seemed to take in Jeremy's form as well. It was as though the two of them were fucking each other with their eyes, drinking in every inch of their masculine forms. Not a word was exchanged between them, yet nothing needed to be said to confirm their mutual interest. Jeremy was a fraction of a second away from joining him in his nakedness!

Meanwhile, Eli was in the kitchen, making himself coffee. Though the events of the night were already a blur, Eli was making an active effort to repress *everything* about them. The images in his mind were a bit much for him to work through, even from how little that he was able to distinguish. He at least needed his coffee!

Alister's naked form was more powerfully arousing than anything he'd ever seen in his life. Yet, Eli needed time to process why Alister was erect in his presence. It was everything Eli had ever wanted to wake up to, though less so the blood and semen. It was part of the reason that Eli was resisting allowing Alister to take him then and there. Too good to be true, as the adage went.

Yet, the sound of the door opening drew his attention as he carried his cup through the door. He was not expecting the sight of the other man, looking worse for wear from a rough evening. But of more note was the fact that the man was currently frothing his cock against the naked Alister, while the two of them continued to make out, their lips locked in a feral embrace.

Eli should have found the sight disturbing. After all, who was this man that had suddenly shown up at the door? And why was Alister making out with a stranger? Alister didn't know anyone else in the city, as best as Eli knew. And, if Alister was somehow interested in the stranger, shouldn't Eli be jealous? Alister wasn't with him, or anything. Yet Eli felt a connection with Alister that surpassed any previous lust he might have harbored.

Yet, Eli could only find the sight of the men making out powerfully arousing. He wanted to join them, but could only stare at their lewd display. His own cock was poking insistently at his robe, needing immediate attention. Eli barely had the wherewithal to set his drink down on a shelf before he let his robe fall and he started touching himself.

Jeremy hardly had time to react before the man's lips were on his own, and the two were locked in a sudden, unexpected primal embrace. The man carried a metallic taste that reminded him of what he'd scented from the night before. It was familiar, as though the blurred image was on the fringes of his mind. Whatever it was, Jeremy tried his best not to concern himself as he continued to make out with the sexy man before him.

Jeremy wasn't sure why, but his body felt different, somehow. There was a strength in his formerly pudgy form that had not been there before. His clothes were tighter, indicative of a physique that was somewhat more toned than his had been. Something under the shirt made him itch like hell, akin to hairs irritated against the fabric. Jeremy had been a hairy man, but nothing compared to the beast before him. Surely, it was not enough to cause this level of distress in his dressed state.

Noticing his discomfort, the man reached down and went to tug off Jeremy's shirt. Jeremy allowed it, seeing that his body was indeed hairier than it had been. His treasure trail was much thicker, more defined. And it was as though every inch was covered in a peppering of sparse hairs. Jeremy looked like a bear of a man now!

Yet, the taste of the man's lips, the raw smell of male flesh, and the man's eagerness awoke something bestial in his psyche. Jeremy needed to have this man, even though he was a stranger. And Jeremy needed it in the worst way!

Part of Alister's mind had no idea what he was doing. He would never have taken anyone in such a position, much less a man. Yet, in his current state, he needed this man's touch as much as he

needed air or water. He needed to *breathe* the man, taste him and experience all the pleasure that the man had to offer.

Alister still had no inkling to bother with his current state of undress and dishevelment. He didn't care that he was covered with drying blood and semen. Neither did the man in his presence, apparently. The man's musky scent seemed to mix well with his own, odors of precum and sweat oozing from him like a fine wine. Alister only found himself wanting more.

The fact that he had no idea who this man was was of little consequence. The scent wafting off the man's form told Alister all he needed to know. The man was... like him? Was that the right phrase? Still, there was undeniably familiarity about the man. Like Alister had met him before. Perhaps, it was last night...

It didn't matter. The man's scent was all he needed to know that he would make an ideal mate. They would soon fuck and solidify the bond that Alister felt they had. Eli would join them, too, just as tied to Alister as this man was. Alister wasn't sure where the feelings of kinship and dominance were from. Yet, they felt too right to deny!

Still, there was some president for formalities. "What's your... mrrf.... name, stud...?" Alister asked, feeling he would at least need it to yell when they fucked in earnest.

"I'm... Jeremy... I don't normally do this, but..." Jeremy's voice trailed off, the hesitation lost as his fingers trailed over Alister's hairy, stained body.

"You're doing it now, stud, mrrf... you're a big boy..." Alister said, running his hand down to undo the poor man's belt. Instantly, Jeremy's pants fell to the floor, exposing his stained undies and trapped cock head.

"I-I don't think..." Jeremy tried to speak up but was silenced by Alister's tongue once more.

"You don't need to think....Just act... whatever feels good..." Alister said before reaching in to grab Jeremy's fat cock. A moan from his victim was all the permission Alister needed to take Jeremy's penis in his hand and started stroking the two men together in earnest.

Yet, soon, another scent came to his attention, one enough to briefly draw his gaze from the magnificent stud before him. Still stroking their cocks together, Alister turned to see Eli was erect, evidently enjoying the scene. As much as Alister enjoyed the company of his newest conquest, he didn't want to leave out his long-time friend!

“Come here, big guy,” Alister growled, beckoning Eli forward. He wanted his friend in the worst way and intended to lead his pack to their pleasure together if he could. Wait, pack? Was that right? Yet, he could come up with no other word to better describe their current situation.

“Why don’t we see what this big boy can take?” Alister inquired, his massive 12 inches leaking at the idea. He walked over and shoved Eli to the ground as he stroked his own cock in front of the man. The sight of his prone, naked friend was almost too much to bear. Alister wanted to take Eli right then and there, and let Jeremy in on the fun!

Eli couldn't believe the rough treatment he was getting from his long-time and, presumably, straight friend. But part of his mind was inclined to do exactly what Alister asked of him. The other part was just excited to see how this encounter would pan out!

Reaching out to grab the man’s massive meat, Eli was a little disappointed when Alister pushed his hand away. Yet, it soon became obvious what he had in mind. Beckoning the other man, Jeremy, over, Alister grabbed Eli’s shoulders and took him in a passionate embrace. Eli returned the kiss, reaching out his tongue to entwine it with his good friend.

It was everything Eli could have hoped for. He always envisioned that, deep down, Alister would be a dom. Imagine his surprise to find out just that! Alister guided his hand to Jeremy’s no less impressive cock, and Eli stroked it, pulling it gently to his own mouth. Jeremy moaned, the contact exactly what he’d evidently been craving.

They made out like that for a while, kissing, sucking, and stroking. Sweat rolled off their bodies as their masculinity hung in the air like a soupy miasma in Eli’s senses. He even allowed himself to let go of Jeremy’s prize before the hairy man stuck his pits in front of Eli’s face for inspection. Soon, Alister joined him, forcing Eli to bathe in the musky, male stink of hot, horny guys!

Yet, soon, the contact was insufficient to meet their growing needs. Body shaking with anticipation, Eli got down on his hands and knees, raising his ass with need. Part of his mind craved sexual contact with the two men more than anything he had ever needed in his life. Deep down, it shouldn’t have been something he’d ever want. Being taken by strange men, allowing himself to be dominated and used was farther than he’d ever let himself go. But, yet, at this moment, he couldn’t imagine craving anything more intently!

Eli’s thoughts started to white out as Alister’s 12 inches plunged into his asshole, and Jeremy’s own erection was shoved unceremoniously into his gullet. Eli tried to moan, tried to touch

himself. But his hands were completely occupied holding himself up and stroking the hairy balls before him. Still, from the intense sensations flowing from his prostate, it did not take long for him to moan his release as he came from an unexpected hand on his cock, and brought the other two gorgeous men with him...

When the three men awoke in Eli's bedroom, it was evening. The sun was just starting to set in the window, its last golden rays shining in and resting on them. Alister and the other man, who he was vaguely aware was named Jeremy, were asleep, curled in a big pile. Eli didn't want to move away from the pile of gorgeous guys he found himself with. But, he had to pee.

Afterward, Eli took a long look at himself in the mirror, seeing how worse for wear he was. He really needed a shower! Yet, the male stink wafting from him seemed right, somehow. It seemed to mark him as one of the...group. Was that the right word? He'd never go outside smelling like sweat and cum and other men. But, he didn't want to clean himself. Not yet. Not before he had...

Alister stirred, pulling away from Jeremy, who was still passed out. He smiled a little bit, sniffing at the man's long, brown hair. Committing the scent to memory, he too, walked across the room to relieve himself once Eli had finished.

Nothing about the day's events seemed to bother him. Not his formerly perceived heterosexuality. Or the fact that he was covered in dried sexual fluids. He needed to clean himself, eventually, but he currently needed to lie with his pack mates. The two men he had brought together. They would couple again this night as he brought them into the fold fully.

The words should have been foreign in his mind. Yet the more he reflected on them, the better they seemed to sit on his psyche.

On his way back to the bedroom, the moon caught his attention through the broken window. It was peeking out over the top of one of the skyscrapers in the distance, looming like a mother smiling on the world. Alister was enraptured by the sight. He recalled it vaguely from the night before. How it had brought with it such promise. Now, the brilliant orb carried with it *certainty*. All was soon to be right with the world.

He lacked the understanding as to *why* this was right. It shouldn't have been. Waking up covered in blood and semen and fucking two guys before sleeping the day away should never have sat

well with his proclivities. Where had the blood even come from? Had he killed someone? Or had he just *eaten*?

Snores echoed in the bedroom as Eli rejoined Jeremy in the pile where they'd slept. The two had been tired after his bite. They would need as much time to recover as possible before...what? Alister felt the answers to his questions were just on the fringes of his thoughts. The moment the rest of the moon floated into his field of view, everything would be made right.

He could feel it starting already. The fires were licking at his flesh just under the skin, just as they had last night. The prickling of hairs poking from the flesh. The feeling of energy flowing over his form. Each sensation brought back with it a memory of the night before. Each a step in a dance that was now familiar. But... this time it did not hold the fear from last night. Tonight, Alister was only filled with anticipation.

Alister's eyes shimmered golden as he stared at the orb of salvation in the sky. It held so much power. So much promise. It would restore onto him his memories. It would restore upon him his true form.

Alister smiled as sharp fangs poked from under his lips. As hairs lanced from the skin of the backs of his hands. As muscles started to tear and reform. It was starting. And he was happy.

Feeling unnaturally fatigued, Eli went back to lie down in his bed, not rousing the sleeping Jeremy. Yet, though he'd felt extremely tired, the instant a beam of light coming in through the window hit him, he was suddenly energized. Eli's gaze turned to drink in the oncoming light. Eli couldn't recall the last time he'd been so enamored by the sight of the brilliant orb in the sky. It was so *bright*. No matter how much he tried, Eli found he couldn't stop staring. It was far more prominent in the sky than he'd ever seen in his life. So much more beautiful...

Part of him was reminded of the night before, how he'd looked up at the moon coming back from the store. He'd also seen the moon filtering into his apartment. That was when... but what happened... it was... why did it make his head hurt!

Eli's hands went up to his head, trying to ease the tension that was forming in his temples. The more he tried to focus on the events of the night before, the more it seemed to pain him. Yet, he was determined to make the fog lift from his thoughts, that he might try and piece together the missing parts of the night before.

It took several moments to realize that the pain from his temples was more than simply a headache. It was as though a series of drills had been pressed into the flesh, filling his brain and forcing his skull to expand. It was beyond any sensation that Eli was familiar with, and it threatened to tear him apart from its sheer intensity!

Suddenly, Eli found himself falling onto his knees, clutching his temples as the pain washed over him in waves. It was soon not confined to one place as his hands began to tingle intently. Despite the red-hot agony from his head, Eli could not keep his hands there, the pain radiating through the digits somehow even worse. They were trembling of their own accord, audibly cracking as the joints and even bones started to snap.

“No... it hurts... FUCK!” Eli cried out, unable to keep it in. He hoped his cries roused Jeremy and summoned Alister. He desperately wanted something, *anything* to relieve the agony!

His eyes turned towards the brilliant sphere shining intensely through the window. As its rays played over his skin, the aches and twinges subsided somewhat, as though being soothed with a balm. Eli walked towards it, desperate for any reprieve.

An intense itch emanated from the backs of his hands, and looking down, his eyes widened in shock. His own hairs seemed to be lancing longer, reaching up towards the moon as they thickened from the base. Though no new hairs seemed to grow, his own warped ones were more than sufficient to obscure the skin. It itched menacingly, though Eli’s hands were in no position to scratch at the hairs spread up towards wrists and upper arms.

The pain radiated through the bones of his hands, and Eli realized with shock that the flesh was spreading upward like putty. They cracked and shifted as his palms stretched towards the moon, as though in worship. Devoid of the hairs, the skin of the palms grew coarse and calloused, black patches forming a familiar shape. The same skin adorned the centers of his fingers and even thumb.

It was then that certain images flashed through his mind of Alister... and he had bitten... but did that mean...?

“AAAGHHHHH!!!”

A spicy, masculine scent roused Jeremy from sleep, and he opened his eyes, drinking the brilliant moonlight shining in. The sight of it entranced him, filling him with energy beyond anything he'd

known in recent memory. It was as though his sleep gave him more rest than anything he recalled since his youth. It was invigorating!

Yet, Jeremy was suddenly aware of an intense, alien prickling playing over his skin. It spread from his chest, racing over his abs and pecs and stomach. It was as though the new hairs were rising from their formerly sparse patches into a full bestial coat as they lengthened to meet the lunar orb. His naked form lit up under the moonlight, and to his delight, the wiry hairs of his groin were lancing outward, forming a lovely covering where once his pubes sat. He reached down to rub at them, surprised at the lovely, soft texture that met his fingers. Their presence didn't seem to bother him, nor did they seem out of place. It was as though it was expected, somehow...

Jeremy's gaze suddenly turned upward towards the moonlight that was shining inside the room. It lit up all the walls, illuminated even the darkest corners as it warmed his skin under the hair. He took a moment to admire its beauty. It surpassed even what he saw the night before. Jeremy had always taken the time to admire the moon. Though, tonight, it carried a certain quality that enamored him, like what he had seen when...

Suddenly, a sharp pain lanced from his belly, as though his guts were being assaulted with fire. A series of low grunts escaped his lips as the muscle under his skin writhed and pulsated. Jeremy's guts gurgled as his internal organs relocated to accommodate his changing belly.

Yet, Jeremy did not fear the alterations. A shiver of anticipation ran over his body at the implication of what this meant. Though he'd never thought the idea to be possible in real life, there was always a part of him that wished it so. Even through the pain, he couldn't imagine anything more exciting. Becoming a big, horny beast, birthed by the moonlight. The completion of his deepest fantasies.

His eyes settled on Eli, who was staring in horror as his hands warped and mutated. He, too, was changing as his back spasmed and he fell to his knees. Eli's cries of pain pierced the room, the metamorphosis of his human hands evidently just as painful as Jeremy's own changes.

Yet, with the realization of what was happening, the aches and changes to his body became nearly half as potent. In fact, his body seemed to welcome the transition. The cracks in his spine and the snapping of ribs and bones, though painful, were embraced at the moment. Jeremy's body moved in tandem with the changes, allowing the maximum level of comfort through a process that should have torn apart his mind as well in body!

Jeremy couldn't help but realize how hot his new friend now was covered in sparse hairs and growing canine paws. His cock started to grow erect, bobbing up and down, eagerly wanting to implant itself in Eli's exposed rectum. The notion of rutting into a willing mate while they both changed sat well in his mind. And with a third... Was Alister changing, too?

Eyes settling on Eli's prone form, the decision firmly implanted itself in his mind. He would change, as would Eli. He would move towards the wolf-man, and alleviate the ache in his cock whether Eli wanted it or not. And then Alister would join them, command them into positions as all three of them revealed in their bestial lust. Soon, howls of freedom and rut would echo in the city as the new beasts made themselves known!

Eli barely registered Jeremy's presence, absorbed with his own changes as he was. His fingers were cracking, shrinking into the widening expanse of his growing palms. He tried to move them, but the attempt only brought pain as their hybrid contours didn't flex the way he expected. They continued to crunch and retract, resisting his vain efforts.

Pain lanced from the tips as blood poured forth, preceded by the tears of clawed keratin rubbing against the frail flesh. The thickening nails curved outward into deadly talons, each the width of his finger as they stretched skyward. All that remained of the end of the shrinking digits, Eli now sported a dangerous set of canine claws!

Stretching palms carried formerly opposable thumbs to the middle of his lower arms, where they cracked and popped and shrank into the flesh. Eli tried once last time to move them, but nothing came of his valiant efforts. A backward-facing claw burst from the tip, forming a dewclaw. With heavy pads on his palm, and fur covering their surface, Eli was reduced to having little more than canine front paws.

The change was not to stop there. A sickening *crack* resonated through his spine, making Eli wince as he tried to right his back. But the vertebrae in his spine were expanding violently against the skin, taking up more space than his still-human body had room for. It felt as though they would rip right through his skin!

Eli knew what was happening. He wasn't a fool, despite the bizarre nature of the situation. The full moon was a dead giveaway. Though certain pieces of his day were starting to make sense even through the pain of the transformation. The sudden lust from his best friend, the flash of pain and blood in his memory, his willingness to fuck a stranger. What else would it be but some fucked up real-world lycanthropy!

Looking back, he realized with some horror that Jeremy was changing as well. Even in the low light of the room, he could make out Jeremy's transformation. Also on his knees, his new friend was increasing in height, as though his torso was stretching. He was covered in canine hair, or what Eli assumed would be now the beginnings of fur. Yet, unlike the phantom pains assaulting his own form, Jeremy did not seem to be as distressed as Eli was. In fact, he was currently sporting a once-welcome erection. Was Jeremy... enjoying it?

The pain from his own changes brought Eli back into the present as his spine cracked audibly, adding a few extra inches. In vain, he tried to put out his hands, but they were now fully-formed canine paws, and could not support him as he fell over onto the floor. He stayed like that, crying out in agony as his backside was assaulted with growth that his still-human skin could not keep up with.

“GGAAAH...AAHHHH! IT FUCKING HURTS!” Eli screamed in his desperate bid to detract anything he could from the pain. It only served as a brief reprieve as his spine continued to force its way from his backside. It began moving of its own accord, and Eli realized with some horror that he was growing a *tail*.

His insides on fire, Eli could sense something akin to internal movement, as though his organs were shifting. His medical knowledge assured him that such a shift should have ended his life. Yet, whatever was forcing the changes seemed determined to keep him alive as Eli continued to metamorphose.

The effect left his anus shifting further up on his backside, right under the swishing growth of his tail. His balls followed suit, moving back as an intense wave of pleasure flowed over his groin. Despite himself, his cock started to come to an erection, bobbing up and down painfully as it swelled with its need. Eli couldn't fathom how such a painful transformation could make him sport wood. But the ache in his cock was becoming persistent, making Eli moan from the sensation.

Needing to alleviate the pain, Eli desperately wanted to touch himself, yet had no ability to do so with his hands in their current configuration. He was forced to feel his cock getting larger, the tip on fire as it started to shift to match his increasingly lupine body. His glans flared as the tip darkened its shade, and the skin of his cock head seemed to be almost peeling somewhat. To his dismay, Eli could not angle his body to look.

To Eli's shock, something cool and damp started teasing at his anus, hitting the back of his tail and sending a twinge of pain running up his spine. Looking back, he stared into a lupine visage

that made him gasp. Jeremy's nose was black on his features, nostrils flared and sniffing the prone man. His teeth were pointed, and his tongue was inhuman, thin and flat and lapping at Eli's backside like a starved man at a feast. It continued to tease his hindquarters, playing over Eli's anus, balls, and even the tip of his cock. The ministrations seemed to encourage the growth of lengthened lupine hairs, a welcome reprieve from the agony assaulting him.

Yet, despite the altered facial features, Jeremy remained largely human, even as the changes continued to lap at his body as much as Jeremy was lapping at Eli's backside. How had Jeremy been able to move?! Eli himself was frozen in place as his spine continued to force itself forward, stretching his previously flabby stomach taut. But Jeremy seemed unaffected by the pain. In fact, he seemed stronger than before, taking his pleasure from Eli with a fury that surpassed even their earlier bedroom escapades

Eli found himself running through the possibilities, desperate for anything to detract from the pain. It seemed as though the sexual pleasure was ebbing the agony of the change enough that he could think. He allowed himself to give over to the sensation, even thrusting his hips backward to provide Jeremy better vantage. Though he was fond of his new friend, Eli would have done almost anything to take away from the pain of the change!

In response, his ass cheeks seemed to recede, leaving his increasingly canine anus on display. His balls continued to swell as the fur that Jeremy seemed to encourage grew over them, his saliva leaving them with a lovely damp coat of formerly-human hairs. Eli's hips gently snapped, his pelvis breaking before reforming painfully under his spine. The bones and shifting muscles could be seen writhing through the skin as his stance shifted towards the canine form he was steadily acquiring.

Eli wanted to back away, to stop his body from shifting. The sexual contact was spurring on the process! Yet, he was caught between a rock and a literal hard place. Should he give in to pleasure and change, or try to resist and be assaulted with the pain again, only to delay the inevitable?

In his current state, Eli was hardly aware of the sound of the door opening, or the heady scent that wafted into the room proceeding it. He hadn't felt his own nose changing but the level of detail he was detecting far surpassed the level he thought it should.

But the one thing it did discern sent his senses alight with excitement. It was Alister, Eli was sure. Yet, he was more than that to Eli. Alister was his maker, his master. His alpha. And try as he might, Eli could not deny that he wanted the other man in the room to have his way with both of his creations!

The more Alister shifted, the more the events of his wolfish endeavors came to mind. Some acts, like the fate of the man in the alley, were of more distaste. Even though the wolf had chosen a vagrant, one with the stench of drugs on him, it did not sit well with his sensibilities. But Alister was not a man anymore. He was something bigger, better. Human morality was beneath him.

His body was gradually shifting, the knowledge of what he was and what he needed allowing him little pain. His tailbone slipped out of his backside, wagging its excitement. The wet hairs from his sweaty form had lanced outward, much longer than their human counterparts as they darkened to match the hair on his head. His nostrils were black, sniffing the air in excitement as he scented the two men in the other room. He felt the muscles twitching under the flesh, preparing to make him much larger than he was. As large as he needed to be.

Yet he still retained his bipedal stance as he opened the bedroom door and walked inside. The sight of the two men made him pound powerfully erect. His cock started to taper as the glans pointed into a canine shape and the head began to peel just slightly. He felt it grow far beyond its current 12 inches, as befitting the alpha he was about to be.

“GRRRR...MINE!” Alister declared, his stance shifting from rising heels and making him more menacing as he continued to change. His words brought the attention of both men in the room, making their own cocks leak with the notion of being dominated by such a virile male.

Eli found himself shocked at the sight of his long-term friend in mid-change. The wolverine features were not lost. Yet, the way they accented Alister's own, they almost seemed to be a part of him. Eli had been attracted by the man's relatively average face and better-than-average physique. But with sharp teeth, a thick beard, and pointed ears, Alister had never been hotter!

Unlike Eli and even Jeremy to a degree, Alister did not seem to be bothered by the changes. In fact, he'd walked in the room with an expectant look on his face. His features were twisted into a sneer of dominance and lust. Had he been the one to infect the two men? If so, was he here to take them in bestial fashion?

Eli felt a thick drop of precum leak from his cock, and looked down at the bestial shape of his member. At the sight of it, he could feel it pound forth an extra few inches, far bigger than what he'd been thus far. The scent of the hunky, horny male made him hard all over again. He wanted Alister to take him in the worst way!

Yet, the pain of his shifting body sent him down on his paws again as his spine continued to stretch, forcing his lupine self further out. The biting sting of the change, in tandem with his hesitancy, sent his cock soft once more as he struggled with the muscles threatening to burst from the skin.

Though it pained him, Eli felt that his bit of focus was slowing the change, at least for the moment. His wagging tail was kept in check, his cock failed to develop its lupine sheath, and no further hairs lanced forth between the ones that were already lupine. He was resisting!

Yet, it was impossible to ignore the musky male miasma swirling in the room from the other shifting men. Jeremy had stood upward, his own tail wagging as he reached up to touch Alister's features. Jeremy's claws were sharp, and his fingers stiff, but he was still able to take Alister's paw-hands in his own as Alister pulled him in.

Eli tried desperately to look away, knowing that the sight of such gorgeous specimens would bring him to arousal once more. But curiosity won out as his eyes glanced up to see Jeremy exploring the other wolf-man's body. His nose sniffed Alister's lupine hairs as more of the human ones continued to stench into wolverine guard hairs. A tongue reached out and coated the man's sweaty skin, causing the hair to grow even longer.

Yet the most arousing sight came when Jeremy's sniffing noise played over Alister's pecs and nipples. The sniffing intensified as though he'd found something fascinating. Jeremy's nose moved left, reaching out towards Alister's underarms. Jeremy seemed to hone on it like a dog finding an enticing scent. Audible sniffing sounds echoed in the room as Jeremy's mentality seemed to be temporarily overtaken by the beast he was becoming.

A pungent, spicy odor hit Eli's nose from the male musk under Alister's armpits. It was far more sweaty and dirty than their sleeping forms had produced. But the body odor, to his wolverine senses, spoke volumes of masculinity that Eli found entrancing. He could feel his cock getting hard all over again. Eli tried to turn his attention, but like a car wreck, he could not pull his eyes away from the display of male eroticism.

Eli could see the man's sweaty body glistening in the moonlight, the product of the change and his lust. Jeremy, too, seemed to notice it and reached out his tongue to begin lapping at its surface. His canine features seemed to savor the flavors of Alister's masculinity. His tongue ran over the salty skin, covering every inch of Alister's hair and musky pits with lupine salvia. Jeremy seemed to drink up Alister's sweat and body odor like a sumptuous feast, needing the man's body to fuel his own changes.

Alister's eyes fluttered a bit at the attention before he lowered his gaze and gently took Jeremy's shoulders in his paw-hands. Pulling Jeremy off his smelly pits seemed to be a chore, but Jeremy relented once he realized that Alister's own sniffing nose wanted to tease his evident beta.

Alister's lupine tongue was stretching out, carefully playing over Jeremy's pecs and nipples and making the other wolf-man growl. It seemed that Alister had found a sweet spot!

As the two explored the lupine features, the changes seemed to rush over them painlessly. Jeremy seemed to bend over as his stretching spine cracked and his ribs pressed out over his too-tight skin. His pelvic bones jutted out around his hips, as a loud snap forced them apart and Jeremy to slide down Alister's chest. Yet, his slightly protruding face only found Alister's cock, and he started lapping at it with gusto.

Alister snarled slightly as his own spine stretched, forcing his stomach taut. His pelvis cracked and sent him down on his knees as the two wolves met each other's gazes. Breaths stained with the scents of their body odors, they continued to make out, frotting their cocks on the ground to alleviate the ache of changes that would leave them four-legged beings for the duration of the night.

Already on all fours himself, Eli could feel the minute changes racing over him as he grunted from the exertion of trying to avoid the change. More of his human hairs lanced outward, itching his skin terribly. His ears twitched slightly as they continued to lengthen past what would appear on an elf. His feet rippled as his heels painfully stretched, making him shift his stance as he was forced to the balls of his feet.

Given the pain of his transition, it was a wonder that he even felt the lupine tongue on his own nethers. He winced, wanting desperately for Alister to pull away and allow Eli to try and resist. But, to his dismay, his cock came to full attention once more, leaking pungent fluids as his arousal increased. Alister seemed to have no intention of letting him leave with his humanity intact!

It only took a few minutes of stimulation to ensure Eli's erection wasn't going anywhere. Though given the proximity to the musky male stench, it was a wonder that he didn't simply nut right there! It took every ounce of willpower not to give in to the urges that played over his mind.

Alister had other plans to spread his lupine lusts, it seemed. The moment his tongue slipped off Eli's cock, his body turned around with inhuman speed, his cock lancing up towards Eli. Though not as tight around his dick, the frotting was somehow even more erotic in its intimacy. The

fluids of his member poured forth like a fountain, eliciting a moan that turned into a bestial growl!

As Alister's cock grew larger again Eli's own, Eli could feel something warm touching the tip of his member. The heat of the growth was even greater than that of his penis. It felt like a flap of loose skin was spreading down from Alister's cock. To his surprise, he found his cock tip pulled into the flesh as it continued to deepen. The more Eli pushed forward, the more that skin opened up to envelope his cock. It felt so warm and comfortable against his flesh, that Eli had to suppress a growl in an attempt not to give in!

It took Eli a few moments to realize what was happening. Alister's foreskin was growing thick and deep, a warm sheath that would keep his member protected when not in use. Though there was no chance of his cock softening any time soon if Alister's lust was even a fraction of Ei's at the moment!

To Eli's delight, or perhaps distaste, Alister started thrusting intensely, his sheath enveloping Ei's cock in its warmth. The pleasure was sublime, making Ei leak what felt like puddles inside of Alister's flesh. The slick sensations created marvelous friction that made him drip even more as the pressure built in his loins. Eli wasn't going to be able to hold back if this kept up!

Lost in the sensations of rutting, Eli was unaware of his proximity to Jeremy's armpits until the pungent male stink assaulted him directly. Eli breathed in deeply, tasting the virile masculinity of Jeremy's sweat and body odor with his nose before reaching out with an eager tongue. The taste was intricate, flavors of hormones and chemicals that Eli could scarcely begin to comprehend. He was learning more about the man through taste and scent than months of conversation could teach.

Nose awash in scents, Eli was excited to sense that Alister's sweaty maleness was soon added to the proximity of his senses. Though the angle was awkward, Alister's armpits were close enough that Eli could access them as well. His tongue moved over them, sampling their divine flavors and learning their contours.

It was getting harder and harder to eliminate the intrusive thoughts playing over his mind. These two felt more like wolves to him than men. They were packmates and fellows. He belonged to them, particularly Alister, who was the one who had gifted him with this form. He would sexually please his alpha at any time in thanks for the bite that had granted him this form.

In his musk-induced stupor, Eli hardly noticed that his body was continuing to change. His heels cracked outward while his calves shrank. His thighs were nearly gone, flattened into the flesh of

distended flanks as his belly grew longer with his stretching spine. Sharp pricks of pain emanated from his toes as their nails were ripped away for the new claws to burst forth. Toes lost their mobility as his big toes were tugged up into his heels to fade from his new anatomy. Thick pads of skin soon adorned what remained of the soles of his foot until his feet resembled nothing but animalistic paws.

His changes were also accelerating those of his pack as his thinning tongue continued to lap over their exposed skin. Damp armpit hairs lanced from the skin like weeds, changing into thick, dark wolveren hairs by Eli's saliva. Every hair was transformed, thickening at the follicle as Eli lapped at their sweaty body odor with the fervor of a starving man. The taste of sweat and flesh only grew more palatable with each lap, causing Eli to lick faster, and, in turn, accelerate the changes to the flesh before the men's shoulders started to compress.

Alister and Jeremy were making out now, as best they could with their awkward position. Neither wanted to move too far away from allowing Eli to sample their stinky pits. But they, too, seemed intent on lapping at each other, savoring the sensations. Eli was a little confused when Jeremy started licking at Alister's closed jaws, but a vague memory from a nature documentary reminded him that wolves similarly licked each other as a sign of submissiveness.

Somehow, despite the awkward angle, Jeremy had moved his lupine hips, hitting Eli in the face with his wagging tail. Eli whined a distinct canine exhalation at being deprived of Jeremy's musky pits. Yet, when the true goal was dangled in front of him, Eli was hard-pressed to keep feeling that disappointment. Before him was Jeremy's bobbing wolf-meat, still human colored but with the distinctive pointed shape of a canine cock.

It took little prompting for Eli to reach out with his flexible tongue to taste Jeremy's dripping offering. As pungent and musky as his armpits had been. Eli was awash in sensation from the taste of wolf cock in his mouth. It, too, contained a plethora of wonderful musky smells, each dripping of need and virility. Eli took to lapping at it like he would a sweet cold treat, drinking down the viscous pre with a sense of reverence.

At his tongue's careful ministrations, he could feel the skin pushing downward, as though his tongue was peeling Jeremy's cock crown. Realizing it was Jeremy's forming sheath he was tasting, Eli continued to shove his tongue into it, savoring the warmth of the cocoon he was helping to form.

Eli's tongue forced Jeremy sheath to deepen, working down to the base as he lapped at it fervently. His mouth worked around the growing shaft, and he could taste the lupine hairs springing along the surface of the sheath. Best of all, however, was how the base suddenly

started to engorge, as though filled like a water balloon. The flesh was firm, and Eli's mouth relished the sensation of engulfing something so thick. The only thing that excited him more was the notion of taking such a magnificent cock in his asshole!

Eli was hardly aware that his efforts were spurring on his own changes. His mouth was getting larger, better to take all 18 inches of Jeremy's wolf-meat. His teeth were growing pointy, though Eli was only aware enough not to cut them into Jeremy's penis. His balls were swelling, their own hairs accenting his sack with their lupine luster.

Yet, Eli hardly felt this as his cock rutted excitedly inside Alister's sheath. Nothing could have prepared him for the warmth of such an intimate organ engulfing his penis, rubbing back and forth as Eli growled into Jeremy's cock. The ever-increasing pleasure was far more than he could cope with!

Unable to hold back, Eli felt his cock spasm uncontrollably as what felt like gallons of ejaculate burst forth and flooded Alister's sheath. His load was impossibly massive as it leaked over both of their cocks and onto the carpet of Eli's floor. The stench hit his nose and, all at once, the force of their frothing allowed more cum to freely flow.

It felt like Eli's entire testicular contents should have been unleashed in a brilliant burst. To Eli's horror, or, perhaps, delight, the orgasm did not cause him to soften at all. He was harder than he'd even been, his swollen testicles seemingly ready to blow once more at the slightest provocation. He was scarcely aware that it was all of his human cum being expelled, and he still had several lupine loads to unleash before the change ended!

Before he realized what was happening, the cock in his mouth pulled out, leaving Eli with a sensation of emptiness that made him whine. The flavor of Jeremy's cock had excited him, and he was eager to drink down the wolf-man's load as a sub like him should. The flavor of the man's musky fluids left an aftertaste that made Eli crave more. He had to have it!

Yet, a heavy hand pushed him over, causing Eli to stumble on his useless paws. His arms and shoulders had not yet properly shifted, and soon, he was on his back, paws flailing helplessly as the wolf-man towered him over. Jeremy stared at him with obvious intent for a few moments before nosing down to sniff at the poor man's exposed anus just below weighty balls.

The brief reprieve allowed Eli's mind a vital moment of clarity. He hadn't wanted to change, yet his activities left him horny and eager for more. Worse than that, his muscle memory of Jeremy's knot in his mouth made him painfully aware that nothing in his arsenal of toys could have prepared him for the pain of being taken by something so massive. It would rip apart his insides!

Trying in vain to escape, Eli wriggled his body, his hybrid anatomy making it impossible. It only took mere moments for Jeremy's tongue to reach his nethers. The wolven muscle slobbered all over his balls and taint before working its way into Eli's meaty pucker. Eli shivered intently as Jeremy lapped with enthusiasm. He was totally at the man's mercy!

It took Jeremy little time to make sure Eli's pucker was ready for his entry. Eli felt himself clench tightly at the thought, not wanting to be taken by force by a wolf. Yet, the ache in his cock would not subside. He couldn't imagine such a conflict between mind and body. It was maddening!

Jeremy placed his hands at Eli's sides, giving no room for the prone man to escape as he started humping with bestial intent. It did not take long for his seeking rocket to find the edges of Eli's pucker. Eli gasped, yet his tight anus only allowed Jeremy to find the grip he needed to be sucked inside. Eli did his best to keep it closed, not to be fucked into a wolf by the changing man. But no matter how much he struggled, Jeremy's cock was too eager for entry.

He wanted to cry out to tell Jeremy no. But the pain of being entered by force left him panting and strained. He doubted there was much point, anyway. Though Jeremy's eyes were still human, there was nothing human in the expression. All that remained in the man's features were a bestial need to fuck and rut. Eli would be taken, whether he wanted it or not!

The agony in his bowels was beyond fathoming as Jeremy strained to push further inside. Even with Eli's altered anatomy, the sheer size of the wolven cock was too much! Yet, the further Jeremy's member was forced forth, the more Eli's insides seemed to blossom. It was akin to his first time taking something up the ass. Eli wasn't sure if it was the changes to his mind that were allowing him to like it. Or, maybe, his anatomy had shifted to better take something of that size. Either way, Eli couldn't deny his ever-growing elation!

It was more than just a physical sensation. There was a powerful need to belong, to be part of the pack that surrounded him. Eli instinctively knew his place was on the bottom. And that suited his psyche just fine.

A few painless twitches signaled the last of his resistance as Jeremy planted his cock as far in Eli's body as it would go. Eli's eyes closed tight, not wanting to see the beast in the man's features as Jeremy started to thrust. Yet, a sudden increase in weight made him weary. Eli's eyes fluttered open to see what had become of Alister in the past few minutes since their anal intercourse.

Alister had evidently been watching the lewd display between his betas but had chosen now to intervene. The expression on his features was just as bestial as Jeremy's was. Alister's intent was obvious. The fully wolvern cock that dangled from his fuzzy loins was larger than even Jeremy's, making Eli shudder. He was thankful for not having *that* inside of him! Instead, Alister's intention seemed to be to mount Jeremy, creating a chain of sorts as they all fucked themselves to completion. His tongue reached out to tease Jeremy's pucker and the wolf-man winced at the sudden sensation.

The force of Jeremy being shoved forward made Eli yelp his pain. The man's knot, or what Eli assumed was such, shook his opening violently, threatening to burst the prone man open. Eli closed his eyes from the shock as Jeremy's insistent thrusts forced his knot forward. The pressure alone was almost enough to make Eli pass out right there!

Yet, his cock was on fire as it was enveloped with its own warm sheath, and its turgid girth stretched towards his mostly-human face. The sheer force of arousal made Eli long to touch it. Instinctively, he reached his hands towards it, but the lupine paws that had replaced them lacked the necessary ability. He whined with no way to get any relief!

Yet, with the pressure steadily building in his prostate, Eli found it more and more likely that he would cum simply by being fucked alone. Jeremy's knot had popped in with a wet sucking sound, and his shallow thrusts were coming faster now, signaling his eventual end. Eli had done *too* good a job sucking him off, it seemed.

The pressure, in turn, forced Jeremy's cock against Eli's prostate with exuberance. Eli had like his sex rough but never thought he'd enjoy it this rough! It was likely due to the changes in his anatomy allowing him to better take cock. Regardless, Eli couldn't complain with the pressure that he was feeling as his mate brought them close to climax!

The changing wolf-men were now mating in earnest and Eli struggled to keep his thoughts on resistance. But, the more his prostate was pounded, the harder it became to focus on exactly why he was trying to resist. It felt phenomenal to be opened up this way, once the pain of the forced fucking had worn off.

Suddenly, the pressure built up to a crescendo, making Eli whine a canine tone that frightened him. But he was helpless to hold back as torrents of wolf jism flew from his cock, covering his hairy belly in a coat of smelly seed. He wouldn't have thought it possible to cum so soon after his previous release. But the pressure was simply too much and he had no chance of holding back. Several blasts shot into the air like a geyser, landing on his hairy belly and filling the air with the male stink.

Eli felt the pressure of Jeremy's spasming cock in his bowels and he knew what was coming. The sheer fluid release inside him was like a blast of hot water. It made his mind wander, awash in a sea of bliss and belonging...

Jeremy found himself reveling from the pleasure of being sandwiched between two lupine studs. He growled a little as the beast behind him shoved his bone-hard wolf cock inside his rectum. Though the pressure of taking a knot was intense, Jeremy welcomed the intrusion, forcing outward with his bowels to take it all. Alister had no notion of being gentle as he thrust his knot as far as it would go, entering Jeremy's anus with a wet *pop* as he did so. The pain was almost too much to bear!

Yet, soon, the pressure to his prostate made him relax somewhat as his shifting anatomy swelled to take the male's knot. The sensation of being fully filled in such a manner only served to increase Jeremy's excitement. The pleasure was too much to bear as Alister continued to thrust. No care was given for Jeremy's pleasure as Alister took his own. And to Jeremy's changed mind, he would have it no other way!

His alpha deep inside him, Jeremy pushed back, Alister's shallow thrusts a powerful attractant. The slapping of Alister's balls on Jeremy's own sent him into near shock as the speed intensified. He could feel the rigid wolf-cock flaring in his rectal cavity as Alister prepared to spill his load. Jeremy had to shift his focus between the two changing wolf-men, taking his own pleasure while making sure each wolf was pleased in turn.

To the delight of his waning humanity, the knot in his asshole started to flare uncontrollably, as Alister's member spasmed inside of him. The pain was more intense than anything Jeremy ever recalled. But it spoke of bestial lust, the kind that he always imagined he could experience as a wolf. He wanted to take all that Alister had to offer as the loyal beta that he was steadily becoming.

The pain soon turned to pleasure as the cock in his bowels unloaded what felt like torrents of lupine jism into Jeremy's rectum. Alister growled like the beast he was as he *came*, using Jeremy for his release. The warmth of wolf cum inside of him gave Jeremy purpose like he was part of something bigger than himself. It was more than the human part of his mind could have hoped for as he let himself fall into lupine lust, leaving nothing remaining of human resistance.

Jeremy was not far behind, the ache in his own knot more than he could bear. The sheer pressure of Eli's pulsating pucker was beyond his ability to hold back against, even if he had not already been so close to the edge. Having not cum since the onset of changes, the sheer force of his orgasm rocked his body like a tidal wave as his knot flared impossibly inside Eli's rectal cavity.

His pulsating cock shot stream after gooey stream of wolf jism deep into Eli's bowels, filling the poor man up with an impossible quality of ejaculate. Some of it leaked through the small cavity between Jeremy's knot and Eli's pucker. Though, it only served to lube up his final thrust as Jeremy pumped what seemed to be his entire testicular load into Eli's now-willing rump.

No human could possibly have spilled such a load from a single release. But, Jeremy was no longer human. His tackle had shifted into a configuration more befitting the lupine beast he was becoming. This volume was just a drop in the bucket compared to what his testicles could hold. He was far from done this night.

Jeremy blinked a few times, trying to make sense of the realization. It was as though his thoughts were just beneath the surface, straining to come through to rationalize things in human terms. But the notions were quickly silenced. The wolf had a hold of his mind, and Jeremy the human was content to let himself go to the beast.

All his life, he had wondered what it would be like to let all his human cares, his worries, and stressors behind for one to three nights a month. To simply revel in the joys of bestial existence. Now, it seemed, he was able to partake in his dream, though his fading consciousness was scarcely aware of what was happening as it took over. The beast lived for the moment, to hunt, to rut. It was so powerful in its simplicity that it absolutely swept away any remaining humanity.

His human thoughts, worries, and guilt were drained from his brain, turned into the seed that was leaking into Eli's anus. The wolf was taking over, and any remaining semblance of humanity willingly gave it the pervertible driver seat. Only Jeremy's twinge of arousal at the thought of being fully wolf in mind as well as body persisted. Yet, it was a drop in the bucket compared to the wolf's own lusts!

Now, with the acceptance of the beast he was, his change continued uncontested. His feet stretched with an audible crack, leaving him on the balls as their undersides swelling into distinctive paw pads. Sharp talons bloodlessly replaced toes that shrank into a webbing that held them into a canine configuration. Jeremy was already on all fours, though the position was soon much more comfortable from the alterations to his pelvis and spine.

Similarly, the change assaulted the hybrid form his hands had undertaken. His fingers cracked audibly under the skin, receding to tiny stubs. A layer of skin formed between them, keeping them in place for the paw pads that were soon to follow. Wrists stretched up to half the length of his lower arms, which were covered with the lupine fur where once his human hair sat.

Yet the wolf that was formerly Jeremy cared not for the alterations to his body. Each change brought with it the knowledge that he was to be complete. The wolf needed to be free, to be itself. Any agony in the process was largely averted with the growing excitement in his body to be free and unleashed.

At the notion of changing further, the wolf's cock came to life inside of his mate's bowels once more. The wolf needed to breed and fuck, and had the stamina to go all night if need be. Its lust was far from satisfied, and it had a beta to service him as much as he served the alpha still implanted inside of him.

His alpha was eager to continue their bestial rut, and the wolf that was once Jeremy clenched harder on the knot, making sure it was still present inside of him. He would be remiss if he allowed his alpha even a second to soften!

Alister, too, seemed fully engrossed in the wolf he had become. He was the same beast as last night; confident, masculine, and commanding. He had chosen these two to be his betas and would fuck them into his pack through their first change.

The lupine part of his mind had fully taken over at this point, but the human Alister had willingly given it away. From the memories of the power and virility he had gained last night, how could he not? The beast was so much better than the human, after all. It gained him such wonderful males to be part of his pack!

His own changes came easily with his acceptance. His palms stretched as the skin grew taut and coarse. He stiffened his fingers, allowing the digits to painlessly shrink into his widening paws. His toes followed suit without a twitch to signal their descent into his hind paws. Stretched heels and thinning thighs denoted the alterations to his backside as his ass and hips shifted towards a quadrupedal stance.

The only thing that remained human was his torso and face, though he wanted to hold off until his packmates had caught up. It seemed as though he was eager to watch his packmates change before he became a beast in body as well.

Yet, his mind was already altered into its final form. He was alpha over the wolves that he had made. But, it was not a commanding position. A true alpha did not rule with an iron fist. He protected and nurtured his subordinates, making sure their needs were met. And, as his backside reconfigured to its lupine state and his cock came to life inside Jeremy once more, Alister's only inkling was to make the change as pleasant as possible for his betas. And then he would fuck them into the forms they would wear for the rest of the night!

Eli marveled as his own sheath fully formed, momentarily distracting him from the cock he felt once again stirring in his bowels. Its warm skin covered his formerly cut cock like a blanket, spreading down over his tightening knot as it grew thick with skin. Hair broke free from the surface, peppering his foreskin and soon growing black and soft, like a pelt of fur. Eli would have rubbed it if he was in a position to.

He was still knotted under the wolveren being that had become of Jeremy, as Jeremy growled and occasionally pushed into him further. The tightness of the knot sealed Jeremy's seed inside of him, no doubt committing Jeremy's cum to Eli's being. Yet, the realization made Eli relax. He wanted to be bonded to these two magnificent males, and take them inside of him as much as they required. Being subservient to such lovely wolves filled him with a joy beyond human understanding!

In their brief respite between fucks, Eli realized that his previous hesitation over the change had abated. He wanted this, to be turned into a wolf and fucked by these other males. It had felt too good, too *right* to be taken in such a manner. He loved being knotted and taken forcibly, and now longed for the endgame as he felt Jeremy stir inside of him!

To Eli's amazement, all three of them were in similar states of being. Their torsos remained relatively human, though covered in lupine fur where once sat bearish hairs. Their hands and feet were fully wolveren paws, and their spines had realigned into new-four-legged stature. Tails wagged at the end, and swinging balls hung low on their backsides. Fully wolveren cocks sat firmly entrenched in tight rectums, save Ei's own, which hung off his crotch drenched in his male stink.

Their heads, too, remained mostly human, though canine features shone through to allow their accentuation of the experience. Blackened noses sniffed the air for their male perfume. Pointed teeth sat in stretching maws, eager to taste blood once their sexual needs had been satisfied.

Pointed ears twisted this way and that, aware of their panting and breathing as they carried on their sexual actions.

Jeremy's maw had stretched further than either of the other men's, due to his quicker acceptance of wolverine existence. Even with Alister's cock tied taut inside his rectum, Jeremy was able to turn around with that longer snout and lock his lips with Alister's. It was not romantic; the bond they were forming as wolves did not work in that manner. Jeremy was simply showing his chosen place in the pack, subservient to the one who had granted him the gift of the bite.

A wet *crack* echoed in the room as Jeremy's jaw jutted forward, his lengthened tongue working over Alister's even as his face was pushed out. He growled a little from the sensation but otherwise seemed unphased. He seemed to welcome the thick popping of flesh that allowed his muzzle to extend to its proper stature. His nose formed slits at the end, nostrils flaring as expanded nasal cavities allowed him to better drink in the masculine miasma in the air.

Even in the low light of the room, Eli could turn to stare at the blackening, rubbery-looking lupine lips that Jeremy now sported. He noted the sheering molars inside of Jeremy's open muzzle, prepared to tear apart the meat of whatever prey they would kill tonight. His thick canines were already in place, sharp teeth used to strangle his meals for the night.

Though the idea of killing, be it human or animal, did not sit well with Eli's morality, the wolf he was becoming made it hard to hold onto such proclivities. The wolf cared only to fill the hunger in his belly and to make sure his packmates ate well, too. Any notion of resistance to the idea quickly faded as the wolverine consciousness started bubbling forth like a brook, ready to sweep away his humanity.

The more Eli viewed the changes to his pack-mates, the more it became obvious that he desired the same to happen to him. He longed for that muzzle. He longed for the ears and nose and golden eyes. He wanted nothing more at the moment to be a wolf in mind and body. Eli shuddered excitedly with the idea of his bestial instincts being fucked into existence as the knot in his rear end swelled once more to fill him with ample cum!

As though in response to his wishes, Eli could feel his ribs cracking outward, pressing against the skin before it could keep up. To his delight, it no longer hurt to have his chest expand, to have his internal organs changing configuration. His lungs were larger, his intestines longer for his predatory diet. His shoulders were compacting, a thin web of skin connecting his elbows to his barrel chest. Yet, all Eli felt in his anticipation were a series of dull aches, signaling the change into the form he desired.

From the sensations against his back, he could tell Jeremy's chest was expanding similarly. Eli craned his head, his cock coming to life even faster at the notion of watching Jeremy's changes. To his delight, he seemed to process greater flexibility than before, and it was no struggle to turn around to look at his fellow lupines. It seemed as though his spine was continuing to stretch outward, increasing the effect with each effort.

Jeremy seemed to squirm a little as a series of lumps erupted down his chest. It took Eli a few moments before he realized they were extra sets of canine nipples, as his primary pair started to stick out through the fur of his chest. Jeremy seemed to want to touch them, struggling with his paw as he did so. But given their current status, it was not possible.

Not wanting to leave his packmate unattended, Eli reached up with his tongue to tease the fringes of Jeremy's nipples. The relief was instant; Jeremy started squirming at the contact, his cock flaring in Eli's bowels as he continued to leak ever-thickening strands of precum. He started humping again with fervor, evidently eager to breed his mate with this newfound sexual stimulation.

The effect seemed to cause Jeremy's chest to barrel further, cracking as his ribs spread into the spaces that his expanding torso gave. The hair on his chest accenting the nipples began to multiply, new lupine hairs taking shape around the others as his lengthening spine provided bestial flexibility.

Eli, too, began to realize that his own longer spine granted him the ability to lap at Jeremy's belly while Jeremy fucked the wolf into him. The service to his fellow beta, in tandem with the fucking he received, was better than he could have anticipated!

Alister, too, was allowing the change to overtake him. His face remained human, though a lupine sneer was burned into the features. His expanding nose, his widening lips, his pointed fangs, and his thick, full beard made him absolutely lovely. Yet it was the piercing, spreading gold in his eyes that truly made Eli excited. They were the eyes of the wolf, truly showing off the beauty of the beast he was becoming. The eyes of a commanding alpha!

Eli was sure that his own eyes had altered if he was able to see so well in the dark room. Colors seemed somewhat washed out, and shades were slightly off. But, with the visual acuity, his hunter's form was granting him, such things no longer mattered. He was being gifted everything he needed for the night's hunt!

Jeremy, too, was sporting increasingly lupine eyes. The pupils darkened to black as they dilated to take in the bright moonlight. His blue irises had brightened to amber, giving him an alien

visage that looked more in place on the wolven head that he had acquired. Eli had to admit, it was making him hauntingly sexy!

An itch started playing over his own body, making Eli want to start scratching. It started on his groin, spreading up around his fuzzy sheath as the skin became fully obscured with black fur. His balls followed suit, itching with further hair growth. It nearly begged his touch, though Eli was in no position to lick or scratch himself. His fading humanity was far too busy licking Jeremy to care about such things!

The intense irritation spread from his groin to coat his legs in a canine pelt. Every inch of his skin soon became obscured with the black hairs, just as lupine as those that had overtaken his former human ones. They lanced from every possible pore, more numerous than Eli could consider. The hairs on his lupine legs made an undercoat of sorts, while guard hairs spread from his chest and back. Even the spaces between his toes grew their own layer of protective hairs!

Jeremy's own wolfish hair was growing in at warp speed, his evidently brown even in the low light of the room. Thicker tufts formed at his ankles and heels, but the consistency was largely the same as Eli's own coat. He seemed to squirm a little from the itching, but Eli's canine tongue on his nipples allowed Jeremy enough reprieve to allow the fur continued growth.

Alister's fur, meanwhile, was as midnight black as Eli's down, making him almost invisible if the two hadn't possessed excellent night vision. Alister, too, seemed plagued by damnable itching that was making waves over all of their bodies. By the time it was done, all three were covered with lupine fur, save their faces and still-mostly human heads.

Jeremy, who was still receiving licks over his nipples, started to fuck his mate with reckless abandon. The ache in his knot made the beast eager to rut and spill his ample seed. All the humanity that had remained in his mind had melted into the seed already expelled into Eli's bowels. He was all wolf in the rut as he rushed to finish their forms!

Eli, too, was steadily losing the rest of his humanity. He was no longer Eli, the human. He was a wolf, a beta in a pack of virile males. He allowed the wolf to bubble through all the cracks in his psyche, taking hold and leaving Eli to lose himself. At this juncture, he did so willingly. The wolf was far more in tune with pleasures of their flesh than Eli could ever be. FUCK. HUNT. EAT. Those were the only thoughts such a magnificent being needed!

Though his sexuality still remained, it was not an issue in the presence of such powerful males. None would have need of females in their current state of need!

An itch ran over his face as the hairs of his beard brought the wolf to the forefront. Slowly, they lanced out into a luscious coat of lupine hairs. The black fur spread over his features, giving him a lovely set of sideburns as they spread to his head. His human hair stretched out into a lupine ruff of sorts, connected with the prickly hairs from his neck.

The changes swept over both wolves on his back as their handsome beards accented their faces, sideburns tuning head hair into wolverine fur. Jeremy's even sprouted sets of whiskers, the snout he now had able to sport such features.

The changes seemed to conclude over the brown wolf as he started fucking faster. Furry brown balls slapped heavily against Eli's own, making the black wolf growl his lust and enthusiasm. The pressure on his prostate was sublime, making the black beast leak on his own furry groin. Though he had cum two times prior, his balls swelled impossibly full in preparation for the orgasm that was to come. He would not be denied with his packmates so close!

The crack of his expanding jaw was hardly a deterrent as the changes swept over Eli's cranium. Shearing teeth were allowed to grow and sharpen with the added room in his maw, providing him a way to feed once the changes were done. He panted hot wolf breath as his mouth took its proper shape, creaking out the final few inches.

His nose formed slits at the sides, as whiskers peppered his stretched cheeks. His forehead flattened and his scalp sloped outward. Any remaining human thoughts were compressed with his brain, but the wolf Eli now was had already asserted himself. There was no need for other thoughts as his head took shape, ears twitching and golden eyes piercing the dimly lit room.

Yet, even with his diminished intellect, he was aware that his alpha was finally allowing his own face to warp. Now that his charges had finished their transition, it was time for him to assume his true form. His chest had already cracked forth into a form fit for a quadruped. Compressed shoulders, a readjusted pelvis, and rows of canine nipples solidified his soon-to-be lycan form!

Golden eyes stared down with hunger as an expanding maw dripped saliva onto the other two wolves. A lovely beard extended out into a full coat of fur that moved across the bare skin of muzzle growth, covering every inch save his eyes and nose. Minute whiskers sprouted forth as expanded nasal cavities drank in the musk of his charges. Ears shriveled to every sound as a collapsing cranium solidified Alister's intelligence as the alpha beast he was.

All that was left of the former humans were three beasts in rut, the changes arousing enough to bring them all to the edge with little effort. The brown wolf fucked and was fucked in turn. The

pressure his beta placed on his knot allowed him to take the knot of his alpha in turn. Though the brown wolf kept all three of their pleasures in check, it was his pleasure to do so!

None of the three could hold back at this juncture. Yet, none of them desired to do so as their orgasms prepared to flow over them like a waterfall. The ache in their loins came to fruition as each wolf felt sperm buzzing from their balls into taut cocks and inside eager fuck holes. The only thing left to do was to sing their chorus of lupine praise!

“AARRRRROOOWWW!”

“AARRRRRRROOOOWWW!”

“ARRROOOWWW!”

A symphony of lupine howls pierced the night as Eli felt his bowels fill for the third time that night with warm cum. His rectal muscles clamped down on the knot in his rectum so hard that it would have pained the human him. But his wolverine physiology was far more adept for handling such a presence inside of him. Besides, it was his job as the beta to take as much lupine knot as his packmates could provide!

The black beta panted, a blessed cooling running over his overheated form as he drank in their combined miasma. It felt unfathomably comfortable to lie there in a pile of warm, lupine bodies. It allowed their bond as a pack to cement, now that they had mated several times.

All three wolves drank in the room with flared nostrils, savoring the sweaty musk of their former lives. The heady miasma of body odor hung cloyingly in the air, causing their cocks to stir inside inflated rectums now and then. The stench, in tandem with their glands and breath, was greatly comforting in their post-orgasmic reverie.

It would take some time for their knots to soften, as firmly locked into their lover's bowels as they were. Eli was able to reach down to lick his own with his newfound canine flexibility. The taste of his seed made him shiver in delight as he lapped his fluid-stained belly fur. It made him excited to sample the exquisite flavors of his pack mates as he cleaned them.

Finally, each beast felt their wolf-hoods deflate, exiting their lover's bowels with a wet *plop*. Excess cum was quickly lapped up with eager tongues. They were pack now, a family unit, and mutual cleaning was a sign of their submissiveness and place in the hierarchy. Both betas serviced their alpha and were serviced in turn. Each licked the other's loins and tail-holes until wolf slobber replaced drying seed.

Both betas took turns lapping at the lips of their alpha, showing him their place at his side. Their gestures were acknowledged with mutual grooming and sniffing as they learned their new bodies inside and out. Noses touched all corners, goosing testicles, sniffing backsides, and inhaling the cum-stained breathes of their brethren. Every scent gland, every inch of their packmates were committed to memory. With this knowledge in mind, there was nowhere in the city any wolf could go where his presence would remain unknown to the other pack-mates.

With the lust in their loins currently satisfied, another hunger erupted from their bellies. They needed to hunt, they needed *meat*. It was plentiful in the city; stray animals and vagrants lined the streets, enough to satisfy their beastly appetites. Though the human minds might have resisted certain prey items, it was now all just meat to satisfy the wolvern hunger that gnawed at their bellies.

Howls echoed into the night as the broken window birthed three new wolves. Though sirens rang in the air from fear of their wolvern cries, none of the new beasts cared for their presence. Humans were helpless in the face of such power. Guns would not phase them. Their speed and agility would make them like ghosts, hidden in the night until it was time to strike. Their senses lit up the night, leaving nothing unknown to their predatory brains.

With a long, synchronous howl, the new wolf pack ran into the night to hunt, to fuck, and perhaps increase their number should they find any humans worthy of their gift. The moon shone upon their hunt, granting its blessing as it illuminated the darkest corners of the world. With the knowledge that they were kings over their domain, the three werewolves ran to take Philadelphia as their own, to do with it and its inhabitants as they pleased!