

Gingerly sipping his mixed drink, Eric looked out at the dance floors the various buzzed dancers looking like they were having a good time. Eric hated the idea, though for some reason found himself watching with interest. He never really took to mortal watching, especially after his many years of not being one of them. But tonight...even though he'd prefer to be alone, tonight was not the night for it. Still, there was little else to do but watch and observe, never lived in this world before he was turned.

There was another reason the Nosferatu patronized a bar that night. Tonight was his birthday, 100 years being a major milestone for him. A life of little more than straight work, from the time in the industrial age working in a sweatshop to his current job as an all-night desk clerk, a dead-end position. Given his state of poverty when he'd been turned and a lack of a guide into his new life, Eric had never had the chance to accumulate wealth like many of his brethren, even over his long life. Given the uphill battle he'd fought in forging his own way, celebrating 100 years of life then death seemed a little moot. And a public dance club seemed like the last thing a solitary vampire like himself would enjoy. But here he was, the idea stuck in his head, wanting to ride it out until closing, even if there was likely nothing to come from it.

Though the knowledge of vampire existence was public, Eric preferred to keep his vampirism a secret, save for his purchases of blood from blood banks. It was an obvious sign, though no one saw to question him, let alone his condition. In truth, his privacy made his long life bland, and even this foray into the mortal world felt largely pointless. Yet, there was just as little reason for him to leave, so Eric sat at the bar, partaking in flavorless booze as a cover while scanning the crowd in an attempt to understand the appeal of it all.

Given his focus on the crowd, Eric was a little surprised when a mid-twenties man came up to him, arms outstretched. "Hey, why so alone over here? You can't be waiting for someone. So I take it you're free? Want to get out of here for something really fun?" The man asked, rather forward for Eric's tastes. Still, Eric had to admit he looked somewhat cute, Eric being bisexual and having not gotten the attention of a man in some time. And, truth be told, he had nowhere else to be that night, not wanting to entertain something so involved but not having a good reason to say no. So against his better judgment, Eric took the man's hand, being led him outside into the cool evening air.

The other bar was not far, just a few blocks away down a rather discrete alleyway. Eric wasn't worried about being mugged, being a naturally stronger entity and resistant to most kinds of harm, save the things directly intended for his kind. Given his facade as an ordinary tax accountant, there was little a human could do to identify his supernatural heritage at first glance. So he was safe enough being led along the back alleys, wondering what sort of place he was being guided to and what the man found so appealing that he would invite Eric along without a proper introduction.

Yet, Eric quickly found something unsettling upon entering the brightly lit bar. Not the fact it was clearly a gay bar, something that aligned with his particular inclinations. Rather, there was a shimmer in the air, one that spoke of a strong supernatural presence, likely one that came from multiple sources, perhaps everyone in the bar. Even the man who had brought him here, though, in the rush to get him out here, Eric hadn't picked up on it until now. They were not his own kin, that was for certain. Eric found himself a bit scared of being outed for what he was. Supernatural beings had a general sense when other races were around, and these not being vampires, Eric figured they might not be amicable to his presence. Still, the man's grip on his hand did not relent, and Eric sensed no malice in his actions, as much as he was able to read living beings after so many years of being a vampire.

Given the myriad of tails on the backsides of the dancers, Eric was led to think he was in some sort of shifter bar. Most if not all the patrons had to be shifters for them to be comfortable enough to revert even a little bit to show off their tails. Weres, like vampires, no longer hid in the shadows, though were not always accepted by the world at large. Such a bar would be a haven to them, and a gay bar to boot, given a Were's hypersexuality and their inclinations to be explorative with those of either sex. And while he did not frequent bars in general, let alone gay bars, Eric found himself comfortable enough being here. Most of the men were easy on the eyes from their naturally appealing Were physiques.

Still, his trepidation did not wane being in the presence of supernatural beings that were not his kin. Surely, they had to know he was a vampire, able to sense him as well as he could them. His unassuming clothing and slight use of glamor would fool most humans. But supernatural beings would see right through it, and with so many more of them, if they were inclined to attack him, they could.

Stuck in his nervous thoughts, Eric was shocked when the man came back with two drinks in hand, handing one to him. Eric regarded it for a moment, not sure what it was and unsure if he should drink it. It had been forever since he'd had more than one drink, and even if it shouldn't hit his vampire physiology too much, he was a little worried about letting his guard down. Still, not wanting to be rude, Eric took a sip, finding the flavor quite pleasant. Not quite blood, though a similar flavor profile, and he was quick to down it, clinking his glass against the other man's before he did so.

Another drink soon followed, and another, Eric offering to pay but his benefactor refused. After the third drink, however, Eric had to decline, feeling light and bubbly and not recalling the last time he had done so. He couldn't hold his alcohol, to be sure, but whatever was in those drinks was enough to leave him stumbling back to sit down. It was enough for him to need to

take stock of the situation, certainly vulnerable but finding he was having fun, something he had not been expecting from the evening.

Having stepped away for a few moments, the man was soon to find him again, taking his hand and pulling up and toward the dance floor. "Do you like to dance?" He asked, a little seductively. Eric went to say no, but in his current mood, he could not find a reason to reject the offer. With a bit of effort, Eric moved toward the center of the room with the dancer, following his lead and trying not to look like he'd never been on a dance floor in his life. Which, was very true.

Looking into the man's eyes, Eric was a little shocked when they suddenly changed from a dull brown to a brilliant amber. He had not been expecting it, though it made sense that this man, too, was a Were. Reaching down to pull a tail out of his pants, Eric watched fascinated as it slowly grew outward, the bare skin twitching as it blossomed with a coat of orange fur, with a white tip. It was obviously the tail of a Werefox, something Eric found fetching as he allowed himself to be pulled out on the dance floor, despite his trepidation about being the center of attention.

It seemed as though the presence of other shifters was enough to embolden the man, and his altering smell and aura made Eric sure he was about to change all the way. Eric was not averse to that, however, more curious about what the man looked like as a fox rather than concerned he was drawing attention to the pair of them. The Werefox, wearing a sly grin, went to kick off his shoes, not wearing socks, much to Eric's confusion. It was soon obvious as a blossoming of black fur spread over the backs of them, looking like socks in their own right. Already lean, it was interesting to watch the man's ankles drawn upward, heels stretching as he effortlessly shifted to a digitigrade stance, dancing around as to show off his form.

Still, Eric felt he was the only one in the room and the dancer was showing off for him and him alone. Toes stiffened and contracted, immobile though sturdy enough with rounded feet to allow him to walk nimbly. Eric stared transfixed as the Were's toes contracted inward, nails clicking against the floor as soon as they grew. Surely, the floor was dirty, though the Were was quick to raise one foot, as though showing off the blackened pads that had formed to take the brunt of the dirt. It was obvious his lovely fur would not be dirtied, even as it seemed to spread gradually up his leg in a wave, though Eric could only imagine what it looked like, particularly with his pants off, though perhaps Eric was being a little presumptuous.

Clearly not finished yet, the Were took his hand, Eric feeling the blunt sensation of claws pricking against his skin. No harm could come to him, of course, nor infection, given his undead status. Eric was left to enjoy the feeling of them growing, rubbing the soft fur spreading over the Were's hand as they shifted into their own semblance of paws. They retained their human

dexterity, of course, though with the same pads swelling from tips and palms and fur likely spreading up his arms as well.

Of course, more fetching changes were soon to come across the fox's face, a wide grin crossing his features as his muzzle started to press out. The seamless transition of his skull made the change look beautiful, the fox's face was mostly vulpine before Eric realized it. Pointed ears, a sniffing nose, and twitching whiskers accented the look, and the fox managed to keep his rather luscious locks in a fetching sort of contrast, completing his handsome visage.

Without warning, the fox moved in to kiss Eric's lips, taking the vampire by surprise. It was a little awkward to kiss a man with a muzzle, though not the first experience he'd had at such. The smell of the man was really what burned into Eric's mind, in tandem with his buzz, making him wish to return the gesture. It only made sense of course, if this man was to bare it all on the dance floor for Eric's approval, that Eric did the same, though any repercussions were quickly forgotten in the heat of the moment and the dancing.

Feet moving all the while as they continued to make out, Eric reflexively felt his own teeth starting to extend, longer than his normal vampirism allowed though retractable enough during their kiss that the Were was unlikely to notice. A flattened nose could not be as easily missed, though as much as a bestial visage as any of the other Weres in the room. His face even pushed out into a semblance of its own muzzle, albeit not as long as the fox's. Still, it was not enough for the fox to break the kiss, and Eric allowed himself to get into it, buzz burning into his brain and dictating his every move.

It took the sounds of clothes tearing for Eric to realize what he was doing. Yet, by the time his muscles swelled out against his clothes, exposing decayed skin and patches of fur, it was too late for Eric to stop it, and he was left to pull back, forgetting where he was and the repercussions of being seen as such. It was so hard to stem the changes at this point, given how fuzzy his thoughts had become. And, surely it was far too late to hide his true nature from those watching, even if they hadn't detected his presence beforehand.

That seemed to be the case as his much longer ears twitched in the direction of the bar, where some of the patrons gasped at the sight of a beast that did not belong among their number. Eric felt a little ashamed at that, though the changes were coming and he couldn't manage to stifle them, even as the edges of his wings continued to pull at the seams of his sleeves. In the middle of the dance floor, as he was, there was no escaping becoming the subject of scrutiny, and he was left at the whims of whatever the gathered Weres might do to him.

Even as he struggled with his changing feet, claws bursting from his shoes as his stretching heels poking at their backs, Eric found himself unable to pull away. The Werefox kept

hold of his hand, encouraging him to continue dancing as the tempo increased and Eric found it harder to keep up. It was even more awkward to dance with his feet in their current state, though the Werefox was an expert guide, especially with digitigrade partners. It was almost enough for Eric to get himself lost in it, even though needing more space for his bestial frame.

Yet, as his buzz started to wane, panic started to rise in his mind, not only from his exposure to what he was but the fact he was the center of attention on the dance floor. Everyone who wasn't already aware could tell he was a vampire, of course. There was no hiding his bestial form, far more menacing than a Were bat or similar supernatural creature. No one moved to kick him out, thankfully, though he was getting a fair share of stares, not the most compatible of species with century-old feuds and propaganda.

Eric was a little stunned as the dancer finally pulled back, motioning toward the door as though offering him an out. Starting to return to a humanoid guise, the Werefox ushered him through the crowd, and Eric was finally able to relax enough to revert as well. The dancer apparently saw his shoes as forfeit, though his feet would quickly heal against anything he stepped on. Eric was not so fortunate, his shoes torn apart and his clothing hanging on him in rags. Still, he had little to fear from walking barefoot into the alley, and he eagerly followed his beau out the back door, not sure where they were headed by trusting him after not being torn apart on the dance floor.

“Why?” Eric asked once they were outside and away from the blaring music. Obviously, he knew of Eric's supernatural status upon first laying eyes upon him. And yet...with all that happened, what was the endgame?

“I took a chance. Liked what I saw. And you seemed lonely,” the Were responded, and Eric supposed that was enough, at least for now. His senses could at least assure him that the dancer was not lying, at least by the way his heart beat and his face flushed.

The fox took him through a series of back alleys, eventually leading them to a parking lot where he was parked. Eric was trembling a little in anticipation, though was pleasantly surprised when the fox opened the passenger side. “Need a ride home? Or somewhere else? Not to assume, but if you wanted to return with me, I wouldn't say no,” the fox said, slyly.

“Nor would I, if you're offering,” Eric said, wishing he was more skilled at flirting but finding himself stumbling over the words.

“There's plenty of night left, my friend,” the fox said, even going as far as to give the vampire a peck on the lips. Eric returned the gesture, feeling a warmth flowing to his loins. It had

been so long, and the prospect was so appealing that even through the bizarreness of the night, Eric couldn't help but see it through to its natural conclusion.

Eric was a little surprised as the fox drove outside the downtown district toward one of the better parts of town. So long as Eric left in time, he was sure he could make it back to his loft and sun-tight room before dawn, so that wasn't an issue for him. Rather, it was the fact they were heading so far out of Eric's comfort zone that he couldn't believe it. Was the fox loaded? Given the car they'd gotten in, that seemed to be the case. And yet he had chosen to bed a vampire...one that was a bit of an embarrassment to his own kind, not having accumulated much in the way of wealth in his century on this earth. What would the fox think of that?

The ride was mostly in silence, the dancer putting on some sort of techno remix that Eric had no name for. Honestly, Eric was nervous as hell, though that in no way stemmed his arousal, something the fox was surely aware of as he occasionally sniffed the air. It made Eric relaxed to see the outline of a bulge in the Fox's jeans, a sign of their mutual excitement. And all the affirmation Eric needed that he'd made the right decision to accompany the man home for the night.

Eventually, they were pulled into a parking complex, a relatively upscale lot for condos or the like. Eric got out, a little ashamed of the state of his clothes. The dancer walked rather confidently barefoot, as though he'd done so a dozen times. Eric was soon to see why, entering the condo and greeted by a rack of designer shoes, something he was clearly not too attached to. He didn't bother to pick up a new pair, walking to the kitchen and beckoning Eric to follow.

"Don't worry about making a mess. I have a cleaning service in twice a week," the dancer called out, opening a fridge in an adjoining room. Eric had nothing to wipe his feet with, so he followed, spotting the imprints of paw pads on the floor as he did so. Figuring it was fine, Eric followed, greeted with a glass of wine as the fox sipped from his own.

With that, the fox led him further into a sitting room. Beckoning him to sit on the couch beside him, the Were sat his glass on the table and put his arm around the rest where Eric would sit. "Don't worry about being shy. I've never seen a shy vampire, but that's my own Were bias. Personally, I find it adorable as hell," the Were said, and Eric was sure he would blush if he could. Having never been called such, Eric was surprisingly flattered, sitting down and sipping from the wine, having never tasted a vintage like it.

Moving his arm for the vampire to come a little closer, Eric took him up on that, enjoying the warmth from the fox's body. He had so many questions to ask, least of all his name, but the fox was quick to pose some of his own. "Not to pry, but I haven't seen you downtown before. Not many vampires, to be fair. A few nice regulars, even once or twice in our bar. But never

alone. It was a little of a surprise, and I just had to check you out. Certainly helped that you were cute, and even better when I saw you were into it,” the dancer said, reaching down to rub the damp spot on Eric's torn pants.

Feeling emboldened, Eric moved to rub the same bulge in the Were's pants, making the fox moan in pleasure. It was nice to share that moment, a distraction from answering the man's question. Not that he had anything to hide or the like, but it was somewhat intimidating to be put on the spot like he was. Still, after mulling it over for a few moments as he rubbed the horny fox's bulge, he decided that if the Were was asking, then there was some intrigue in answering truthfully if only to see the man's response.

“I haven't found a reason to go there before. Not much for the bar scene and busy on top of it. But, well, it's my centennial. I didn't know what else to do for the night and figured I would see what the nightlife was for other people. In case...” Eric let the words hang, the implication of having met the Were was more worth it than he could have imagined.

“Congrats! That's worth celebrating!” The fox responded, though there was a note of uncertainty within the words. He really didn't know what that meant for a vampire, not really. Hell, Eric was so far removed from his kin to really understand it himself. 100 years was more than more mortals experienced, though was hardly a candle for many of his vampiric kin. Milestones as such were not normally celebrated, and Eric had to consider himself an outlier for even entertaining it.

“Not really,” Eric said, without elaborating further.

“Why not? Surely you've been around, and seen a lot! What's not to celebrate about that!” The fox asked, seeming actually curious.

“Well, it's not any more glamorous than the next person. Working from paycheck to paycheck. The world changes in some ways but it doesn't when you think about it. The rich still hoard their wealth. The need to work to live is ever-present. More so for someone with a long life. Or, unlife, I suppose. More to protect, more anxiety about losing it when you can maintain it for so long is stressful, in its own way,” Eric said, something that he hadn't bothered to admit to anyone, least of all someone other than his kin.

“I've never thought about it like that,” the Were said, sounding sincere. It was the first time anyone had asked, as much as Eric recalled. And it gave him all the incentive to continue.

“I don't have much to show for it, honestly,” Eric continued, feeling embarrassed but not to the degree he would with another vampire. “Always worked blue-collar jobs, even after being

turned. Didn't have a mentor, oh, sorry, I mean the vampire that turned me. It was during the war, and a lot of our kind were desperate for whatever fresh humans they could feed on. With everyone having guns...well, it wasn't easy staying low profile. So I was lucky I was even turned, rather than killed, I guess. Still, I never really did figure out what to do with my unlife. There are instincts, of course, to feed, to hide from the sun, that sort of thing. But I never had any wealth to fall back on, or a mentor to help me accumulate it. So, in the years after being turned, I've had to find jobs to get by, for housing and such, and ones at night, of course."

"Didn't you ever meet other vampires?" The fox asked, clearly interested.

"Of course, eventually. Especially after we went public. But well, to be honest, without any status among my kind, most others don't really care about me. I'm more of a mongrel, I suppose. It's never something that's really bothered me. The older vampires are, well, not the best company, to put it lightly. But having to work every night, and unable to go out during the day, it's hard to meet people, I suppose. Too much time trying to survive and not enough actually living, you know?"

"I can't say that I do, actually," the Were replied something that left Eric taken aback. "I mean, I was born a Were to Were parents, and everything we did was a celebration of life, I guess. I've always been the first to try new things and new experiences, and we did a ton of traveling and such when I was young. My parents were pretty well off, but when I got my business degree, with some ambitious investments, I ended up doing...well," he stopped himself, as though not wanting to brag. Eric only needed to look around for a few moments to understand what he was talking about.

"I'm glad you are on the more adventurous side, I guess," Eric said, not really sure where to take the conversation. "If you hadn't, well, we wouldn't be here now, would we?" He added a hint of flirtation in his voice, something he hadn't done in years but something that felt right in the moment.

"And you took your first risk in a while, too. And it certainly paid off!" The fox exclaimed, moving in for a kiss. Eric reciprocated, a little confused about where the night was going. It was so weird to talk about himself like that but..., putting things in perspective, what had he really been doing all these years? Surely, he could have made time to build a life worth living for himself. But the truth was, he'd spent too much time surviving to actually learn how to live. At least there was all the time in the world, quite literally, to remedy it. And for a start, he would allow himself to enjoy wherever the night took him!

Breaking the kiss, the fox eventually pulled back to take a sip of his wine, reaching down to rub the vampire's rather impressive maleness. "You know, I've never actually seen a vampire

shift. I have to admit, it's a lot hotter than I had expected. Kind of like a Were bat but like, impressive," he added, rubbing the vampire's bulge once more for emphasis.

Eric had to admit, the compliment, more so than the touching itself, was doing it for him. He couldn't recall the last time that anyone, least of all a handsome man, had told him he was hot. Sure, he'd had encounters, but it had been some time when such things needed to be done in dark alleyways out of sight of the rest of the world. And such things were done in bids of desperation and need, hardly based on looks or compatibility. Never the time to sit and chat and get to know someone. And even simply doing that was enough to get Eric powerfully aroused, his cock even starting to leak in his pants and drawing the fox to his scent.

"Hmm, well I've never played with a vampire before. I'm sorry to say, but that might be one of my ulterior motives," he said huskily, moving in to kiss Eric once more. Eric moved into the kiss as well, not at all offended by the curiosity. He'd only been with humans and the occasional vampire himself, wondering what it would be like to go with something having equal or perhaps more stamina in the bedroom as he did.

Pulling back, the Were looked at him with some interest, as though not sure if he should ask the new question on his mind. "You're a little cold. Well, pretty cold, I guess, but I'm used to Weres and they always run hot. That's the thing with Weres, you pretty much have to do it with other Weres, or else you, well, make more Weres," he said with a chuckle.

"I hope not too cold. I mean, once I've fed, I think I get fairly warm," Eric said, and though the words were not intended to do flirtation, they seemed to draw the fox's arousal as well.

"Well, I've never been fed on, but now you've got me curious," the fox said, moving to kiss him once more.

Eric wasn't sure how to voice this particular concern in his mind, but he did so anyway, finally feeling vulnerable in a way that even the alcohol consumption couldn't quite account for. "This is my first time being with a man in this kind of setting. I mean, not in an alleyway, not having to hide in the shadows, and certainly not in his bedroom," Eric started before he was silenced by another kiss. His arousal was at its apex by this point, the Were an amazing kisser, clearly experienced. And Eric was happy to take notes!

At this point, Eric was hardly offended if he was a novelty, or how many past lovers the Were had. He wanted this, needed it, a fitting celebration for his centennial and perhaps the turning point for his life going forward. If it went well, then Eric might finally have the

confidence to try more, to get out there and figure out what unlife had to offer, things beyond the scope he had ever entertained.

Eventually, the fox broke the kiss, looking up and down the vampire and seeing only anticipation. "It's time we changed that. And speaking of change," he whispered, reaching out and pulling up the vampire's torn shirt. "I wouldn't mind seeing you once more, this time without the shirt and pants."

It took Eric a few moments to realize what the man was asking of him. "Oh, you mean you want me to shift during...sex?" He questioned, as though it was something he would never have considered before. The notion was so strange to him, not a practice undertaken by vampires as far as he'd come to understand. The change was something only a cornered, panicked vampire undertook, or one drunk in the presence of shifting Weres, apparently. Yet, it was not a form he opted to use for most of his life, forgetting often that he even had such a form.

"Is shifting during sex something you do often?" He asked. As far as he knew, Weres shifted often under the moon, but also during periods of high agitation. And with their increased libido, it was possibly something they undertook often, if not a standard for them.

"It is, actually," the fox said, mulling it over for a moment as though it was a bizarre thing to be asked. "I prefer it, actually, and it's hard for us not to if I'm being honest. I can control it if you like, of course. And I wouldn't ask you to change either if that's not something you're into. But if you are...and you're down..." The Were said, leaving it hanging in the air.

"I don't see why not, I suppose," Eric replied, not sure what to think about the whole affair. He would never have considered it before tonight, though he had never been with a Were before and figured that such was the only type of partner he would be able to experience such with. And the more he considered it, the more the idea stuck in his mind to the point he couldn't imagine not wanting to do it now.

"Oh course, there's something I need to ask to make sure I'm able to shift successfully. I don't do this without consent anymore, but... I've never tasted a Were before..." Eric said, letting that hang as well. He would have thought his request was obvious, enough for him to not word it directly. Still, the look on his beau's face was one of confusion, and it took a few moments for it to dawn on him, especially as Eric felt his fangs descending, the hunger starting to get to him.

"Well, then, why don't you? Feel free to take what you need from me...I've got plenty..." the fox said, seductively, seeming to get into it from the throbbing in his pants. Grinning wildly, Eric moved in, kissing the man on the initiative this time. Yet, he was soon to

break, licking down the man's cheek and neck. The fox shivered in anticipation, before Eric moved in with his teeth, gently nipping at the man's skin as though preparing him for the pinprick of pain. Then Eric bit down gently, knowing exactly where to draw blood to cause the least amount of pain. As much as vampire society used blood banks and donations to sustain themselves these days, there was nothing better than tasting it from the source, and Eric's tongue moved across it, savoring the flavor and the sensation all the more.

The bite had another effect on his target, though one that likely didn't affect a shifter as much as a regular human. His fangs carried within them a paralyzing agent, one to keep his prey in place as he fed. Yet, the fox seemed to vibrate with excitement, rather than eliciting the smell of fear that he had come to expect. Rather, it was almost like the loss of control was an aphrodisiac, which it certainly could be in some circles. It seemed that being largely frozen wasn't enough to stem the fox's arousal, something Eric had come to discover, to his enjoyment, was the norm for those who experienced the bite from a vampire. Eric reached down, feeling the fox's cock grinding against his pants and throbbing with the need to be touched. With an internal grin, Eric rubbed the area a little more intently, making the fox gasp out and leak through his pants.

Glad that his beau seemed to be into it, Eric was driven to feed until finished, though in reality didn't need much blood in one go to sustain himself. Certainly, not enough to ruin their fun, he was sure, especially with how energized the fox seemed to be. And with his saliva, the pinpricks were soon to cease bleeding, sealing up much faster than a human would. Of course, with the ability to shapeshift, a Were's ability to heal was enhanced and such a wound was easily fixed.

"Fuck, that was...I need a minute..." The fox started, feeling just now coming down from the numbing agent. Yet, part of the effect of feeding was to leave Eric powerfully aroused, and with it gave him a much-needed boost in confidence. Without waiting, Eric was on him, unbuttoning his shirt and teasing down his chest. It was somewhat hairy, something he might have expected from a Were though his sample size of one could hardly be sure. Still, the shivers of pleasure from his body were all Eric needed to know that his advances were welcome. With that, he started licking down the man's treasure trail, teasing with his fangs though not enough to pierce the skin and thus prolong the paralysis.

It seemed his efforts were having a welcome effect on the Were's anatomy. The already present hair seemed to spread outward from the center, lightening in color toward white as it spread in patches over the bare skin. It seemed his body's natural state was to be covered in fur, the animal lying just under the skin and waiting to be released. Eric found it more exhilarating than he might have thought, teasing down his chest and causing more vulpine fur to lance from the man's pores. Soon, it had thickened over his chest and sides, covering the well-toned skin. Of

course, the white fur was limited to his chest, while his sides and likely his back took on a more rusty orange shade that came with his species. To Eric's delight, the fur seemed to spread down the fox's groin as well, and Eric was excited to expose that area and see all it had to offer.

Yet, there was something else that took his attention, the small lumps that he could feel forming under the man's main pair of nipples. It was something Eric hadn't been expecting even on a canine Were but something that pleased him all the same. Wondering how sensitive they were, Eric was delighted to play his fingers over them and hear the gasp from his lover's still-human mouth. It seemed they were a sensual spot, and having eight in all, there were plenty of pleasure points that Eric could use to the man's benefit. And he took his time in exploring them all, rubbing them around in sequence and making the fox vibrate at his touch. Never before had he taken such initiative with a man but in the moment of lust he was loving it!

Eventually, Eric stopped, wanting to move on and give him something else to enjoy. Pulling down the man's pants, the fox allowed it, even rubbing Eric's hair in encouragement. His still-human erection was quickly on display, and Eric wasted no time licking at the fox's pre cum as he did with his blood. The Were seemed to have plenty, eager to encourage the vampire to take his time and explore. It was evident the fox didn't think such a shy, reserved man to be taking the initiative in such a way, though he was there for it now, wanting to see what Eric had in store for him.

The more he sucked, the larger the fox's member seemed to grow in his mouth, and it took Eric a few moments to realize what was happening. The fox's member was already shifting as much as his chest had, and even as his groin was covered with soft fox fur, Eric could tell his already impressive length had room to grow. His uncut length seemed to peel downward, as though the foreskin was parting from the shaft underneath. Eric had to pause for a moment, watching with interest as it moved down over his groin, merging with the flesh and hitching his cock upward like an animal's. It was fascinating to watch, and Eric stared mesmerized, wanting to see its shape before sucking it properly.

Veins pulsed under the skin as the cleft started to expand, forcing the tip of his leaking member to point. It added a few inches as well, impressive for a man of that stature though leaving him no worse for wear. It was the sight of the flesh swelling at the base that really did it for Eric, almost twice the size as the rest of his shaft as it engorged into a canine knot. He wasn't sure where their fun would end up, but either way, it was a rather impressive member he longed to play with!

Licking the fully formed shaft now, Eric braced himself before diving over it, trying to take it down as far as he could. Without a gag reflex, he was likely able to deepthroat even a member the size of a Were. It was massive, throbbing from the stimulation and leaking down his

throat. The flavor was sublime, more nuanced than any man the vampire had ever experienced. Yet, a part of him wanted to see where their night could go, and bringing the Were to the edge, Eric stopped, looking up at him with expectation. The fox was quick to reach down, kissing him as Eric closed his eyes to get into it, though was rather distracted by the sensation of his mouth being pushed outward, the lips turning gummy and his tongue extending as he made out. It was pleasant, more so as the fox pulled back and grinned with his fangs extended. Rather than the rapid change Eric had witnessed at the bar, this change was slow, gradual, and done for Eric's benefit. It seemed as much that the change itself was a turn-on as the sex and something he was eager to share. As the skin pushed forward, nose twitching in excitement at their combined musk, Eric was starting to see the appeal.

By the time it had finished, Eric had to assume his muzzle was half-formed, his head still human for now, though his dentation sharper for a predatory visage, and his tongue almost panting, as his nose finished blackening into a canine visage. As his eyes flicked amber, Eric still noticed a hint of anticipation there, as though waiting for Eric to do the same. It took him more hesitation, the shift not coming as naturally for vampires as it did for Weres. But with his urges to feed sated and his body warm, Eric had no trouble holding back, trying to force his face to change as well. His own form was hardly as attractive as the fox's own, but he tried, nose hunching and nostrils expanding as his mouth cracked outward with a sickening pop. His teeth, too, grew larger, in particular, his fangs.

Yet, rather than be frightened by the sight of it, it seemed as though the fox was into it, even getting on his lap and straddling him. Not even bothering to go to the bedroom, Eric felt his erection rising to its apex, taking off his pants before he was to grow out of them. His bestial vampire form was far larger than anything his human clothing would be able to stand, and he didn't want to lose them and borrow something from his new beau. And it was nice to feel his erection free in the room, a far cry from the fox's but impressive in his own right, especially since he had just fed. Naked now, as well, the fox got down on his knees, reaching out with a flexible tongue and starting to lick the tip. It was pleasant enough to make Eric moan, though even through the pleasure, he was able to focus on his penis, wondering what it would be like to change it willingly. Hell, he hadn't even really looked at his member in his other form, not something that really elicited arousal.

Encouraged with blood as it was, Eric was shocked to feel his own uncut cock pulled downward, the bunched-up skin forming its own sheath, hence why he'd never seen it. It was redder than a human's penis, and soon larger as well, closer to the stature of the vulpine one he'd so eagerly sucked. Pointed at the tip and thinner all over, Eric was amused with owning what he perceived was more animalistic, something that fit the mold of the evening. And it was something the Were was eager to enjoy, teasing up the length and making Eric leak furiously, the tension in his testicles rising with each careful lick.

Apparently deciding turnabout was fair play, the fox stopped short of making Eric cum, grinning with a wide muzzle before deep-throating Eric's bestial rod, as though showing off how much he could take. Despite the length of it, the fox managed it all, taking only a moment to ensure he did not bring his vampire to his end. Sensing Eric was throbbing, the fox pulled off slowly, giving one more lick before moving up to kiss Eric's muzzle. The taste of his pre on the fox's breath was pleasant, and they made out for a few moments, the fox straddling him for a moment before making his next move.

Turning around, the Were was eager to show off his spine pushing out of his backside, wriggling outward as it did so. It was slow, gradual, and something Eric soon found was hot as hell. Wagging the moment it was able to do so, Eric allowed it to brush against his chest, loving the tickling of fur as it grew out to fill length. The fox got off him for a moment, ducking into the bedroom on dainty paws as Eric took to stroking himself, keeping hard as his chest started to pop and crack, expanding in some areas and compressing over his belly. His shoulders were massive, needed for his wings and his ability to fly. He was gaunt, a little ill in appearance compared to the vitality the fox possessed.

Still, as he returned, only a smile crossed his blackened lips, ears stretching and skull compressing as he allowed the changes to his face to take hold. Eric was far larger than the Were and was easily able to support his weight as the fox got on him again, this time facing him. It was obvious he had gone to lube up his asshole, a condom not needed between their respective races and the fox having cleaned himself out beside. With skill and precision, the fox was able to reach down with still-human hands and part his pucker, sinking into the vampire's rod and feeling it go in perhaps a little further than he was used to. But he was determined, the extra strength in his legs allowing him to straddle the vampire and find a rhythm as he rod them both toward release.

Still having further to change, Eric allowed it to happen, something he needed to focus on through the pleasure of being ridden. Pale skin and sparse fur spread across him, though flushed with blood and far less imposing than he looked before feeding. Eric was thankful his form did not possess a tail, though had to adjust himself several times as his thighs widened and his own asshole clenched. His feet arched as the toes started to wriggle and pop outward, claws digging into the carpet and pulling at the fibers in his lust. Eric could hardly bring himself to feel guilt over it, given the fox's wealth and his lack of reaction, even with his massive ears.

Eric could feel his own ears continuing to stretch, far larger on the sides of a still human-shaped skull. They were massive and hollowed out, able to draw in sounds from miles around, at frequencies that would make even a Were fox struggle to make out. They were rather monstrous on his head, even as his skull expanded to make room for the sharpened fangs within. Piercing, blood-red eyes opened to stare at the fox as his hair thinned to wisps, skull massive

even compared to his body. Such a sight would have been terrifying to most beings, but the Were fox only grinned down at him, moving in for a messy kiss, awkward yet arousing all the same.

Taking his hands in Eric's, both of them allowed the last of their changes to take hold. The fox's hands were soon to form soft, black gloves of a sort, the pads on them coarse though pleasing to grip as Eric allowed his own to alter. The blunt claws on the fox's fingers were nothing compared to the massive talons that Eric's form possessed, each of the digits widened impossibly large for the fox to grip onto. The webbing continued to stretch the length of his arms, connecting them to his body and allowing him flight were he to unfurl them fully. But he kept them at bay, the fox holding on as he rode up and down, using the vampire's power to hold himself up as he sped up his thrusts, desperate for the release that was soon to come.

Eventually, the fox pulled back one of his hands to stroke his own rod off, something that Eric could no longer attend to. Eric used his other wing to awkwardly wrap around the Were's smaller body, loving the disparity in their sizes and eager to bring their fun to its inevitable end. To his delight, the fox moved down to kiss him, Eric feeling his rod almost on the edge and allowing himself to give into pleasure, the kind he had not felt in some time and was eager to share in such a unique way with this man.

With that, Eric called out with a feral cry as his bobbing testicles went into release, and his copious semen burst through his rod and filled the fox's tight ass with a thick load of cum. It was enough to make the Were squirm and rub his rod with vigor in an attempt to join him. It did not take much time for the pent-up fox to blow his load, moaning and yipping as he came all over their chests with a rank coat of semen. The scent was powerfully arousing on its own, and Eric felt his own cock spurt a few more globs of cum from his shaft. The fox, too, had built up quite the load, and the two of them sat there for a moment, panting and huffing from the intense release.

After getting to get up and clean off, something easier for them to do once they'd reverted to their more human forms, the fox, to Eric's surprise, invited him to bed. Eric felt he could go again, though it was obvious the fox was tired from the late hour and decided to take his new friend up on the offer. It was nice to lay there in the embrace of another man, and the fox was quick to pass out, his steady snores music to Eric's ears. Hell, the uniqueness of the scenario led Eric to fall asleep as well, relaxed in a way that had escaped even his many years of life. And something he found himself hoping would not be the last time for him...

Of course, Eric needed to leave before dawn, a vampire's inclination to awaken before the sun gave him enough time to make it back to his light-tight lair. Part of him wanted to make it out before James woke up, but, of course, the Werefox rose, giving him a peck on the lips before

Eric could pull back. And Eric gleefully leaned into it, liking his lover's taste and allowing him to get caught up in the possibility that he might get to see him once more.

Such was only confirmed when the Were reached into his drawer and pulled out a card, handing it to Eric as he mimed the motion of making a phone call. Sure enough, the business card had a number on it, one Eric was sure he could get in touch with...James? In all that fun, he'd never bothered to ask the fox his name. And before now, he didn't think there was a chance of continuing anything required of him to know the man's name. But now...

For the first time in what felt like an eternity, Eric wished for himself not to fall into the sleep of the dead as came for him every dawn. He wanted some time to reflect, to dream, and to see the Were's, no, James's face once more, either human or fox. And that left him looking forward to the oncoming night, looking forward to what life might bring, with this Werefox in particular or the confidence their encounter gave him for future endeavors...