

“Well, what’s the big show you had in mind?” Eli asked, settling back in the chair with a fine whiskey in hand. He wished his friend would join him for a drink, but Alister seldom partook, and this night was another one of those times. At least Alister did not deny him the pleasure, though Eli would be remiss for taking in too much booze.

“My, insistent, aren’t we? Can’t wait another hour?” Alister said coyly, in that way that drove Eli crazy in more ways than one. It was bad enough he was sure that he wasn’t into men, but did he have to talk so damn sexily as well?!

Though they had seen each other a few times in recent years, Eli still loved every time his friend was able to make the trip to see him in person. In fact, their friendship had grown to the point where Eli had a crush on his friend, though nothing had come from it. Alister was aware, and the two of them had discussed the possibility of playing around one day, in the event that Alister felt himself ready to try to get physical with anyone, let alone another man. And so, with that possibility in mind, Eli grew more and more excited with each visit, thinking that each time might be the visit where they took things to the bedroom.

Alister, for his part, was a little unsure. Teasing a friend or several online was one thing, but experiencing a physical relationship was something that he didn’t want to cross the line with. Not that Eli wouldn’t be the perfect man to play with, but there was something about the act itself that made him cautious. After all, he didn’t want to ruin things with his friend, and there was every chance of a poor first time moving them apart. For now, he was more inclined to keep the status quo and simply enjoy his friend’s company.

There was another reason that Alister held back from any intimate actions with his close friends though not one he was inclined to share. He had a secret, one that he did not show anyone else, save those already in the know of such a thing. Though there was no worry about spreading a genetic condition he possessed, he didn’t want to reveal it to anyone else, lest he encountered scrutiny, persecution, or even worse. It was less of a worry with Eli finding out and more of a case of Eli being *too* into it. Though Eli couldn’t have ever imagined the idea of a real-life lycanthrope existing, not only one that was his best friend!

So, with that, getting into the mindset that it was now over never, Alister made sure that their visit coincided with the full moon, the night that he would be forced to change in his friend’s house. It was the first time he would be changing indoors in some time, and there was little chance of getting out of the apartment without being spotted. The lycanthropic urges would have to be kept in check, but Alister was sure that he could manage, years of experience behind him. And any other urges that came up, but those might be shared between the two of them, given that lycanthropic lust was the case whenever he changed. And, Alister could judge, from the reaction, where to take things from there with his friend. Given Eli’s inclinations, he had a

fair way to judge how it might manage to work out, but without trial and error, how would he ever know for sure?

With that in mind, and taking a careful glance out at the more to judge his time frame, Alister got up, walking towards the window. Preparing himself for what had to sound like an insane statement, Alister took a deep breath, biting the bullet as it were. “Well...OK. There’s no easy way to say this but...I’m a werewolf,” Alister said quickly, not really sure what kind of lead-up could really match that level of news he had for his friend.

Eli, not really sure what to make of the statement, sat there with a puzzled expression on his face. Was this some sort of role-playing? That had to be it, though he was not expecting his friend to say anything in real life. Did that mean...? Was Alister hinting that it actually wanted to take the next step and take things to the bedroom? Should he play along or confirm his suspicions?

“Well, if you were, that would be hot,” Eli replied, a little seductively though feeling himself getting awkward in doing so in person. But if the two of them were awkward, then would it matter when they could just make things up as they went along? It was all too new territory for the pair of them, and Eli felt himself heating up from fear of what might happen.

“Would it, now?” Alister replied, in that flirty tone that he often used behind the keyboard. Though it was a little awkward in this situation, not opposed to the idea but having something important to show his friend at the forefront of his thoughts. Maybe once the display of transformation had been shown, then they could see where the night took them. He would be a werewolf the entire night, after all, and he was sure that Eli would be into that. Even if Eli was scared at first, Alister hoped he would eventually get into it, and accept his friend. Right?

“Yeah, I can just imagine watching your face light up with fur, your jaw quivering as your canines get longer, all nice and handsome...” Eli started to say, getting into the moment. He wasn’t sure what to do, feeling a little awkward. But he could always take things a little slow and see where things went. Surely, if Alister was apt to tease him in the first place, then there was every chance he wanted to go a little further, or at least as far as his friend would go.

“Oh, yeah, that’s not how it...oh,” Alister said, the look of lust on his friend’s face speaking to something else going on. Of course. Eli couldn’t really think the change could be real, right? And that being the case, then it would be more likely that Eli thought it to be some kind of live-action play session. He certainly couldn’t blame him, and in another circumstance, he could see himself getting into it. Though, with that in mind, there was little time for him to convenience Eli otherwise before the change was upon him.

Feeling a familiar tingling over his skin, Alister looked back out towards the night sky, seeing the approach of the moon like a long-lost lover. There was little time now to convince his friend of his condition before its rays affected him, and it was more likely that the change would overtake him before that. Oh well. Showing was telling, after all, and Eli would hardly be in a position to freak out or call for help or cause harm to either one of them. At least, Alister hoped so.

With that, the heat started to intensify over his form, and Alister was prompted to strip not wanting to rip his clothes in the process. Though it would be hot for his friend, he had to tell Eli what was to happen lest the man jump him right there. “So, don’t get too excited...but I am going to change...need to get naked...OK, I know you’re excited, but I need you to take a seat and watch. You’ll understand in a few minutes, and I hope you’ll enjoy the show,” Alister grunted, trying to hold back the heat and irritation from the change.

Eli, doing as was suggested, sat back down, looking at his friend with significant interest. After all, the other man was taking his clothes off, was it a strip tease of some sort? He wasn’t going to say no either way. He was certainly excited to allow the man to take the lead on whatever was planned, wanting to pleasure the man in any way he asked. And, to be honest with himself, the idea of the man stripping down and pretending to change before getting on top of him and effectively having his way. Eli looked forward to whatever the other man had in mind for their fun!

Alister, for his part, looked out at the oncoming moon with a sense of reverence. He loved the change, as rough as it was on his body. He did love being a werewolf and found his form and the increased lust that came with it exhilarating. Though he wasn’t sure how much fun he could have with his buddy that wouldn’t infect him, it was still exciting to show off. Hell, Eli would probably beg for the exchange of fluids that would make him a lycanthrope, too, though he wasn’t sure he wanted to give the man the option, at least not yet!

Always eager to see the moon, Alister looked outward with anticipation as the orb rose above the skyscrapers of Philly. Yet, what he saw was not the bright beacon of hope he was expecting. Rather, its dark, orange and red shade had him deeply concerned. He had not been expecting its color to be as such, having read nothing online to denote this possibility tonight. He had seen such a moon a few times during his tenure as a werewolf, and it was not something he remembered fondly. Not something he recalled at all, in fact, which made the prospect more daunting. And, with that, would put his friend in danger if Eli didn’t get to safety soon!

“What’s wrong?” Eli asked, concern in his voice as he regarded his buddy’s expression. It seemed that he was terrified of something, and not the fun he likely had in mind for the pair. It

was clearly something else hesitation indicative of abject fear rather than trepidation over performing any sexual acts tonight.

“Shit, it’s a blood moon. I didn’t know! I should have looked it up, fuck!” Alister said pacing around the room. Eli’s apartment was relatively small and he wasn’t sure where the other man could hide or get away from him. And, in his uncontrollably feral state, Alister was likely to trash the place, that being the best-case scenario for the evening. And the worst, of course, was...

“Oh, is that bad?” Eli asked, clearly not understanding the gravity of the situation. And how could he, given that he still assumed the facade to be some sort of kinky IRL fantasy that the pair had partaken in many times online in the past?

Yet, Alister didn’t respond, a wave of pleasure wracking his body just then and making him moan. The change was usually sensual, a mixture of agony and ecstasy, though the latter seemed to be hitting him harder in this instance. His cock quickly pounded erect, and Eli’s attention was on it in an instant, nearly drooling from the sight. The image of the naked man had been erotic on its own, but in the presence of obvious pleasure, Eli felt his own member pound erect. It was so intense that he was tempted to get up and strip himself, but he kept it at bay, for now, wanting to see what the end game would be.

What he couldn’t have anticipated was for Alister’s outstretched hands to crack, the joints and sinew within the digits popping apart and painfully twitching. It seemed he had no control over the process, as though someone was breaking his fingers in front of Eli. Eli wanted to call out, to ask him if he was OK, though was mesmerized by the sight of the fingers writhing, cracking further, and...shrinking? Was that possible?

Stunned, Eli observed as something seemed to poke from the inside of the tips of his fingers, threatening to tear off the nailbed from the inside. The layer of skin underneath seemed to be separating as the force of the growth within. What looked like something intensely painful, Eli was privy to the sight of darkened points bursting from the inside, curving outward like the blackened points of bestial claws. Almost like...but did that mean...was Alister really...?

Even through the pain that should have been assailing his hands, Alister was only mildly discomforted, as though the process was hardly an inconvenience. Rather, the concern he felt was that the fingers were diminished, the joints within popping and reducing to dust as the bones pulled inward and made it nearly impossible to work the fingers. That, above all else, was what he feared, the reduction and thickening of the fingers meaning that he would soon lose their flexibility for the evening and be nothing more than belong to the feral beast he loathed to be. As was the curse of the blood red moon...

Despite himself, Alister could feel his erection intensify to the point where there was no choice but to touch it. Groaning, he moved his hands to his erection, straining over it as though confused whether or not he should touch himself. Though it should have been an easy decision, he was rather aroused at this point, and the bestial needs welling in his mind could not be so easily quashed. That, and there was some urgency in the need to touch himself while he still had hands, the digits half their size and shrinking still. If he didn't get off with his hands in their current state, he would be unable to do so with bestial paws!

Eli stared dumbfounded at the sight before him. There was nothing that could explain what was happening, no trick of the light or set of hallucinations that might trigger the image of a man turning into what had to be a wolf before his very eyes. He wanted to go to him, to ask if he needed anything to help him. It seemed that Alister was unable to talk, pained and pleased by the process in equal measure. In truth, Eli was still stunned with disbelief, unable to move or even speak at the fascinating display before him. It was everything he might have expected and more to see his friend actually changing, and Eli watched as though in some sort of dream, without the awareness to even pinch himself to see if he would wake.

Pleasure welling up in his body, Alister was prompted to sink down on his knees, rubbing at his cock with feralish hand paws and whining with a bestial tone that made Eli worried and aroused in equal measure. With that, a series of cracks started to resonate through his legs, heels stretching and calves compressing to the point where his balance was precarious at best. Toes twitched and compressed, the same blood gushing from the ends as bestial claws burst forth. A thick webbing formed between them, making it impossible to move them anymore as the claws dug into Eli's carpet. Their tips thickened with coarse black pads, heels elongated from the spade-shaped pads that had encroached over the lower part of the feet. Thighs were thinning as well, and Alister was forced down on his hands, taking them off his cock and leaving it hanging on his groin and leaking all over the carpet.

With that, his hands finished their alterations, the same coarse pads forming over their tips as the rest of the length pulled into their palms. The same thick webbing sealed them in place as the palms expanded and spade-shaped skin covered the underside. With some straining, Alister attempted to force them apart, as though wanting to touch himself once more. But in his current stance, such was impossible, and he was left to feel his lower arms extending, changing towards their soon-to-be canine configuration.

Body down on all fours now, a creaking from his spine indicated it to be the next thing to change. Alister let out a yelp, an increasingly canine-like sound as he hunched his back. The vertebrate within started to protrude from the skin of his back, a wet sepsis of pops cascading through his torso and stomach as his backside was pushed backward to make room. A heavy grunt escaped his lips, the bones seemed to snap apart under the skin as his flattening hips sank

into the flanks of his torso. Though eventually the bones reformed to the point of stability, it was clear even to the onlooking Eli that Alister was stuck down on all fours, like the quadrupedal beast he was evidently was becoming.

Seeing his friend's raging erection, Eli couldn't help but tent in his own pants, erection straining painfully and making him want to reach down to rub at it, or, at the very least pull it out from its confines. It was getting to the point where he saw himself in a dream, and masturbating was the natural reaction to such an erotic display. Not only did he find the idea of his friend naked powerfully arousing, but found the idea of changing to be the most powerfully sexually stimulating thing could imagine. It took everything not to take off his pants and go to the man, though he resisted, wanting to imprint the display to completion. Either way, he could not take his eyes off it, much less understand the potential danger he was in.

Alister, even through his lust, was well aware of the process and what it was doing to him. Normally, his lycanthropic form was a hybrid one, a beast man that was the subject of his and Eli's lusts alike. It was one that, while full of instincts that befit such a beastly form, one that he had a modicum of control over. Though under the light of the blood-red moon, the change went even further, making him a true quadrupedal beast. One that lost his mind with it, instincts dominating any human bits that persisted there. And, to his horror, the wolf usually woke up hungry and horny...

Still, there was little to be done for it now, the beast already in his mind to the point could hardly comprehend the fear that was persisting over what he would do, much less warn his friend about the oncoming danger. He was rutting into the air at this point, as though trying to get off. All he could do, knowing that his mind might go, was to attempt to guide his welling wolf's psyche to a more appealing conclusion, one that did not mean he would end up biting his friend or worse!

Partly due to his interest in his friend and the desire to get off, and in part due to his will to guide the wolf towards a more amicable reaction in his friend, Alister looked up at Eli with lust in his eyes. "Jerrrrrk...meee rrrroooooffff...I rrrreed it!" Alister demanded, sending shivers through Eli's spine at the lupine cadence his voice had taken on. Alister didn't care if it was another guy or if he had never done anything sexual with a man or otherwise. He needed help to get off in his hybrid state, and he needed it *now*.

Eli sat there for a few moments, stunned by the revelation. Part of him knew that Alister was changing, and powerfully horny by the sight of his raging erection. Anything he was asking for was likely prompted by lust and not any desire for the man's touch in particular. And, with that in mind, Eli felt that perhaps he should hold off, to make sure that consent was clear and their first time was more sensual. Yet, the idea of touching the man in a sexual manner made him

happier than anything he could imagine. And there was another reason, a mild fear for his life should he deny the wolf's request. What would the wolf do to him? How much of Allister's mind would be left in the beast? Did that matter?

Cautiously, Eli made his way towards the shifting hand, gingerly reaching down to tease the edges of his rutting cock. It was impossibly warm and started leaking furiously from even the slightest of contact. Eli encircled the girth of the shaft, using pre-cum as lube as his ministrations created a slick slapping sound. Curious, Eli traced another hand over Allister's flanks, the heat of his skin nearly burning him as he reached downward, under his arms and playing over the wiry hair of his pits. A cesspool of sweat, Eli rubbed it for a few minutes, before taking his hand out and inhaling deeply of the potent lupine musk. He even went as far as to lick the sweat on his hand, the musky flavor sending a shiver through his cock.

Wanting to explore his humanity before being lost to lupine physiology, Eli moved his hand lower, playing over the wiry black pubes that persisted over his groin. The texture was pleasant, though quickly altering from something inhuman, perhaps toward the wolf that Alister was becoming. It was as though the DNA within the hairs were changing the strands one by one, spreading over his groin and coating his privates with what had to be black wolf hair. As though trying to will it into existence, Eli rubbed it fervently, teasing over the base of his cock and running down gently to cup his balls, which seemed impossibly full and swollen.

All the while, his other hand was playing over Alister's taut cock, feeling it throbbing under his touch. Hard as a tentpole, and leaking like a facet, Eli was eager to rub it as much as it took the shifting wolf to cum hard. Still, he was not expecting Alister's foreskin to begin peeling back against his touch, as though he could rub it down around the base of his shaft. More gently now, Eli rubbed the outer layer of skin, feeling a warm prickling under his hand as though the skin was being peppered with minute hairs. From separating around the shaft, the skin seemed to be sealing itself from the base up his groin, forcing his cock parallel to his chest as it moved all the way to merge with his stretching stomach. With the ever-growing spread of soft lupine hairs, it seemed he was in possession of a lupine sheath, still-human cock present within. Though not for long, his taut erection far too large to be held within such a sheath.

It seemed that, although he had not cum yet, the pleasure of contact was helping Alister deal with the oncoming changes and the pain they seemed to cause him. "RRRAAANNK...RROOOUU...RRROOOUUU!" Alister attempted to say, though his body started thrashing violently, as though his internal organs were adjusting to fit his new form.

It was hard to really understand what was happening, organs changing, intestines lengthening and rotating his anus towards the underside of his spine as the fat in his hips and ass cheeks receded. Surely, his lungs were larger, rib cage expanding and forming his chest to barrel

in order to keep up. Yet, it was the *hunger* in his belly that met Alister's mind, a bestial need to feed and supply the necessary fuel for the ongoing changes. The wolf always roused ravenous, but his bestial form was even more so. And with his fading mind, it was more and more likely that Alister would have some difficulty discerning what would constitute a snack and what was his close friend!

Still, it was difficult to panic over what his hunger might cause him to do to Eli with the constant barreling of his chest, the pain only surpassed by the pleasure to his cock. Waves of agony and ecstasy wracked his body in equal measure, only the hunger in his belly a constant. Reflexively, he looked up towards his benefactor, an expression equal parts hunger and lust as he started violently thrusting into Eli's hand. It was all Eli could do to keep hold, though figured it was in his best interest to continue doing so. Not that he minded, of course, the fulfillment of a deep-seated dream!

With the intense fucking that Eli's hand was giving him, the changes continuing to race over him were hardly noticed. What should have been an intense itching was over-perceived as a passive prickling as the sweaty body hairs of his form started to lance upward, softening to the same texture as the hair of his groin. The shade, too, was darkening to black, the likely shade of the coat he would soon possess. It created a darkening shade over his form, though the skin could still be seen, at least for now. Leg hair, treasure trail, and even his beard were converting from their human configuration to his soon-to-be lupine pelt. Eagerly, Eli reached down in time to rub the wiry hairs of Alister's armpits, feeling the patches soften and straightened out into soft wolveren hairs, though shorter than the ones that his previous human form had possessed.

The skin on his groin, meanwhile, had filled out with hair, peppering the skin and obscuring it from view. The same pelt ran up his sheath, thicker, longer hairs that matched what was forming along his belly. Moving from Alister's pits to his treasure trail, Eli's other hand moved to rub it into existence, like how he might with a dog. Alister even whined in a canine cadence, panting with a still human tongue from the heat playing over his form. Eli could feel the sweat clinging to his skin and hair, though it was likely that he couldn't produce any more with his altering physiology. Soon, the rest of the flesh was covered over with fur, the start of his pelt that Eli couldn't help but find sexy as hell.

All the while, Alister was looking at him, as though ready to say something. Yet, his grunts could not be distinguished from canine growls as his neck started to snap and thicken, forcing his head forward as his pulled back lips showed the beginning of fangs. Eli didn't turn his eyes away, worried about what would happen if he showed his back to what looked like a beast in mind, or at least descending into one. Whatever he did, Eli was sure not to take his hands on his buddy's cock, lest he earn the beast's ire!

Groaning, Alister could feel the twinges of pleasure hitting his now-furred balls, a sign that he was about to cum. Staring into Eli's eyes, he could feel the lupine instincts threatening to overwhelm him at any moment. All he could do at this point, unable to hold the instincts back for much longer, was to wish that what they were doing would shift over the wolf's mind, that they would see the man stroking him off as a mate and not as a snack. With that, there was nothing he could do any longer but succumb to the wolf, feeling the waves of orgasm washing over him and drowning him in lupine lust.

“AAARRRRRROOOOWWWW!” Came a beastly howl from the wolf's lips as his penis started to spasm, pumping semen all over Eli's carpet and the man's hand.

With that, each pulse began altering his being more rapidly for its final form. It seemed as though the penis in his hand was changing, shaft thickening from an already impressive girth as the entire surface turned towards a darkened red. The head tapered, cleft merging with the shaft as the base swelled up, peeling back the foreskin to the breaking point. A canine knot pulsated violently, spilling what was likely the remnants of human sperm as his lupine seed took its place within.

That was not the only thing to alter with the expulsion of such a potent load. Alister, in his fading humanity, could feel his eyes rolling back, expanding almost painfully in their sockets as they altered, watering only slightly in the process. By the time he opened them, they were golden, able to pierce the night under the full moon. There was little human left in them, something that excited Eli and terrified in equal measure. Would his friend lose himself to the beast? Only time would tell for certain.

With that, his head began to alter as well, and started to push out as his penis continued to pulse. Though his seed had been ejaculated, the was still frantically jumping, as though the next orgasm was just on the heels of the first. And with each thrust, his jaw started to express, cracking outward with a series of wet pops as his groans of pain turned to bestial growls. Teeth popped out of blackened gums as blood and drool dripped from his muzzle. His nose sniffed, nostrils turning black and pointed as his lips curled and the base of the nostrils merged with the base of his lips. The expanding rostrum surely drank in the room, the thick, sweaty musk of his own sweat and likely Eli's own arousal. This fact crossed Eli's mind just then, though it was impossible to hide the lust from a seeking canine, much less restrain the desire that he felt for the changing wolf-man.

Slowly, steadily, his face was subsumed by the wolf, skull slowly sloping and compressing on his cranium, likely snuffing out the last of his human thoughts. Ears were covered with hair, long and pointed and twitching as their position on his head adjusted upward with the alterations to his head. His muzzle was thick and pointed, and the lupine scruff had

spread up sideburns and connected with the hair atop his head. Short-cropped hair had erupted out with lupine fur, running down his neck and bristling with irritation as the wolf shook himself, eager to be birthed.

In his place, where Alister had been not half an hour ago, was a fully formed, massive black wolf, growling from the presence of the other being beside him. Eli would have been terrified; there seemed to be nothing left of his friend's expression on the beast's face. Though he continued petting the beast, sure that it will be ill-advised to stop, to make a sudden movement. His other hand, covered in wolf cum, was still clenching on the wolf's cock, stroking him off and keeping him placid.

Yet, the steady growling of the beast seemed to be steadily rising, as though the animal was enraged by his presence. The only thing likely holding him back was the pressure on his cock, though Eli could not bring himself to hurt his friend in such a way, even to preserve his life. Though he did pump more intently, wanting the beast to cum and hopefully bring him peace. The slick sound of his ministrations hit his ears, the only thing to take his focus away from the wolf's steady growling.

Too late, the powerful animal pulled away, Eli's cock slipping from the wolf as Alister's cock bobbed up and down against his belly. The wolf turned around rapidly, looking at the man with some level of interest before growling again, as though seeing the man a threat. Eli froze at that, not sure if he should run or stand still. He didn't want to be a threat, didn't want the beast to harm him. Though it was hard to tell what such a change would do to his friend. He couldn't have expected Alister to actually change, let alone be an animal in mind in a small space where he might be in danger.

What happened next happened far too fast for Eli to react to. The wolf, staring at him for a few moments, moved like a flash, tearing toward him and knocking him over. Eli was unable to defend himself as the wolf lept up and knocked him over. Reflexively, Eli went to raise his arm, though figured it would simply be bitten through and decided against it. It took every ounce of willpower he possessed to resist the need to defend himself, to let the much stronger beast have its way with him and thus preserve his own life.

Paw on his chest, Alister growled deeply, nosing the back of his neck before pulling at his shirt. Eli stood there, not wanting to move and allow the wolf to tear it down the center and let the rags lay on his body. In simpler measure, the wolf did the same to his pants, painfully to feel them pulling at his erection, though a drop in the bucket to what the wolf could do to him, *would* do to him in lieu of any ill-advised action to the still prone man. Eli was sure that a wrong move, to run and insight chase would be his doom, done in by the beast that had him at its mercy.

Though, to his relief, the beast's intentions were soon to be made known. Licking at his now-exposed ass cheeks, Eli felt a seeking tongue prodding his entry, sending somewhat pleasurable shivers to run through his form. Though part of him was naturally terrified for his life, the ever-present erection had not left him, not really. It was as though he couldn't imagine Alister, even with the mind of a blood thirsty beast, would ever hurt him. And the asural from witnessing a change first hand, coupled with the promise of what the briefest of bites might do to him, and finding himself wanting such, without knowing if that was even possible or what the repercussions of such might be.

It seemed that he was soon to find out, feeling hot breath on the back of his neck as the wolf crawled up him. The beast was far heavier than it looked, surpassing Eli's own and making it truly impossible to move even if he wished to. Having pulled out his tongue, the sensation of something warm and moist started playing between his cheeks, probing towards his anus as Eli allowed himself to relax, the clenching muscles sent shivers through his prostate, making him leak underneath himself. Though it should have terrified him to be essentially raped by this wolf, he couldn't imagine anything more erotic, being his friend in body and with the chance of change were oncoming.

To his dismay, however, his experience was not to be of the oncoming fucking. The moment he realized what was to happen was the moment that the fangs pierced his skin, sending a wave of wracking pain through his form. Though it should have been a prick, the wolf not biting down through his neck and into the veins within, the pain was immense, as though a major artery was severed. Rather, it was as though his body thought the mere presence of the being was invasive to his body. It was all Eli could do not to cry out from the agony, not wanting the wolf to bite down even harder and potentially end his life.

With that, Eli felt his consciousness fading, as though the bite was enough to put him under. Waning, Eli felt his eyes fluttering shut, world devolving into black before he faded away. Yet, one thing did remain at the forefront of his thoughts as he swirled downward into sleep. It was the sensation of being forcibly opened, wolf cock taking his rectum all the way to the knot as his unconscious body was used as the wolf's fuck toy before Eli faded away for the night...

Alister arose that morning to a bright light streaking through a blinded window. He was naked, no covering on his body as he lay there, curled up at the foot of his bed. That was not a strange position in and of itself, rather something that happened once the wolf was done his nightly activities, on those few nights of a blood-red moon. But this time, something was wrong. The angle in the room seemed off, however, as though he was not waking up in his own space. It

took him a few moments to recall where he was, a gap in his mind that did not occur often, but when it did, left him powerfully disturbed.

Though the taste of blood was on his breath, that was hardly the first time he had woken with that particular experience. After all, the feral beast he sometimes became was ravenous, and needed to fight and kill and eat, as befit such a beast. He recalled that much; knowing that he had changed into his feral form, and the fullness in his belly was a sign that he had eaten. Though the memories were always gone, save a few flashes here and there, Alister still struggled to regain some semblance of what happened the night before. He hadn't left the apartment, obviously, or that he'd gone and come back without repercussions to be here and not arrested. Yet, he was not in his own apartment, he was visiting his friend...who wasn't present in the room with him...even though his smell was everywhere...oh god!

Panicked, Alister leapt up, knowing what he would find but terrified about it all the same. Racing to the door, he burst through it, wanting to see what had become of his friend but fearing with he would find. No stranger to waking up with a bloody corpse, it was always an animal, never a human being, and never one of his friends!

Yet, he could hardly be prepared for what he was about to step across. Alister breathed a sigh of relief at the sight of Eli's robed form, standing over the coffee machine and waiting for coffee to brew. He seemed no worse for wear, as though the events of the night were but a distant dream. Though Alister could scarcely recall what his wolf did last night, he was sure that his friend might have another explanation, one that Alister was eager to hear as he sat down at Eli's table, waiting for what would happen.

Eli, as it turned out, remembered everything, save for what happened after the bite. He was certain that Alister had fucked him, recalling the knot and his ass feeling as much of the strain as he could have expected. The pain of being forcefully opened was all he needed to know that Alister had succeeded, though was not something that Eli particularly minded. He only wished that he remembered what had happened, if only to have been awake and feeling the forceful fucking that would have brought his own release along with it. Even being taken 'against his will' by a werewolf was something he had fantasized about though could have never imagined it would happen. And having been so close, his only lament was that he wasn't awoken for the finale!

It seemed as though Alister felt the same way, though did not say it aloud. Rather, the sounds of a low growl hitting his ears seemed to indicate, at least to Eli, a note of possessiveness. It was likely a lupine instinct to mate and take something as his own, though Eli wasn't secure enough to ask right away. Still, it hung in the air between the two of them, not needing to be spoken to be understood, having shared such an intimate moment.

The rest of the night was a blur for the two of them, but with no news reports of missing bodies or the like, both men were allowed to breathe a sigh of relief. With that, they were left to think about what would come again, Alister sure that he would become an anthro wolf and in control of his inclinations, though made sure to confirm that it wasn't another blood red moon and that he was taken aback from. Though, Alister was content to explain that tonight was the third day of the lunar cycle, lupine instincts took further hold of himself, and it was harder to control the urges to act more of the beast. It was all he could do to wear clothes that day, even growling and sniffing around were more common place for him at the end of his monthly lupine cycle.

“Hell, at the slightest hint of someone else’s arousal, I get myself going!” Alister joked at one point, cock starting to come to erection as well. He hadn’t bothered to put any clothes on after leaving the room in his panic, and just now seemed to notice that he hadn’t bothered to put any on clothes. Not that Eli had thought to complain about it thus far, which certainly did not go unnoticed.

“Well, then, better look into some werewolf porn,” Eli grinned, and even Alister smiled at that. Of course, such media would bring both men to erection even of their worst days, but in the middle of the lunar cycle, Alister was hard as hell and able to go as much as possible. And, it seemed Eli was eager to watch, or partake, Alister perhaps having no way to ignore his friend’s advances in their hyper sexual state. It would be new territory for both of them, though not something that was entirely unwelcome given the circumstances and what they had already undergone. Either way, Eli was looking forward to see where the rest of the day was headed...

Knowing the full moon was near, Alister stripped down, erection at full attention once more and leaving Eli to drool. It was not foreign to see the rod, especially after the events of the day, ones that Eli would treasure for the rest of his days. It was everything he had to bring himself to wear clothes, only a brief excursion out into the city being his prompting to do so. Besides, Eli figured that while it was hot enough to see the man naked, the idea of teasing him with a clothed body until the end of the day when it was time to change left him powerfully erect with anticipation.

Getting ready for the oncoming night, Alister was hardly aware for the sounds of a graon coming from Eli’s chair, where he had taken up position to watch the show. Alister, while able to hold back the aches of the oncoming transformation, was bearing witness to the beginnings of the process in someone else. Eli, grunting from irritation, stood up, sweating profusely and pulling his shirt off to alleviate the heat. Alister followed suit, drinking in the sweat and musk of

his friend. How had he not noticed before, under all of their fun and closeness during the day? Yet, now, it was coming into full view that his bite had an unexpected effect in his friend, and that he would not be the only one to change that night.

Though, Eli, for his part, upon realizing what was happened, could not bring himself to worry about it. The idea of change, as much as it always had, brought him to a powerful erection. And despite all the potential consequences of such a change, Eli could fathom wanting nothing more. And, given the ache in his ass from the night before, he was sure to get another taste of that lupine knot, raising his soon to grow tail in a way that was sure to entice his would be lover...