

THE BEAST WITHIN EPISODE III

by KZ3

Chapter 1: Leader

Leader, that's what he was called every time he entered the gym or octagon to face his next challenge with his team rallying behind him amidst the crowd of spectators. Natural born, adaptable, and confident were just a few of the traits others had declared he possessed but even after hearing the rhetoric his peers had to offer, he couldn't help but feel an overwhelming sense of guilt as he sat in incertitude at the edge of his bed with his heart fluttering after waking from a lucid and perplexing dream. Shirtless and hunched over in a state of disconcert with his elbows on his knees, breathing heavily, he buried his face into his rough hands, letting them run through his shaggy brown hair while trying to animate his mind back from its state of delirium. The only light in the room came from the full moon's glow that cascaded in from the side of the room, engulfing his athletic frame with its cool touch.

After spending vast amounts of time training through the last three months both in and outside of the ring, and having to endure vast heating conditions at his part-time internship as a construction worker, he'd become accustomed to going shirtless whenever the opportunity presented itself but over the course of the month the idea of clothing became less of a necessity and more of a hassle. He felt as if he were being restricted with no matter what he put on and eventually he began to toy with idea of not wearing clothing all together whenever he was in the sanctity of his own home. Though he hadn't arrived at that conclusion yet, he had stopped wearing shirts in his house and stopped wearing shoes all together: usually going out with sandals that matched the color of his hair and sometimes he went barefoot all together. It seemed as if the society's standards seemed more restrictive every day and on this night his desire for more freedom was what made his guilt-ridden mind even more conflicted.

Leaders didn't dream about licking the bottoms of their best friend's feet, much less about having sex with them. Even now as he sat in deafening silence with his eyes staring at the ground he could recall every vivid detail in his state of stupor as the dream replayed over and over again right before his eyes: The scent, the taste, the sound of his friend's warm and soft moans as he ran his hands over his chest and slowly entered him through the rear. He wanted it to never end as he thrust into him again and again and that was what scared him the most, he couldn't stop himself, it was as if something else were driving him.

He stared down at the bulge in his pants that had caused his loins to ache for so long in his sleep and he debated on whether he wanted to act on it or not. He was hesitant, if not resistant, but he reached the conclusion that if he didn't do something about his arousal, he'd never be able to get back to sleep. In his mind, the sooner he could put this night behind him the better and while ridden by his own inner embarrassment, he slowly unbuttoned his jeans and slid the zipper down, not noticing that the shadows that were caused by his athletic muscles were beginning to very slowly increase in response to the moonlight's cool touch. He immediately caught a whiff of his own musk and when he finally liberated his aching erection from its bondage he let out a exhale of relief, no longer feeling the torment of containment, with the smell of his own pre turning him on further.

He witnessed it bob, almost mockingly, for attention as his mind rapidly recalled memories of his friend while his muscles began to twitch involuntarily. Though he was guilt ridden, he brought his hand around the base of his manhood and stroked slowly with his eyes sealed shut, taking in his musk and

recalling the every vivid detail from his dream. As his mind wandered, thoughts and memories of Zac began to surface: The two befriended each other in the first grade and had practically grown up together. When high school came around they both had their run of the girls -which is what made this situation even more confusing for him- and though they slacked off in school, they did enough to make it to graduation and they decided to enroll at the same college. Now here he was jerking off to him. His mind wanted to yell that he wasn't gay, that this was just a one time thing and then he'd go back to being straight Tate but the more he thought about it, the more his theories of denial were met with persuasive evidence that argued otherwise.

Within the last month he'd began to discover that he was just as much into guys as he was to girls, most notably with the random erections he'd get during training and whenever he thought too long or hard about Zac, who was none the wiser as to what was going through Tate's mind whenever he saw him take his shirt off. He could recall that a month ago there was a strange night between them that left Zac's house an absolute wreck and Tate scrambling home naked, with neither of them being able to recall what happened, but it was only at this moment that he was beginning to forcefully accept that he was not attracted to just Zac, it was to all guys in general. His mind could state that he wasn't gay all it wanted, but his body argued otherwise as the lycanthrope strand amplified his brains natural state, enhancing an urge that was already there from the start, unknown to him.

He curled his toes as both his big feet started to buzz and tingle as if they were falling asleep and the sensation brought him back to his thoughts about Zac's feet in the dream. He never considered himself to be into that sort of thing but over the last few weeks, thanks to his heightened sense of smell, he couldn't stop being turned on by the mere sight of them. The thoughts embarrassed him as he constantly questioned what Zac would think if he knew of such desires, but he found that he couldn't stop himself as his mind flooded with vivid fantasies.

The vibration that radiated through his feet, caused by cell mutation as a result from the lunar's radiation, provoked a racy idea in his mind that was quickly met with his own inner backlash. He stared at the tops of his feet, curling his toes rhythmically to try and be rid of the sensation and his mind contemplated on reliving the fantasy, but in a self-indulging manner. The idea caught his attention to the point where he hardly felt the hairs on his arms and back begin to stand up, answering to the moonlight's call as his body to a felt a rush of warmth, complemented by his already erect manhood that thumped against his stomach excitedly, if not rebelliously.

As he stared, every second that passed saw his innate instinct wanting him to do one thing, lick. It caused him to nearly drool as his tongue began to transform, unknown to him. The changes came very slowly, with the organ only increasing a few millimeters in length every second, but even the slightest movement of it advertised the fantasy that ran through his mind. Though it was taboo and completely foreign to him, it was enticing. The more he contemplated, the more his mind suggested that no one else had to know whether he did the act or not, it would be his secret. With his breaths beginning to increase steadily, giving the slightest hint of a pant, he slowly leaned back, letting his bulging muscles cramp briefly as they changed, and brought his big feet up to the bed, sitting with them together. He began to massage their warm soles and ran the knuckles of his fingers from his heel to his toe mounds, feeling a soothing relief from the sensation, as well as a sexual tension as his cock throbbed against him, smearing his own pre across his hardening abs.

If it wasn't for his great deal of flexibility acquired from the years that he'd wrestled, the task of bringing his foot closer to his face would have proved difficult but as he brought both hands around the

heel and top of his right foot, turning the bottoms of his toes in his direction, he winced as if he were straining himself due to the tightness and cramping sensations that riddled his muscles. He found himself edging closer until his nose was mere inches away from his sole and he was well within distance of being able to have the tip of his tongue glide along his toes. His spine began to tingle as the nerves within his vertebrae, after being stretched, began to succumb to the moonlight's glow as well; causing his spinal column to slowly alter its position by rising beneath the skin like bubbles, casting its own shadow across the thickening hairs that slowly sprouted along his back, creating the first stages of a mane.

Normally this would have caused a searing amount of pain in any lycanthrope victim but Tate had already endured two transformations with his body and mind involuntarily and unknowingly adapting to the curse's whim. He was embarrassed by what he was doing and he fought with himself as he recalled the exact same feeling of futile resistance that he felt in his dream, but he couldn't deny how it good it felt as he shuddered, not hearing the quick and sudden popping sound that emanated from his bones. He inhaled deeply, drinking in his arousing scent with his eyes closed while his mind ran wild with fantasies of Zac. He held his breath for a moment as he shuddered again and let out a big exhalation. The consequences of his action had left his nose answering the moonlight's call as well; it pulsed with slight tingling pleasure and gave a sharp and distinct crackling sound as hundreds of turbinates began sprouting across its tip and down the sides. Every second, his scent receptors were multiplying, devastatingly increasing his sense of smell and though he was aware of the oddity that was occurring, he couldn't stop himself from once again inhaling his own scent and groaning as his cock leaked more pre in response. With all the testosterone that was beginning to activate and course through his body, his manhood began to grow larger.

A moan escaped his mouth as his elongating tongue laid against his bottom lip in eager anticipation for what was about to come next. It not only allowed his room to grow faster, but it allowed his teeth room to begin sharpening: Slowly his enamel lengthened with his canines showing the earliest signs of fangs but because his mouth was open, he was unable to notice any of the changes occurring. He moved his face even closer and slowly began to pass the wet tip of his tongue along the side of his toes and, upon contact, a realization hit him; he'd never done this before, he'd never even thought about doing it until now and even then he questioned how he could go from being a normal straight guy to *this*. He tried to fight it, he knew it would be wrong as he took in the salt-like taste but he never felt so good doing it and his heart raced with the anxiety of what he'd do if his friends or family ever found out about his desires. As he was about to have enter a staggering guilt-trip a voice in the back of his mind spoke two simple words, 'Fuck them.'

The notion caught him off guard, trapping him in deep thought so he didn't notice his tingling ears beginning to elongate outwards into two distinct points, all while the hairs on his back grew more coarse and dark. The more he thought about it the more he came to realize that, though a bit harsh, he was right and a sense of bravado came across him. What he did was none of their business and if they couldn't accept that, then he didn't give a shit. The thoughts stemming from the stark increase in testosterone levels left his mind flooded with an aggressive predisposition towards nearly everything and he gave a raspy yelp as his spine began to snap and crack loudly as the transformation sped up. The sudden increase in flexibility from his spine aligning itself caused him to haunch over involuntarily and his eyes stung for a moment before they radiated with warmth while the familiar crackling sounds came across him. New cones in his eyes formed behind the iris, slowly transforming them from their chocolate color into a warm, golden yellow.

He was about to reach back out of pure shock from what he'd felt, but that was when a euphoric sensation erupted from his sac that caused him to quickly double over with his hands on his groin, moaning loudly in pure bliss as if he were having an orgasm. Had someone been in the house with him they would have surely heard his moans of sheer ecstasy even through his clenched sharp teeth as he could feel his balls tingling, churning with his seed. When he finally mustered up enough focus to open his eyes without his entire body quivering and cramping, he removed his hands that had begun to grow hair on their tops, and witnessed his sac begin to swell through his jeans, fighting vigorously against the denim fabric, and causing his manhood to leak and throb profusely.

His entire body began to cramp as his muscles increased in size, causing his bed to creak loudly in complaint. After having gone through previous transformations, his muscles had adapted to be able to change symmetrically so his organs didn't have to play a game of 'catch-up' with the rest of his body, but even if the feeling of organ failure shot throughout him, it didn't stop his mind from only thinking about Zac the entire time. His breathing became heavier while coarse brown fur spilled down the side of his back and down his shoulder blades that began to rise slowly and stiffen as muscles packed in. He groaned and let out a low growl with his voice much deeper than before. His eyes showed fear from what was happening but the sensations made him love every second of it. The fantasies began to become more aggressive as he thought of taking Zac from the rear and making him his whether he liked it or not, which strangely it gave him a chilling sense of déjà vu as he thought about it, but his thoughts were cut short as the buzzing in his saliva coated feet intensified.

With one last push he tried to stop himself but, with his nose sprouting millions of scent receptors every second, causing his pointed lupine ears to be filled with nothing but the sound of its crunching sound, it made it extremely difficult for him to not smell anything but his own musk and mess. His childhood memories with Zac were beginning to be replaced with aggressive fantasies of wanting to plow him right then and there, in front of everyone if need be. His mind fought fiercely to retain some sense of rationality in all of this, but it was always met with a flood of angry responses and thoughts of his true sexual desires, of letting go of societal standards and letting the beast in him free.

He held onto his saliva coated foot again as the tingling sensation had begun to feel as if the muscles were rippling which caused him to give out a low growl in approval. He watched as his feet began to lengthen exponentially, thanks to the help of his handy work from earlier, and his toes involuntarily curled tightly from pleasure as little black nubs jutted out from underneath his nails, painlessly. His human mind was beginning to become muddled from the euphoric sensation that swept across his entire body when his cock spurted its first load of what was once his human gamete. His jeans began to tear apart, no longer being able to contain the muscle mass or the sea of thick chestnut colored fur that had washed over him.

As his feet began to widen and thicken with ripe new muscle, with his razor sharp jet black claws growing out, they began to become covered in the same chocolate fur that covered most of his uber athletic body. He cringed and yelped in pleased pain as he watched the bones in his toes crack and snap one by one before his big toe began to shrink and though he tried with all his might to resist the urge, he couldn't stop himself from leaning in a bathing his large transforming foot with his tongue. 'Oh...god..'. He thought as his toes began to swell outwards as they were becoming packed with meaty muscle, darkening them with a rough velvet like texture, altering their taste as all of his sweat glands were moved to his large growing paw pads and he couldn't stop himself from being lost in them. Lick after lick, he took in his own odor and taste on both of his footpaws and every second he felt his mind slipping away

from him as his tongue grew longer, thicker, and more coarse, making the experience even more pleasurable, but it wasn't until he tried to pull away that his entire face pushed outwards, right into the meat of his saliva coated, sweaty pawpads. Firmly his muzzle grew into the heart of his footpaw and the aroma that filled his nostrils caused his eyes to roll back in a state of pure bliss.



With his human mind being overtaken by that of a lycan, he began to lap the bottoms of his own pads like the animal he was becoming. With no resistance from his body or mind, the transformation accelerated, causing his organs to rearrange, with only a slight feeling of nausea and vertigo flooding him, and his muscle to expand even further. He growled as the last of his human seed emptied out onto his fur covered abs while his jeans completely tore apart, allowing his canine like cock to stand at attention as it increased by a whole seven inches, crackling loudly as it formed the base of a large knot while his balls swung freely under him. His giant tail swayed back and forth as the last of the fur grew across his face, causing him to radiate a deep growl after he closed his eyes. With the rush of dormant instincts now activating, he pried himself from his sexual fantasy and let go of his massive footpaw, letting it fall to the floor with its sharp claws immediately ripping apart the hardwood. He pointed his nose to the ceiling, drinking in every bit of his surroundings without even looking at them and got to his wet footpaws, causing the bed to crack loudly with the sudden relief from the great weight of the lycan. He only growled as he brought a hand paw to his large sac, caressing himself, as the thought of the one he desired to be his mate ran freely throughout his mind.

There the 7'9" powerful and horny alpha werewolf stood, basking in the moonlight that glowed brightly through the window with only one thought on his mind as he snarled, crashing saliva and pre to the floor. Tate's human mindframe and his lycan one may have been drastically different, but the one

thing that remained constant on both sides was the thought of Zac, and right now, all the beast wanted to do was find, and fuck him. Without hesitation he roared and burst through his bedroom window, landing on all fours on the grass outside with his cock bobbing against his stomach. Anyone who passed by immediately turned, saw the monster, and shrieked in terror. He inhaled deeply, already catching wind of his friend's scent through his extremely heightened sense of smell and unleashed a thundering roar as a warning for anyone who'd try to get in his way, which sent many fleeing for their lives. He dashed with bestial vigor on all fours into the night in pursuit of his chosen mate, not caring who witnessed him or who got in his way. The beast's golden eyes had an intense fire to them, determination, as Tate's memories were overwrought by the instincts of a creature of the night. If leader is what he was called, then he was about to start doing just that, starting with the first addition to his pack.

Chapter 2: Overtime

As if having to be called in on your one day off to work the night shift for a family restaurant on a busy Saturday night wasn't hard enough, hosting seven children's birthday parties in one shift when your restaurant's mascot calls in sick -leaving you the only one able to fit in the suit- made it ten times worse. For ten hours Zac had to wear the restaurant's bear mascot suit and endure the torture of kids constantly screaming and running around while having to dance like an idiot, all while trying to ignore the fact that he was being paid almost minimum wage to be there merely for the kids enjoyment. The thought of being paid overtime was the only thing that kept him from chucking one of the kids into the ball pin after having to hear the animatronics rhythmically sing the same stupid melody over and over again, twelve times every hour.

If a parent wasn't constantly asking him to take a picture with their kid, always forgetting to turn the flash off even when the sign at the front door clearly stated it, then it was a kid constantly begging for his attention to follow them to a rigged arcade game so he could dance around and cheer them on at a flashy games that had been so dumbed down that kids had to not try at all in order to lose and even then they still managed to find a way to do that. When *that* happened he was stuck trying to console a spoiled crying child while eight other kids were then trying to get his attention in whatever way they could, with some even pulling on tail; which was connected by a tight belt he had to wear around his waist, so every time it was pulled, the entire belt painfully jabbed into him. Eventually the brats made a game out of it and it took an entire hour for his good-for-nothing manager to do anything about it. By the time his first break came around he swore he would lose his mind.

All things aside, it wasn't entertaining the customers that was the hardest part, it was the fact that the entire restaurant was filled with a sickly sour stench that he couldn't stand and the heat from the suit didn't help the matter. The smell of the disgusting pizza they had to serve their customers was miniscule compared to the odors of the old facility, parents, and kids as he involuntarily caught the scent of each and every one of them. Toward the end of his shift he realized that for a year and a half he'd been working there to help pay for college and the restaurant's stink never bothered him until recently. The mere thought of having to come in early for work the next day caused his stomach to churn, and his manager forbade the use of nose plugs, (prick).

So when the twelve am bell rang and his shift was finally over, he hopped in his truck, put on his favorite rock album, rolled the windows down, and darted out of the parking lot as fast as humanly possible to put as many miles between him and that place as soon as he could. As he got settled into the comfort of being back on his own time and surrounded by the familiarity of his own scent, and not the intrusive stench left behind by brats, he took a quick glance at the clock. 12:06 am. Usually after work he was utterly exhausted and he was pleasantly surprised that, even after yesterday's events, he was still amped up and ready to enjoy the night. He didn't exactly plan to spend his Saturday night working at a dump, and he sure as hell didn't plan to go back into work the next day without getting some rewarding leisure time of his own. Trying to destress from the evening's events as much as possible, he'd decided to take the more scenic backroads where roads often led through the forest. He did it often and he figured that with the natural lighting of the moon, it would provide a natural and beautiful scenery. Earth porn was what his girlfriend had called it.

The mere thought of her sent a grin across his face as he swore she was the only thing getting him through the year and after checking his rear view mirror to make sure there wasn't anyone that may have been driving behind him (He'd had a run in with cops over texting and driving) he anxiously dug into his pockets for his phone, quickly glancing at the notifications as he had to go through the redundant hassle of unlocking it with one hand. As his eyes scanned the blue screen, with him occasionally looking back at the forest road to make sure he wasn't about to drive right into a tree, he saw that there were three messages; two from his girlfriend, one from Tate.

While it gave him a brief sense of general relevance, having two people he cared about message him, he decided to look at his girl's message first in case he missed something important, if he missed something from Tate he could always just make it up to him later: *'Herd what happened at th3 jobz, that SUX. Call m3 when u get off 4 a good time ;D'* He glanced at the text message with his eyebrows furled for a moment, that text didn't sound like something she would say at all. He swiped the screen curiously, revealing the text message that was sent after: *'Ignore that last message, that was my roommate. But really, call me when you get off. My brother can get us into the local theatre, just you and me. PRIVATE showing of "Dawn of the Beast" :)'* Even with just a simple text message she knew exactly what to say to take his mind off of his stress. He nearly put the phone down to pull up the dial pad before he remembered that there was one more message that he had to view.

Tate, someone he'd come to view as his brother after all the adventures and trouble that they got into. He remembered that they first met in a first grade wrestling tournament when they faced each other, and his dad completely chucked Tate off of him after he thought he was doing an illegal hold. Though he was nearly floored with embarrassment at the time, it did set in motion what would become a long lasting bond and he was always his go to guy when it came to girls, problems, and having someone to hang out with but as of lately he'd become a bit more tenacious when it came to socializing with him. It wasn't until recently, within the last month or so, that things between them began to become a bit awkward, starting with the odd night that neither of them could remember. He tried to shake the thought from his head as it was probably something that Tate didn't even know he was doing, but every so often he'd catch a glimpse of Tate staring at him as if he were contemplating something of importance or rather, looking at something longingly, the same way Zac looked at his girlfriend.

It didn't bother him at first. After knowing Tate for so long, he knew that he was straight as an arrow and this was probably just one of his many antics to mess with him but now, as he stared at the message that was sent hours ago, he wasn't so sure: *'Dude, let's do something tonight. :)'* Somehow the

smiley face at the end of the message managed to have the same effect as his girlfriend's did, only he felt that the entire message seemed *off* after the events from the last four weeks. He felt as if he were reading too far into things after just one message but after recalling the oddities from his friend he began to become leery.

The only sound that could be heard was the low hum of the engine and the well-tuned voice that sang from the truck's speakers as he drove down the moonlit street but it did nothing to calm the suspicions that swirled around in his brain. He'd learned from his psychology class that every person on the planet has a text and subtext when it comes to communicating with others, what they say and what they really mean. He knew what his girl meant by *private* show and her message was more of an invitation, but Tate had nothing planned; it was more of a 'come by and we'll see what goes on from there', almost like a date.

The thought made him scowl in incredulity. It was just one text message and he was using *that* as evidence to question one's sexuality? He couldn't help but shake his head as he put his foot on the brake to slow to an upcoming stop sign, questioning whether his suspicion originated from actual evidence or his own insecurity. It wasn't as if he hadn't toyed with the thought of Tate at least once in his life and it wasn't like he didn't know that he was attractive but the idea of doing what he would with a girl to a guy was never comprehensive, much less having those things done to him.

After witnessing his most recent local cage fight a week ago, he knew for sure that he definitely wouldn't be the dominating one if they ever decided to actually get intimate. He'd never seen another fighter get so physically dominated that they practically ragdolled across the ring by the end of the first round. His mind began to wander. Tate looked stronger than ever; shirtless with his ripped and barrel-chested with tight and defined abs that looked hardened through years of training. He gritted his teeth and scowled, immediately questioning why he was even thinking about something like that and quickly snapped out of his daydream. Quickly trying to regain some sense of self awareness, he dialed in his girlfriend's number, trying to push all thoughts of Tate to the furthest reaches of his mind. He admired the concept of bros before hoes but anyone who actually followed it probably didn't have a great girlfriend like he did.

As his phone rang he came to a clearing in the road where the full moon's light was allowed to cascade freely across the plane. The natural scent of the area's grass flooded his nostrils over the scent of his exhaust, a much more optimal scent compared to what he was exposed to at work, and he let out a brief sigh of relief as the night's cool wind rushed through his shaggy black hair. He glimpsed at the moon for a moment, watching its luminous blue hue touch upon everything in the area, and while most people would have noticed the view and not contemplated it a second more, he began to fully take in his surroundings to the point where he didn't notice the warmth beginning to spread across his arms and he missed the sound of his girlfriend picking up the phone.

Their conversation was hardly brief, they went back and forth about the day's unfortunate events but during this time, his ears began to twitch involuntarily, which annoyed him to no end when it happened during work because it usually led to an aggravating headache. He figured it was just the side effects from being stressed out over school and work, so he hadn't suspected anything out of the ordinary when this started happening recently. He turned the small dial of his stereo down, allowing the hum of the engine to be the only thing serenading the vehicle, and he tried to fight off the discomfort he was beginning to feel in the back of his mind while maintaining his flirtatious appeal over the phone, (easier said than done.)

He thought that the effects would go away in a matter of moments, as they usually would, but instead they persisted to the point where it could be heard in his voice, causing his girlfriend to question if something was wrong. He sighed, irritated by what was happening but he tried to save face as best he could by sounding optimistic about things, to not be a mood killer. His mind raced for something to take his mind off of the discomfort but he stopped after the same idea began to recur, Tate.

Every time, he tried to avoid thinking too long about him out of fear that it was beginning to cause a certain level of arousal on his end and he couldn't think of anything more nerve wracking then realizing that he was sexually attracted to his best friend, especially when he rejected any hint of desire to be in bed with him; he couldn't fathom the idea of male on male sex, and it scared him to think that he even thought about going down *that* path.

Still, no matter how much he rejected the idea he couldn't stop the intrusive thoughts from pouring into his mind and when he finally felt a spark beginning to run through his groin, the same spark he got whenever his girlfriend flirted with him, he nearly froze, unaware of the fact that his hands were beginning to twitch nervously. He gripped onto his phone tightly while his girlfriend spoke to him, aghast by the fact that he was becoming erect not to his girl friend, but to his... *boy* friend? The level of inner embarrassment he felt after imagining what Tate would do if he knew made him want to floor the pedal all the way to his girlfriend's house, as petty as that sounded. It wasn't that the thoughts were just him being attracted to the way he looked, it was the fact that he had begun to imagine Tate doing things with him, *to* him.

He found himself breathing more heavily into the phone as his cock slowly pushed outwards against the fabric his boxers, its smooth back being trapped between his thigh and the cotton material, causing even more discomfort the more erect it got. He tried to come up with an inner excuse that it was his girlfriend who was turning him on but even he didn't believe that, as fantasies of Tate formed before his very eyes. He looked down nervously and was greeted by a bulge that glared back at him.

Startled by the wave of anxiety that hit him, he quickly found an excuse to end the call by saying that he'd be at her place in twenty minutes before he hung up the phone. He thought of just skipping right to the sex as soon as he got to her place to reaffirm himself and put any ideas of having sex with his best friend as far away from him as humanly possible but in his state of cogitation he began to notice a sharp prickle beginning to come from the tips for his fingers.

Already annoyed by his state of discomfort, and the disquiet that was caused by the nature of his arousal, he took his eyes off of the road to view whatever was causing the pain in his twitching hands. It started the same way on both of his hands; his nails would begin to feel as if someone were either poking at them with a toothpick before the sensation transitioned into pins and needles that seemed to slowly spread down his fingers. He curled his fingers, trying to tough out or shake off whatever was causing this phenomena but it was quickly met with a sudden burning sensation that caused his entire hand to cramp. He dropped his phone onto the passenger side of the car, causing it to slide back against the seat's leather material with the light blue screen coming back on, glowing with the text message from Tate still in its window.

A faint noise began to accrue from his finger tips which caused even more pain, causing the young man to let out a mix of a grunt and a yell as he felt his fingers begin to splay on their own due to uncontrollable muscle spasms. Before he had the chance to fully realize what was happening, he stopped dead in his tracks when he saw the base of his nails gradually and painfully began to lift up from their roots while nubs, the color of ivory, began to sprout into the open space, centimeter by centimeter. The

very sight caused his heart to nearly skip a beat and his stomach to drop as he watched the nubs, his nubs, began to thicken, growing sharper with every second that passed.

The pain from the event was nothing compared to the amount of panic that he was beginning to experience, too frozen in shock to yell as he watched the knuckles in his right hand began to crack, causing a massive ache. The hair on the back of his hands and arms stood up as if they were caught in static electricity as the muscles in his arms vastly tightened. When his hands began to elongate on their own, with his fingertips beginning to go numb and swell up as if he were having an allergic reaction, his voice shook. His mind was in a mix of terror, with the faintest hint of pleasure, as the pain seemed to cause even more arousal on his end, causing his the muscle in his erection to ache as it fought relentlessly against its confinement.

He gritted his teeth while yelling in hysteria, he was straining to move any part of his body as his muscles began to fiercely twitch and tighten. In his desperate effort, he realized that the same occurrence had begun to happen to his toe nails, canceling out any question of this situation being a hallucination. Though he couldn't see it, he could feel the tips of his nails, or nubs, beginning to push against the soft cotton fabric of his socks and he nearly drove his truck right into the middle of a tree after being distracted by all the occurrences. It didn't take him long to put the full moon and the sudden phenomena together to draw a conclusion, but rather than be calmed by knowing what was going on he was filled with utter terror, causing his rapidly beating heart to go even faster, speeding up the transformation.

He was transforming into a monster against his will and if that didn't count as an emergency then he didn't know what would. His first instinct was to dial 911 or at least drive home as quickly as possible so he wouldn't end up wrapping his truck against a tree but as he frantically moved towards his phone he felt an abrupt tug coming from his left hand, still stuck in its grip position. When he tried to move his fingers from the steering wheel he discovered that his nails, now claws, accidentally grew into wheels rubber material, trapping him. He cursed loudly as he desperately tried to tug away but he was cut short when a gargantuan amount of tension began to accrue from his skull. While he hollard in agony, bringing his elongating clawed hand to his face to try and relieve whatever pressure was building, he could feel his ears twitching more rapidly and crackling as they elongated outwards, flooding his ear drums with the music that he knew he'd turned down all the way.

He wanted to scream for help as his teeth threatened to poke against his lips and his sense of smell caught a whiff of every bit of the history that he'd performed throughout the day, briefly bringing back the disgusting scent that he thought he'd left behind. He would have clamped his eyes shut to avoid the horror of watching his body change against his will in the rear view mirror if he didn't have to pay attention to the curves of the road to get home. When he brought his transforming handpaw to his face to relieve himself of the pressure in whatever way possible, he accidentally scratched himself with his claws, drawing a trickle of blood down the side of his face.

The searing pain of having every fiber of muscle in your body begin to convulse and morph would be enough to have floored any full grown man, but for him it was made worse by the fact that he was stuck in a seated position with his claws lodged into the steering wheel and his cock pressed with a vast amount of force against the fabric of his jeans. With his long and sensitive ears, he could hear the denim strain as it fought to contain his growing manhood and he could feel his shoes slowly beginning to fall apart; with his nails touching the gas pedal and his toes swelling into pawpads as they slid free from his socks with their smell, after a long day's work, flooding the car, causing him to grit his sharp teeth as

it overwhelmed him. Despite all of the pain, he was more concerned about the urge that was beginning to erupt from his loins and his mind.

He tried extremely hard to resist the urges but his thoughts were muddled by the fact that his shirt was beginning to become strain against him due to his bones cracked moving muscles painfully expanding. His spine screamed at him as if it were on fire and he shouted in anguish as it caused him to haunch over onto the steering wheel. It began fracturing and reforming with new discs and vertebrae. The entire transition happened quickly but for him it seemed like every second would never end with the pain causing him nothing but great misery but also pleasure at the same time. A bit of drool escaped the corner of his mouth as his tongue began to lengthen and he had only a second of an interlude before the base of his spine began to undergo the same treatment.

He breathed very heavily as his feet continued to grow, with his claws pushing into the floor and his spine clawing into the back of his jeans, and he found it increasingly difficult to focus on the road as his mind was swarmed with new instincts that had since laid dormant. Upon feeling a sudden pop come from his jeans he felt an innumerable relief, as well as a cool breeze flow through his manhood, and he glanced down, realizing that his cock had just burst free from his jeans, only it looked completely alien to him. It was much bigger, red and pointed, with veins glistening from the pre that ran down its side, filling the car with his own musk. His voice, slowly becoming deeper and gruffer with the more his muscles grew, shouted in utter shock a big, "What the fuck!?"

He watched helplessly as his pulsating cock flexed sharply upwards, causing him to gasp and wheeze from the incredible pleasure. He gripped onto the steering wheel so tightly that he began to hear the material break from his increasing strength. His eyes nearly rolled back into his head and he could barely focus on the road as waves of pure ecstasy flowed throughout his entire body when a distinct crackling sound could be heard from his groin. He wanted to question why any of this was happening to him but he found that his thoughts had become so muddled with lust that he couldn't even get the idea to process. His cock flexed again, this time it elongated upwards with every inch sending a flood of euphoria throughout his entire body, causing him to quiver as it began to become tapered at its tip.

He would have yelled if his lungs allowed enough oxygen in to allow it but with the growth of his muscles that caused his shirt to begin to rip at the shoulders, he could only exhale in short moans, embarrassed, as his manhood was changed into wolfhood before his very eyes. His ears were filled with the sound of the muscles tightening at the base of his cock, slowly cramping and pulsating with delectation as the side of it swelled outwards. The shortness of breath caused his entire body to shake as it became fatigued from the forceful metamorphosis and he panicked, thinking he was going to lose consciousness at the wheel. It wasn't that he wasn't breathing as desperately as he could, his lungs were no longer the adequate size to keep up with his developing growth, which strangely made the sensation of slowly suffocating drive his acute lust even further, causing his cock to pulsate rhythmically.

As he fought perilously to try and gain some sense of self control so he could make it home, his pubic hair seemed to sprout slowly across his thighs and stomach, with each area being met with the same buzzing sensation that started in his finger tips. The jet black hair grew coarse and rough, like fur. He could feel it sprouting over his feet, now footpaws, and, if he wasn't already flooring the pedal, the growth of his feet, with the addition of meaty pink pawpads, would have caused him to regardless due to their size. Through stiffened movement and absolute pleasure filled agony, he tried to move his big feet off the pedal but realized that his claws were lodged into the floor. With no room to move and with a

stabbing pain beginning to occur again at the bottom of his spine, he was wide-eyed when he realized that a tail was growing directly into the seat, and he was stuck.

It was only a mile before he'd be arriving at his house but he didn't know how much more he could take. He didn't want to be a wolf, he hardly recognized the monstrous figure that stared back at him in the mirror and all he could do was gasp desperately for air to scream for help with. Just when he thought he was at his breaking point his long canine like ears were met with a very loud snapping sound and he could only muster a groan as his entire face began to slowly lurch out, causing his headache to amplify as his brain was being fit into a metamorphosing skull. Not a second into the change, his sense of smell began to be amplified ten fold; the scent of the forest area with all of its natural vegetation, wildlife, and waste, the scent of his truck's artificial fumes and the interior's traces of who'd been occupying the seats before hand, and the scent of his own pawpads and musk that began to run profusely to his tearing jeans. With the dramatic increase in nasal cavity size he found himself swamped with an alarming amount of scents, which caused his brain to begin to go into sensory overload.

With neither the strength or the lung capacity to fight against what was happening, he began to shake while his brain processed thousands of thoughts at once, all while being bombarded by the instincts of a legendary apex predator. Everything began to become phased into one giant blur for him and his eyes, still retaining their brown human color, rolled back as he shifted into a state of unconsciousness. No longer being directed, his truck quickly began to move into the opposite lane of the dirt road. Three seconds after this happened Zac was met a very sudden and very forceful impact that caused his entire body to be thrown into the steering wheel, but due to his dramatic increase in strength and durability, it had very little effect on him other than freeing his razor sharp ivory claws from their lodgings. Everything went black.

It wasn't until a few minutes later, as his head laid motionless on the damaged steering wheel, that he saw his vision beginning to return to him as if he were waking up from a dream. Immediately he could feel the relief of a full breath of oxygen being able to flow freely through his lungs but he knew that something was very wrong when he could feel own rod jabbing the top of his stomach and the scent of his own semen still flooding his nostrils. He gravely wished that this was just some nightmare but as he slowly lifted head off of the wheel that had been dislocated from its proper set position, he caught a glimpse of himself in the broken fragments of the mirror and sat frozen with fear as a bevy of memories once locked away instantly began to flood his mind as he stared at the creature in the mirror. His face was pushed outwards, not entirely a muzzle yet, but clearly not human when it was paired with his darkened, and now wet, nose and his long pointed ears, uncommon for a regular wolf but common for a werewolf, unknown to him.

Instantly, the monster that stared back at him in the reflection brought him back to the events of the previous month that had been shut away either from trauma or as a result of being infected, possibly both. His mind swarmed with thoughts of Tate but this time he didn't hesitate to let them roam freely as it made him recall inviting him over for a night of study and leisure, only to have it turn into one of absolute horror. He remembered drinking and playing video games with him, blowing off studying like they typically did, but it wasn't until now that he could recall everything that happened after that point.

He began to panic again as the horrific memories came back one by one, causing his heart to increase in pace, and the interior of the truck that he saw solace in just twenty minutes earlier began to feel more like an immediate prison as he'd grown at least two feet in size, rendering his truck's settings

utterly obsolete and extremely uncomfortable . He quickly scrambled to get to his truck's door, noting that his chest had greatly pushed outwards into a canine like barrel shape, and though his erection was still throbbing in the wind, being out in public nude was the least of his concerns as the memories replayed.

He remembered Tate dashing off into the bathroom in a panicked state and though he didn't think much of it at the time, the strange noises that emerged from beyond the locked door was more than enough to capture his attention. He didn't want to be nosy and just barge in to see what he was up to but the sounds of loud cracking, groans, grunts, and growls caused him to assume the worst when he knocked on the door, little did he know it would be the mistake of a lifetime.

He gave a low and deep groan as he fell from his seat onto grass, with bits of the front of his truck being strewn across the area from it colliding head on with a tree and it folding like a crushed pop can. He could feel a flood of black hair racing across his entire body, completely coating his arms and back, causing the rest of his shirt to begin to rip and fall to the grass. He groaned as he felt the enormous relief of his large tail being freed from the confines and weight of the seat. He left a trail of pre as the blades of grass ran across the tip of his cock, ultra sensitive to every feeling due to the growth of new muscle fibers. In his panicked state he desperately began to crawl away, hopelessly seeking any help he could. But this was the back roads of Washington, no one would be coming. As he clawed at the ground, feeling his spine raise again and pop with every beat of his heart, more memories resurfaced.

When the door finally opened he was greeted by a giant beast-like creature that stood wearing the remains of his best friends clothes, with its large cock fully erect and its golden eyes glaring down into his as if it was trying to send a message with its body language. He was so shocked by the sight at first that he had absolutely no idea what he was seeing and his legs nearly gave out from under him, but when he finally began to realize that the monster was his best friend, it was already too late.

"N-noo!" He roared in a deep bestial voice as he tried to get on two's, only to fall directly on all fours while his tail grew outwards more. He clamped his eyes shut, trying to fight all the monstrous instincts that told him give in. With the sea of jet black fur completely covering his entire body, ripping his shirt to utter shreds as his muscles painfully expanded outwards, the final images of that fateful night flashed in his head, causing his cock to pulsate quickly, and for him to utter low growls with each exhalation.

He tried to run from the monster, to escape either being killed or worse. After it tried to grab him he ran right for his front door and he thought he'd be able to escape, but Tate was too fast and he quickly tackled him to the ground. He hurt himself trying to fight back and it didn't take much effort on Tate's part to render him utterly helpless and lying face first on the ground with his arm pulled painfully behind his back. It was as if his worst nightmares came true when Tate growled into his ear as he clawed away the back of his jeans and forced them around his knees. He tried to scream for help as loud as he could but no one could hear him, even Tate must have known that for he made no effort to try and stop him. He remembered the feeling of absolute dread when he shoved the tip of his cock into his anus and thrust into him. He screamed, squirmed, and shouted but it did nothing to halter its efforts as it violently pumped into him, raping him.

He let a loud growl escape his muzzle as it pushed out further, this time allowing his senses to fully recover before bombarding his brain with new scents, one being his own product as it oozed onto the grass while he recalled the feeling of being fucked: Being utterly helpless was one of the biggest fears that he had in life and he couldn't stand the idea of a situation or event being entirely out of his control. It was

one of the reasons he hated his job and the reason why he couldn't fathom the idea of being submissive in any relationship but even as his mind tried to reject the notion, his body shook in sheer pleasure as he recalled the feeling of someone more powerful penetrating him, entering his very being and making him there's. He thought about what had become of Tate; a normal guy like him turning into a lust driven beast, and the exact same thing was now happening to him. Zac couldn't help but wonder if Tate even knew what he was doing at the time or was he being overtaken by his instincts. But he could no longer deny the fact that no one had made him feel like that before and, dear god, he was now becoming to love it. The idea that he'd feared the entire month had now become something he was craving and even now he could still feel the sensation of being dominated.

His monstrous fur covered body quivered as he tried to keep fighting but he found himself succumbing to his lust filled desires, slowly causing his eyes to change from their natural brown color to an icy blue. With his thoughts filled with desires of Tate, he clenched his sharp teeth, drooling as he let out a mix of a roar and a howl in response to his large canine cock shooting its first load of hot lycanthrope across his stomach and onto the ground. He was erupting like a geyser, hands free, and he'd never experienced something as euphoric as the pleasure that shot throughout his body. He couldn't stop himself from thinking about Tate entering him and he launched another wave of ropery seed onto the ground, and out in the open with the moonlight shining down on his hide.



With the transformation reaching its culmination as his sex driven instincts began to wash over his mind, he realized that Tate had turned him into a lust-filled gay werewolf. He opened his ice blue eyes

when the scent of his musk reached his nostrils and he growled, tearing off the confinements of his clothing and letting his, still-throbbing, wolfhood bob freely beneath his stomach. With the curse overtaking any sense of clarity his mind had, replacing it with ideas of sex and hunting, the last rational thoughts he had questioned if it was the curse that had made him this way, or did it just amplify what was already there? Unable to come up with an answer with his mind fully taken over, he pointed his muzzle towards the moonlight and unleashed a thundering howl.

Chapter 3: Intruder

With the scent of Zac's musk, that puddled on the ground, traveling through the night's wind, it didn't take Tate too long catch onto it and track him right to his location. As he emerged into the clearing on twos where the other wolf stood on all fours, with both their large canine-like cocks erect, growling with his fiery golden eyes looking down upon the others icy blue glare, they paused. Whether it was out of imprinted instincts or some shred of their humanity that still remained, they recognized one another, and stopped as if both were pleasantly, and lustfully, surprised.

However this pause lasted for only a moment as the alpha could no longer contain any of his animalistic urge and he quickly padded over to his thrall on all fours, who stood panting eagerly, before launching himself at him. The two wrestled with each other aggressively yet playfully. When Tate ultimately pinned Zac's hide to the grass from being the much stronger wolf, the two's eyes locked again, almost tenderly amidst the natural hostility that would have been directed at anyone and anything they weren't intimate with.

Zac gave a low and satisfied growl, causing the powerful vibration that came from his chest to go up Tate's paw as he ran his razor sharp claws through his fur, but the growls stopped abruptly as his ice blue eyes widened when Tate licked his nose, growling back at him affectionately. With the two out in the open, in what their instincts deemed their natural habitat, the two no longer had any pressures of the world eating away at their consciousness. Here they could be who they really were, and there wasn't a damn thing anyone could do to stop them, they were untouchable.

Tate closed his eyes and leaned his muzzle in closer, letting himself take in the scent that he had loved so much while his thrall ran his paws down his Alpha's sides, embracing the hardened and powerful muscles could be felt even through the thick fur. The two panted as a satisfied pleasure filled their bodies, causing their cocks to pulsate and causing Tate's golden eyes to open as his nostrils filled with the scent of their pre. He nuzzled against the side of his thrall's muzzle for a moment as he stood on all fours, taking the chance to embrace his presence briefly before he arched his back, letting his tail sway as he moved the tip of his muzzle from Zac's neck to his leaking cock, running his powerful tongue from his knot to his tip slowly and repeatedly.

As Zac grunted and squirmed from the utter pleasure that came from his groin, tearing the grass apart as he tried to grip at the ground for dear life, he shut his eyes and let out a mix between a roar and a yell, jerking his hips forward as Tate licked more persistently, sending him into a state of drunken bliss while he felt an intense build up of gratification arising. He wasn't going to last more than a few seconds before he would launch his seed into the muzzle of the alpha but the gradual intrusion of a bright white light from the distance caused him to growl loudly as the sound of an engine approached.

The larger beast slowly stopped what he was doing, instantly become annoyed and extremely hostile towards the white truck the drove in their direction, the driver unaware of the two creatures that were having sex in the middle of the road until it was too late and the front of his truck was within mere feet of their presence. Zac growled loudly, about to get to his paws and attempt to kill whoever was in the car, but a handpaw on his chest and a quick glance from his alpha signaled otherwise. Tate slowly arose to his footpaws, the driver becoming petrified with fear as he saw the gigantic figure rise, snarling loudly, with saliva as well as pre leak from its body.

The driver was too shocked and terrified to move as he slowly realized what the two creatures were and that he'd, unfortunately, intruded on them. Tate inhaled with his giant and powerful lungs, and unleashed a roar so rumbling that it caused the very ground to shake and the truck's front windows to shatter. The driver screamed for his life as he put his truck in reverse and peeled away from the two monstrous beasts as fast as he could. Tate stood snarling until he could no longer see the Truck's lights, dim from the bulbs nearly being shattered, and Zac rolled onto his barrel chest, letting himself get readjusted so he could stand on all fours, something he was still trying to get accustomed to. Once he stood, he walked to Tate's side, nudging his thigh with his muzzle as a gesture that he wanted to return the favor from earlier, but as the beast turned and looked down at him, its golden eyes filled with a rage and lust, it put its large paw on his head, letting him know that he had something different in mind as it walked behind him, each step a booming thud that could be felt on the ground.

The dark furred wolf stood facing forward as the scent of the intrusive truck remained in the area, causing him to want to growl from the pent up aggression that naturally built in his system, which rendered him completely off guard as he felt the base of his large tail be pulled upwards and a large clawed handpaw to be put on his rear. He turned just in time to see the muzzle of his alpha move closer and a long and warm wet tongue run across his rim of his anus, causing him to let out a whine as ecstasy shot through him. The sensation caused him to begin to pant as the beast kept licking and he gritted his teeth with his muzzle pointed downwards, gripping into the dirt road as his large cock throbbed and his balls churned.

He couldn't stop himself from beginning to growl with every exhalation from the sheer amount of pleasure that washed throughout, causing his entire powerful build to quiver and buckle in on itself. The electricity only stopped for a second but by then he was so lost by the feeling that he hardly noticed. It was only when he felt a new sensation that he began to roar out in steamy delectation as he felt the tip of his alpha's cock enter his rear and slowly proceed into him, causing his entire body to tense up with pleasure.

The Alpha began to pump into him, his sheer aggression and driving force entering his thrall with every thrust, causing both to ululate in utter bliss. Zac was surprised by feeling the very powerful arms of the beast wrap around him, holding him by the waste and the chest with his full weight pressed upon his hide and if it wasn't for the powerful muscles of his own, he surely would have collapsed. He growled in delight as the the monstrous beast thrust into him even harder, causing his breaths to become raspy from all the quivering his muzzle was doing.

But the transition wasn't over yet, much to Zac's surprise. Tate brought his legs closer, digging his claws into the ground and getting into a squatting position. With a loud roar he lifted his thrall off the ground and leaned back on the rear of the crushed truck for support as he vertically pressed into him, causing the euphoria to be amplified by nearly twice as much. Zac couldn't stop himself from roaring out as the Alpha's large cock pressed firmly into him. The only thing keeping him off the ground was the

large meaty rod that penetrated his rear with pleasure and it was only when Tate moved his large handpaw in to caress his sac while taking in his scent, that the dark wolf stopped all of its squirming.

The bliss was massive on both sides and it wasn't long before they both found themselves reaching their peak. Zac squirmed around helplessly, for his body had never experienced anything remotely close to the amount of rapture that shot through him and Tate shut his eyes tightly, taking in every moment, every second, and every sensation of the feeling of living out his fantasy. The two growled emphatically, almost in unison, as their climax mounted and their massive powerful bodies shook with bestial vigor as Tate let his knot slide into him. With one thrust and one pump, both werewolves howled out into the night in a fornication choir, launching their lycanthrope seed. Tate roared in gratification as he unloaded himself into his best friend, pumping and pumping with his seed leaking down from the rear and onto his fur covered ballsack. Zac jerked fiercely and tensed up as he erupted across his chest as well as Tate's paw. Ropes of his seed spurted across his entire stomach, soaking his fur with his come.



The two lycans stood breathing heavily, tied together by the knot, embracing each other as Tate held his friend across his stomach, running his claws through and fiddling with the the semen drenched fur, each taking in the aroma surrounding them. With their bodies still recovering from their transformation and extraordinary orgasm, all either of them could do was bask in the afterglow, with each of their minds in a satisfied bliss. The alpha, holding his thrall tenderly, was driven with instincts to protect and always be a leader for the one he loved while beginning to possess an eager desire to add another member into their ranks, to start a pack. Even now his human side began to become filled with the thought that this was the better part of himself, this was what he was, a wolf looking out for his loved ones no matter what the cost. It wouldn't be tonight that he'd look to expand however. Tonight was a time to spend with his thrall, his love, and once they were no longer tied together by his knot, that's exactly what he planned to do.

The two childhood friends were now lovers under the full moon through the curse, and though Zac's human self would hardly remember anything from the night's events, Tate's mind had gradually been becoming one with his wolf, he would remember everything. It wasn't until the two wolves were long gone from the area, off into the night together, that Zac's phone that he'd dropped into the passenger side of the seat only to have the screen crack from the abrupt crash. Still, even in its damaged state, its distorted ringtone rang out as a text message came through from his girlfriend with its contents reading one sentence, *'Are you coming?'*