

The Beast Within II

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Love comes in all shapes, sizes and even forms; such is the case with our lusty lycan. What was supposed to be a simple Saturday night of two best friends, since childhood, hanging out, studying, drinking a bit, and gaming had turned tremendously alluring to the young man as the full moon rose to its peak with its light cascading through the window and into the room. Unknown to the young man were the events that he had undergone a month earlier.

Muddled by the sudden warmth that filled his groin and embarrassed by the new urges towards his contemporary, who sat unaware as he was more focused on beating him at the video game, he tried to hide his erect member that pressed against the fabric of his jeans and anxiously resumed playing as if nothing had ever happened. (Though he did start contemplating the nature of his arousal)

Though he tried to hide it by focusing more on the game, the warm and pleasurable sensations tortured him with every moment that passed and soon he found himself unable to continue as his cock began to throb and leak, forming a noticeable wet dot at the side of his pants. He panicked as the smell of his own musk filled his nostrils and he frantically scrambled to the bathroom, much to his friend's confusion at the sudden departure.

Mortified by what just happened he paced around for a moment before moaning as the gratifying warmth that radiated through his scrotum increased. He doubled over with both hands on his crotch, barely getting a hold on his member through the fabric that now painfully restricted it. His knees buckled and he was brought down to the tiled floor before he unzipped his pants in a confused state. With both hands he pulled them down and freed his erection, that was now leaking profusely, from its prison and stroked it with one hand. All the while a sense of humiliation washed over him as he realized that he was masturbating to his best friend in his own bathroom but these thoughts were quickly forgotten because with each stroke a jolt of pleasure shot all throughout his body.

Soon he was so lost in the sensations that by the time he neared his climax he'd lost all traits of thought and was only feeling, not thinking. When he finally came he shut his eyes tight and had to stifle back a groan as intense pleasure rippled through him. He shot a rope of his seed onto the floor tiles ahead of him, unknown to him that it signaled his body was changing. After a few more ropes of his warm spooge shooting out he

finally came back to, only to realize that the climax had done nothing to solve his issue and the very smell of his own semen made him more aroused than before. Though he frantically tried to stroke himself, he only found thoughts of his friend surface lucidly in his mind.

Unable to contain himself as his body started to quiver from his extreme sexual urges he fell onto all fours, the smell becoming more and more powerful as his nose darkened. His heart raced from fear as to what was happening to him, but it was stifled back by a primal desire to delve further into the sensations. He cringed as the sensations increased and clamped his eyes shut, unaware of how his nails began to sprout outwards; the tips gliding along the floors before becoming sharp enough to cut into their ceramic material.

He turned his head and groaned as his muscles quivered and ached with pain as they began to crack loudly, though the pain could be described as if one were stretching a sore muscle as his body began to flood with endorphins, sending him into a sort of euphoric high.

His spine immediately began to rise beneath his shirt but he was too tranced to notice it beginning to tear as his size increased. The tiles groaned in response but were quickly met with more sharp claws as black nubs jutted out through the cotton fabric of his socks. The sensations immediately began to increase further the more his bones cracked, the noise capturing the attention of his friend, and eventually he could feel his clothes no longer being able to fit.

Though he could see everything just fine, he felt as if he were in a dream-like state and he watched casually as his feet elongated against the ceramic with his toeclaws tearing right through it. In his viewing experience he hadn't realized that it was becoming harder and harder to breathe. He put a hand to his chest, accidentally clawing off his shirt in the process, and gave a mix between a wheeze and a groan as he found himself short of breath.

He looked around, too high to really panic, but noticed the back of his pants beginning to slowly tear right down the middle from his growing rear. The tingling sensation that was beginning from the base of his spine made him forget about his breathing problem and he panted as the pleasurable feeling increased with every second that passed. He turned and watched the tip of his spine spill down the back of his jeans, tearing through whatever fabric was left of them to reveal his nude rear, and elongate in size as a mix of bone, flesh, muscle, and hair.

Knock *Knock* "Hey dude, are you alright?"

The words knocked him right out of his euphoric state. While dazed, he began to take notice of how hard it was to breathe. That was when he caught sight of his changed hands, now resembling the hands of some monster rather than his own. He put his hands on his chest and looked at his body, now nude, with his erection still throbbing and leaking. Shit! He'd came all over his friend's floor! His heart began to race again at these sudden realizations which, in turn, sped up the transformation. As he was about to answer his friend and plead with him to get some sort of help, his chest cavity jutted outwards with a very loud *CCCCRRRACK* and though there was no pain, the sudden increase in lung size forced him to inhale a gigantic breath and to start coughing.

As he coughed his face began to feel pressured as if someone was pushing on it from the inside of his skull. This took his attention away from the fact that his senses were once again increasing dramatically as his ears suddenly felt clogged. A high pitched ringing and a painful ache radiated from the inside of his ear drums as the pressure in his face increased even further. He couldn't hear his friend knocking on the door once again, though he did feel the vibrations and that familiar warmth coming from his erection. Too panicked to completely give in to the feeling this time, he tried to move towards the door but with his unbalanced frame and unfamiliar primal attributes he quickly fell over. His large frame made a loud thud and a pop came from underneath the tile, symbolizing that a support beam possibly broke.

He laid on his back in shock as chestnut colored hair sprouted around his toes and down the tops of his feet and he found it difficult to move any of his toes as they resembled paws more than anything else. Even from the front view, he could see big pads coming from the tips of his toes and sole. His ears rang again as they suddenly began to stretch outwards as if to play catch-up with the rest of his changed form and it was as if someone had turned the volume all the way up on nearly everything. He could hear the light from the bathroom buzzing, the creaking of the tile floors that seemed as if they were crying out under his great weight, and even his own heartbeat. As the hair spread up his ankles he looked at his leaking erection that was at full attention as if it were staring back at him. It had definitely grown in size and kept bobbing up and down, thumping him on the base of his stomach and smearing pre on the tiny brown hairs that were beginning to grow there. He cringed from the pleasure it was bringing, though he knew he needed to get help.

As the thick hair, now more like fur, spread to his calves the pressure behind his face had become immense and he could hear the bones in them beginning to pop. His teeth poked into his lip, much to his surprise, he discovered they were sharpening and

becoming longer. His mouth was hardly able to contain them and soon he found himself having to let his fangs hang out the edge, rendering him unable to speak properly.

He watched as the fur quickly spread up his thighs, his new and long tail swished in agreement with the fur and the pleasure building up once again was trying to send him back into that euphoric state as if he were never supposed to come out of it. He heard more knocks on the door as his friend was becoming more and more worried, he could tell by the sound of the quickening of his heartbeat, but it was no longer a factor in keeping him out of being lost in his own lust and once the fur reached his groin, that was exactly what happened.

He moaned a mix of a soft howl and growl as an intense sensation of pleasure shot all throughout his body. He perched his elbows behind him to keep his head up as he watched his cock flex sharply and immediately release a small spurt of cum onto his stomach. He kept moaning as it flexed again, its veins clearly visible, only this time there was another loud crackling and he couldn't help but let out a very loud moan in a very deep voice that was hardly recognizable and he knew his friend would hear. With one bob, his member began to grow in size towards his belly button, leaving a trail of warm spooge behind it. He dug his claws into the tiles because with every second it grew it felt like he was having an orgasm once again which made his body quiver hard. The tip went past his belly button as the base of the shaft began to swell outwards at the base, quickly forming a canine-like knot.

His member finally stopped growing but the feeling didn't subside. Lost in his bliss he began to pant and in doing so his tongue began to become longer and longer to the point where it was touching the bottom of his now bearded chin. He groaned and panted as his cock flexed once again and launched another wave of cum, this time its musk was different as it was now riddled with new puppy making traits. The stream, having nowhere else to go, landed on his face and chest, which sped up the transformation.

Fur quickly covered his broad and muscular chest and spread down his arms like a pleasurable wildfire. His face pushed outwards and forced him to shut his eyes from the sudden increase in intracranial pressure.

He could hear his face snapping and pushing outwards and that was when his nose began to catch the smell of his friend who must have been worried sick outside. His natural scent was so arousing and after his face had stopped pushing outwards he let his long canine tongue lick the mess he made. His cock jumped as thoughts and memories of his friend surfaced within his mind and soon all he could think about was

him. Soon the vestiges of his humanity were repressed by the feral lust of a lycan as his primal urges replaced all social normalities instilled into his head.

The smell of the entire room was filled with his cum from the incredible transformation, a scent he was very fond of, and soon the new beast found himself on all fours, lapping up the white puddle he'd made. His cock was still erect, now ready to get a full climax rather than a muffled or limited one that a transformation gave. As he took a step with his great new weight he could hear the floorboards under him creek and crack with every step, and every step on the tiles brought fresh and deep claw marks into them.

The beast walked on all fours over to the door and simply sniffed at it, taking in the scent of his friend who was frantically knocking on the door on the other side, thinking that he was in grave danger. The beast brought a hand-paw to its erect cock and rubbed it giving a low yet satisfying growl as if to tease what was to come next.

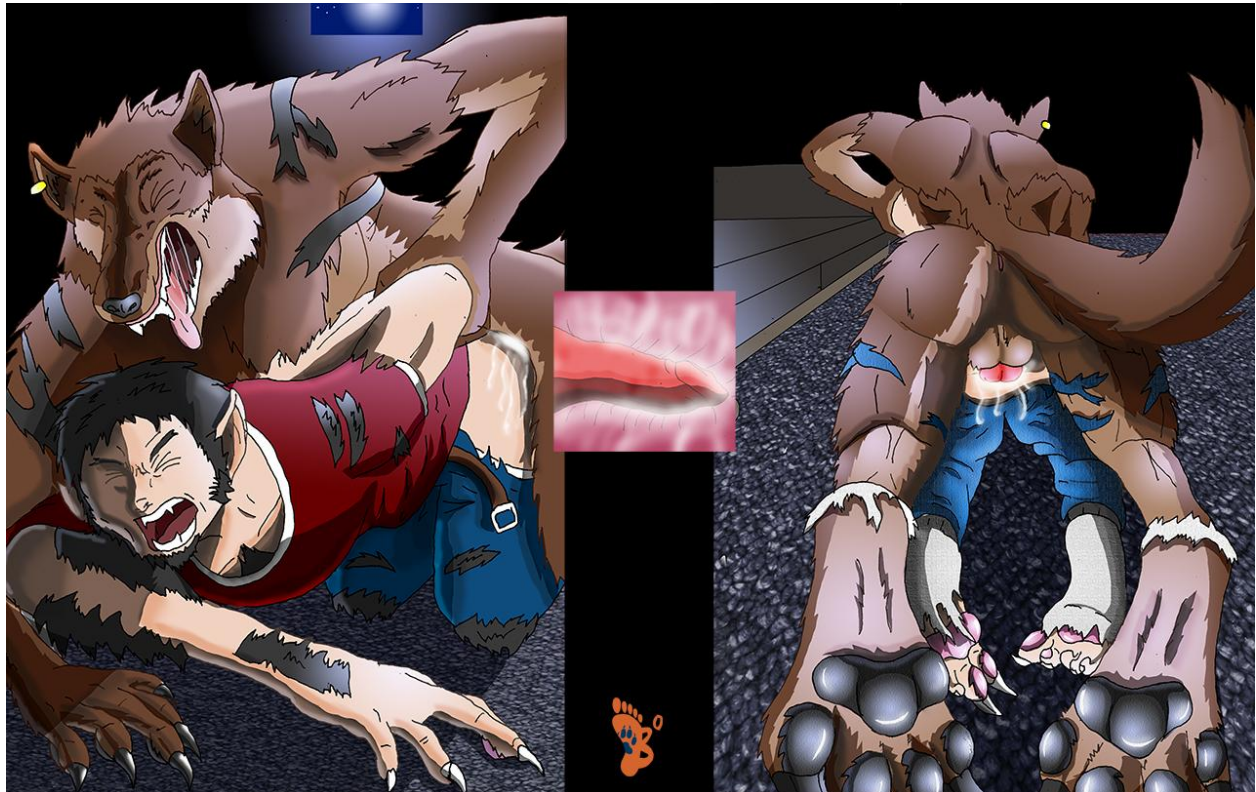
Still possessing human intelligence, (but not social normalities or morales), the beast unlocked the door and waited as if to stalk its prey. It didn't wait long as two seconds later the door immediately flew open to reveal his friend's worried look however; immediately, the look of worry turns to a look of pure fear as he looks up at the hulking monster with the erect cock. "T-Tate?" He asks with a horrified expression as he sees the remains of clothing still stuck on him.

However, the beast had no time for formalities as he'd waited too long for this and his true nature could no longer hide the fact that he really liked him. He growled alluringly as he took a step forward and grabbed onto his friend's shoulder. Visibly startled, his friend immediately tried to move away. "Ah! Let go!" He yelled fearfully, seeing that the creature that was once his best friend had malicious intentions for him. He swung and tried to punch the beast in the snout but it had absolutely no effect on such a hulking creature other than to piss it off.

The beast's claws betrayed it as they tore right through the fabric of his friend's clothing and immediately he began to run away, yelling for help. The creature growled but then snarled in delight; it enjoyed the chase, the predator and prey. Immediately it lunged on all fours, its claws ripping the tiles of the bathroom floor right off and sending them crashing into the wall. It ran through the hallway and though his friend might have been a damn good track athlete at one point, he was no match when it came to four legs against two. While making a break for the front door, the creature lunged over the

living room couch and tackled him to the ground. While his friend yelled in terror, the beast growled in delight with its catch while taking in the scent he'd admired so much.

The young man tried to scramble away while still yelling for help, but even the beast knew unless someone had its hearing, help was not coming. He was all his. To stop him from trying to scramble away the beast angrily grabbed his left arm, ironically the one that eluded him last time, and shoved it behind his back. While the young man yelled out in pain from the apprehension, the beast clawed away at the back of his pants like a hot knife through butter. It wasn't until the pants were forced down to his knees that the young man knew what the beast was going to do. Immediately he began to plead with his former friend and he begged the beast to let him go, but to no avail. It did not pay heed to the human's pathetic pleas and instead his begging was answered with his leaking cock shoved into him with one thrust. It was so well lubricated from the previous climaxes and leakages that it easily went in, much to the young man's dismay as he yelled out and frantically tried to get away, but the beast had him in a grip that was impossible for any human to escape. It put its muzzle over his head, panting down upon him, making sure that he knew who was boss.



Each hard thrust into his rear brought great pleasure to the beast and it wasn't long before his thrusts increased in power and rhythm. As his friend yelled in a mix of horror and (possibly pain), it began to hear crackling coming from below him. It curiously

slowed its pace and looked down to see the nails of his friend jutting into the carpet and saw that his friend had made the same discovery who then began to yell in terror. The beast licked its chops curiously and leaned downwards, getting its muzzle closer to his face. His friend frantically tried to move a way but he was pinned down tight under the great weight of the beast. He yelled and tried to plead for the beast to stop when it began to lick his ear with its tongue, still having vestiges of all of the spooage it had devoured while transforming. After a few long and torturous licks, bathing the ear in its saliva, it watched as seconds later the young man cringed and stifled back a groan as the ear began to stretch and elongate outwards, forming a point. Satisfied with its discovery, the beast thrusted once more into him.

Eventually the young man's yells were dying down, as even he discovered how useless they were, and instead he grimaced as the beast plowed him harder, panting its hot breath onto his neck. The beast heard more rippage, this time from behind him, and with one sniff into the air he could tell it was the feet that were transforming. How it loved the entire aroma of the young man, it made the sex much better as he deeply sniffed him again, inhaling his new scent and licking the back of his neck, which seconds later caused it to respond by lurching outwards.

It'd been 8 minutes of sex and the beast was enjoying every second of it as it watched the young man change ever so slowly while plowing into him. It was the slowest yet most pleasurable experience it'd ever had and it found a way to keep going; every time it would near its climax it would stop, lick a part of the young man to have it change, and then resume, dragging the experience on and on in pure bliss for the beast.

It had been 15 minutes of pure sex for the beast and with its increased lung size it could last all night if it really wanted to but in order for that to happen it needed a mate that would last as long as it would, which was in the process of being created now whether he liked it or not. The young man, very exhausted, was half way transformed with black fur beginning to grow on spots across his body and his arm STILL behind his back. The beast finally decided to have mercy on him and finish and with a few more hard thrusts it began to near its climax and quicken its pace. Knowing escape was no longer an option for the young man, soon to be wolf, the beast grabbed his waist with both hand-paws and shoved his large cock deep into him, so far that its knot penetrated and locked them together. The young man grimaced and let out a groan, revealing new fangs, as the beast howled a howl so thundering that it shook the area around them and its body quivered against him. Immediately a rush of hot seed filled the young man's rear and exploded out of the opening onto his buttocks and onto the back of his jeans. He yelled at the sudden explosion that sent intense tingling throughout his whole body,

solidifying the fact that he was a lycan to be. He groaned as his transformation continued quicker but after all that had happened, his body simply couldn't take anymore and his eyes rolled to the back of his head while his body went limp, passing out.

The beast breathed heavily, growling with every exhalation, and looked down at his handiwork, pleased with the results. The young man, soon to be a fellow beast, was unconscious but still transforming slowly. Even though he was only halfway through the transformation the beast could tell he wasn't going to be as large a wolf as he was. He would always be the Beta to his Alpha status, meaning he could have 'fun' with him whenever he wanted, whether the fellow lycan liked it or not. They were tied together now, at least until the knot went down enough for it to pull out, but the beast was okay with this, it gave the young man time to know who would always be top-dog.

The beast carried the young man to their sides so they could both lay down even when stuck together, and it wrapped its arms around the growing chest of the young man, inhaling his scent one last time. With nothing else to do, and a bit tired from the transformation and the incredible sex, the beast invited sleep, just for awhile. When they would both awaken, the young man would be a beast as well, and then the beast would be ready for Round 2....