

“Happy new year!” Alister, Sammy, and Eli called out in unison, raising their glasses in cheers. Though it was hardly New Year’s yet, they were celebrating the get-together all day, the former two men having arrived at Eli’s late that morning. Having not seen each other since travel restrictions were lifted, the trio were elated to be spending New Year’s Eve in the same city, eager to start their New Year’s drinking that afternoon.

Now, with the early winter evening approaching, the trio realized that their alcohol and snack supply was running a bit lower than they’d intended. It being Eli’s apartment, he decided to make the trek out before it got too late. Not only did he not want to be out after dark, but the stores would be closing early on New Year’s Eve. And, he trusted his friends not to get up to too much trouble in his absence.

Eli got up, pausing the movie the three of them were watching. Werewolf fans as they were, they had a planned movie marathon and were just in the middle of the 2004 ‘Van Helsing’. Later on the docket was an all-time favorite, ‘American Werewolf in London’, being the finale to ring in the new year. Having bonded online over their mutual lifelong interest in werewolves, the three of them could think of no better way to celebrate.

“All alone now...” Alister said with a little bit of a smirk to tease his friend. Though nothing had ever happened between them, Sammy was bi, and Alister loved to tease the desire for men out of him. Though Alister would never commit to playing with men offline, the two of them shared many role-play sessions online that made the possibility of drunk shenanigans more plausible than not.

Not that they would leave Eli out of the fun, of course. Eli and Samy had been eyeing each other all evening, having not seen each other in person since their online teases began. Alister would have no problem relegating the bedroom to his two friends should they wish to explore each other physically. Though, given the amount of booze they’d drank, it might not amount to much more than a messy make-out session.

The two of them chatted each other up in the interim, getting caught up since the last time they had seen each other. It had been some months ago, with Samy making the trip across the pond to see some of his online friends in person. Their time together had been fun enough, though they had both gotten black-out drunk and forgotten what had happened that first night. Still, the rest of the trip had gone fine, and the two of them were happy to be in the same room once more.

Samy was no stranger to blackouts, sometimes sleepwalking and waking up in places that defied logic. His doctors had no exact explanation for the bizarre periods, chalking it up to narcolepsy. Medications didn’t seem to prevent the events from occurring. Still, other than the

instances themselves, Samy was no worse for wear and had learned to live with his periods of forgetfulness, as inconvenient as they could be.

Eventually, Samy noted that the blackouts seemed to be tied to the full moon, making him and his friend group joke that he was secretly turning into a werewolf. It was absurd, of course; there was no way he would forget *that*. And Alister had been with him that one night, though Samy normally lived alone and it was the first time he had someone visit on the night of the full moon. They again joked that Samy would have eaten Alister. Or fucked him, Eli always added, though it mostly wish fulfillment on his account.

Unknown to the other two, however, in the last few months, Alister, too, had started suffering bouts of narcolepsy. Though he was able to chalk up the first two times to either overindulgence or false memory, the instances seem to happen on the full moon as well, the coincidence too much for him to simply dismiss. Still, he did his best not to think about it, even though the events seemed to persist as the months went on and his secret concern started to mount.

Some nights it was as though he'd woken up in bed without memory of going there. Thinking himself as just tired, Alister could almost dismiss the cases, had there not been one where he'd awakened naked outside his apartment, a metallic taste on his lips. Though he was able to get back to his apartment with little incident, the whole set-up reminded him too much of the werewolf movies that he so often enjoyed. Maybe he really had contracted something that defied rational explanation, but there was no chance he wouldn't remember *that*, right?

This New Year's Eve had the fortune of falling on the full moon, making it the perfect way to ring in the New Year by getting together and watching werewolf movies. Alister did have some reservations about the possibility of passing out in front of his friends, though he had already done so with Samy, hadn't he? And surely Eli wouldn't suffer from the same form of narcolepsy or memory loss and be able to fill in the gaps in their memory should the need occur.

Eli's apartment was on a higher floor of their complex, making it easy to see the full moon coming up over the darkening sky. They had the window open, the night cool but not frigidly so. They wanted to enjoy the sight of the moon, preferably watching a transformation on the screen from one of the planned films. Eli was a little late coming back, though he was surely out walking under the moon. With the amount of booze they'd already drunk in their mid-afternoon fun, Eli was hardly in a position to drive!

"Man, you sure it's December? Or is it always this warm in Philly?" Samy asked, flicking his shirt a little.

Alister had to agree; he was from California and used to warmer weather around the holidays. But, despite thinking that the midwest was much colder than he was used to, Alister, too, found himself flushed with heat, as though it was mid-summer and the air conditioning had been turned off. He wanted to take off his shirt but was a little embarrassed with how much he was sweating. His ample body hair was stuck to his skin, and he was sure he was a little more odorous than he'd prefer to be outside of the gym environment that he liked to frequent.

“Man, I’m not sure, I thin-oooh...ahhh!” Alister stopped suddenly, moaning from an intense pain that started in his hands and lanced up through his arms and into his torso. It felt like a blazing heat was burning into his muscles, pulling the fibers apart forcibly and all at once. It was beyond agony to feel the aches and pains that had no clear source.

Alister got up then, the combined heat and pain making it nearly unbearable for him to stay still. He was desperate for something, anything to make the agony go away. Yet, there was no position, no altitude that could ease the aches that were literally tearing him apart from the inside. It was as though he'd contracted some sort of flesh-eating disease the likes of which did not exist in the natural world.

“Hey mate, what’s...ooohhh...ooohhh...shit...wot...agghhhh!” Samy called out, the same aches assailing his body as well. Clenching his hands reflexively, Samy gripped the chair, trying to stabilize himself as his entire body started to shake and writhe from the agony of muscle expansion overtaking him.

Alister, feeling the heat was getting to be too much for him, tore at his shirt, an inhuman strength causing a few rips to resonate from the fabric. Unable to get it off his sweaty frame and over his head, Alister simply tore it off himself, throwing the rags to the floor as he desperately reached down to undo his pants. The whole scene was far too reminiscent of the sequence in ‘AWIL’, though Alister scarcely possessed the wherewithal to make that connection, pained as he was. Soon, he was clad only in underwear, though that was quickly removed as well, Alister still not finding comfort. He soon fell back to the floor on his knees as he rapidly clenched and unclenched his hands, trying to work out the aches assailing him.

Samy stayed in the chair, shaking like a leaf as the sweat raced down his features in torrents. It was getting impossible to breathe in the stifling room, as though his chest was contracting and compressing on his rib cage and lungs. The pain radiated from his torso and all through his extremities, making him cry and wish for something, anything to make the agony cease. All he could do was grip the seat in futility, trying to struggle with a body that was flailing largely out of his control.

The agony was too much for Samy to begin to fathom what was happening to Alister, who was in the center of the room, gripping the carpet to try to alleviate what he perceived to be the focus of his extreme discomfort. His palms were on fire, the muscle and tendons and veins tearing apart painfully and stiffening the digits until they were impossible to move. Alister was helpless to do naught but try to balance on his knees, sweat pouring off his body in rivulets and coating the floor as his whole body was being hit with tongues of flame.

Alister had tried to keep his eyes closed, to remove himself from the nightmare scenario as best as his futile efforts would allow. Yet, the series of light cracks and pops that hit his ears made it impossible to deny the curiosity of what was happening to him. The pain was so intense, so severe, that no amount of prayer or meditation could ever hope to remove the poor man from his situation.

Tentatively, one eye, and then the other, opened to a sight more horrific than anything Alister had been prepared for. It looked to Alister for all the world like the skin of his hands was stretched taut around muscle and bone that were visibly expanding. It was as though the skin was made of rubber, being heated and pulled outward, extending the length of the appendages to over twice their former size and making them look comically out of place on his features. If he didn't know any better, Alister might have thought that someone had affixed prosthetics to his hands. But there was no denying the pain from the reality of his mutating palms was shooting through his body.

Nor was there any denying the familiar image the stretching palms brought to mind. It was a scene literally out of the film that they were about to watch later that night. When David had been naked on his knees, watching the same mutation to his hands as a prelude to his lycanthropy. Alister would have laughed if the pain in his chest hadn't been so severe. It looked like the directors got it right in terms of filming and lore. It would certainly explain why he recalled nothing happening before this night, same as the film's protagonist!

"It's...grrr....aggghhhh!" Alister tried to yell out, to voice the suspicions that were playing over his mind. But there was nothing he could do over the chest pains and the literal tearing of bone and sinew that was relieving his hands of their humanity.

Worse was the sudden cracks of his fingers being forced into new shapes, the tendons and bones literally and painfully being broken apart to dissolve into nothing. Soon, his fingers were half their former size, almost numbs to the expanse that had made up his newly refined palms. Though they were still moving of the changes' volition, there was no reaction when Alister tried in vain to twitch them, as though he lacked the ability.

This did little to impede the pain of claws ripping from his fingertips, as though they were forming just under the nail bed and tearing at the old keratin to make room for their development. A sickly coppery smell hit his nose; it was like blood only stronger, as though the very bonds of heme and iron were somehow altered. Or, perhaps it had to do with the enhanced stink of blood and sweat in the room, as though his nostrils were somehow drinking in molecules more potently. Either way, the stench was almost unbearable!

Yet, it was soon forgotten under the pain that tearing nails caused bleeding fingertips as they rapidly curved out into deadly-looking crescents. They were easily twice the length of diminishing fingers, thicker than the contours of his former digits, though they had already expanded to compensate. The skin between each seemed to bubble and swell, eliminating almost all sideways movement and rendering the digits stiff as Alister struggled to move his hands in a desperate bid to alleviate the pain.

A similar sensation was assailing Samy on the chair just then, his own lupine nails digging into the faux leather. They pierced the fabric like a cat clawing to alleviate an ache, tearing it to bits as his hands continued to clench and unclench uncontrollably. His fingers were still longer, though shrinking rapidly to match the stubby digits that now adorned Alister's hands.

It was obvious to Samy as well what was happening to both of them. It was as clear as the claws on their fingertips and the pains wracking their bodies that they were turning into lycanthropes. All joking aside, Samy was now aware of the significance of his blackouts. Though it seemed impossible that he could forget every instance of the change, there was no other way that such a transformation could assail them both, especially since the two of them had been together in the same room on a full moon before tonight. Did this happen at every moonrise, to force them through this agony and to do God only knew what under its transformative rays?

Somehow, he had managed to struggle out of his clothes, tearing them in some places but ultimately leaving them on the floor around the chair. Even his underwear was discarded; the sensation of any fabric against his skin was offensive, as though he was allergic to it. Though his sweaty fluids were soaking Eli's couch, making him slide around, it was the only reprieve he had from the heat, and Samy squirmed and writhed and reveled in the minuscule relief.

The pain in his palms was starting to diminish slightly, though it was likely due to their formation into almost canine-like paws. The dimensions were wider, almost circular with fingers reduced to little more than blunt nails. Though the skin was still bare, the color of it seemed to be a little off, deep red from the burning in his skin and the flush of heat overwhelming him. Yet, the underside of his palms was starting to darken significantly, the skin much thicker even as their creases had been smoothed over by the stretching and pulling in his palms. In tandem with

the swelling that seemed to encompass former fingertips, Samy was sure that he was on the way to developing fully lupine paws.

Pain wracked his upper arms, making them shake like twigs as muscles tore down the center and rapidly filled in, writhing against the skin as bones snapped and expanded faster than flesh could keep up. The reality of such a change was far more than he could have ever imagined, the pain far more intense than he could bear. The realization that his arms would shrink like this, chest and shoulders cracking like sticks as they prepared to alter to a lupine form, and that he underwent this same change month after month with no memory...Samy thought it ludicrous. But there was no denying the reality before him as he growled, a bestial snarl that could not have come from his lips before now even if he had the motivation to try.

A second snarl came from beside him as Alister crawled his way over, his own hands entirely shifted to lupine paws. It was obvious from the shape of their hands that they were akin to feral wolves, not the opposable hand-paws that Helsing-inspired werewolves supported. It was increasingly likely that they would end up on all fours, snarling and growling like feral beasts as their changes agonizingly reached what both assumed was an inevitable conclusion.

Both soon-to-be beasts were allowed only a brief reprieve as arms grew into wolver proportions, the heat finally alleviated from those areas. However, the flames of change would not abate so easily as their legs started to crack and alter, forcing both men onto all fours. Samy came off the couch as he landed on useless paws, torso shaking and convulsing as their heels stretched in unison. How whatever force was changing them into werewolves made it so both changed in tandem, it was impossible to say. But nothing about the process made any sense, so how were they to say why they were changing in sync?

The same painful tearing came from their feet as claws burst forth under toenails, bleeding onto the floor as their nails collected in a dirty pile. Their toes contracted, large toes forced up rising heels as both hunched over on the balls of their feet while the soles devolved into paw pads. Curved crescents dug into the carpet, scraping the surface and pulling at the fibers and they writhed and struggled with the changes. Calves compressed to match the circumference of those elongated heels, swollen and torn and reformed into a more muscular visage.

Hips and thighs were next to swell, though both men were hardly aware of those alterations. The heat of the change seemed to seep into their loins at that moment, a raging fire that could not be quelled. It was then that both men truly realized what they were becoming. Not only was it the truth that they were werewolves, that much was obvious. But the reality that it was their ultimate fantasy came to life, even though this was hardly the method they would have wished it upon themselves.

Still, that realization came with it a stiffening between their legs, a mutual lust that filled erectile tissue with blood and forced both changing men to full attention. Both were harder than they could have imagined, more so than at any point during a role play or fantasy. It was an impossible level of erection, as though their balls would explode at the mere touch of hands that they no longer possessed.

Thoughts of their semen converting, tuning bestial and lupine sent a further swelling into their loins that counteracted the shivers of agony flowing through them. The sweltering heat started to cool, or, rather, reroute towards their testicles. The obs within seemed to swell, suited to the beasts that they knew they would become. An intense prickling seemed to encompass their male hoods, as though a short pelt of hairs were peppering their flesh. But in their current states bent over, it was almost impossible to look down and see what the alterations were doing to them.

With the changes now afflicting their gentiles, the aches and pains of the agonizing progress were starting to fade under the combination of sexual excitement and stimulating sensations. Be it their mental image of how the transformation should feel or how the process was altering them physically, the previous pain seemed to dissipate as their cock grew hard and the burden in their balls started to intensify. It was as though the burning of newly-formed lupine seed was becoming too much for them, forcing their still-human cocks to spasm and explode even without even the ability to touch themselves in their current form.

“OOHHH...UUUGGGHHHH!” Samy cried out, feeling his balls throb and his cock go into overdrive. A thick spicy scent hit his nose just then, feeling every inch of sensitive skin being stimulated at once as he released his pent-up human seed. It had always been part of the fantasy, a sign that he was letting go of his humanity for the wolf that was literally taking over his body.

A similar cry came from Alister as he, too, orgasmed and released his own pungent seed into the small room. The odor made Samy’s cock spasm a little more as the remnants of his fluid leaked over of his turgid rod. Though he had clearly just cum, his cock was not reducing in size. If anything, he was harder than ever, and a quick glance over towards Alister’s own rod made him aware that the other man was just as hard. They were turned on by the change with the stamina to match the beasts they were becoming.

Alister, meanwhile, was panting, overheated from the release and the change that was still prickling over his form. The pains of muscle tearing and growth were dulled slightly from the powerful waves of lust that were emanating from his cock. The contradiction in his mind was almost maddening. To be given the thing of his dreams and its subsequent arousal was one thing,

but to contrast it with the flames of hell licking his body was another sensation entirely, not one that he could fully comprehend!

The cracks resonating from his chest started to intensify, his ribs almost pushing out painfully before the muscles and tendons could keep up. He could see them outlined in his torso as any fat was melted away, an inhuman muscle tone taking its place. The heat centered in his chest, ribs forcing it outward into an inhuman configuration. It was getting harder for him to even breathe, as though his organs were being pierced by the muscles and bones underneath that were bumping against them.

Alister for the life of him could not understand how he was being kept alive in his current state. How had he not considered this before in all of their teases and roleplays? His organs should have been literally being shoved together, pierced by other tissues, and forced to bleed out, filling his lungs, heart, and stomach with fatal fluids. Yet, none of that seemed to be happening, as best as he could tell. It was like whatever force was turning him into a beast saw it fit not to allow him to sustain mortal injuries until the process was completed. Was this what turning into a werewolf in the real world meant? Could it ever be worth it?

The same things were happening to Samy as he grunted in a tone that did not befit the man that he once was. The cavities in his chest were forcing air out of his lungs, making speech and moaning almost impossible. Still, his mouth moved as though trying to cry out as the changes temporarily left him mute, until the sounds that were coming from his mouth were decidedly inhuman, nothing that Samy could have possibly elicited from his lips before now.

Alister's ragged breathing soon stopped, and, for a moment, he thought that the changes had altered his lungs to the point of death. Though he had no wish to die, there was a small part of him that wanted something, *anything* to stop the pain of the transformation. Yet, his next breath came in far more easily, taking no effort for his expanded chest to draw in. It seemed as though his lung capacity had increased significantly for his increasingly-lupine form, and he allowed the blessedly cooled air to enter his lungs, providing a modicum of relief.

The more he breathed in, the more a sense of euphoria started to overwhelm his mind, allowing him to completely revel in the changes to their genitals and the erotic sensations swelling from them. More precum was leaking from their pricks now, stimulating the erectile tissue and sending pleasurable shockwaves that drowned out the pains of transformation to their chests. Alister was hardly aware of it, but the last of their human seed was drooling out as wolf spunk swelled in their weighty balls. Still, the pleasure was enough that both of the former men allowed themselves to sink into the sensations to avoid what was happening to the rest of their forms.

The internal changes were now past the point of being potentially fatal, though their chests were still barreling, twice their former size and still inching forward. It forced their shoulders to rotate forward in some fashion, though they still retained a level of flexibility, at least for now. Though their shoulders were not flattened yet, it was likely that they would soon be forced into a configuration that would permit easy four-legged travel, if the state of their paws were any indication.

Despite the pain and the distracting reflections on the reality of true transformation, both men retained their human thoughts and proclivities, at least until this moment. But, the more that their focus seeped towards the pleasure in their cocks, the more that wolfish desires started to creep into their minds. It was as though their psyches were traumatized by the sensations and looking for any reprieve to escape the nightmare scenario.

It was Samy's cock that shifted first, the leaking head starting to expand as though the fluids were pushing at it from the inside. A warmth encompassed the head of Samy's member, centered on the cleft and pulling downward, making the changing man moan slightly. The surface prickled as the bumps that preceded hair growing formed all the way down to meet the forest present on the rest of his groin. The skin seemed to bubble and bunch all the way along the shaft, forming a warmth of skin that left Samy almost overheated. He wanted desperately to reach down to alleviate the discomfort, though was unable with his paws in their current way. The entire remaining lengthened penis turned a deep red, running from tip to base meeting the line of fur that had covered his now-lupine balls.

Soon, the prickling of hair growth along his sheath grew intense enough to make Samy moan, being almost impossible to withstand. He desperately wanted to scratch the itch as the black lupine fur covering his forming foreskin sprouted to match the current pelt over his testicles. Some of its excess skin soon merged with the groin around it. Eventually, the pull of the sheath left his penis pointed towards his stretched, muscled belly, bobbing up and down slightly as it grew accustomed to its new position.

Cockhead tapering, the newly-grown foreskin was easily able to cover the top of the shaft, leaking fluids running down the inside. Yet, it was not to stay inside that home for very long with a swelling that started to emanate from the base. The tissue continued to bulge and pull the skin around it, tugging on the sheath around the head and pulling it downward. The thought that he was forming a knot made Samy somehow more erect than he thought possible, bringing the soiled sheath down until it was left pulled below them, knot almost throbbing from the veins that comprised it.

Alister's own wolf-hood was soon to follow in its development. His uncut member peeled from the cock head, forming under the cleft and revealing red skin all the way down to

the base. Unlike Samy's, it didn't have a chance to cover the tip before Alister's bulging canine knot started to burst forth, pulling the skin almost painfully apart before his sheath could fully form. It had no chance to raise up an increasingly pointed tip towards his belly even as it merged with his groin. The lupine head drooled all the while, signaling his eagerness to get off and mate. Ample wolf cum was in his balls to do so now that their changes had expelled all of the former human seed.

As though christening their canine members in tandem, both men felt a bizarre stiffening as calcium was deposited from the center of their shafts, forcing them even further erect. A baculum bone, though neither had the wherewithal to recall their term in their current start of change and arousal. Still, it was a welcome pulsing, prompting both changing men to thrust their hips forward slightly in order to get the maximum level of stimulation they could without being able to touch themselves directly.

Both wolves seemed to sport a coat of black hairs covering their groins, the rest of their body hair stretching out to match. Especially around their treasure trails, their chests, and their beasts, the formerly human hairs were thickening, lengthening, and changing in composition and texture. It gave them black hairs that were coarser the longer they grew, a manly paunch that would make Eli stiffen in his groin should he walk into the room at that moment.

The hairs around their groins and armpits, in particular, were completely lupine, the stink of their sweat and body odors pungent in the room, in tandem with the excursion of the change thus far. The heady smells, which might have been repulsive before now, served to keep both of their lupine hoods at full erection. Both were leaking and forced to rut their hips to gather any sort of pleasure for the changes that were steadily encroaching over them. It was as though their pores no longer contained the ability to sweat, and had thus emptied their glans all over their skin, accentuating their natural odors to inhuman levels. Though, neither changing man could bring themselves to mind, given the arousal it caused them!

Up until now, only their existing body hair had been turned to fur, thickening inside of pores that were not designed to hold them and creating an intense itching that neither one of them was able to scratch. Now, however, new hairs like the ones that had coated their balls and groins were starting to poke up through the skin like unwanted weeds, taking every inch of pale flesh and obscuring it with the lancing lupine hairs. It started in their armpits, an intense itching as the sweaty hairs got longer and thicker, making both moan as they did so. Soon, all of their skin was covered, a soft layer down under the coarse canine guard hairs.

Their treasure trails were expanded next, spreading to unnaturally hairy levels that soon covered their chests and sides with the blackening lupine pelt. Their backs itched fiercely, soon covered in places where hair had never grown before. Their asses, their thighs, even their arms,

and the backs of their hands were completely coated with lupine fur. Only their faces remained bare, though their faces were relatively matched in beard formation, Samy with his distinct goatee and Alister with thickened facial hair.

It was then that the lust for the changes in their body started to translate into bestial thoughts that easily seeped through their defenses. Though the idea of losing themselves to a wolverine mind was abhorrent to their sensibilities, they could feel stagnant thoughts sliding in, single one-word urges that made it harder to focus on what it was that made them human. Things like *hunt*, *kill*, *blood*, and, most of all, *fuck*, pervaded their minds, their concerns for the future and what was happening to them through the changes harder to hold on to.

Lust being at the forefront of those thoughts, both changing humans looked at each other, grinning evilly at the thoughts of taking each other then and there. Their widening smiles revealed teeth that were larger for their mouths than human dentures allowed for. It was as though the roots were expanding in the gumline, stretching smiles impossibly wide for human features as new denture shapes took hold to prepare for the final phase of the change.

Yet, before their transformations could complete, a sound caught the attention of both wolves, and, turning towards the stairs, the memory of the third of their number came to the forefront of their thoughts. The room stank of the human's scent, one that did not belong to either of them. It beckoned the two of their attentions towards the door and the stairs where it was likely the other man would appear. It seemed as though he had returned, about to come through the door at any minute.

Part of that realization soon became abhorrent to both men, the implication of Eli's presence and what their wolves wanted to do with him coming quickly to the forefront of their thoughts. It was obvious that their desires were twofold, their wolves needing to eat as much as fuck and mate. And, given the lack of anything to quell that first hunger, the idea of a regular human in their midst did draw images to their wolves of being a tasty snack.

Both men growled, truly bestial sounds from inhuman vocal cords as that realization hit the two of them like a ton of bricks. It was one thing for them to bite him, to hurt him and change Eli like they had been changed. But to actually...did their wolves really want to *eat* him? That had never crossed their minds even once during their regular roleplays. But the more the alien thoughts crept into their minds, the more the two of them found the impulses less foreign and more desirable...

Smiling to himself, a little buzzed, having had more to drink than his two friends, Eli stumbled to the door after getting their supplies. He had been a little embarrassed about how he had composed himself at the grocery store, though he didn't feel too bad about it at the end of the day. After all, on New Year's Eve, he certainly wasn't the only one to come to pick up snacks and booze while already a little inebriated.

Eli had to take a moment to admire the bright, full moon in the cloudless sky that was just peeking up over the horizon as he made his way back to the apartment. It really was the perfect night to have his good buddies over for a celebration. It would be amazing to watch 'An American Werewolf in London' while the full moon shone over their party.

Making his way back to the apartment, Eli had an intriguing thought. If his buddies were actual werewolves, they would be in the apartment changing right now, no doubt. He would be joining them, of course. There was no way that his close friends would keep something of that magnitude from him, let alone leave him out of the fun. The idea of changing was powerfully arousing to the three of them, and would surely be accompanied by randy lupine sex over and over before the usual evening's activities that wolves would partake in.

Though, he quickly realized that being in the city would leave lupine life a little lacking. After all, they could only do so much in the comfort of Eli's apartment without making too much of a scene and calling unwanted attention. And, even if they were to get out into the city, where would they hunt? Surely, they wouldn't be compelled to eat people. That was something for the movies to portray, not his ideal werewolf self. After all, he would want to know it was him doing what he would have done to him by Alister and Sammy's lupine knots. Several times in one night, if they could manage!

Thoughts of Sammy made his cock tent in his pants, despite the amount of booze that he'd had. He had hoped his friend would be in the mood for something a little more...personal on this trip. Their prior correspondence seemed to hint at as much. Hell, Eli would eagerly welcome Alister to join in if the other man hadn't sworn up and down that he wasn't into guys in real life. His online persona seemed to imply otherwise, at least!

Eli, expecting to hear the sounds of his friends inside and partying still, was rather surprised to hear only silence. He was a little confused, though thought little of it as he opened the door. The first thing he noticed was the pungent odor of sweaty guys that almost made his head spin. Man, it was *rank*! His first thoughts were that the pair of them had been working out, but that didn't really make sense. It was far too potent, far too *present* in the apartment, and made Eli a little disturbed as he entered his kitchen, surveying the space.

Eli felt very unsure, still not hearing the sounds of his friends. Figuring they were in the living area, part of him wanted to call out to them, but something about the scenario made him pause. He couldn't quite shake the notion that something was very wrong in his apartment, and, worse, there was no way that Eli could conceive of to approach it that would make things safe.

Slowly creeping into the living area, Eli found himself staring at two objects that invoked a feeling equal parts reverence and fear. Staring at his form as he walked in were two, massive, bestial facsimiles of his former friends. The paws, hair, and muscle were clearly that of the beasts that Eli held with a sense of divine reverence or longing. Though they could not, should not be able to exist in the real world, there was no denying that the creatures before him were part werewolf, had changed from his former friends, and were altering still before his eyes.

Of most importance was that the two of them clearly seemed to carry the visages of his friends, Alister and Samy looking at him with stares of interest, perhaps hunger. Though their bodies were largely lupine, or, at least shifted from their current traits, their heads clearly resembled those of the friends that Eli had left in the room. Some humanity even existed in the bodies of the two, though very much in a hybrid state. They were still changing as best as Eli could tell, hair and muscle still writhing under the flesh. Long, thin strips of flesh were in the process of piercing their backsides, wagging back and forth as soon as they were able as they became covered in the black hairs of lupine tails.

Any excitement that Eli might have felt at the reality that his friends were turning into werewolves started to wane as he stood there, stiff as a statue. The expressions in their focused faces were not ones of friendliness or compassion or even pain from the change. To Eli's disappointment and apprehension, they seemed to be expressions of eagerness or...hunger? His friends looking more predatory than human, Eli kept himself still, not wanting to trigger the mind-changed beasts that might do God-knew what to him if he made the wrong move.

Though, having to know, given their shared proclivities, Eli looked down to see the dangling wolf meat between their legs, clearly as erect and as bestial as he would have ever imagined them to be. Their pointed, red lupine cocks hung at full attention, knots in the air leaving no doubt to their state of arousal. It was exciting to see them aroused, making Eli tent his pants, as well. Though he wasn't sure that he wanted to be seeing this in real life, he couldn't deny the combination of viewing his friends aroused and changing was really doing it for him. Yet, did he actually want to join them?

It was a powerful conflict in his mind to want to run, to escape the deadly expressions from the two beasts that were staring him down, as though they were contemplating eating him as a snack. Yet, there was another part of him that wanted to be down there with them, to be writhing and pained and changing while aroused. He didn't know what that would entail, if there

would be unknown repercussions to incurred lycanthropy. And how would he go about it? Would a bite do it? Could he let one of them bite him without them hurting him?

They wouldn't really hurt him, being his closest friends. They could never do anything like that, even as werewolves. Right...?

No words needed to be spoken between the two wolfmen as their senses were lit up by the presence of a human being before them. There was recognition between the two of them, of course. They could smell it was Eli, the culmination of the underlying scents in the apartment combined with human memories to identify their friend. But, there was something that their rapidly devolving minds needed, more so than meat to fuel their changes. It was more apparent that the needs in their cocks be satisfied before any of the other urges to eat and kill.

They had thought them to fuck each other; the urges were coming on stronger as they changed. Though now that their lupine minds were developing, it seemed more fitting to take their urges out on the weak human, to make him submit. Though there was a kinship between them, something in their minds thought the notion of taking Eli was *right*, rather than to eat him outright. Be it their wolvern inclinations or their desire not to hurt their friend, neither carried the cognizance to really contemplate it any further.

By this point, the pair's lower bodies were almost entirely lupine, save their heads, though the minor cracks and aches soon signaled the extensions of deadly jaws. Their hair was starting to convert, wiry and untended like the wolvern pelt that was steadily encroaching over their entire forms. Their ears and noses were mostly lupine, though their eyes were still human, if not glazed over in expressions of lust or hunger.

Mentally, at least, they were mostly human, though slowly becoming slaves to the lupine impulses. It was then that the two of them decided to act, Alister moving first towards the stunned human. Part of him knew what he was doing; fucking Eli, and likely infecting him, was preferable to eating or killing him. And it was becoming increasingly likely that he would lose to the lupine instincts, even though not knowing what would happen after that, especially to their friend.

Before Eli had the wherewithal to try and run, Alister was on him, the pains and aches in his body alleviated enough to make it possible to finally move. Knocking him over with ease, Alister's lupine claws made quick work of Eli's wardrobe, scratching him in the process. The human parts of his mind wondered if that alone would spark a change. But the wolf wanted

more, and, although Alister was largely along for the ride at this juncture, the two beings shared some commonality and agreement with what they would do to Eli.

Alister heard his friend cry out in either surprise or terror, though the reaction served only to arouse him more if that was possible. His wolven penis was powerfully erect now, and he needed to feel it wrapped inside a warm body. Eli's less than virgin ass would certainly do, and who knew? Eli might even like it. Though, his developing wolven mind was remiss to care as he placed his heavy paws at Eli's sides and prepared to fuck him.

Samy, by this point, was moving into position in front of his friend, cock no less turgid as he growled a clear warning. If Eli was to move, he would most certainly meet his demise. The stunned human seemed to get the idea, quivering in fear at being in between two beasts that could rend him asunder in an instant. He was at their mercy, and a thorough fucking was preferable to anything else they could do.

Alister did have the decency to think to reach down with a flattened tongue and start lapping at Eli's pucker, the warm tongue relaxing his sphincter muscles somewhat from the fear that had them clenched. Had Eli not been afraid for his life, he might have enjoyed the sensation of tonguing, a prelude of what might be to come. But, scared as he was, he was only allowed the briefest bit of time to relax. Alister could feel his prospective fuck toy preparing himself to be taken and rejoiced that Eli seemed to at least be accepting of his fate, if not entirely willingly.

Without further fanfare, Alister lined up his lupine cock and shoved it at Eli's opening, eliciting a grunt from the prone man. It went in rather easily, his tongue relaxing enough that he allowed Eli open to take something so thick he wouldn't otherwise have been able to manage. It went up tightly, but Alister was insistent, and Eli, knowing it was in his best interests, did his best to squirm around it. Soon, the tight walls of Eli's rectum had pushed him nearly to the point of the plump knot pushing against it.

Eli hardly had time to moan from the pain in his rectum before Sam's penis was forced in front of his mouth, the tip leaking into Eli's jaw and siding inside. Eli tried to gag, but his efforts were for naught as the thick red rocket was pushed nearly to the back of his throat, forcing Eli to open uncomfortably wide. Yet, he could do nothing about it, not with the wolf's muzzle so close to his neck that one misstep in their lust would cause his immediate death.

A growl escaped Sam's lips as he started licking his friend's hairy back, if not simply to try and dull the pain from his own jaw starting to crack. His mandibles and maxillary bones pushed out in sequence, shoving his nose along with them as it stuck comically out of his face. His lips pushed out around blackening gums as teeth speared the surface, bleeding only slightly

before his changing body healed the wounds. Samy could taste blood on his lips, the coppery taste awakening the hunger that had permeated his belly.

Still, cock deep into Eli's mouth, there was no point in killing or eating the man that was currently easing his sexual pressure. Besides, the pain of his head shifting was almost too much for him to bear as his skull started to slope, contracting on his brain and forcing the final changes to prevail over his form. He was looking less and less a human, and more like the lupine beast that AWIL had him so enamored with. Had it not been happening so suddenly, Samy might have been excited by the prospect.

As the lupine thoughts started to creep into his mind, memories flooded in with them, of all those past nights changing, of when he had first become a wolf, that first bite. And, all the times he come to the realization he was a werewolf, both those aspects that aroused him and those that scared him to the core. Among those was the first time Alister had come over and he had terrified his friend before deciding that he, too, would make a better fuck than a snack. And some of the things his wolf got up to, of running, of howling, of blood...

Yet, any trace of human remorse was quickly erased as Samy's eyes opened, shining golden in the light of the ascending moon. No trace of the former blue remained to denote any humanity as the wolf took over completely. Growling now, he started thrusting faster, not caring that he was making the human below him gag from the sheer force. He was nearly there, the lust in his loins almost too much to hold back against.

Alister, too, was losing the inner battle with the wolf that he now was. He remembered now the fear of realizing that Samy was a werewolf, the bite that changed him, the intense arousal...but he knew that there was some aspect that went beyond, that the wolf did things that would be abhorrent to the human him. However, with his mind altering as it was, it was all soon to no longer matter...

Alister's eyes, too, shifted, turning golden and burning into those of his lupine counterpart. Their muzzles were almost touching now, and Samy reached out, licking the muzzle of the other wolf to show his submission to what he perceived to be his alpha. It was a bond that the two of them now shared as wolves, even though Samy had been the one to convert Alister initially. It was a connection that they had not experienced since their first change together, and one their wolves were eager to rekindle.

The moment that their human minds faded was the moment that their knots were forced into Eli at either end, pushed in painfully, leaving Eli in agony. Part of him was aroused to be used in such a way, feeling his human dick rubbing against the floor. But the sensations were far

too intense, too painful for Eli to stand. All he could do was close his eyes, hoping that he passed out from the pain only to be taken out of the frightful scenario that he found himself in.

Eli tried not to scream at the pressure of the knot in his rectum tearing him open. It rocked and throbbed, far too large than anything Eli's toys could have managed. As elastic as he was, he was no match for the wolf that was force fucking him into oblivion. The pressure of the knot in his bowels was apparently enough for Alister to cum, spilling what might as well have been gallons of virile wolf semen into his backside. But, from the pain of the unwelcome intrusion, Eli was hardly aware of what was happening to his insides.

In similar fashion, Samy could hardly hold back against knotting his face, forcing Eli's jaw painfully open to take his lupine essence. Eli was sure that it was broken and that he would need it wired to repair. But, it was hard to think about over the pain and the intense throbbing in his mouth as Samy's end seemed to near. It was not long before torrents of wolf jism burst down his throat, making him gag and want to vomit from the sheer quality of rank semen. But, cock in his mouth as it was, there was no way for him to expel as it was forced into his belly, Eli only being thankful that he was not drowned by it being sent down the wrong hole.

Guts distended and body in agony, Eli was forced to hold both lupine knots inside of him, barely able to breathe on one end and his hindquarters screaming in agony on the other. It was more pain than he'd ever felt in his life, and it was only getting worse the more that he lay there on all fours. He was forced to wait the length of time it would take for their knots to deflate and for them to decide what to do with him. Now that they had their fuck, would they simply kill and eat him? How could Eli have really wanted it if the real-life werewolf experience was like *this!*?

Through the pain in his ass, Eli barely noticed that his chest and stomach continued to swell, aching as though he had been filled too full with semen from both ends. Yet, as the moments went on, it was becoming increasingly obvious that the pains were coming from something inside growing, as though the bones were pressing against his internal structures. A sharp crack from his sternum and the ache of ribs nearly piercing the skin confirmed what he both feared and praised in equal measure. He was transforming!

Yet, the pain of his stomach stretching, thinning as his spine altered to push at the wolf on his back was soon too much. The ache of organs rearranging was so much agony that Eli felt it should have killed him, perhaps several times over. How had his friends survived the changes that allowed them to become wolves? This wasn't what he wanted, damnit!

Yet, the pain of his torso altering, far more than the ache in his rectum and mouth, was but a candle to the crunches in his hands as the fingers diminished, pulling into widening palms and stretching wrists. It was as though David's horrific transformation was happening to his

hands, palms stretching like wax as claws tore through his nails before his nubs of former fingers became immobile. The same thing was happening to his feet, claws tearing from toes, toes diminishing into nubs as hands and feet grew coarse, black paw-shaped padding and heels stretched to put Eli on all fours for the night's duration.

His torso had shifted by this point, hips snapped into a new position in tandem with his pelvis, whereas his shoulders had rotated forward in motion with his enlarged rib cage. Diminished calves and thighs, in tandem with lengthening forearms, made it comfortable to stand there as Eli's backside raised. All the while the wolf that had become of Alister stayed firmly inside of him, knotted and stuck. Eli wanted to cry out his pain and agony the entire time, though was still being forced fucked from Samy's knot, which seemed to have gotten a second wind and refused to exit.

Eli couldn't imagine being in this kind of pain any longer, almost wishing for death if that was the only reprieve from having to endure another second. Yet, his prayers were soon to be answered, though not in the manner he had been expecting. It was the itching all over his body that distracted him first. It was as though his own hairs were lancing outward into their lupine equivalents, taking the place of his already decent body hair. His pits, in particular, were much thicker, covered with his sweat and exuding a pungent musk that made Eli want to gag. The two wolves, however, sniffed the scent eagerly, as though getting hard all over again from the stretch of a developing packmate.

The sensation of the skin around his cockhead peeling moved downward and regrew a cut foreskin, soon spread to the base of his cock, which pounded more erect than at any point in his life. The skin tugged from his penis, attaching his cock to his groin and chest and forcing it to point towards his lupine belly. The itch on his groin was almost maddening, though using lupine claws to alleviate it would only cause him more agony. Soon, his new sheath was adorned with a lovely black coat of fur, along with his testicles, which were swelling with what he could only assume was lupine seed.

It was that realization, in tandem with the pleasurable sensation of his sheath forming and his testicles swelling, that forced enough arousal through his loins that it was starting to dull the pain. Though his cock was slowly being pulled into his newly-minted lupine sheath, the lust that Eli was starting to swell with forced it outward again. Though he always knew that such a change would make him horny, Eli was not expecting the sheer force at which the lust overtook him. It was almost maddening with his need to fuck and rut! Even the reddening shade of his cock, the pointed tip, and the bulging knot at the base were ignored from the sheer bestial need to *mate*.

Not even the itching of fur growth between the already lupine follicles could deter Eli's newfound need to rut. Thrusting his hips only served to awaken the knot in his bowels, Alister pushing all the way back in, rocking the three of them back in the rhythm that made Eli squirm. The previous pain in his backside was gone, replaced by the bliss of having the anatomy to take a lupine-sized knot and to revel in it. Even the ache of muscle growth and the agony of a tail piercing the flesh and slapping against Alister's chest as it grew could not dissuade the pleasure of being fuck and needing to explode for the still-altering wolf-man.

All that remained of Eli's humanity was his head, though that was soon to change given the speed at which his alterations were occurring. By now, he no longer cared that his ears were elongated, that his nose was blackening and drinking in the potent musk of their rut. He scarcely winced as his jaw repaired itself, stretching out over Samy's knot as Samy faced fucked him again. He was aware to be careful of piercing fangs as his longer tongue slobbered all over it, craving to taste wolf cum where he had found it too repulsive not moments ago.

The pain of his jaw snapping forward, his final changes encroaching over his brain, were largely being drowned out by the ecstasy of his cock coming to full erection. Yet, there was something else there, a presence burning through the agony, like one that wished to be free. By this juncture, Eli was such awash in pure sensation that he had no resistance left to fight the wolf that wanted to take his mind. Eyes were nearly gold now, and Eli blinked his human self out of existence as the final vestiges of humanity sprayed onto the floor with his first blast of lupine semen.

Nothing was left of the human Eli as he was taken from behind, his Alpha's eager knot filling him tightly before pumping another load of wolf jism into his rectum. It made the newly minted beta howl as he unleashed his own load on the floor. The beta in his muzzle, too, swelled inside and blew his own male essence into the other beta's gullet, a gift he swallowed eagerly.

Finally, the alpha's knot dislodged itself from the backside of the newly changed beta, with a rush of semen. The slightly smaller black beta came around to the two wolves, licking his obvious alpha and fellow beta in turn. He wanted to show his submission, to be allowed to ease the aches that his own loins were giving him. It was nearly maddening for him with the needs in his wolf-cock, even more than the hunger that plagued his mind. Though the location they found themselves in stank of humans, there were none here, nothing to prey on and consume.

The beta wolf's eyes settled on his fellow, whose tail was wagging and knot was just now sliding back out his sheath. His wolf dong was dangling there, on display to show his desire. The newly minted beta was tempted to suck on it, to drink down those delicious juices. But, it was the sight of the tight, pink anus, clenching almost open and closed in the desire to be penetrated, that was his primary focus. The beta wanted a closer sniff of that, and, then, perhaps...

A raw, coppery taste in his mouth, Eli roused slowly, the sun beating down in his bed from the open window. He wasn't sure exactly how he had gotten here, the memories of last night a blur. Surely, he had gone to bed at some point, but for the life of him, he couldn't quite recall the events that had led him here. He had gone out and gotten some groceries and came back to drink with his buddies. But damn, he must have had a good night not to recall the details!

A warmth against his backside made him turn around to the naked form of another man, who he quickly ascertained was Samy. Damn, it must have been a *really* good night if he got the other man in bed with him! Naked, no less! Damn it for him drinking to the point where he didn't remember anything about it. It would have been a good memory for the two friends to have shared going forward!

A worse thought crossed Eli's mind as he wondered if he should try to stir his friend or leave the British man sleeping for a little bit longer. What if Samy remembered the night but Eli couldn't recall a thing? That would be embarrassing, and prevent anything from going forward, he was sure. He didn't want to ask his buddy anything of the sort. If he could, Eli figured he would try to play it coy, and see how Samy reacted to the scenario.

Yet, before he could do too much, Eli realized that there was more than one presence in the small bed with them. Eli was curled on the side, Samy at his back. But there was something else at the head of the bed, someone else from the size and the heat. Eli couldn't help but be shocked. Was Alister, too...? Damn, why couldn't he recall such an amazing night!

Still, Eli couldn't help but use the chance to check his friends out. Naturally, they'd given him permission the night before to end up in this situation. And, since Eli couldn't quite recall the goods that the two men had no doubt shown off to him, there was no harm in a quick peek, right? In particular, Eli was drawn to the sight of their hairy pits, wondering what it would be like to nuzzle the other men in that most intimate of places.

To his delight, his British friend seemed to have ample body hair in all the right spots to meet Eli's proclivities. His treasure trail was prominent, untended, and beastly just the way that Eli always imagined that it could be. He didn't mind when men did a little so-called manscaping, after all. But natural hair, and with it, natural musk, really did it for the gay man. And Samy certainly wasn't shy about showing off his manly pelt in either of those areas, much to Eli's delight. How he must have sniffed and lapped at those particular treasures last night during their play!

And then there was Alister. Eli was shocked, and excited, to notice a similar pattern of hair over his American friend. His belly, chest, and groin, to Eli's delight, had a similar dark-haired pelt that would have made Eli melt had he not already been in bed with the two men. Tired as he was, it was impossible to muster an erection for more fun. But, given the scents of men and body odor in the air, he was sure that they got up to some sweaty, hairy shenanigans last night, regardless of what the final outcome was!

Eli was not expecting Alister to stir just then, looking at his friend with a warm smile that was slowly replaced by an expression akin to confusion. Then, a blush crossed his face as he realized that Eli was, in fact, checking him out. Both men's gazes traced to Alister's male assets, noting that the man was rather nicely hung at six inches, obviously a shower (and, possibly, a grower, Eli wished he remembered!)

Eli found the blush rather fetching and was going to comment on his friend when the two of them realized that Samy had also stirred, and was looking over his friends with a rather impressed smile. Alister blushed once more, obviously not used to getting this kind of attention from a male, or perhaps anyone in person in general. Eli, however, traced Samy's gaze down to his own body, not quite prepared for what he saw.

Eli was used to being a little out of shape, his job, and the stressors of the ongoing world situation taking their toll on his appearance. But, to his delight, Eli found that he was a bit more fit than he recalled himself being the last time that he'd given himself a real thorough examination. He had to admit, the sight wasn't too bad. That, and his already decent level of hair was a bit denser if such a thing was possible. In fact, if he looked at each man again, Eli was sure that all three sported a similar level of the pelt. Almost as though they were...but no. That would be silly, of course. But certainly fun to think about!

None of the men said anything as they all got up, smiles on their faces from the sights of their naked bodies and their apparent camaraderie. It looked to Eli like each one of them wanted to say something, to question their presence in bed together and the events of the night before. Yet, it didn't really feel, at least to Eli, like something that needed to be questioned. He was curious, after all. But...it had happened. And he felt a certain kinship with these two men, his friends, that he hadn't felt for them even before now. Wasn't that enough?

Alister and Samy seemed to share the same sentiment as they shrugged, getting their clothes on. Though it was not before sneaking a few extra glances at each other, one for the road, so to speak. Any further discussion on the matter could come later, perhaps with teases, and, to Eli's excited mind, some pictures, now that they'd obviously become more 'accustomed' to seeing each other in the flesh. For now, the hunger pangs in each of them took the most

precedence, and Eli had promised to cook up a storm for the trio as he led them into the kitchen for a well-earned breakfast!