

Nat sat at his computer, scrolling through endless social media pages in a dumb stupor. He was honestly very bored with nothing better to do than to continuously browse the web, whittling the hours away till he went to bed for work in the morning.

He regarded his bright yellow room with a sigh, none of the myriad of books or games catching his attention tonight. His lights were off and he sat in the dark, the only light came from the screen on his laptop. He could still make out the shadows of his Pokemon posters, his few plushies, his DS games, all his prized possessions. He spent a lot of time in this room, and though it was a little cluttered, he knew where everything was by memory.

Nat found himself checking Fur Affinity for about the 3rd time that night on a whim, pressing refresh before checking out some other sites. To his surprise, he realized he had a private message alert at the top of his screen. He had a few trades in place with other users but hadn't expected to hear back from any of them so soon. It could be spam, as he sometimes got, or perhaps a user commenting on his art of his werewolf sona, Alex.

To his surprise, he was greeted to a message from an unknown user. The subject title was simply 'Hey! Awesome werewolf sona!' Nat figured what the hell and clicked it. He was always down for polite conversation about his werewolf character, after all. The message body was largely the same, the user saying they thought Nat had a particularly interesting werewolf character, especially the intricate tattoo on his right arm. Nat responded promptly by thanking them. He felt very flattered by the compliment!

A little excited, he refreshed a few moments later, noticing a prompt reply to his response. The sender said they had gotten him something nice to show how much they liked the character, leaving a hyperlink at the bottom. Nat was excited. Had the person either drawn him or gotten him some artwork? Nat loved getting fan art, rare as it was, and he hurriedly clicked on the link, curious to see what it might be.

The link led him to a blank webpage, leaving Nat confused for a moment. His first thought was that the page had opened wrong, or perhaps he'd clicked the link to some sort of nasty virus. He tried hitting refresh a few times, hoping to get the page to load. Lost in his efforts, he hardly noticed a sudden, intense light from his webcam, pointing directly at him even though it had been angled towards the edge of the room a few moments ago. Nat hardly had time to react before a beam of *something* shot out of the webcam and hit his right shoulder. Though he felt no pain even as he yelped out, the spot where the light had smacked him remained a little warm.

Nat was more than a little freaked out by the unexpected light show. Getting up to turn on his light to look in his mirror, Nat didn't notice any redness or swelling at first. Yet, the patch of skin still prickled fiercely, and as he stared he noticed a little black spot in the center, one that was getting steadily bigger as he watched.

The lines of blacked skin weaved and shifted and curled around each other, a pattern of circles and points that Nat found somewhat familiar, but not one he could place. He rubbed at the skin, trying to see if he could get it off but to no effect. It was more than just ink, it was as though the black mark was burning into his flesh!

Suddenly Nat felt a little dizzy, as though a heat was spreading through his body. The skin around the blackened area began to tingle, and Nat inspected the area closely, wondering if it was spreading further. In confusion, he noticed that the few hairs on his upper arm were beginning to grow, and continued watching as new hairs pushed out of his skin, spreading out around the area of his mark. He blinked his eyes a few times, wondering if it was the brightness of the light that had distracted him. But to his shock, the feelings his fingers reported confirmed that he was indeed growing additional hair!

As Nat watched, the subtle black growth continued along his upper arm, before a similar prickling started to run down towards his lower arm and the backs of his hand. Nat even felt his chest begin to prickle, and he pulled down the collar of his black shirt a little, seeing the same peppering of dark hairs spreading over his previously bare chest. Even his face was tingling now!

Looking into the mirror, Nat was in time to see that his previously bare face was starting to grow some light stubble, like a 5 o'clock shadow. Nat rubbed the rough skin, noting that it really looked like he could use a shave. His hair felt coarse and thick, like several days' worth of growth, though it had appeared in only minutes. It was impossible for him to have grown so much hair so quickly. Nat watched he realized they were covering his skin completely, with no visible skin underneath almost like...a coat of fur? How was that possible?

As he rubbed his face Nat felt a jolt of pain and realized there was a small red line where he'd evidently nicked himself. But with what? Nat stared at his hands, noticing the nails appeared sharper, almost pointy. Hands twitching, his nails began to thicken and darken as more grayish hair spread along the backs of the digits. Nat stared in awe at the sight of his hands swelling up, the thickening flesh, growing fur, and dark sharp nails reminding him of an animal's paws!

Nat continued to stare on in rapture as the tingling spread up from his hands, pausing to adjust his watch so that the spreading fur did not get caught under the strap. As he did so he realized the space between his arm and watch was a little smaller, almost as if the diameter of his

arm had expanded by about half an inch. That wasn't possible, was it? But then again, nothing about the process made any sense!

Nat checked himself in the mirror once more and was shocked to discover that his canines had started to lengthen, that his teeth were a little sharper. It looked like he was wearing the fake fangs for a Halloween costume. The hair on his face had thickened a little more, resembling the beginnings of a beard. His eyes appeared a little different, yellowish around the edges as though he's been struck with jaundice, though he'd never felt healthier in his life. They had a haunted look in them, and Nat shuddered, his reflection reminding him of some sort of beast.

Checking out his shoulder again, Nat was in time to see the intricate black shapes that had been swirling out into a very familiar tribal pattern. If Nat didn't know any better, he'd say he was wearing Alex's tattoo right now! Wait...the claws, the muscles, the growing fur...was Nat becoming Alex? How was that possible? Yet, the fur on his arms had grown so thick now it was impossible to see the skin. He really was at least turning into a werewolf!

“Ahh, man!” He groaned, realizing the implications of the transformation. Though he was home alone, he still didn't want to turn into a fucking werewolf right here! He had work in the morning!

A tingling from his hands brought his notice as they continued to swell. His palms thickened and the underside of his hands began to grow rough and calloused, the beginnings of canine paw pads. Nat felt the tingle begin spreading down into his chest, through his pectorals, and towards his stomach. The muscle underneath was beginning to expand slightly, stretching against his furry skin. Not only was he changing, but his lean form seemed to be adding muscle mass!

Nat had always been a rather lithe man and he had to admit there was a certain appeal to this change, despite the implications of becoming a werewolf in the process. He felt along his hairy chest, feeling the muscle bulging underneath, rippling and expanding under his touch. In reality, he'd only grown a little from his slight frame so far. Yet, if it wasn't for the bestial features Nat would have sworn he'd been working out for months!

Curious rather than frightened now, Nat looked in the mirror again, noting that the facial fuzz had spread further and thicker up his face. He brushed it gingerly with his longer sharper fingers, careful not to scratch himself this time. It was darker now, deeper than anything he could naturally grow. And it was not only covering his chin and lower face but had begun to spread up like sideburns toward his ears, which themselves looked a little more pointy.

Nat went to turn away to his lower body once more when he realized his head was a little higher up in the reflection than it had been before. He looked down, feeling a slight irritation on his ankles as he noticed some bare skin down there, as though his jeans had ridden up on his legs. Was he growing taller? Rather than be fearful, Nat growled in frustration, annoyed that his pants were a bit too small to cover his legs.

The swelling on his arms demanded his attention again, his larger biceps and deltoids a little out of place on his frame. They had clearly been expanding under his black shirt sleeves, finally the size needed to properly fit into his loose-fitting shirt. It was then that he remembered the drawings he'd had commissioned of Alex, the size of his werewolf character compared to his human self. If he really was turning into a werewolf then...

“Aw man, aw man, I'm gonna be so big if I keep changing! I don't wanna rip out of my clothes...” he moaned, the realization of the changes set in. If they were to conclude as they had started then Nat would be huge!

Still, he had to admit a small part of him was excited, wondering what it would feel like, just once, to be so big and muscular. Yet, he shook his head a few times, trying to eliminate those intrusive thoughts. He had to focus on a way to turn back before he really did rip out of his clothes!

Slowly, Nat felt his feet begin to tighten in his shoes, too late realizing that he should have taken them off before now. They were brand name and expensive too; Nat didn't wanna risk ripping massive canine paws ripping out of them. Despite himself, his size 10 feet were pressing against the inside of his shoes, stretching bigger, clearly becoming a size 11 or 12. But it was more than that. He could feel his toenails thicken, becoming sharper, growing into claws as his fingernails had. His new lupine paws were already piercing the fabric of his socks, sticking into the material of the inside of his shoe. He tried to pull them off, but found the shoes were stuck, either through his slowly growing feet, his new claws, or both!

“Oh great!” He moaned, realizing the only way he'd get them off now was as if his changing feet burst through, ruining his new shoes in the process! Nat tugged on them again, trying desperately to pull off the ever-tightening shoes.

He thought he almost had them when a pain in his back stopped him. Something was pressing out against the chair, cramping painfully under his weight. Nat reached back with his paw-like hand to feel some sort of growth, a strip of flesh or skin that was steadily becoming covered with thick grey hairs. Was he growing a tail, too? That was the only possible explanation

he could come up with. Nat leaned forwards, trying to relieve the pressure, but lost his grip on his shoe along with his chance to get them off before his developing paws burst free!

All the while, he could feel his torso filling out in his shirt, pecs, and stomach stretching with muscle as the fur thickened, particularly in the center of his chest, like the beginnings of a treasure trail. Nat was almost tempted to see what it looked like but he wasn't sure how to get his shirt off without tearing it with his new claws. It wasn't too tight, not yet, though the now form-fitting shirt accented his muscles nicely.

Feeling the warm air of the room on his stomach, Nat realized that his black shirt had ridden up a little higher, just an inch or so, but enough to expose his slightly hairy belly and slowly forming abs. He ran his clawed hand over them, feeling how firm the muscle was underneath. It was obviously the start of a six-pack, as though he'd been doing crunches for months.

The air on his stomach was starting to annoy him, and he carefully tried to pull his shirt down over his stomach, not wanting to tear the fabric. Even with his new strength, he found the task impossible, his stomach stretched too far for the black clothing to cover. Nat flushed in embarrassment, realizing that Alex was over 8ft tall. He still had a lot of growing to do before he reached that stature! Nat found himself wondering if he'd even fit into his room if he grew that big. Of course, he wouldn't; he'd have to hunch over so his head didn't hit the ceiling!

Looking back into the mirror again, Nate clearly noted the changes to the location of his reflection. His formerly 5'7 angle was adjusted to make it appear that he was closer to 6 feet now. There was more to the reflection, however, that left him entranced. His nose had begun to darken a little, along with his lips, and he could clearly see that his teeth were a little bit longer. And was his mouth protruding as well? His ears were clearly pointy and further up on his head by a few inches. His forehead was a little bit more sloped as well, giving the overall shape of his head a more lupine look. Even his glasses frames were having a harder time staying on his face. The longer he looked, the more wolfish Nat realized his features appeared!

Of course, his body had been growing all the while, giving him an athletic level of muscle that he would have admired if he hadn't been hunched over sporting animalistic features. Far too tight against his shirt, his altered pecs gave him a rugged build. But as Nat watched his chest soon began to swell out beyond that. He could see more and more of his stomach as his shirt slowly slid up higher.

Meanwhile, his hips were widening a bit, filling out his formerly loose jeans rather tightly. He looked down to hairy ankles underneath the bottoms of his jeans, which appeared

more like flood pants at this point. Sighing, Nat pondered trying to get his shoes off one more time but the leather was starting to strain against his growing feet paws. They were easily a size 14 by now, the diameter more fit for his soon-to-be lupine self and making them feel tight all around. They seemed not fated to last long with his lengthened heel at one end and his piercing claws at the other.

Even his belt now felt a little snug from the ever-expanding growth. Nat wanted to loosen it, but his clawed hands couldn't work the leather safely. They simply left gashes in the material from where he tried to remove it with no luck. He wanted desperately to get his pants off but he couldn't do so without destroying them with his new animalistic claws!

“This is exactly why you never see werewolves wearing jeans,” he muttered cynically. Nat was essentially trapped in his clothes now as he changed, his lengthening black claws useless to get them off safely. His only choices were to tear them apart or grow out of them, neither of which was particularly appealing!

Nat growled a little from a sudden jolt of pain, realizing his tail was now poking over the waistband of his jeans and undies, making it harder to stay seated. He stood up, feeling a little dizzy, not used to the new height. With another glance in the mirror, he judged his standing height to be about 6'2 now. Needing to hunch over to see his face fully, Nat found the position somewhat more comfortable.

Realizing how much taller he would have to get to change fully, Nat found himself a little nervous in the small room. It was almost like he was trapped in a confined space. Shouldn't he be out in the forest? Nat shook his head, trying to remove the intrusive thoughts. He couldn't go outside like a beast, even if he was changing into one. What if someone saw him?

A moan escaped his lips as his hips continued to expand. A shiver ran through him, Nat feeling his asshole starting to poke out and move higher as his hips slowly, painstakingly swelled with muscle. He could see more of his hairy ankles now as his growing legs pulled his pants further up, the cuffs feeling a little uncomfortable.

Worse, his heels were pushing against the backs of taut shoes. Actual canine paws were thickening and expanding while the leather of his shoes groaned in protest. Looking down at the tearing edges, Nat knew with certainty they were done for. He heard a *snap* as his clawed feet pierced the outside of his shoes, bursting out as he'd seen in dozens of werewolf transformation videos. Coarse grey fur visibly peppered the backs of his feet as his clawed toes broke free.

“Oh man, I just bought these...” Nat whined as the remnants of his shoes were pulled away by his wide paw-like feet.

Standing stunned from the myriad of changes, Nat found himself wondering what to do as his clothing continued getting tighter and tighter around him. “Man, Alex would never be able to fit into these!” He growled, exasperated as his chest continued to barrel out and his widening pecs began to strain the edges of his shirt. His pants were getting impossibly tight, digging into his thickening lupine legs. All he could do was walk around the room, muttering “Not my clothes, not my fucking clothes!”

As the dimensions of his new werewolf body grew steadily larger, his clothes started feeling beyond form-fitting now on his more animal-like body. Frustrated, he had no idea how to halt the changes turning him into a beast. He had a passing notion; was this what Alex felt like, changing into his werewolf self unexpectedly, or at an inopportune time?

As Nat paced, he felt his body still stretching, his legs starting to get longer. He clenched his fists, feeling his head rise closer and closer towards the ceiling. His whole body was slowly stretching, his torso, his legs, his arms all tingling with growth as he slowly climbed towards Alex's final proportions. All he could do was grunt in discomfort in tightening garments as the changes continued. His arm sleeves pulled up nearly halfway up his arm, straining over the bulging biceps. His shirt crawled steadily over his furry stomach, exposing his belly button as it slid up his expanding flesh. In a matter of moments, he'd grown to almost 6'8!

Once more, he glanced at his face in the mirror in response to the sensation of his muzzle continuing to protrude forward, and the pain of new teeth itching in his gums. Curious, he stuck out his tongue, watching it flatten, the tip curving around his blackening gums. His nose was already dark, and Nat realized he could really smell himself now, a heavy lupine musk that was wafting off his increasingly furry body in waves. His ears were higher on his head and pointy, and even his human hair had begun to change color, looking more like the grey fur of his werewolf counterpart. His glasses, which had been barely hanging on as his ears got higher, finally fell to the floor with a clatter.

Yet Nat didn't mind. He found himself staring intently at the wolfish face reflected back at him. With a slight blush, he realized he found the sight looking kinda...hot?

Nat felt dizzy as another wave of growth began to overtake him, his arms, legs, and torso stretching out impossibly far for formerly human dimensions. His shirt had pulled up higher now, well past his belly button and inching steadily towards his pecs. The bottoms of his jeans were

painfully snug around his legs. It was increasingly clear that the tiny human things were not meant to contain the beast he was becoming.

Nat took a few moments to collect himself, realizing that he had sprung up to 7'1 now, and was still growing. He looked around his room, seeing how small everything seemed, his bed, his dressers, his socks, and even his clothes on the floor. Yet, despite the shock of the changes, there was something enjoyable about being this tall. It made everything around him seem so puny and insignificant in a way that appealed to a growing part of his mentality.

With only a hint of embarrassment, Nat realized the sight of his lupine face and the tightening of his clothes were getting him powerfully aroused. His cock was starting to get a little tight in his underwear, and looking down revealed an expanding wet spot near the zipper of his jeans. A blush of shame would have crossed his features if he could still see his cheeks underneath all that fur. He'd never had Alex drawn NSFW, and was powerfully embarrassed at the idea of seeing his lupine meat. But with the way he felt now, he couldn't imagine *not* touching himself. Nat's changing werewolf body looked so attractive, and was getting sexier the more he changed!

Another surge of growth hit him then and Nat groaned before realizing that the sensations were centering from his groin. There was a heat from the itching fur that was growing there but it was more than that. In embarrassment, he realized he'd grown a sizable boner, much larger than his human member could manage in the small space of his jeans. He tried his best to ignore it, to come up with a plan to salvage his clothes, at least. But his cock had other ideas. It was swelling against the fabric of his jeans, painfully insisting that he attend to it.

Already stretched clothes were starting to feel tight all over at this point. His shirt was being pulled taut by his expanding pecs, and the ends were riding steadily up his stomach, exposing his furry treasure trail and a new set of nipples. His tail wagged in annoyance over his jeans as his pants dug painfully from his swelling waist. His pant legs had pulled up as far as they would go on his hairy legs, the ends starting to fray. Likewise, his shirt sleeves pulled tight around his bulging biceps and furry gray arms, threatening to tear apart at any moment. His shoes were already done for, more of his massive gray-furred paws popping away the remnants of expensive leather.

Yet through all of this, the sensations from his cock kept nagging at him, as though trying to divert Nat's attention. He knew he had to figure out a way to get his clothes off but...it was getting a little hard to think. It was like a fog was clouding his thoughts, human worries distracted by lupine lust. Better yet, the thought of bursting out of his weak human rags was powerfully arousing! The scents in the air of his changing body were turning him on even more



as his cock started leaking in his pants, soaking through to his jeans. He snarled and growled, thoughts only of lupine release as he pawed at the restrictive pants, desperate to tease his drooling red rocket.

Slowly, Nat realized he could simply use his powerful claws to rip apart his jeans and expose his needy rod. But the growing wolf psyche in his mind had other ideas. The thought of his powerful werewolf visage tearing out of the weak human rags, like his fluffy paws had from his useless shoes was a potent aphrodisiac. In the interim, Nat snarled, feeling his paws playing over his cock through his jeans. The stimulation caused him to leak and release more of that rich canine musk that his blackened nostrils drank up with enthusiasm.

Still, the conflicting thoughts caused him to growl in frustration, wanting so desperately to touch his cock but not wanting to waste his lovely claws on the frail human fabric. He could feel his altering prick growing harder, warmer against his touch as the base bulged out in his undies. The whole shaft felt warm, becoming enveloped in a furry gray lupine sheath, though his expanding cock tip soon rose up once more.

To his surprise, Nat's step forward was preceded by a crunch of glass on the floor, a sound that perked up his lupine ears. He turned to see what he'd stepped on but his unruly body hit a desk lamp and sent to crashing to the floor with a shattering of glass. Slowly, he realized he'd stepped on his glasses, the things that had fallen from his lupine muzzle earlier. Yet he did not care at the moment. They were human things, and his padded feet felt none of the impact of the glass on the floor.

Rather than carry human concerns, Nat was overcome with the need to hump, to rut, and spill his seed like the powerful beast he was. With a quick glance around the room for the proper target, Nat braced his paw against the wood of his bookshelf, the thick claws digging in as he tried to balance his frantic thrusts. In his lusty haze, he hadn't noticed his weight pushing his bookshelf off balance, causing it to crash to the floor with a heavy bang that barely registered to his horny mind. All of his games, his plushies, and his books fell to the floor and scattered. In his attempt to find the proper object to rut into, Nat stepped on some of his possessions, his massive weight breaking several game cases with a series of *snaps* that went barely noticed. Still, he almost lost his balance, grasping at the wall to right himself, thick wolf claws tearing deep gashes in one of his posters as well as the wall itself.

By this point, his rapidly engorging member was pressing critically against his pants. He thrust against the air again and again, causing them to rip open, bit by bit. The sound was music to his ears as the stitching on his jeans began to give away as he growled in feral anticipation. Nat could feel the belt begin to strain, his zipper tearing apart as his leaking undies became more

exposed, increasing that wonderful lupine stench wafting into the room. His hips were straining the already taut belt as the leather began to pull apart and fray in several places, unable to handle the pressure.

“Oh, fuck...” he moaned, knowing they weren't going to last much longer...

With a *snap* the belt finally tore, the buckle popping off to fly across the room, denting his wall from the force. The jeans button was soon to follow, it, too, flying somewhere his wolfish mind didn't care about it. Next, sopping white undies were beginning to pull apart, Nat's massive lupine cock tearing the seams apart fiber by fiber. He could almost see it, the massive red outline starting to show through the tiny rips. In response to his eagerness, Nat humped his hips faster and faster, desperate to break free of those fragile human things and see his lupine meat. With a satisfying tear, enough of the fabric gave way that his bobbing red cock flopped into view, the sensations nearly orgasmic on their own.

Feeling elated, Nat stared at the massive throbbing member, the tip pointy and red and leaking drops of clear fluid. Inch after inch slid out of his stained undies, its length matching the bestial form he now wore. He could feel the warmth of the furry gray canine sheath he had, the thick red knot that throbbed his need. A heady whiff of wolf musk hit his nose, making Nat's cock strain against the last remnants of his trappings.

With his cock free Nat began his masturbation, unable to hold back against the sight of something so virile and manly. Eager to begin, Nat sat on the bed, forgetting how much he had grown in so short a time. The impact of his heavy body caused the mattress to crash to the floor. The sudden movement was enough to break apart the metal springs and frame that held it up, though his muscled furry form felt no pain from the fall.

Uncaring towards the destruction to his possess, Nat was far more interested in using his rough paws to play with himself, drooling from the sensations of feeling his canine meat at his touch. He *needed* to get off, it was an instinct stronger than the desire for water or air. The bestial need to rut swept up Nat's human mind as he stroked his mighty shaft with his massive, furry paws.

Even as he jerked himself off, Nat could feel his clothes straining tight against his wolfish body as he continued to put on more and more muscle. He loved the way the tightening garments felt on his powerful body, how they felt made for someone much smaller and weaker. That was no longer Nat, and he was elated at the realization. He relished feeling how his arms and chest bulged through the fabric, threatening to break it apart at any moment. His breathing became labored as he prepared to rip out of his favorite shirt, no longer fearful over its preservation.

Massive paws tore apart the remnants of his shoes and kicked them away, free from the useless leather and woolen fragments. Still, his jeans remained uncomfortably tight, even without his belt and zipper. It was clear they would soon pop off from the force of his powerful lupine legs. Though largely forgotten until the pain hit him again, Nat realized that his watch was stretched obscenely tight over his wrist, three times the size as it had been.

Yet, the sensations of touching himself were not nearly enough for the beast that Nat had become. Desperate to rut, he began humping the broken remains of his bed in frustration, like a beast taking a mate. Panting, Nat could feel his tail wagging over his ass, his hips growing and swelling against the remnants of his jeans. Bulging calves pressed against the cuffs as they tore apart, adding to the rips along his jeans that were giving way to his gray fur. He rutted and rutted, a widening waist too much for his jeans as they tore apart, hanging off his lupine form like useless rags.

His watch was straining painfully at his still-growing wrists, the leather growing impossibly taut. Flexing his growing muscles, the strain pulled more and more at the useless human thing still attached to him. Though a family heirloom, Nat cared not for its destruction, more enamored by the growth that was tearing it away. The watch strap began to tear and fray, the expensive piece reduced to mere glass and weak leather. With a loud *pop*, the leather strap tore apart and fell to the floor, the breaking of glass went unnoticed by the horny werewolf.

An ever-swelling chest was thick and massive now, micro rips resounding in his pointy furry ears as his pecs and biceps started tearing through the thin fabric of his straining black shirt. He loved the sound, music to his lupine ears. A tear had formed at the collar and began working its way down, exposing the tops of his gray furry chest and pecs before his back and shoulders tore away his shirt along the opposite side. A massive stomach pulled the short bottom up higher and higher, almost to his pecs as his expanding frame tore it apart fiber by fiber. Nat felt one shirt sleeve bust from the pressure of his protruding biceps, and with a grunt, he flexed his other arm, eager to see a similar tear forming down the cuff as his furry muscular arms made short work of his once precious shirt.

He was getting so close to achieving orgasm now, the frantic humping causing him to near the 8ft that he'd always envisioned Alex to be. The tears expanded as his shirt now hung in two pieces on his powerful frame. At their destruction, Nat rutted more frantically, the pressure building up in his thick weighty furry orbs. The feeling of bursting from his former human rags was so sublime, it only served to fuel his lusts further.

The only garment that still hung to his bestial body was his stained undies, the elastic having not yet snapped yet from the pressure of his muscled form. All the while, his cock was getting thicker, tearing more of the fabric away, making the hole in his undies bigger. Something else was swelling in his undies, adding more pressure to the already taut briefs and threatening to tear apart the elastic at any second. As he furiously humped and humped like the beast he was, his thick red canine knot started bursting forth from his furry sheath, the bulge at the base threatening to burst his undies at any second.

The elastic finally give away with a loud *snap*, but the undergarments did not fall away, caught between his thick lupine member and the bed. Yet, they were not fated to last as the pressure started in his balls. Nat was going to cum!

Howling in release, spurt after spurt of thick lupine seed spilled out over his underwear, soaking the fabric and his torn bed sheets with feral musk. Nat's entire body shivered with the sensations of release, the deep-seated animalistic need to rut finally clearing from his mind as he reveled in the knowledge that he had successfully come. New lupine instincts were powerful, especially since he had not been accustomed to them. Nat growled a little, trying to talk but failing to produce human sounds. He found himself hoping he'd change back in the morning, or else have to face a very awkward call in at his work.

In the present, Nat needed to see how huge he was, especially compared to the human-sized dimensions of the bedroom he'd grown accustomed to. He looked at his massive paw, three times the size of his human hand, before rubbing the coarse gray fur and firm muscle down along his chest. He stood up tall, largely unaware of the true scale of his new body, however. He hit his head on his ceiling light and with a shatter the glass bulb broke. Nat shook his fur a bit, making sure to get all the little shards of glass as they flicked onto the floor. But the light from his window was enough for his new amber eyes to see in the dark.

He made his way to the bathroom, having to duck to fit in, his house not built to accommodate an actual 8ft tall werewolf! It was necessary to hunker down to see himself in the full-length mirror, shocked that the visage that greeted him looked exactly like Alex!

Curious more than afraid, he decided to explore his new form a bit. Despite the bizarre transformation, Nat had to admit he'd always wanted to see what a werewolf's body would really be like. He reached up to touch his furry pointy ears, snarled to expose his gums, and allowed himself to feel how sharp and pointy his new canines were. He even puffed his chest out a bit, excited by the impressive physique that Alex really had. He wagged his tail, reaching back with his massive paws to feel it, shocked at the presence of new muscle his human body had never felt.

Finishing his examination, he walked back into his bedroom, the sight of his destruction making him blush in shame under the fur on his cheeks. A loud sigh escaped his lupine muzzle. This is what he got for writing Alex as being such a klutz!

Looking down at the floor at the rags of his former human clothes, Nat felt a bit of embarrassment for being naked. Out of habit, he went to one of his drawers, desperate to find anything that might fit him. He tore out the drawer, digging through the shirts and pants, grunting in annoyance that he had nothing to even come close to fitting a massive werewolf like him. He would have to make due naked for the duration, despite the limited modesty that his new fuzzy werewolf sheath afforded him.

Suddenly, Nat heard his phone buzz on the computer stand, and looking down he saw a notification for a message to his inbox on FA. He suddenly had a thought; what if the person who had sent him the message was behind this? It was too much of a coincidence otherwise. He didn't trust his new claws with the phone, so he would need to see if he could still work his PC.

Trying to sit in his chair, Nat quickly forgot once again the massive size of his body. He yelped as he nearly crushed his tail, and lifted it up before sitting down more gently, the office-style chair creaking under his new weight. Glancing at his new claws, Nat began wondering how he was supposed to type with them. He gently raised his hand over the keyboard when an audible crack rang in his ears and the chair broke under his weight. A deep-seated moan proceeded by his chair giving out and his furry ass hitting the floor among the splintered plastic. Nat sighed again; he couldn't stay in his room too much longer or he was going to break all his stuff!

Finally, carefully, he was able to refresh his FA page, gently inching up the mouse towards the refresh button and clicking on it, allowing the page to refresh, though not before the contact caused a crack in his mouse. Shit. It still worked, but only just. Just enough to see that there was indeed a new message by the user.

Once again he slowly moved his broken mouse over the message and clicked on it, this time damaging the mouse beyond repair. But that was OK. He'd managed to bring up the final inbox message. The user had only replied with a single line, proof that they had in fact played a hand in his changes. 'Hope you enjoy :)'

Nat sat down hard on his floor and sighed. He wondered what Alex might do in this situation. Would he run outside, hunting and acting like a wolf, or would he sit in his room and

wait for himself to change back into a human? Stuck in his human home, not wanting to risk breaking anything, he'd probably just sit here and wait to turn back.

That last thought hit him with a frightening realization. He *was* going to change back into a human. Right?

Right?