

## The WereFag

I knew that it would happen again tonight; I charted the moon, I reviewed all the almanacs, even marked the date on my phone. It wasn't the first night and I, unfortunately, knew tonight would not be the last.

37. It's been 37 full moons since my first transformation and it hadn't gotten any easier. In fact, they had gotten more painful and the memories were even more vivid. If I could take back that night at the bar where I punched that faggot in the face I would, but how the hell was I supposed to know he was "different". How was I supposed to know that just a scrap of his teeth against my knuckles would change my life? It was just a little scratch on my hand, but technically it was a bite. A bite from a very flamboyant gay man. A bite that ruined my life.

Now I took the necessary precautions after I was bit; washed it, sanitized it, even had it checked out by a doctor when the bite became warm to the touch. Everything was normal, or so it seemed. The first time I laid eyes on a full moon after I was bitten, I completely blacked out. A harsh, overwhelming heat flooded my body and my vision went dark. The next morning I woke up in another man's bed with a very sore asshole, and a cock pressed between my cheeks. Now I was accustomed to blacking out when I drank, but this was a whole different type of blackout; I remembered nothing from the evening before but the gay man beside me had lots to say after I punched him in the gut and questioned him.

I didn't believe him at first, but the same thing happened the next night and the night after that. Every morning was nearly the same; I would wake up in another man's bed, my asshole throbbed in pain, and one morning a horrible salty taste on my tongue. I didn't know or understand what was going on. Why it was happening to me, but I knew someone who would. It took a week, but I found the queer who I punched and he explained it to me what was happening to me and his story.

His name was Jeremy, and contrary to his appearance and my original assumption; he actually wasn't gay. We sat down for a drink and he told me a very similar story to my own; a random queer bashing, an unusual injury, and several nights of missing memory. He told me it was a curse that was passed from one man to another, spreading to men who bashed homosexuals. There was something in the way that we smelled that made a certain type of man react aggressively, and thus the curse continued. But that was only a small piece of the actual curse that now afflicted us both.

The Curse of Homosexuality, he called it. He explained the rules to me. For the three days of the full moon I would transform into that which I detested most; a fucking flamer. He told me stories of how

he had woken up in crazy situations; strapped to a sex swing in a gay night club, plugged with a fist-sized dildo, even locked with a chastity device that he had to have a friend solder off his cock. But what confused me most was the guy that spilled his soul to me.

He spoke of liking sports and drinking beer. He raves about fucking bitches back in the day. But the bleached blonde, purse having, thong wearing bitch that sat before me. He was skittish when I probed what happen to him. I didn't notice any difference in myself when the full moon stopped, but he finally told me that the curse was more of an infection. The curse will begin to slowly leak into his life and before I knew it, I would be just like him.

The thought of turning into a swishy fag permanently made my stomach turn but as I stared at the former straight stud; I knew it was true. After those drinks, we never met again. I had thought I saw him in an alley behind the club that I saw him at a few weeks later, not during a full moon, hungrily sucking a man's dick. I couldn't bring myself to see him. It was like looking into a future version of myself.

Every full moon since we met I noticed small things changed; I let my nails grow longer, I spent more money on clothes, I took longer getting dressed. I buried my worry in the back of my head, saying that I was just taking a deeper interest in my hygiene but I was wrong. The changes continued to escalate; my clothes grew brighter and tighter, my nails held a different color weekly, and I began to look at my best friends in a new light. Those hot straight men just looked like a challenge for me to conquer. The gay, lustful thoughts began to intrude into my daily life.

I tried to contain them. I tried to withhold them. I tried to overpower them with thoughts of a women. I spent multiple hours some nights, coaxing my soft cock while I watched straight porn but my eyes begged me to just stare at the men. The sessions would always end with my hole plugged with my fingers and my moaning in unison with the bitch the man was fucking, while I begged for him to fuck me harder. I started enjoying wearing the womanly thongs, and slutty heels that I sometimes woke up wearing. My skills in makeup increased, now that I wore it every day. And the worse part was that I was beginning to flirt with men, not wanting to wait for weeks at a time to be fucked.

Tonight will be the 38<sup>th</sup> full moon I had been though, and the memories and the actions of my Were self were no longer shrouded in mystery. It was like me being given a shot of adrenaline and an extra strong viagra. My head was filled with a constant stream of lust, and a deep need to quench the thirst. I would cruise bars, clubs, apps; in need of cock and I didn't care who it came from. I would ride cock well into the sunshine when my better judgment returned and sometimes the sun wouldn't stop

my sexual bender. I couldn't tell sometimes if it was truly the moon that changed me, or just gave me the permission to release my inner needs.

On nights when I searched for men I noticed that it wasn't just my sexual ferocity that had increased it was also the attraction of straight men. More men were taking notice of me, and not in the manner that my newer self had hoped.

The men that seemed to always draw towards me were men quite like my older self. Masculine, aggressive, and extremely hateful of who I had become. I wanted to warn them to stay away, but something inside me kept my mouth shut. Something wanted them to feel what it was like to turn into the queer bitch that I was now. So maybe tonight was the night I would change another and continue the line of WereFags?