

Brent couldn't imagine being any more nervous as the door creaked open, drawing all eyes on him when he wanted to remain relatively invisible. Still, beyond a few stares, Brent didn't seem to gather too much attention on him. For the best, he figured. Brent didn't want to be noticed. He was here to sit down, find out what this place was about if there was even a modicum of help he could get from it, and then leave. That was it.

To his embarrassment, he could smell each and every one of them, their odors not pungent but still present in the room. Brent was just starting to get used to smelling everyone's individual fingerprint, not something part of his life before last month. But in this room, everyone's individual scents were so much more pronounced, to the point that there was no denying they were like him, for a lack of a better term. He wasn't sure that was the proper term, but he knew it to be accurate. Though he had picked up the odors of his own kind here and there on the winds, never before was it so pronounced and present than in this room and the hallways beyond. One way to know for sure he was in the right place, at least.

Brent sat down, trying to get the heady scents out of his nose as best he could. Even after all this time, he couldn't get over the intensity of prevalent odors in the world around him. It was like being blind all his life but finally given surgery to see, only to realize his neural connections had been absent to make sense of what he was seeing. In time, he figured it would make more sense, but for now, it caused more headaches than anything else. What did he need with the ability to smell so strongly, anyway? It was hardly worth it, and realistically one of the only boons to his new condition. Would this be how the rest of his life would pan out? Brent didn't want to think about it too much, knowing there was no cure for his condition.

Brent had made a fair bit of mistakes in his life, and turning to drugs, for as brief a time as it had been, was one of the worst. He was sure that if he hadn't used a dirty needle on one of his first trips, he would likely have surrendered himself to the streets already. But, as he was soon to find out, the needle used had more than just his latest fix within it. He wouldn't have guessed that of all the potential diseases he could get from sharing a needle, Lycanthropy was one of them.

That ill-fated night, Brent was forced to turn into a Were, a feline, most likely a cougar, though he was not keen on looking in the mirror during the changes. They hurt, though it was likely his panic that made them as bad as they had. Thankfully for everyone else, he was alone in his apartment when he changed that first time. That had been a shock. He hadn't even known Weres were a thing before then, rare as they were. Thankfully, he did not harm anyone that first night, with the lack of control he had. But he had been reported, and, as most Weres had to be these days, registered.

He had no idea how he'd been infected, the needle the likely cause of it. With that, there was no one to know who had been the one to infect him, to ask much-needed questions. It did give him the push to get off drugs, not feeling the chemical dependence on them he had been starting toward. But it was a moot point, given that his 'condition' had gotten out, and was fired from his job, anyway. It seemed that no one wanted to hire a known Were, given their unpredictability. Most didn't even care to see them complete a training program to ensure their instincts were kept in check, something that Brent could not afford to partake in even if that would help his career status. A disability check was all he could receive to live on as he became a recluse of sorts, depression over his new lot in life keeping him from his already precarious social interactions.

Eventually, kicking his own ass out of his stupor allowed him to find out about this meeting group he found himself in today. 'Were Creature Anonymous', a weekly support group for those with the Lycanthropy condition. It was a small group, really, and took some digging on his part. Having no contact within the Were community, Brent wasn't sure it was genuine and hoped to all hope he would meet someone there to answer his questions. Well, at much as he could bring himself to ask anyone. A self-proclaimed introvert, he wasn't the type to really talk to people he didn't know, even with the questions plaguing his mind.

And Brent had any questions. He was sure there was no cure for his condition, as much as he'd been able to determine. And he did have some stirrings of instincts, ones he couldn't deny were part of him now. The urge to eat undercooked meat, for one. He didn't feel sick with his usual diet, though the cravings were certainly there. Then there was the irritation he felt whenever he was around people. It was like no matter how far people were from him, they were encroaching on *his* space to the point that he was powerfully annoyed whenever anyone came by. Though he had been a loner for much of his adult life, there was no denying how dialed up it was since his first change.

Perhaps the worst part about the whole thing was the temptation to shift again, one that brought with it intense arousal each and every time. It came to the point he had to masturbate several times a day, not that he would bring that up in front of anyone, even other Weres. There was a desire to change, to see parts of his cougar self exposed on the surface, as though it was waiting just underneath to be born. He resisted it, of course, not wanting to be a monster or see himself as such. The urge was certainly there, and there were times he would wake up in the middle of the night and check in the mirror. To his chagrin, his eyes would glow the reflective gleam of a cougar, though with some effort, he could blink it away.

So, with that in mind, Brent saw little reprieve but to come here, not wanting to be around others with his condition yet but needing the information nonetheless. So he took a chair, nostrils scenting the various odors that told him all the others in the room were Weres, with different

nuances that might have been different species, though there was no way for him to know for sure. Many were chatting amongst themselves as though they knew each other. Brent was privy to every word of their conversations, as much as he didn't want to be. They were discussing rather personal things, something that made Brent aware of his relative prudishness. Not for the first time, he found his feline hearing rather damnable.

One thing he soon did settle on was the scents of food, a rather sizable table's worth of potluck. Brent felt a little ashamed he hadn't brought anything of his own, though his funds were limited, and he often found himself going hungry with the amount of food he needed for his new physiology. Having been a rather skinny man able to sustain on practically nothing, over the past month he had filled out, lean, hard-packed muscle that befitted his Were form. And with it came an almost insatiable appetite, one that cost him every bit of spare cash. Though it was a little shameful to do so, Brent went to load his plate, meats, and sweets mostly, not needing to care about calories anymore. He was at least relieved by the fact that others were doing the same thing, eating far more than what most people would in a single sitting. It took him all the restraint he had to devour everything on his plate right away, to eat at a more reasonable pace for polite company.

Eventually, a man, one with a unique scent even among the Were's gathered, got up to the front to gather everyone to hit down. A few words of welcome soon followed, especially for those that were new, and Brent put his head down, not wanting to make himself well known. A few other Weres spoke up, but as best as Brent could tell, many of the few dozen people were well-known to the group and had been there several times. Some of them introduced themselves to the group, though, lost in his own thoughts, Brent didn't remember any of their names. It was the scents that came with the words that really drew his attention. He was able to determine what he figured was different species. One was more common than the rest, likely wolves, but he needed confirmation. Predators seemed more obvious, something more dominant about their presence drew him to the conclusion. None were like his own, not cougars or even felines as best as he could tell.

With that, the speaker, Terry, asked if anyone there wanted to identify as bitten Weres. That took Brent a little by surprise, thinking that all Were's were infected like him. Most of the Weres raised their hand at that, though Brent kept his hand down, his own circumstance a little bit more embarrassing. He didn't want to admit that he'd likely been infected by a dirty needle. Maybe some who didn't raise their hands had similar fates, though they could have been born that way if such was possible. Fuck, he had so many questions!

Apparently, Terry himself was a Were bat, not many of his particular species around, and none there, something he knew with certainty, as Brent could understand. "And no, before you

ask, I'm not a vampire. It wouldn't be the first time I've been asked!" He said with a chuckle, as though everything was thinking it.

"Alright, for those who are new, we usually give the floor to anyone that wants to speak. Anything you want to talk about at all, the good and the bad. All I ask is that we try to keep it under five minutes to let everyone talk. OK?"

With that, one at a time, some of the men gathered got up, introducing themselves to the group. The first identified as a Werewolf, and there was an aspect in his odor that matched about one-third of the gathered people, all three of the women included. It was neat to be able to determine species like that, though Brent tempered his expectations, not wanting to like any aspect of his Were condition. It was something he would have to live with, but not something he was eager about.

One thing that came to Brent's attention was the request the Were made for spending time with more Werewolves like him. "Is that normal?" He asked, and some of the other Werewolves in the room raised their hands to declare their affirmation. The man was a new Were, it seemed, and someone in the crowd called out to request his contact information at the end of the meeting. The man smiled, sat down, and Terry yielded the floor to the next speaker.

The evening's rounds came one after the other. A variety of Weres both new and seasoned got up to talk about a variety of struggles that being a Were had on their lives. Though a few more of the Werewolves came up to speak, there were a couple of foxes, deer, raccoons, skunks, and even a bird Were. Brent was stunned at the sheer amount of species on display, not having any idea there were so many represented in his city alone. Most were bitten or changed against their will by newly bitten Weres in their own right. A few of the Weres had been born as such and came up with some tips and tricks for Weres to help in their daily lives. Meditations, meeting with other Were's regularly, and yes, even regular sex could curb Were instincts and prevent unwanted shifts. Some of that information was prudent, but with his relatively isolated lifestyle, Brent hardly could apply any of the tips to his own situation. There was little to be done for it, no other cats with their specific advice, and Brent stayed silent, not sure what to do/

Brent, for his part, had no idea what to say when his turn came and he was offered the chance to speak. He declined without a word, finding the whole thing too much to process. Though some of the Were's concerns had sparked things in him, other than the government programs Brent already knew were in place, there was nothing new for him to help get out of his funk. He needed a job, a reason to get out of the house, and a purpose. And nothing he had been presented with gave him those answers he was seeking. It wasn't a total waste, but... Brent sighed. He hadn't even wanted to be here in the first place, damnit!

Still, Brent found himself staying after the meeting was over, grabbing some more food to take him. It was a beggar's tactic, he was well aware. But pride had long since taken a backside in his mind. He wanted to eat, and it was all going to go bad if he didn't take some extra, right?

“Hey! Go ahead, take as much as you can carry! We always bring too much, even by Were standards! Said a familiar voice, and Brent looked up to see Terry coming over to him, a smile on his face. The distinct odor of Were bat was on him, one that Brent had learned over the course of the evening to distinguish as separate from the other species. Part of Brent wanted to turn away, thinking a thank you would suffice. But there was something about the man's presence that made him stay, wondering what he wanted. Surely, he just wanted to say hello to a new face, but...

“How are you doing? I haven't seen you here before?” Terry asked, reaching out with a hand to shake Brent's, once he had cleaned it off with a napkin.

“OK, I suppose,” came the reply. He could have pretended to be a regular, albeit a quiet one, but with a Were's sense of smell, there was no getting out with that excuse.

Taking a moment to look over the lean but powerful man, Brent couldn't help but feel a shudder running through him. Something about the scent and sight of him was...hot, for lack of a better word. It was not the first time he'd had such inclinations in the past few weeks. Having been sure he was straight before the needle that had changed his life, Brent soon found his sexual inclinations to be more all-encompassing afterward, finding his prick rise at the sight and scent of certain men in addition to women. It was obvious he was more a sexual being than he had been and having been a month celibacy, the sexual urges were getting more insistent. Even masturbating wasn't enough to quell the urges, but with his former girlfriend now an Ex, and with no prospects for a Were like him on the horizon, he had to make do with what he could.

Embarrassed, Brent had been so lost in his thoughts that he didn't notice the tent in his pants until it was likely too late. Trying to avoid looking down, the flush over his cheeks was enough indication of his mood. He didn't want the other man to see, but surely, leaking as he already was, Terry had his odor in his nose. There really was no denying the urges that came with being a Were, it seemed.

“Oh, don't worry about that. It's not the first Were that's had that reaction!” Terry said with a laugh. It took Brent a moment to realize that Terry, too, seemed to have an erection, though one not as obvious as Brent's own. Still, there was no denying the urge to look down and confirm what his nose was telling him!

“Sorry, it’s been a while, and…” Brent started, leaving the thought hanging there. He didn’t really know how to deal with the situation, given his lack of understanding of Were dynamics toward sexuality. He was certain they were more promiscuous but beyond that? It was all so new to him.

“Are you a new Were? Sorry for assuming, but I know it’s harder to control for the newly infected. Especially if you don’t have someone at home, though that’s par for the course, sadly,” Terry said, as though understanding.

“Yeah, I don’t…” Brent started to say, though he had the composure to keep his personal life to himself. It wasn’t this guy’s business whether or not he’d been dating.

“I know it’s sudden, but would you want to come over for a drink? I normally don’t offer this to first-time attendees, but I know there weren’t any other cats for you to connect with, and, well, it’s hard being alone for a Were. At least physically. I don’t proclaim to know what it’s like for any species, and I don’t want to put any pressure on you. There’s no commitment, and as I’m sure you’re starting to understand, Weres are more amorous than not,” Terry offered, seeming strangely sincere.

“Oh, I’m not gay…” came the reply, Brent truly meaning it. Well, at least meaning it to the point of before. There was no denying the very physical reaction he was having to this man’s presence. And there was certainly some precedent for him to give in to the persistent horniness plaguing him. But…no. He had to stick to his guns. Right?

“Oh, it’s OK. Sexuality isn’t really a thing with Weres We are more interested in helping each other out than anything. But it’s OK if you don’t want to…sorry, it must seem like I’m taking advantage of your situation,” Terry said, though never lost any of his confidence.

“No, no, it’s…I can’t have sex with non-Were’s now, can I?” Brent replied. Against his surface-level inclinations, his mind was thinking it over. He was horny as fuck, and he couldn’t exactly go out and meet his usual contacts for pleasure. He would need to find other Weres for that, and his only in was this particular event. And, not that he cared about looking like a whore or the like, but if Weres had no inclinations against sex with each other…

“No, not legally, now that you know. But most Weres are pretty open, even polyamorous, and you’ll eventually find some to be regular partners, maybe even lovers. Even if you want to be alone, having company now and then can really help a lot of the other issues,” Terry said, and Brent had to admit, it really made a lot of sense.

“Fuck...I want...” Brent said, mind racing. He didn’t want to say no, despite what his logic was telling him. Yet, the more the idea was allowed to stew in his head, the more it made sense to him. What did he have to lose, after all? He’d already lost it all for his stupidity. It was a wonder he hadn’t caught anything inherently deadly from his escapades. Not that being a Were was a walk in the park, but, when in Rome, right?

“There’s no rush. You can take all the time you need to think about it, and we meet every week,” Terry said, back peddling a little as though he feared he’d pushed too far too fast.

“I know, but...you what, fuck it. I’ll come for a drink,” Brent said, leaving the euphemism intact, even with zero doubt over their eventual purpose. He knew he was leading with his dick, and such wasn’t the first time it had gotten him into trouble. But there was nothing for him to lose, not really. Hell, he was sure he could smell the man’s sincerity, though the odors that came with emotions were still new to him.

“A drink works! Zero pressure and I’ll be sure to take things slow besides. Are you parked outside?” Terry asked, and Brent shook his head no. He had taken the bus to get there, something he hated with its overwhelming odors and the proximity of non-Weres. Not having to rush back to that was certainly something he didn’t mind!

The two of them walked out to a rather standard-looking car, Brent getting into the passenger seat and buckling without saying a word. Terry got in and started driving them outside the city in the opposite direction of Brent’s home. He wasn’t in a hurry to get back, however, more so eager for the night to come. Against his better inclinations, he couldn’t quite will his erection down, though he supposed there was nothing to be done for it until they got home and got down to some fun.

“So, how long has it been? Since you were infected, I mean?” Terry asked, and Brent could almost feel himself breathing a sigh of relief. He didn’t want to admit the source of his infection, even if it wasn’t the first time someone had such a low in their lives. Still, with the chance he might be kicked out to the curb, he didn’t reveal anything that wasn’t asked of him, not inclined to overshare.

“It’s been about...a month and a half?” Brent said, the words not making as much sense as he figured they should. Had it really been that long? Not a long time all things considered, but it felt like a lifetime ago since his humanity had been robbed from him.

“Not long at all. I’m glad you reached out when you did. There are lots of Weres that go a long time without help, and we aren’t really a society that can exist individually if you understand,” Terry said by way of explanation. “Hopefully you meet someone that can help you

on your way, in whatever ways you need. I know we didn't have any cats tonight but there are a few that have joined the group. Have you been able to contact the Were that infected you?" Terry asked, and Brent felt his heart sink at that.

"No, there's no way..." Brent said, not wanting to admit his avenue of infection and how it really was impossible. He didn't think he would want to, anyway. Another junkie like he was on his way to becoming before the whole infection and subsequent life-changing event.

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. You don't have to talk about that if it makes you feel uncomfortable. Just trying to lend a sympathetic ear," Terry said, and Brent felt thankful for that. The man wasn't too pushy, but he seemed like someone Brent could open up to if he really wanted to. Did he really want to? Not now, at least. But, the night was young, after all.

"So, have you had a lot of experience with...men?" Brent asked him, not really sure how to word the question. Being direct about it seemed like the right move as much as it felt awkward.

Thankfully, Terry responded with a little chuckle and a smile, seemingly not phased at all by the question. "I've had plenty of partners, having always been a Were and interested since I came of age. Honestly, while I've been with both men and women, I prefer men. It's nice knowing where to press a man's buttons, having a good idea of where my own are, of course," he said with a sly smile.

"All Weres?" Brent asked, though regretted it the moment he had. It was a stupid question, of course.

"Of course! I was born a Were, and I've never infected anyone. It's very taboo in Were society, of course, and it's illegal, the same as knowingly infecting anyone with an STI. Not that I consider being a Were a disease, it is what it is. That being highly contagious, sadly."

"What was it like? Growing up as a Were?" Brent asked, finding the notion rather curious.

"Not too different from being normal, I wouldn't think. My family is pretty chill and we are all close. My mom was a 'willing' Were, though that's really risky to admit these days with laws as they are. She knew what she was getting into with my dad and she said yes to the life of a Were. They've been together ever since, and it's really cute. I'm not sure I want that someday, I like my life, don't get me wrong. But they've been monogamous all their marriage, and it's a sweet story, really," he said, and Brent had to smile at that.



“Mine disowned me years ago,” Brent said without missing a beat. He didn’t want to admit that was the case, and as soon as the words were out of his mouth, he regretted it. It was something that had left his thoughts years ago, and hardly the basis for representing his current situation. “Not that I care. I mean, I don’t really mean it that way. It doesn’t matter, you know?” Brent said, and Terry nodded, waiting a moment to allow Brent to breathe.

“That’s all too common, even with non-Weres. Sorry to hear that,” Terry said, and Brent just nodded.

“And my girlfriend as well, but that was a shame anyways. And I couldn’t keep things going anyway, right?” Brent said, trying to keep his voice nonchalant. As he was starting to understand, there was little Weres could do to hide things from each other, though was thankful that Terry didn’t push the matter too much.

They didn’t have too much more time to chat, Terry coming up to a house in a relatively kept area of town. Having never been somewhere this nice, Brent had to admit he was impressed. He kept it to himself, however, getting out of the car and following Terry inside. He didn’t know what to say, shivering from nervousness. Weres were hardly subject to the cold, making Brent sure Terry knew his nervousness. There was nothing to be done for it, and he was sure it would be odd if he was comfortable about the whole thing, right?

Sitting at a rather lavish kitchen island, Terry disappeared for a moment before returning with two glasses of wine. It was something Brent did not care for, but he was not in a place to refuse and did his best to down the rather dry red he was offered. Terry smiled a little taking a longer swig from his own glass before inviting Brent to come inside and sit on the bed. Not wanting to spill red on much of a fancy carpet, Brent downed his wine in one go, thinking the buzz would hit him hard but finding it wasn’t too bad even after a few minutes. All part of being a Were, making him a little disappointed it would take more booze to take the edge off.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Terry sat down a little bit from him, inviting him to move closer. It was a little slower than Brent wanted, to be honest. With his hesitation over being with a man and having sex with a relative stranger to boot, Brent wanted to get right down to the fun before he lost his nerve. Without a glass in hand, he took off his shirt, getting up and standing over the slightly taller man. “So, how do we...?” Brent asked, never this nervous in the bedroom. Despite that, his cock was ready to go, leaking in his pants and underwear already to the point there was no denying his interest. Not even chugging wine could keep his need down, it seemed, though that was likely for the best for the first time.

“Shall we get naked and change? I want to see the new you,” Terry said, taking a finger and running it down Brent’s relatively hairy chest. It had not been such before he had become a

Were, and Brent had to admit, it was rather fetching and one of the few things he enjoyed about the whole affair.

Still, the notion of changing was not something Brent was looking forward to, he hadn't always changed during masturbating and hadn't even thought that was a thing when he agreed to come home with the other man. Hell, if he didn't feel the deep-down desire to change on a regular basis, he wouldn't even do it again. It was likely inevitable, but not something he wanted to undergo anytime soon if he could avoid it.

“Wait, what? I mean, if you're into that, cool, but I wasn't going to...well,” Brent said, wanting to put his foot down so to speak, but not really feeling confident in the statement.

“Oh? I'm sorry for assuming you knew, but it's really hard to hold back a change once Weres start getting intimate. I mean, you don't have to if you don't want to, but you might not be able to if you still want...it's up to you, I won't force you. It's still a lot easier to change first, or during foreplay. But again, I don't want to push anything. I'm sorry. I should have told you. It's your first time with a Were, isn't it?” Terry stated, and Brent stood there, teetering on the edge of his choice. He didn't want to end the encounter before it had started, and if he was to be a cougar, then he should embrace it, right?

“Why don't I change first? Show you my other form and let you decide?” Terry eventually offered, and Brent nodded, thinking that made a lot of sense. And he was curious not only to see what a Were bat looked like but also to see if the changes helped increase his arousal.

What that, Terry got up, handing Brent his half-finished wine glass and pulling down his pants and underwear. Having been only at half-mast before, Brent stared with some interest as his member started to get longer, going from an average 5 inches to something more akin to 8. The man was hung, and Brent couldn't help but wonder if being a Were helped in the downstairs department. Even if people gained enough animalistic features, they were essential hybrids. How hung were bats in comparison to their bodies? Surely not that much, right? Fuck, did he ever have questions!

All attention was on Terry's rather sexy body as he grinned, showing off a rather hairy, black chest. Brent was inclined to reach up and play his hands over it, wanting to feel the hairs change to fur, but he restrained himself, not really sure if such was appropriate. Fuck, the etiquette in this situation went well over his head!

Still, the sight of the man naked was a drop in the bucket to what he was sure was coming. He was soon to change into a half-man half-bat, something Brent had never seen before. And having been a bat all his adult life, he was sure to have a mastery over the ability that Brent

could scarcely prepare himself for. Grinning as though loving the idea he was to change before his new beau's eyes, Terry raised his hands out for Brent's inspection, turning them around and making sure Brent could tell their current shape. It took him a few moments for him to see it, but the skin across the backs of them was darkening, burning brown, almost black as the pepperings of hairs around them seemed to alter, reading in a brownish wave of short bat fur. Such would have been frightening, and in truth, Brent had never seen a transformation up close, save for his own. So, he stayed still, eyes fixed on the changes and wondering what it would be like to see them firsthand.

Though the sight of his hands being covered with fur was a little alarming, it was the sight of the fingers growing longer that alarmed Brent, watching them cracking and popping and lengthening as Terry flexed them, each joint doubling and even tripling in size. Stranger still, the translucent nails he normally kept manicured started to extend, forming points as they darkened into minor claws, nothing deadly like Brent's own while changed but pointed nonetheless. It was a little jarring to watch it happening in real-time, though realistically only seconds were passing as they changed. Soon, his fingers were nearly as long as his calves, looking almost long enough to be...wings? Bats had hands for wings, right?

Soon, the skin between each finger started to swell, stretching and thinning and spreading toward the apex of his fingers, filling the space between them. It was thin, almost leathery, with red veins running through them at different points. "Want to feel it?" Terry suddenly asked, and Brent leapt up, shocked that he was being spoken to. He had to admit he was curious, and he worried for a moment that the skin might be infectious. That was ultimately silly, he knew, he was already infected with his own strain of the Were virus and it couldn't be inflicted by simple touch besides. So he got up, reaching out to feel the skin, finding it rather warm. It was fascinating, something he had never touched before, and it made him giggle a bit, which prompted a smile from Terry.

Of course, the changes were not to stop there, fur running symmetrically up his arms as they cracked and popped and expanded with muscle. They were still lean, and it almost looked as though his shoulders were hunched a bit, though it was a little hard for Brent to tell. Short brown fur covered them, even obscuring the skin in many places. His own chest hair soon erupted into its own coat of bat fur, more fluffy looking than anything else. It ran down his navel, muscles in his already-built stomach pulling inward and stretching a little, increasing his overall height.

At that, Brent couldn't hold back his desire to touch the fur, running both his hands over it without even asking. Terry was hardly to dissuade him, unable to hold his hands with wings, but instead wrapping them around Brent's body and pulling him in close. Despite himself, Brent giggled as his skin pressed against Terry's bat fur, the sensation rather pleasant. Brent found himself rubbing it all over, tracing his hands around the defied muscles of Terry's chest. Terry

continued to use his gangly fingers to rub Brent's back. And Brent almost felt the compulsion to change as well. He was able to resist, for now, but only just.

Looking up, Brent's eyes were in time to see Terry's nostrils sinking into the bridge of his nose, taking on more rounded contours and bringing Brent's intrigue, having never seen the nose of a bat up close. He didn't know what species of bat he was becoming and figured he would ask at some point, though was more interested in watching the changes unfold for now. Fur erupted from his beard, running from his neck and up to his own head in the form of sideburns. His own hair, for the most part, kept its well-groomed state, though the texture was a little bit off, Brent resisting the urge to tussle it as much as he might have wanted to. His face, with a series of cracks and pops, pushed forward, but only slightly, lips darkening and teeth getting a little more pointed. Brent wondered if Terry was inclined to eat bugs as much as he wanted to eat blue rare meats as a cat, though didn't want to bring that up for a few reasons.

Twitching in his ears brought Brent's attention upward, seeing them extending upward and doubling in size. Their contours soon rounded on top, ear holes much larger than they had been on his human anatomy. They were thin, as membranous as his wings with veins visible within. It was a little jarring to see them hanging from the sides of his head, rather than on top, but the more he thought about it, the more it made sense. Their skulls maintained a similarly human structure, after all, and it wouldn't make sense for their occipital holes to alter while maintaining relatively human-shaped skulls.

The last thing to change on his head was his eyes, seeming to shrink a little in their sockets as their color turned from blue to brown. Again., Brent wondered how his eyesight was in bat form, though doubted it was too much worse than it was in human form. And, he was sure there were other bat abilities he would gain to make up for it. Not that he had the nerve to ask, of course. And there was time for all that eventually, assuming things went well, right? All Brent knew right now was that the brown shade matched his body and form well, and Brent's erection was at its apex, needing to get off and touch him to the sight and presence of this sexy man.

Eventually, Terry took his wings off Brent's back, pulling away to give Brent sight of the rest of the changes. Fur was racing down to cover his legs at this point, and his heels were stretching upward, making him reflexively adjust his stance, something Brent was also familiar with. But it was the short, swaying tail that really had Brent's attention, as it ran its way down to his knees. The formation of a membrane between it and his legs to forming a rudder of sorts was the last thing before the changes were done, and Terry's rather handsome form had taken hold. Brent wouldn't have thought such changes would do it for him, but there was denying how sexy the bat was. He only hoped that Terry found him as attractive!

The only thing that remained human for the moment was his penis, though that was soon to change, his erection darkening to red as the foreskin peeled back, peppered with its own brown fur. His testicles, more swollen than their human counterparts, hung heavily on from his leathery ballsack, like grapes. The rod itself was long, red, pointed at the tip, and more turgid than anything Brent had ever seen. Part of Brent wanted to get down and start to suck it. Could he dare do such a thing?

Still, there were other questions at the forefront of his thoughts. “C-can you actually fly like that?” Brent asked, though thought that such might have been rude to ask. He had no idea what the etiquette was about such things, after all.

“Oh, hell yeah! It’s super fun! I don’t do it often, weather matters and I don’t want to be seen. But man, when I do, It’s almost like, I dunno, I guess swimming through the air? That’s how bats do it, at least!” Terry said, making a grabbing motion with them as though to demonstrate.

“Fuck, that’s really cool!” Brent exclaimed, not really sure what to make of it. In truth, he almost found himself jealous. Not that he wanted to be a Were, but one that could fly was certainly neat and different, he was sure.

“Oh, cats have lots of really cool features, too! I really like cats, and I can’t wait to see what you’ll look like once you’re done,” Terry said, and Brent felt his blood run cold at that. A realization hit him just then, as though he’d forgotten until now. He didn’t want to change, didn’t like his cougar form to be sure. But, even if he were inclined to, then...

“I...fuck, I’ve never actually changed before. Not since that first time, anyway,” Brent admitted, blushing at that. The more he looked at the bat before him, the more he wanted to change as well and make out in their furry bodies. But he had no clue how to proceed. Horny as he was, he should have started to change against his will, right? But nothing was happening!

“That’s OK. It can take some time to get to learn how to do it. Why don’t you just sit back and relax? Let it happen. Maybe this will help,” Terry said, his voice different, more high-pitched, though sexy all the same.

Brent hardly had time to reflect on the words before Terry’s muzzle moved in and started to kiss him, taking the man by surprise. The furry texture and the taste of wine on his breath were not something he was expecting, though it was not unpleasant, and Brent found himself moving into the kiss, kissing him back and closing his eyes. His cock was on fire at this point, reaching toward the other man’s like a lance, its own length impressive though not quite a match for the Were bat’s. That was soon to change if his own transformation was to occur, and, closing his

eyes to get into the moment, Brent was able to imagine himself in his Were form, that one time he had seen himself viewed with anticipation rather than fear.

“That’s a lovely tail, cutie!” Terry declared, and Brent could feel something pressing against the man’s wings still wrapped around them both, hanging off his backside and growing still. Brent wanted to reach back and rub it, the sensation of having a tail not something he was used to owning. Still, the tingling of his spinal growth as well as the itching of tawny hairs covering it was enough for him to know it was turning into a fetching cougar’s tail.

“Fuck...” Brent managed to croak out, the itching of fur growing running up his back, accompanied by the twinges of muscles to denote their growth. The sensations were happening over his body in different areas, and Brent felt a modicum of shame in that. He wanted the level of control that his new friend had, though knew such was impossible given his newest with his condition. So, he allowed it to happen as it would, delighting that the Were bat seemed enthralled by his cougar appearance coming through.

Breathing in deeply of their musk and precum, Brent was not expecting his nose to suddenly flatten against his face, slits sliding up the sides and partaking better of the scents in the air. It was more than he could bear to the point that he almost felt he could cum from that alone. The Were bat smelled magnificent, lusty, and like a worthy mate to the point that Brent was almost tempted to shove him down and fuck him right then and there.

He was able to restrain himself, however, even as his teeth grew too large for his gums, canines pushing out through his lips and making him drool slightly. For his part, Terry just giggled at that, finding the process rather cute. “You’re going to make such a handsome cat!” He exclaimed, and Brent was encouraged to change and show the man his true self, the cat he could be!

What he was not expecting was Terry to kiss him again, prompting Brent’s muzzle to push outward, cracking and popping slightly. It felt a little awkward to kiss muzzle on muzzle, but Brent was eagerly into it, holding back a giggle as he changed. Reaching his bat tongue inside of Brent’s muzzle, Terry felt his own trying to entwine around it as well, before flattening and growing its own spines. Terry pulled back, giggling at the sensations. “It’s been a while since I’ve kissed a cat! *That* was electric!” He said, and all fears Brent felt about his body were allayed.

Brent hardly had the time to worry about his facial changes with the aches coming from his hands, nails moving inside his fingers, and forming new connections that allowed his feline claws to burst forth. Brent always hated that part, hurting to have his claws pushing through before their feline sheaths fully formed. The rest of his hand was to change rather quickly, tawny

fur covering it and pads forming over the tips of his fingers and the indents of his palms, reminiscent of a more feline configuration. Reaching out, he flexed them experimentally, having not had the chance to with his initial change. That had been...*raw*, for a lack of a better term, something Brent was glad not to have to repeat in this instance!

Yet, he did not see his benefactor in time as he took an experimental swipe, Terry reaching out with his wing-like fingers to touch the cat's paws. A sharp red line ran across the bat's flesh, followed by a tear in the leather flap between the fingers. A shiver of fear ran through him, not wanting to hurt his new friend but worried he might infect him. Certainly, a little scratch would be all it would take for a non-Were to be infected, as he had come to learn. But what effect did it have on Weres? More to the point, that level of damage had to hurt. He didn't want to piss off this man, who had shown him so much kindness. *Stupid, stupid!*

Yet, other than the cry of surprise, Terry did not seem bothered by the scratch. Brent allowed himself to look at the damage he'd done, ashamed it was deeper than he'd wanted it to be. But as he stared in surprise, the wound seemed to close, drying blood the only sign any damage had been done in the first place.

"Oh, were you worried? Don't be, we heal fast! It was an accident, and besides, Were sex can get a little rough...well, I hope you find out yourself, in a few minutes," Terry said, a shy smile on his features if that could be attributed to a bat's expression.

Breathing a sigh of relief at that, Brent allowed the change to keep going, his muscles expanding as more fur spread over his chest and torso. Brent had to admit, he was enjoying the power of his form, without the instincts to make him go berserk. No, that wasn't quite right. The urges were still there, he was sure. But knowing the changes were coming, being in the presence of someone that found them hot, someone safe...Brent could enjoy the cat he was becoming to the fullest. It was...nice, he was starting to come to the conclusion as he started rubbing down his chest and lean belly, muscle far more pronounced than even the shift to his human form.

"Like that, do you? Well you should, you're fucking hot!" Terry said, and Brent would have blushed if he could have from the compliment. Never before had he gotten such a response, not even from a woman. And the fact it was a man seemed only to make it better in his eyes if such was possible...

Lost in the admiration of the words, Brent found himself almost falling over, the sensation of his heels stretching almost shocking as he did his best to balance. His heels were lengthening, the balls of his feet stretching while his toenails erupted into the same feline claws as those on his hands. They dug into the floor for a moment before Brent recalled he could retract them. Part of him worried about damaging the floor, but he recalled Terry's words about

Weres being rougher allayed his fears. He allowed himself to focus more on holding his posture, not used to having a digitigrade stance though not minding standing over the changed bat. It was hot, seeing his lithe body in comparison to his own muscled form. The contrast was rather attractive, he had to admit, and brought his feline erection to new heights!

“Mrrfff, handsome cougar,” Terry said, and he moved in, as though going for a kiss. Brent was a little surprised initially, not knowing what to make of the gesture. Yet, the more he thought about it, the more he decided it was OK. After all, he was here to explore new feelings and desires, right?

With that, he allowed himself to give in to the feelings in his member, kissing the bat and feeling his cock bob up and down in excitement. The taste of the man’s beastly lips was electric, and Brent reflexively moved into it, wanting to taste the man and eager for more. Terry was more than happy to oblige, taking the man excitedly. Not wanting to hold back, Brent allowed himself to get into it, never having had such a kiss before and wanting more. Feeling it change, Brent raised his cock to lance against the bobbing bat member. The moment he did so, a pulsating pleasure pounded through to his prostate, cock more sensitive than at any point in his life. Brent simply found himself going along for the ride as he made out with the bat, body alight with sensation and making it impossible to think about anything else. Certainly, any trepidation he felt about doing such with another man was erased with the promise of pleasure the continued contact could give him!

Sensing the last of the changes were to come, Terry pulled back and allowed the changed man to look down and see what was to become of his maleness. Brent had never seen it in his feline state, certainly not aroused from the fear of that initial change. But watching his foreskin turn brown with soft fur and hitch to his groin, the pointed red tip and spines covering it made the man moan. The size of it was substantial, almost matching the bat’s own, to at least the point he no longer needed to worry about the contrast. Even the sight of dozens of backward-facing spines did not deter his lust, their presence odd but like par for the course to a newly changed cat man like him.

“Man, you’re *hung*,” Terry said, and with that, Brent was confident enough to lean back into the motion, wanting to get off with his new puma maleness.

Pulling him close and eager for further stimulation against his cock, the two of them got into a rhythm, cocks bobbing together as their hips thrust in tandem. Leaking like a facet, Brent could feel his precum running down his sheath and getting into his fur from the sheer quantity. It should have bothered him, but in the moment of passion, he could not muster enough awareness to pull back and care. One of his paw-like hands moved toward Terry’s back, pulling the bat



inward as his massive muzzle opened to engulf the mouth of his lover's, the messy make-out session bestial but in all the right ways.

With their cocks thrusting together as they were, the contact was nearly enough to bring the cat to a much-needed release. It had been some time since he'd gotten off with a lover, and he needed it more than he had ever recalled sex doing it for him. Much too soon for his preference, Terry broke the kiss, and for a moment, feline instinct wanted to pull him back, grab their cocks and make them cum. Hell, Terry would probably find it hot! But with the experience his new friend had with men, Brent was able to bring himself to resist the urges, wanting to see what Terry had in mind.

His new friend made his way to the bed, getting on his knees and gripping the sides with his massive arms. Looking back at his lover, a wide grin crossed his face, loving how much their make-out session had done for him. "Want me? Come and get me," he said playfully, and it was all Brent could not jump the bat right there. And he did, effectively, leaping on the bed and taking his barbed cock in one rough hand. That contact alone was almost enough to make the cat nut right there, but he wanted to save that load for his new lover's ass. And he would, but...

Brent looked at the offering with some hesitation. He had never fucked a man before, and common sense made him pause, not knowing what to do. He could just go in, sure, but was he supposed to prepare his friend's ass or anything? His instincts certainly wanted to, but...that part of him wanted to do it right and not hurt the man in the first go.

"Oh, I..." Brent said, not sure how to proceed. He didn't think he would be fucking the guy's ass in the first go. But, should he? He wanted to...and Terry wanted him to, but could he...? Why was his mind so conflicted!?

Yet, to his relief, Terry was not judgmental, but rather ready to help him along. "Oh, no worries! I should have told you! There's some lube in the drawer, just be generous with it, that will help with your cat cock. I have experience, too, so don't worry about hurting me! And I made sure to clean myself out, and besides, you can't catch anything from me as a Were!"

Still, the sight of his cock was enough to leave him to hesitate, spines rather pointed even as he rubbed his cock. Surely, they would scrap the man's rectum raw, no matter how much lube he used. Hell, he could even feel them through his paw hand, making him even more nervous about what he should do. "Sure you don't mind? The thing is..." He started, staring down at his cock.

"You're not my first cat! Don't worry, go for it!" Terry called out, some desperation in his voice. He had been waiting for a few minutes at Brent's hesitation, and Brent could see his cock

was leaking all over the bed in thin strings. With that, it was all the motivation Brent felt he needed, and using a finger to open the man's pucker, feeling the muscles gripping him as he applied as much lube as he dared to. Careful of his claws, Brent experimentally pushed another finger in, loving him much it was doing for the squirming bat at his touch.

But soon, his own needs took precedence, and he had to get off, shoving his cock into the man's prepared ass without hesitation. Thick as he was in Were form, Brent wasn't sure it would manage to fit, but working it in, Terry opened up and took him inside eagerly, almost sucking on his rod and pulling it into the hilt. Brent sat there for a moment, getting used to the rectal muscles grinding over his cock. It was far tighter than anything he had experienced thus far, and there was little to be done for it but to start thrusting, unable to hold back as the spines raked the insides of the man's inner walls and making him gasp out in pain or pleasure.

"Aw, fuck, its been a while since I've had a cat! I forgot how good this was...fuck me, Brent!" Terry called out, and Brent responded by fucking him back and forth, the slick sucking of lube and sexual fluids making his ears twitch. It was tight against his cock, and even his worry about spines injuring his friend's insides was lost with the powerful pulsating waves of pleasure pounding the man's prostate. Terry seemed not to mind, grunting in pain and lust but not telling him to change his tactics in the slightest. Quite the opposite, Terry often told him to rut him harder or to keep doing what he was doing. Brent couldn't help himself, needing to get off and losing his focus on his mate's pleasure, only focused on his own. Just like the beasts they were, which, he had it under good authority that Terry found hot as hell!

"Stroke me off, please, I need it!" Terry called out just then, and Brent reached down reflexively, feeling silly for not realizing that Terry couldn't easily do so with his hand wings. No wonder he invited over sexual partners like this!

It took some fumbling around to grip such a girthy member, even with his massive paws in their current state, but he managed it, feeling his grip firm around the rather impressive bat's anatomy. With that, he started to stroke, shallow motions without any lube and the firmness of his pads. The efforts seemed to have the desired effect, Terry called out "Your pads feel so fucking good! Keep it up!"

Thrusting as he was, it did not take the pent-up cat to reach his end. He wanted nothing more than anything to cum and spill his load, though the diminished rational part of his mind thought it was too soon and didn't want to appear desperate. "RRRRuck...So close..." He growled, not realizing the words were coming out of his mouth before he uttered them.

"Don't hold it! Fuck! Cum!" Came the cry in response, and with that, Brent let himself go into the sensations, thrusting uncontrolled and feeling his end drawing near. The bestial part

of him didn't want to stop, needing it more than anything he could recall in recent memory. There was no reason not to at this point, leaving him to revel in the ecstasy his new body could provide. And with such promise before him, what was he doing but not to let his mind fade away?

Though it came with a familiar sensation of testicles preparing, of his cock spasming, the electrical shocks flooding his prostate were more than the man could bare. It was more than that, the scent of musk pervading the room, the changes themselves, and the sexiness of the man's form were all felt in vivid detail, to the point that Brent could no longer focus. He was a being of pure ecstasy, orgasm washing any fringes of humanity from his mind. It was a primal need, he was a beast in rut, and only enough sense remained so that he was not tempted to reach down and nip the nape of the man's neck. He was able to resist somewhat, to his betterment, but it was all he had as his cock spasmed and his orgasm began in earnest

It was many seconds later when awareness returned, the act lasting far longer than its human male equivalent. Brent had enough focus in the moment to feel his mate's cock going into release as well, and he kept his firm grip on it, wanting to give his mate the same pleasure. A strange cry came from his larger mouth, something Brent wondered was akin to bat sonar and was amazed his ears could pick it up. He would ask his friend about it later, though in the moment he was more impressed his ears were able to pick it up. More impressive was the reality that Brent could so easily smell the potent spunk oozing from his friend's cock, its scent indicative of male virility and health. It was rather pleasant and lent Brent a feeling of contentment to know he had done something so wonderful for his friend.

The sheer bliss he felt from the bat's rectal muscles on his cock was enough to make his balls churn once more and spill enough cum that the backflow washed out against his cock and got on the bed sheets. A growl escaped his lips, not expecting the orgasm to come on so soon and rocked by a second release, more potent than any human experience could have granted him. And, the most bizarre part was that he wasn't entirely spent like it was just a warm-up for the rest of the evening.

Staying inside the other man for a few minutes, Brent carefully pulled out, not wanting to tease the man's abused pucker too much. Brent couldn't help but notice it was gaping and red and felt a little bad for going at him so hard. Terry had assured him several times it would be fine, and he'd learned firsthand from the sensation of cum on his paw how much the other man enjoyed himself.

Pulling back, the first thing he did was raise his paw, looking at the cum still soaking his fur. It was more irritating than he thought, and rather than ask for a bathroom, Brent found himself sniffing at it before reaching out with a rough feline tongue. A little shocked at the acrid

taste, he soon found it wasn't offensive, and started lapping at it, feeling the barbs on his tongue smoothing out the fur as well as cleaning it. It took the chuckling from his new buddy for him to realize he was licking his hand like a cat would!

Feeling embarrassed, the sensation of a wing on his shoulder helped him to relax. "No worries! You're a cat part-time now, and sometimes the instincts are pretty strong. I think it's cute," Terry replied, and with that, Brent felt he would blush if he had the ability to do so.

That wasn't the only unusual thing about being a Were, with Brent feeling a familiar ache from his cum covered cock. It should have been impossible after not coming once, but twice in succession. But there was equally no denying the erection not only he, but his lover seemed to possess as well.

"Want to fuck me again? You're pretty good at it, for a straight guy," Terry teased, leaning up to give the man a kiss. Brent returned the gesture, feeling their cocks bobbing together in that delightful way he had come to love. It was already more than he could bear, wanting to jump this man once more. And he was certainly offering...

Brent lost track of how many times he had cum that night, rutting like a horny beast to the point of exhaustion. He knew it was time to cease for the night when his body reflexively turned back, covered with sweat and cum and reeking of male rut. Terry invited him to stay the night, and even to share the bed, with the promise of some fun in the morning when they woke up. Brent was sure he wouldn't be able to manage such a feat, but he didn't question it, and turned away from the man, though not without a good night kiss. It was nice, and something he hadn't experienced in his previous relationships. Wait, relationships? No, that wasn't right. They were friends, for sure. But Weres were pretty amorous and had multiple partners, so there was little chance of anything further. And did he really want it to? Eventually, perhaps. Maybe not with a man...but then again, it had felt so nice...He was at least bi, Brent was sure. There was some precedent to explore that side of himself no matter what the outcome was.

One thing was sure, however, as he lay in bed, was Brent's viewpoint on being a Were wasn't so bad. Sure, his life had been turned upside down. But he wasn't the only one. He wasn't alone. There were surely some other Weres out there willing and able to help him. Like this man, whose snores were rather wonderful to Brent's improved ears. Hell, he was horny again already at the thought of what they might get up to that morning, and what excitement his new life might bring...