Chapter 3 – Garlan:

Juan made his way through the path of the campsite as fast as he could with the wood that he had purchased from the main station, trying to get back to his site where he could give it to those that had asked him to purchase it. The campground where he and the rest of his co-workers were at was one that was far from the usual idea of sleeping in tents on the dirt and washing up in streams, not only did it have full showering facilities and most people showing up in campers but also sported things like a mini golf course and pool. The company that Juan worked at had booked the site as part of a corporate retreat where their workers could do things like learn about the others in the company and participate in work-sponsored events, though for the most part all he saw were people getting drunk on the company dime. As day turned to night on the second day of the retreat all he had done was start to head towards the main building, which had a small general store in it as well as an indoor recreation area, in order to get something to snack on and the others practically threw their shoes at him to get him to buy them a bunch of firewood as they drank for a second night in the row.

Once he had dropped off the delivery the group thanked him before going back to their talking, practically forgetting that he was even there as Juan found himself sighing and going back to his chair set up near one of the fires of the large campground. This was not his idea of a good time and could think of about a dozen other things that he could be doing instead of wasting his weekend with a bunch of others that probably wouldn’t remember it anyway, but it had been mandatory and he decided to grin and bear it until the weekend was over. “Man, what a bunch of jackasses,” a voice said next to Juan that broke his contemplation, looking up to see a guy only slightly older than him look at the group as he stood there. “They’re lucky that the higher-ups don’t come to these things, although if they did maybe they wouldn’t act that way.”

“I suppose so,” Juan replied as he tried to figure out who this guy was. “I’m sorry, I don’t think we’ve met. What division are you a part of?”

“Oh, I’m not with this corporate thing,” the guy quickly replied. “Given the way you weren’t chugging back alcohol like it was about to go out of style I thought that you might not be with them either. Name’s Steve, sorry about that if you actually like anyone over there.”

“Ah well, not really,” Juan admitted. “I guess you could say that I’m sort of here against my will.”

“Tough luck,” Steve said with a small, wry grin. “Not sure how much of leash they have on you here but if you have the chance I would go off the reservation and into the actual woods, that’s what I’m doing right now. These places people get excited if you see a chipmunk scurry by but out there is real the nature is… if that’s your thing.”

“Suppose it’s more my thing then what’s going on here,” Juan replied with a small sigh as one of his co-workers nearly fell over. “So you’re out here just enjoying nature? Like, for fun?”

“Well… yes and no,” Steve stated. “You know how this place likes to boast that it has natural hot springs? Well the ones they have here are basically bullshit, a glorified hot tub that they made using actual rocks and hidden heaters, but there are supposed to be real ones out there somewhere that I’ve been trying to find for a while now.”

Juan nodded as he remembered that the first night they had been there Juan attempted to try out what the campground said were actual hot springs, only to be quickly chased out by the other co-workers in their drunken revelry. “I suppose that would be interesting,” Juan finally replied. “How long have you been looking for them?”

“A few weekends a year for about five years now,” Steve said, which caused Juan to look at him in shock. “Yeah, I know, that’s the reaction I get from anyone that I say that too, and I’d probably be right alongside themself if I had heard someone say that. I haven’t even gotten to the most ridiculous part yet… they say that the hot springs can only be found on the night of the full moon, and if you manage to bathe in it you get your deepest desires to come true.”

“You’re right, that is pretty hard to believe,” Juan replied, catching himself before he repeated that it was a bit ridiculous-sounding. “I mean, it has to be some sort of hoax, right? Maybe a rumor that the campground started in order to get more business?”

“The rumor has been around long before this place,” Steve replied as his hand reached up to rub a piece of white crystal that hung around his neck. “But I’m sure it’s around here somewhere, and if there’s even a chance that I can have my desires come true I’ll keep looking for it. Anyway I’m sorry about talking your ear off, I was just stopping by and grabbing something from the store before I went back to my actual campsite, my tent is in a clearing about twenty meters north of here so if you need a break just take the acorn trail until you reach the first bend and then follow the path I made.”

Juan nodded and watched the other man leave the campground, ignoring the catcalls that were made by several of the woman that were likely already deep into the bottle of tequila someone had made for margaritas. For a brief second he considered following the enigmatic man but decided against it, not wanting to break the rules of the outing and possibly get reprimanded for the act. As the night began to wear on however the actions of the others were starting to get even worse than the previous night and as two of them got into a fight he had to nearly jump out of his chair to avoid a log being thrown at his head. That was enough for him, Juan thought as he got up and made his way out of the campsite, at this point he’d rather get suspended and spend the night sleeping in a stranger’s tent than deal with whatever antics were going to happen in the campers that were provided for them.

Fortunately the full moon that Steve had mentioned illuminated the path to him as he passed the main building and went to the treeline where there were several hiking paths marked for campers to use. Though he was only wearing his shorts and a shirt and didn’t have any gear from what the man said he was only maybe a few minutes away from where he set up his tent. As he looked at the signs however he found that with limited light and the faded pictures it was hard to figure out the one that was the acorn, especially since the way they pointed down the dirt paths that sprawled out from that location made it hard to determine which sign pointed where, but after a few minutes of examination and self-deliberation he believed he figured it out. He made his way down the dirt path with some measure of confidence, unaware that one of his inebriated co-workers had stumbled down there less than an hour ago and knocked the sign over before putting it up in what they thought was the right configuration…

It wasn’t until Juan had been moving through the forest for an hour that he realized he was actually lost; he had gone off the path at what he believed to be the first bend but when he didn’t see any sign of a trail he began to grow concerned. Unfortunately by that point he had lost where the original trail had gone and since he hadn’t made any markers for himself he didn’t know where he needed to go in order to turn back to the campsite. He looked up to see if he could get some guidance from the position of the moon but by that point it had moved to be almost directly over his head and even if it was in a certain spot he wasn’t sure which way the camp would have been. With nothing else he could think of doing he ended up calling out for help while still moving, hoping that by sheer luck he would stumble upon either the path, the campsite itself, or one of the roads that led to it.

Eventually he felt his heart rise up in his chest when he noticed that the forest in front of him ended, prompting Juan to nearly run towards the tree line while hoping that he had managed to get back to the campsite or where Steve had set up his. When he broke through the tree line however he found something completely different, stopping short of a pool of steaming water that was about a foot away from where the forest ended. At first he thought he had stumbled upon some sort of wetlands but as he looked around he noticed that they looked familiar to the hot springs that were set up in the campsite itself. He remembered Steve had said that there were natural hot springs in the area, and as he carefully approached them the thought crossed his mind that this was possibly the ones that only showed up during the full moon.

Juan quickly shook his head at that though and tried to dismiss the thought as being a rumor that probably surrounded these or some other hard to find hot spring, but as grass transitioned to rock under his feet while he approached the springs he noticed that there were small clusters of white crystals that grew around it. They looked similar to the one that Steve wore around his neck… but it was still hard to believe. Having one’s desires fulfilled just by taking a bath in some natural springs? It was something so far-fetched that it caused Juan to chuckle to himself as he thought about its validity.

And yet… Juan found himself biting his lip as he looked down at the steaming water. There was no one around and even if it wasn’t true he could at least experience something that might make the trip worth it. He didn’t have any sort of suit on and didn’t want to get his clothes wet, which meant that he would be doing what his coworkers had done and go skinny-dipping. It was unlikely that anyone would be there to see him and yet as he started to take off his shirt he still felt a bit anxious that someone was suddenly going to happen upon him, but eventually he took off the last of his clothes and as he stood there completely in the nude there was something strangely liberating about being completely exposed while in the middle of the woods.

After taking a minute to secure his clothes so they wouldn’t go anywhere he walked over to what looked like one of the deeper pools and took a second to make sure that there weren’t any crystals ready to cut him. The stone was surprisingly smooth though and as he slid down into the water the warmth immediately began to seep into his limbs. It felt even better than the one at the campsite and eventually managed to get himself almost completely under the surface with only his head remaining. After a bit of searching he found part of the springs that could be sat on like a chair and as he did he felt himself continuing to relax. It was like the strain of being around a bunch of drunk co-workers was melting away as he leaned back against the side of the pool, the light of the moon above causing the waters to sparkle as he sat down.

The sounds of the forest filled the night air as Juan sat in the hot water and despite being completely relaxed it didn’t seem like the rumors were true. As he sat there though it made him pensive and he wondered what his deepest desire would even be. He thought back to the retreat and his co-workers that were probably either sitting completely sloshed around the fire if not completely passed out, which included a few supervisors, and he thought that it would be nice to actually have people he could work with that would actually work with him. He was on one of the lowest rungs of the corporate ladder though so even if he complained about it there was a good chance that no one listened to him, and that caused him to grit his teeth slightly even as they began to grow pointed.

Juan never really thought about being in a leadership role but he knew if he was in charge he wouldn’t tolerate half the stuff that happened, and not just here at the campsite. While not nearly as bad as what was happening out here there were numerous times where office pranks happened, often to the detriment of those working under them, and as a result he would have to get yelled at along with the rest of the office for the problems that were happening. He pressed his hands against the stone as his anger rose with the temperature of the water as a thought began to blossom in his mind, one with him in charge and the others doing what he said. It was a fantasy he didn’t even know he had but as he began to think of telling the drunken idiots in that campsite what to do it caused a small grin to cross his face.

That smile began to stretch wider as his mouth began to push outward, subtly enough that Juan didn’t notice but enough that it was giving him room for his new teeth. The more he started to revel in the thoughts of bossing the others around the more his body seemed to change underneath the surface. As his skin began to tingle and his muscles tensed slightly he thought that it was just a reaction to the mental power trip in his mind that would never be accomplished in reality, but as he felt his fingers actually dig into the stone he was clutching it was enough to snap him out of his imagination to look down at himself. As he looked down at the rest of his body that was underneath the water it seemed bigger to him, though he just rationalized that it was a trick of the moonlight and the distortion from the surface and stood up to prove it to himself.

What Juan got instead was the shock of his life as he emerged from the water and found that his body looked swollen almost everywhere. At first he thought that he was having some sort of reaction to the hot springs but as the liquid cascaded down his body he could see that it was muscle that was twitching underneath, growing thicker in front of his eyes as the hair on his chest and against his groin grew thicker. It was a shock to see and as he looked at his hands he saw that there were thick leathery pads on his palms and that his fingernails had grown into sharp claws as he brought them up to his head. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing but as he pressed his transforming hands to his face they rubbed against it and found his features to be distorted as well.

His breathing quickened in shock and panic and he could hear his huffs growing deeper as he looked down in the surface of the water. His eyes widened as he saw that his nose had turned completely black and his teeth were practically pushing out of his mouth, though as his jaw stretched and his head moved he was growing into them while his skin stretched out. When he tried to think of what to do to stop what was happening to him the first thing he thought of was to get out of the hot springs, and as he hoisted himself up with his arms he could see his biceps pop with new power. He hoisted himself out to his stomach and when he landed on his stomach he could feel his belly pushing out, putting his hips up into the air as he felt his rear end wiggle in the gentle breeze of the night.

Juan managed to turn himself onto his back just in time to feel his spine stretch as his groans grew deeper, his face still becoming more animalistic by the second as his entire body quivered while on the rocks. He managed to arch up enough past his growing belly to see that his legs, which were becoming covered in a layer of wet fur, were growing bigger by the second and stretching out more and more to accommodate his new frame. He pressed his still expanding hands against the rocks and bucked his hips up in the air as he felt something push out just over his butt, and when he did he saw his maleness harden and start to jut out into the air. As his hair began to grow wilder and his voice grew deeper he found the sight of his new body to be extremely… powerful, his new eyes drinking in the fact that his chest looked like it belonged on a professional bodybuilder and while he still had a gut there was power behind it as his cock grew lengthened to the point it rested on top of it.

With the greyish brown fur spreading over his human flesh like wildfire Juan found himself moving once again, especially after his feet cramped slightly before becoming a heavy set of paws. Even though it didn’t hurt the exertion that came from his changing body caused him to pant as he crawled back onto all fours, hunkering down slightly as his shoulder muscles filled out and he grew several more inches of height. He crawled his way back over to the edge of the hot spring just in time to see his already animalistic face grow a layer of fur, his jaw cracking once more as his hair fell around his face like a mane. All he could do was stare as the last traces of his humanity disappeared, revealing the rounded muzzle that was a cross between a bear and a wolf as his pointed ears finally migrated to the top of his head.

With the transformation complete Juan remained on all fours for a while, then finally managed to pull himself up to his feet after a few minutes. The strength quickly returned to his body however and as he looked at himself he could see that his body was packed with muscle even with the thick layer of fur that had grown over him. A sudden urge to flex came over him and when he did he watched his new body bulge, which caused him to smile wide as he licked his new teeth. He felt something swishing behind him and saw a lupine tail had grown out from his behind, and with his hands and feet being more ursine in nature he realized that he was a mix of some sort of bear and wolf.

But more than that was the instincts that flooded into his brain as Juan gave his girthy new cock a squeeze. He had become an apex predator, an alpha that could get the respect and loyalty of all those that served under him. His thoughts returned to what he had thought about as a human and as the images filled his mind again they were now of him in this form and dominating the others in a new primal, lust-filled light. The group had potential, his corrupted mind thought to himself as he began to walk back into the woods, they just needed a true alpha to guide them…

Meanwhile in the woods Tom stumbled about trying to find his way to the campsite after getting lost. The firewood that one of their co-workers had brought them was all but used up, and since they still had quite a bit of liquor left they decided to go and get some more. Since the one they used before was nowhere to be found they picked Tom, a low-level accountant that had only been with the company for a few years, to go and get more wood for them. Though he had been drinking just as much as the others had he said it would be no problem for him, but when he got to the store he found it was locked for the night. Not one to be taken off task by a set-back he went to the woods in order to gather some straight from the source in order for them to burn, but as soon as he lost sight of the campground when he had gone in the drunken man didn’t know where to go anymore even with the light of the moon overhead.

After a while the situation sobered him up a bit and with the combination of the liquor seeping out of his skin along with sweat and the exertion of moving through the woods Tom found himself exhausted. He found a fallen log to sit on and catch his breath and when he did he wondered just what he was going to do next. Part of him wanted to wait to be found but it was doubtful anyone would report him until late in the morning and since he wasn’t on a trail it wasn’t like someone would stumble upon where he was. Plus the idea of sleeping out in the middle of the woods wasn’t his ideal night and had no idea what lurked out in the darkness as he felt a chill set into his body.

What Tom didn’t know was that someone had already stumbled upon his scent, the werebearwolf following him through the woods watching him. While Juan could have pounced him at any time he didn’t want to panic the other man by jumping on him, and he also wanted to give the guy a chance to sober up a bit and realize his predicament before he came in. His motivations were not the hunt or to capture his prey like the movies had told him were what lycanthropes typically wanted, instead he wanted to dominate and convert until they were all under his paw. This one would be a good start, Juan thought to himself as he moved his huge body into the area that Tom stood, stopping just short of his footsteps being heard as he tried to get in front of the man without being initially noticed.

“Looks like you’re having a rough night,” Juan said, his voice a deep rumble that caused Tom to jump slightly.

“Who’s there?” Tom quickly replied as he looked around. “Thank god you found me, I don’t know what I would have done out here. If you could just bring me back to my camp site, and maybe not tell anyone this happened, I would be eternally grateful.”

“I’m looking for slightly more than your gratitude,” Juan stated, a slight growl in his voice catching the other man off-guard as he stepped forward into the light of the moon. He could see the man’s eyes turn to saucers as he saw the seven foot tall hybrid emerge, and though he wasn’t sure how Tom would react to his presence he saw the initial fear fade when he remained standing and watched his eyes look over his body with curiosity. “Our clan is weak, I am going to take it for myself and rule as its alpha.”

“Our… clan?” Tom replied, his initial jolt of fear ebbing as the large humanoid creature stood there passively with his arms crossed against his thick chest. “You mean our office? Are you part of our group?”

“I am not,” Juan stated as he stepped forward, bearing his teeth slightly. “But you will be part of mine. Submit yourself to me and show your loyalty to your alpha, and in exchange I can give you power similar to my own.”

At that point Juan hadn’t realized that he could even do what he promised, but deep down he knew that he could as he watched the man consider his options. When Tom eventually asked what he could do to show his loyalty the hybrid smirked and placed a hand against his thick cock, which twitched slightly as he saw the eyes of the man stare at it in envy. Even though he had hardly spoke to the other man Juan could sense that this was what the man wanted, and after he told Tom to strip he could see why as his member looked diminutive even by human’s standards. It was the accountant’s desire to have something worthy hanging between his legs, and as a member of Juan’s pack he was going to get it as long as he showed his loyalty.

Juan let out a low rumble in his chest as Tom moved forward with his newly naked body and began to stroke the length of the heavy shaft, the werebearwolf’s growls growing in pitch as he felt the blood rush to it. With the initial awkwardness of their meeting gone it appeared that the human was more than a little appreciative of his body as he felt his hand grope along his furred thighs and hips. This was certainly going to make the transition easier, Juan thought to himself, and he wondered with all the flirting and sex he had seen going on in the campground if this would be how most would react to a naked guy even if he was also a monster. It was clear this human was focused on something other than his features as he began to lick the sensitive shaft several times, swirling his tongue around the head of it before putting it in his mouth and causing the creature to groan.

Almost immediately as soon as it pushed into his mouth Juan began to see the human changing, his features stretching around the thick cock as his entire head started to swell. At first there was a look of surprise on the human’s face but Juan just took a paw and pushed his growing muzzle deeper down, and as more of it was engulfed by the transforming mouth he could see a glazed look of pleasure come over the human’s eyes. As soon as he tasted the cock of his alpha this human was his, the hybrid thought in triumph as he saw the ears of the man stretch while his nose and lips began to turn black. Juan could also feel his own power not only growing but flowing into the man as well, which prompted him to try something even before the changes and his cock had started to reach the human’s neck.

The changing human let out a muffled grunt as he suddenly began to feel his groin tingle, and as he tried to look down he found it impossible with the thick shaft sliding deeper into his maw. Since Juan wanted him to see what was happening he pushed his hips forwards and caused the human to gag slightly, though as his neck got thicker he found it easier for the head of the maleness inside of him to slide down, and was eventually angled so that he was leaning back and his butt was on a rock that propped him up. Though most of his vision was still blocked by the throbbing spire of werecreature flesh the human could see that something was happening to his own groin, one of his hands going down and cupping against his cock as it started to grow bigger. At first Tom thought he was just getting hard but as a wave of pleasure radiated from between his legs he saw his member surge past its normal erect length and grow several inches while thickening dramatically as well.

The sheer joy that Juan felt came from his new packmate as he continued to pour his power into it, giving him something that rivaled the one that was slowly pushing its way down into the changing creature’s throat. As the human continued to grow he could also see fur starting to grow, a light dusting at first around his chest that steadily grew thicker until it rivaled the hairiest of men before pushing even further while more muscle grew underneath. Even though the he was going to be the alpha he wanted to make sure that his packmates were just as big and strong as he was, though it didn’t hurt that the growth also allowed him to sink his dick in even further to the male beneath him. Juan could feel the throat of the growing creature reverberate around his thick shaft as it sank down deep while the mouth of the man started to push into his groin as it became a lupine muzzle.

For Tom it appeared that he was going more wolf than bear, Juan thought to himself as he looked down to see the angular ears migrating up the other man’s head. The increasingly furred flesh rippled as it expanded, catching up with his nearly two-foot long cock that had grown out from between his legs. At this point Juan found himself losing control and his lustful need to breed overwhelmed his desire to watch the man change, taking the thick mane of hair that ran down the new werewolfbear’s neck and thrusting deeper into him. As the tail grew out from the man’s spine Juan began to feel his body start to grow as well, and a fanged smile crossed his muzzle as he knew that once he was done with this one’s mouth the thickening shaft would stretch out his tailhole next…

When Juan awoke the next morning it was in the cabin that he shared with several other workers, his body bolting upright as he panted heavily from the shot of adrenaline that was dumped into his system. When he looked down at himself he saw that despite being a sweaty mess he was definitely human. He looked around and saw that the others that were in the cabin with him were sound asleep, likely sleeping off the alcohol that they had spent the entire night drinking. He had been completely sober though and as he slowly sat up in the bed he wondered where such a vivid dream had come from; though he guessed that it was influenced by the story he had heard by the fire and the hot springs from the campground he had no idea where the concept of turning into such a fearsome beast came from… or anything that he vividly remembered after that.

With his body fully awake Juan decided to go and clean himself up, but as he was about to slide out from under the sheets he stopped when he realized that he didn’t have any clothes on. Normally he slept with boxers and a shirt, and with others around him that was doubly so, but as he suddenly became completely aware of the fabric touching his skin he had gone to bed while completely naked. It started to make him wonder if he did somehow get roped into drinking, but he felt better than ever as he looked to make sure the others weren’t awake while he pulled off the sheets to get to his bag. As he slipped down to the floor he accidently let the hem of the sheet go and as he briefly exposed himself he felt his jaw drop at what he saw.

His cock was huge!

It was definitely not that way yesterday, Juan thought to himself as he quickly covered himself back up. While he wasn’t small by any means what hung between his legs now was probably around nine inches soft and possibly bigger as he reached in and gave it a squeeze. He felt his body grow flush with the arousal that came from it and realized it was thicker as well, though he had to stop his self-examination before he saw how big he was when erect. As he tried to look away from himself he noticed that the one who slept underneath him was also naked and with the semi-transparent nature of the thin sheets he could see from the outline that his bunkmate was just as well endowed.

The scene brought back the memory of him and his newest packmate coming into his cabin and turning the others into lustful beasts as well, which caused him to shiver and his maleness to swell despite his best efforts. The muscular man that slept beneath him had gone slightly more bear than wolf and desired to grow as big and beefy as his alpha, which his beast form had happily obliged with doing. While Juan hadn’t retained much in the way of his physique this man, who was a data analyst, was going to find his clothes to be rather tight when he woke up. But it couldn’t be real, Juan thought to himself as he grabbed a towel and wrapped it around his waist, there was no such thing as werecreatures...

After Juan had taken his shower and as the day progressed with more meetings and teambuilding exercises the recollection that he had about what possibly happened the previous night became hazier. It quickly felt more like a dream and was eventually dismissed as such, though as they had to sometimes team up for group exercises he found the same people coming back and wanting to be with him. They were all the men from his cabin and he saw that the one who had slept underneath him was wearing clothes that were bought from the campsite. Even those looked tight on him and the rest of the group that was forming around him seemed to have similar problems, though that didn’t stop them from dominating the games that were played.

That night everyone packed up to go home and though Juan thought about trying to find James he decided not to risk the woods, instead just chalking it up to a random encounter as he went back to his old life. As the weeks passed the retreat became more of a distant memory that was only recalled when someone told a story of how drunk they had been during that time. Everything had gone back to normal, well, mostly normal at least. One thing that had changed for Juan was that after being fawned over by several of his co-workers, which were again the ones that he shared a cabin with, he had found himself going out on several romantic encounters that usually ended up with them in the bedroom and him on top.

Unfortunately despite their newfound cohesion the workload had increased significantly, causing their section as well as several others to have to stay late. Juan found himself increasingly irritated at their supervisor as he continued to slack off and give his work to them which made their struggles even harder. More than once he found himself cracking his knuckles or his neck as their boss smirked while putting a stack of reports on their desk or told them of a task that needed to be done. Juan wished that he could do something about it, and as they got closer to the month end he found the thought strangely comforting as his lips curled back into a fanged smile on occasion.

Once again night had fallen on the office building where Juan and the others worked, his group along with a few others toiling away. In a rare instance their supervisor was there as well grumbling as he signed the work orders that needed to go out the next day. He had previously came in and yelled at the entire group that they weren’t working hard enough and that was the last straw for Juan, but instead of shouting at his boss he instead took his break and went into the men’s bathroom. Since most people on the floor had already left it was likely to be empty and found it was as he got inside. He could feel his anger building inside of him and as he looked at the mirror he could see the sneer on his face.

But as he continued to stare Juan also saw that his nose and lips were starting to darken, like someone had punched him in the face as his rage turned to shock. He suddenly felt a tightness in his chest that hadn’t been from his emotions and as he let out a huff he could see the buttons of his shirt starting to strain and bits of fur push out. For the first time since he had gotten back to the city Juan remembered his experience in the woods that he had pushed off as a dream, which appeared to be anything but as his fingernails blackened and stretched into claws while his fingers thickened. His breathing turned into a groan as he suddenly felt very confined, especially in the front of his pants as he heard the zipper break from the already tight bulge growing within.

There was a loud bang that caused Juan to jump and when he looked at what had caused it he saw the data analyst, whom he had found out later his name was Carl, and as the door closed behind him both men stood there in awe of one another. Carl’s cock had already become semi-erect and had busted through the crotch of his pants as the rest of his clothes strained around his growing frame, the blunt muzzle on his face growing hair that quickly spread down his thickening neck. “Alpha,” Carl said as came forward, his shoes bursting from the massive paws that had become his feet. “I remember now, you’re my Alpha.”

Juan found himself almost instantly drawn to this creature as both their bodies grew larger, surpassing seven feet in height as more fur sprouted from the tears in their shirts and pants. The two quickly came towards one another before they hugged, their thickening biceps popping the seams of their sleeves as they began to kiss one another. As tongues pushed into one another’s mouths Juan could feel both of them thickening, especially as his face began to push out into a muzzle. It had been real, the emerging werebearwolf thought with glee as their stiffening cocks pressed against the washboard abs covered in fur, and he was the alpha.

It didn’t take long before two more transforming office workers came into the room, also turning into large beasts of their former selves that started to make the small bathroom rather claustrophobic. As Juan looked at his packmates relishing their changes and each other’s bodies he realized that they were missing one. It was the smaller werewolfbear that had opted to be more wolf named Tom, and he remembered that since he was in accounting he would be on a completely different level than him. They needed to get to him and completely reunite the pack and with their minds shifting as dramatically as their bodies none of them cared that they were nude as they left the tattered remnants of their clothing on the bathroom floor.

With it being so late no one witnessed the four huge lycanursinthropes lumber their way down the hall and towards the accounting office. As Juan approached his ears twitched as he heard something inside that caused him to pause slightly. With the moon fully visible in the night sky it was unlikely that Tom hadn’t completely changed by now, which had made the alpha wonder why he hadn’t grouped up with the rest of them until that moment. The other monstrous wolfbear men had smirks on their muzzles as they opened the door and walked inside to see their remaining packmate completely transformed and with his cock buried hilt-deep into a human bent over a desk.

“He saw me change Alpha,” Tom said with a growl as he continued to thrust into the man’s rear, which grew bigger with every time that the werewolfbear sank his cock into it while the nub of a tail formed.

“Did he give you any problems?” Juan replied as he licked his lips as he could sense the power flowing from his packmate into the creature, though since he wasn’t the alpha the transformation was going quite slow.

“Not unless you consider him practically clambering over the desk to suck me off a problem,” Tom replied with a dark chuckle. “He’s been waiting to meet you Alpha and to give him a body he really wants.”

Juan could sense exactly what kind of body that was as he moved his way over towards the other accountant, watching him look up with eyes that were practically pleading to change him. With the transformation of the others he had grown as well, feeding off their devotion to him and causing him to grow even bigger. While the others were just under eight feet and packed with muscle Juan was well over nine and had grown massive, his stomach barreled out into a muscle gut that pressed against his thick shaft while his arms and legs were so thick they practically rubbed against his body. His cock was also back to being over two feet in length and even as he was being hammered from behind the human looked at it with wide eyes.

The expression caused Juan to chuckle before he reassured the human that he would be able to take it all very soon, then brushed a heavy clawed hand against his cheek before lifting up the head of his new packmate. With him lying on his chest it would ease the insertion along with the fact that Tom had already introduced him to his power. It was nothing as potent as their alpha though and as soon as the head touched the lips of the human his face immediately began to contort and warp. His jaws stretched as the thick cock pushed inside of it and stretched into a muzzle as though to wrap around the thick throbbing shaft impaling him. The head of the human pulsed and swelled until it was nearly twice the size of what it had been before and had it not been for Juan continuing to push forward and causing his neck to bulge the human probably couldn’t have held it up.

Cords of muscle could quickly be seen growing in the transforming human as the growing male allowed for more of the cock to push deeper into him, which in turn caused the changes to spread even further. By the time Juan had gotten halfway inside of him his hands were resting against broadening shoulders that lifted up because the chest pressed against the top of the desk was growing with thickening pectorals by the second. Like Tom this one was going more wolf unlike the more bearlike men that surrounded them while starting to stroke each other, but unlike the other accountant this one thirsted for muscle as the shoulder blades could be seen pushing out around his spine that stretched to accommodate his frame. The human hands that had been flailing around with being deepthroated all the way down to his chest gripped the side of the desk and as his arms inflated with muscle it cascaded all the way down to his fingers where claws burst from his fingertips that pierced the metal of the desk.

Cheers went up from the pack as their numbers grew yet again as the thickly-muscled werewolf bear grew a pelt of brownish grey fur all over his body while his tail finally bloomed just above the cock still stretching open his new bigger butt. For Juan he could feel the head of his cock practically in the stomach of the new creature as he experienced another growth spurt of his own and found himself having to bend down in order to keep himself from hitting the ceiling. With the changes finishing up Juan pulled the nearly three feet of cock out of the other male, hearing him gurgle as it slid out, and then began to walk out of the accounting office. When the others asked what he was doing the alpha just smirked at them and said that he was about to take charge and told them to see if there were any others that wanted to join, a statement that caused the tails of the others to wag excitedly as he left to go back up to his floor.

Meanwhile Terry had gone out of his office in order to get himself yet another cup of coffee, only to see that the rest of the office was completely empty. The supervisor felt his face going red at the empty seats and as he continued to the break room he made a mental note to put a citation in each of their folders. It was bad enough that upper management was making him stay late in order to get the forms signed off, something that he had been admittedly slacking off on all month, but he knew that the others had work of his they were doing and he was not going to be happy if it was late. He didn’t understand what was so hard, they just had to be good worker drones and do all the work so that he would look good and then he would give them the pat on the head that they wanted.

It wasn’t like he even wanted to be in this position in the first place; the only reason that he had gotten it was because one of his family members was extremely influential within the company and even then he got stuck with the lowest of management jobs. Part of him wished that he could just quit and give everything up but he knew that if he did that he would not only be out of the potential to get a cushier gig later but that he would also have to find a way to make money. As he poured himself a cup of coffee a grin managed to cut through his anger as he thought about just going off and doing something like porn in order to pay the bills, he certainly had the body for it and imagined that having sex all day would be better than playing babysitter to a bunch of office drones. There were also other assets that would help him land the job and with no one around his free hand idly gave the bulge in his pants a squeeze as he remembered how much use he had gotten out of it when he had to go on that camping retreat with the others as the liaison for the company.

Once he had gotten his mug refilled, once again angry as he saw that the coffee hadn’t been remade in a while and he could be at home with a better and more adult beverage, he went back to his office only to see that his leather chair had been tipped over and his papers were in piles on his desk. “Who the hell did this?!” Terry shouted as he went over and nearly broke his mug as he looked at the fallen chair.

“I organized them while waiting for you,” Juan growled, letting out a low chuckle as he watched the human spin around angrily only to have him jump back and trip over his chair.

“Holy shit,” Terry said as he remained on the floor as the giant creature lumbered towards him, the floor vibrating slightly with each step. “What the hell are you?”

“Rude as ever,” Juan replied as he took more steps forward until he had trapped the human between his desk and the windows that looked out into the city. “You don’t even want to be in charge, do you? All you do is pawn your work off on others because you would rather be out getting drunk and trying to sleep with anything that moves. Luckily for you I have a way for you to do that, you just won’t be getting the credit anymore.”

Terry swallowed hard and attempted to bolt up from the floor and leap over his desk, but the werebearwolf was much faster and grabbed him by back of the shirt before pressing him up against the window. Ever since Juan discovered the power to give others mass and grow their bodies as an alpha he realized that he had another ability, one that he hadn’t done up until that point because he wanted to make sure his packmates had the best bodies he could give them. For this one though he wanted to send him right to the bottom of the pecking order as he took his claws and sliced through his clothing. The man continued to utter obscenities at him and told him to let him go, but when he felt his suit get ripped away and his bare skin was pressed against the glass Juan delighted in hearing his voice go up an octave.

“Here’s the deal Terry,” Juan growled deeply as he moved up behind the man and practically breathed against his ear. “I’m going to take the power that you don’t deserve, and I’m not going to stop until you recognize me as your alpha. You got it?”

“Fuck you!” Terry shouted, though Juan could already heard his resolve starting to break. Already the huge creature stood easily head and shoulders over him, making him look small by comparison as the lofted ceiling in his office made it so that he could stand upright. The smirk on his muzzle widened as he began to use his power once more, this time channeling it in the opposite direction through the palm that was securely pressed against the other man’s back.

As a rush of pleasure went through Terry’s body, causing the man even more embarrassment as he felt his arousal pressing harder against the glass, it started to feel like something was happening to his body. He had prided himself on his physique and had often spent his free time at the gym, though it was nothing compared to the bodybuilder bearwolf that was behind him, but as he continued to squirm to try and get away from this creature it felt as though he was growing weaker. He stifled a grunt as he tried to turn his head to the side and see what was happening only for his eyes to widen in terror as he saw his arm becoming thinner before his eyes! Though it was hard to see being pressed up against the glass the human was able to push back enough to see his prized pectorals deflating as the mass flowed into the creature behind him.

“What are you doing?!” Terry shouted as even his maleness started to shrink, which only caused more waves of pleasure to go through his body. “How is this possible?!?”

“It’s power that you don’t deserve,” Juan said back, huffing a bit as he started to grow even more intensely than before. “It’s power that you’ve taken from those under you every time you gave them more work. It’ll stop when you admit this.”

Though Juan hadn’t intended on it he could see that hair had started to sprout along the back of the trapped human as he shrank nearly a foot in height before his eyes. It was a sign that the man was starting to succumb, beginning to come around to the idea of joining the pack and becoming his alpha. But he wanted to hear it come out of the thickening lips of the man as he continued to lose the tone and definition in his body while more hair covered it, and part of him wanted to see that he learned his place in this new pack. He was glad at the resistance of the human allowed him to take another few feet of height and as much muscle, but as it was siphoned into his body Juan realized if he grew anymore he would be essentially trapped in this office.

Instead the werewolfbear took the growth and put it somewhere else, letting out a groan of pleasure as the flesh of his sides began to shift and bulge. His entire body quivered as a pair of lumps grew underneath his arms until they were as long as the appendages, Juan panting and quivering as he channeled everything he took from Terry into a new pair of arms. As soon as the fingers formed he immediately set the new limbs to work taking his erect cock and stroking it while he continued to hold the human up against the glass. By this point the supervisor began to try and say something, but since he had waited until he was almost a foot tall Juan had to lean in even with his augmented hearing.

“I… I submit!” Terry said in his tiny voice, though it was still fairly deep as his face had pushed out into an ursine muzzle. “You win, you can have it!”

“I can have what?” Juan growled, slowing down the process to keep from having the new creature merge completely with him.

“Everything!” Terry replied. “My position, my power, even the muscle and size you took from me! I realize now what I did, and I want you to be my alpha!”

The admission was music to Juan’s ears and he pulled Terry away and set him on top of the desk. At this point the creature looked more like some sort of monster figurine as he stood at about three-fourths of a foot, the new packmate looking up at the huge four-armed figure in awe. When the alpha presented Terry with his cock the small creature practically jumped on it, and though he couldn’t do anything with his mouth and tailhole it seemed that he was more than eager to worship the throbbing flesh with his furry body. As the tiny-sized werebearwolf continued to stroke Juan off the others in the pack eventually came back up with two more packmates in tow, Tom explaining that they had found them in human resources and didn’t need to convince them much to follow along.

As Juan looked at the two new additions the studly werewolfbears stepped forward and said their names, and it took him briefly by surprise to find out the thick-cocked, heavily muscled men used to be two women. That was just fine for the alpha though and then introduced the group to his newest addition as he gestured towards Terry standing there. Several of the packmates let out loud, booming laughs while others just looked in shock at the small creature practically being squished by the massive cock that he had been stroking before they began to huddle around the desk. As the tiny werecreature looked at the dozen cocks pointed in his direction Juan saw the clock and saw that it was getting close to morning, which with the rising of the new sun was going to come with a lot of changes to the power structure around here… even if he would have to wait a month to fully implement them.

Back at the Nexross Garlan’s portal closed and was suddenly standing next to the huge four-armed werebearwolf who flexed and posed before standing still like the others that had been summoned to the realm as everyone’s attention turned to the judge. “Well I did like the idea of making his creature a mix of bear and wolf to sort of pay heed to the essence of this challenge,” Raven commented after taking a sip from the straw in his drink. “The addition of limbs was also a nice choice, but I don’t quite get the feral essence like the other two had until the end. It seemed more like you made an anthro bearwolf and then added in the lycanthropic essence after, which was a rather nice progression and did get you to a decent design for the form in the end.”

“I think that the transformation aspects were quite good,” Serathin chimed in once Raven had finished. “Like what Raven said seeing the form evolve beyond sort of the standard creature that you started with was an interesting initiative and I can only imagine as the scenario continued what sort of monster werecreatures you would have created at that point. Also turning what I’m guessing would be the omega of the pack into a micro like that was really fun, a good twist instead of just making everyone bigger.”

“I suppose it’s my turn then,” Vira said once the draconic sabrewolf looked over at him. “I have to say that I really enjoyed the packmate mentality and that the primary motivation was to dominate others but at the same time creating dominant creatures of his own, minus the supervisor that we saw in the end. That sort of dominance play definitely reflects on the typical werewolf and I think it was probably the strongest showing of that aspect so far.”

“Yeah, the pack thing was nice,” Serathin commented. “They acted almost like a hivemind in that regard.”

“Speaking of such things…” Olavar stated as he walked out from the diminishing group of nexus creatures that were on the sidelines. “I do believe that it’s my turn to go.”

“Indeed it is,” Renzyl replied as everyone watched the deer move past the others that had already gone and gave the nexus bear a smirk before he got to the platform that was marked for him. “So a very interesting round for Garlan and has brought up quite the specimen of a werecreature for his entry into this competition, but now we get to see the lord of parasites and what he believes constitutes as a werewolf.”

“This is certainly going to be interesting,” Haleon muttered as he watched Olavar prepare his portal.

“Shhh, you’re going to tip off the judges,” Tarien replied as he swatted the metallic avian on the chest with the back of his hand, then shook it from the impact as the others watched. Though they didn’t say anything all of them had been eager to see what their youngest brother was about to pull out for his concept, especially since their view of his realm and his power had been limited. It appeared that they were going to get their answer soon as the portal opened and revealed a cityscape behind it.

Chapter 4 – Olavar

Diesel hummed to himself as he walked down the street while carrying a bag of groceries, the gatox trying to get home before it started to rain. While the weather hadn’t predicted any storms the ominous black clouds that hung in the background of the towering skyscrapers said otherwise. He wasn’t the only one either as he saw a number of people hurrying to get to shelter so that they wouldn’t be caught in the rain while others hailed cabs and rideshares to at least try to get to their destinations. For him though it was just a short walk through the area in order to get to the nearby dock district where he lived, though as the first droplets of water began to fall to the ground he picked up his pace as well.

The rain continued to hold off for a bit though and as Diesel crossed over from the main city traffic to the mostly empty warehouse district where he lived. When the city had built a new dock nearby the large buildings were converted to cheap lofts that still had a pretty decent view of the waterfront. The gatox didn’t mind being next to the shipping traffic, although he had gotten some soundproofing in order to try and drown out the late-night ships that came in and blew their horn. Despite the nuisances that it caused it allowed him to live and work in the city without having to commute great distances like many others and the lofts themselves were rather spacious.

As Diesel got to the front door of the building the heavens finally decided to open and pour down on him, wetting his grey and black fur before he managed to get under the shelter of the building. He put his key into the door and as he did he saw a purple-scaled dragon man heading towards him, running as quickly as he can as the downpour grew more intense with every second. The gatox recognized him as Sam, who lived in the loft two floors below his. The warehouse Diesel occupied had four flours to it and he occupied the top one, and though he knew of his other neighbors the dragon was the only one he actually regularly talked to as he opened the door to allow both of them to enter.

“Hell of a storm to just come down on us like that,” Sam said once they were inside, moving towards the modified freight elevator that would carry them to their respective lodgings.

“Yeah, I think it caught a lot of people by surprise,” Diesel replied as he watched the dragon take off his shirt and attempt to wring it out. “Were you just coming back from work?”

“Nah, there’s some big commotion at the docks that I was checking out,” Sam explained. “Not sure what it was and before I could get close some police came and told me to bugger off. You might be able to see it from your windows but it looks like some sort of cargo ship was being investigated.”

Diesel nodded and as the rather slow lift got to the second floor the dragon stepped out and invited the gatox to come down and have a drink with him sometime before the doors closed and it continued upwards. Two floors later it stopped again and opened into a short but wide hallway that was constructed around the elevator to act as sort of entryway and so that an actual locked door could be put in. He took the other key on his chain and used it to open it up into the sprawling space beyond, hearing the sound of the rain hitting the large windows as he got inside. Though it was clearly just meant to be a space to hold cargo the ones that renovated the building had put in a separate room for a bathroom and a few fixtures to act as a kitchen, but other than that the entire floor was just wide open space where Diesel could see everything from his television to his bed.

After putting away his groceries Diesel flipped on the tv and saw that the news was reporting on the docks that Sam had been talking about, which prompted him to go over to the windows to see if he could spot what was happening. Though it was still raining hard and the dark clouds had made it like it was night it did allow him to see the flashing lights that were act the actual dock. There was also a ship that was illuminated by spotlights that was likely the one that the news and his neighbor was talking about. It was hard to see anything that was actually going on though and was about to pull away to go and make himself something to eat when suddenly a fireball erupted from the ship that caused him to jump slightly.

“Whoa…” Diesel said as the explosion ripped through the ship and caused the windows to rattle, the gatox wondering if they were going to break as the entire vessel was engulfed in flames. He could hear the sound of car alarms going off and the flashing lights began to move back as the ship started to sink immediately after it, watching as it quickly sank beneath the dark waters after only a few minutes. “Thank goodness they built that peer far enough away from here.”

When Diesel turned back to the television he saw that the news crews were reacting to the explosion as well, seeing the people on the scene backing away from the docks before it cut to the reporters in the station. As the gatox made himself food he decided to keep the news on and eventually it was revealed that the entire reason the ship had been investigated in the first place was a fuel line rupture, and that fortunately it had been completely evacuated so no one was hurt. It was a relief to him and he hoped that the sound of sirens wouldn’t go on too late into the night as he eventually switched it over to something else while he sat on his couch in his boxers. After a few hours of chilling out and washing up his dishes he went to bed, laying on his side away from the windows that still flashed the different colored lights into his room.

As Diesel went to sleep and the storm continued on another was about to enter into the building, but this wasn’t one of the tenants as the inky black creature landed on the roof of the warehouse with a loud splat. It had been on the ship that exploded and was supposed to have burned up with all the other illegal research and experiments that were on it, but the well-hidden specimen had been ejected instead and sailed through the air until it got to the warehouse it landed on. To anyone that might have been on the roof they would have seen what looked like a gooey snake or slug, mostly just a tube that slowly slithered along the ground with a single opening for a mouth that opened and closed.

While those that had renovated the buildings took care to secure it as best as possible they didn’t think anyone would try to break in through the roof, especially not through the small vents that were used to circulate air through the building. The creature slithered through the opening and once more flopped down, this time being out of the rain and into the floor below. At this point Diesel had fallen fast asleep and his soft breathing attracted it over towards him. The gatox remained blissfully unaware that his apartment had been invaded, even as it slowly moved up onto his bed and began to navigate its way over towards him.

Diesel snorted and shifted on his bed as something touching him caused him to start to stir, his blue eyes opening slightly as he felt a weight on his leg that was significant enough to cause him to awaken. At first he thought that it was just the sheets that had managed to get tangled around his bare leg and sleepily pulled on the edge of it in order to get it unfurled from him. When it only seemed to cause it to travel further up his thigh he let out a sleepy groan and shifted onto his back while continuing to try and remove the snarl in his sheets, eventually just pulling them completely off of his body. As he felt the fabric flutter down to the floor his eyes opened fully and the haze of sleep evaporated quickly when not only did it not stop the sensation of something wrapped around his leg but felt it move up into his boxers.

The gatox quickly sat up when he realized there was something on him that was moving and he looked down at his body just in time to see something squirming around one of the legs of his boxers. He let out a panicked gasp as it felt like a snake had just slid into his underwear and he wasn’t sure what to do, especially as he saw the end of the black body still exposed and it shined in the light. The sensation of something moving through his fur near his groin was also having an unintended consequence as the bulge in his boxers began to twitch. Diesel told himself that now definitely wasn’t the time for that as he tried to figure out how to remove this creature from his boxers without it biting him, but despite his best efforts not to move his entire body shuddered as he felt the head of the creature begin to push between his cheeks.

Feeling it start to slide up against his tailhole prompted Diesel to move and he tried to reach into his boxers in order to stop its intrusion but the wiggling body underneath the fabric proved difficult to pin down. At the same time the gatox could feel it start to try and push past the ring of muscle and get inside him, and as he continued to struggle with it he let out a grunt when it actually managed to do so! The wiggling of the creature became more insistent when it had managed to spread open his inner walls and Diesel finally just ripped off his boxers in order to try and get at it, but as he sat there with his legs spread open several inches had already managed to slide inside of him. Though there was still a foot and a half of its body still hanging out of him Diesel could see it ripple its body upward and continue to push inside of him as a wave of pleasure cascaded through his body and caused his exposed cock to harden even further.

Even as his body began to tremble from the blissful sensations that came with the insertion he tried to reach down and pull it out of him, only for his entire body to go rigid as the command to stop reverberated through his body. It was like someone had shouted it at him without actually speaking it and in his stunned state it allowed the creature push deeper inside him, spreading him open even more as his legs began to writhe against his bed. Whenever he even thought about trying to extract whatever it was from him the same sensation came over him, eventually causing him to pant as he just watched this creature slither into him while his erection throbbed from the pleasure that it was causing. His entire lower body was twitching as it finally slid the last of its body inside of him, Diesel watching in shock as it disappeared from view as his tailhole closed around it.

A few seconds later Diesel was panting as he put a hand on his stomach, looking down at what just happened as he could feel his insides shifting from the creature still inside it. With the sounds of the storm still pounding the building it masked his own heavy breathing as he slowly brought a hand down between his legs and pressed it between the fuzzy globes of his rear end. Though his tailhole still tingled he didn’t find any trace of the creature and if it wasn’t for the fact that he could still feel it squirming around it would have felt like it didn’t even happen. The hybrid was unsure what to do next but as he heard a gurgle from deep down inside he quickly decided on calling a hospital as he shifted his body to his nightstand to grab his phone.

Before he could grab it Diesel once more felt his muscles tense and the command to stop reverberated through his body, causing him to roll onto his back again and let out a gasp. The attempt to call someone to help remove what was inside of him had somehow alerted the creature and it once more began to move around inside of him. At first he thought that it would start to push out his stomach but instead it seemed to be moving around his backside, and for a moment he thought that perhaps it was going to leave him the same way it came in. Instead it seemed to slither further up towards his back as it arched from the stimulation, feeling an unnatural pleasure come from it as his hips bucked slightly into the air.

Diesel once more found himself breathing heavily as a pressure began to be felt at his tail and he looked down between his legs once more to see that the furred flesh had begun to throb and pulsate. When he grabbed onto it he could feel the creature slithering inside, moving down into it like it was hollow as he let out a groan. What is going on, the gatox thought to himself as he felt the appendage thicken in his grasp, if something had managed to get inside him like this it should be intensely painful but instead all he got was a tingling of pleasure that was growing by the second. The other sensation he was getting was a numbness that had started to spread from the base of his tail down and it quickly spread he found it starting to thrash about more.

At this point Diesel didn’t know what to do and it was becoming harder to think with the waves of pleasure that were coming from his tail that were also causing him to become increasingly horny. His bright blue shaft had started to soften after the creature had gone inside him but came right back up when it started to mutate his tail, and despite the situation he found himself wrapping his fingers around the sensitive flesh. As soon as he did he was given a burst of lustful need and felt a joy in his body that didn’t come from him. It was almost like it was coming from this creature and as he stroked he began to feel more of that euphoria spread through him as his body began to calm.

It felt so good to just let the creature do what it wanted…

Let it take control like a good host…

Feel the pleasure in its infestation…

Though the words came to his mind unbidden they were spoken in his voice as Diesel became focused on the pleasure even as he felt his tail start to swell and grow while moving between his legs. Host… infestation… these were not things that should be good, it was how one would describe a parasite, and as soon as that word came to his mind he felt a sense of realization in his mind. Yes, a parasite, that was what it was, that was what was inside him right now, and even as alarm bells rang in the back of his mind that he was in trouble an almost goofy grin formed on his snout. It felt so good to give in, the tenseness in his muscles that came when he tried to escape its clutches melted away as he became a good host just like it wanted.

With his mind eroding to the corruption being fed to it through the creature tapped into his spinal cord Diesel could feel what was happening to his body much more, feeling thick tendrils start to stretch out from his tailbase along his back while the tail itself began continued to stretch and grow. He was quickly reminded that it wasn’t his tail anymore; it belonged to the parasite totally and completely as it made it into its new home. The gatox just found himself nodding to the internal thoughts and kept focused on what was important, which was giving himself more pleasure as the transformation continued to happen to his tail. After a few minutes Diesel was starting to get close to finishing himself off when he saw something rise up from between his legs, and for a brief moment the euphoric haze that he had been put in was shattered as his eyes widened and his jaw dropped.

What arched up was definitely no longer his tail; while it retained the black and white fur it had become almost twice as thick as it was before and instead of being tapered down to the tip the end of it looked bigger than the base. What had caused Diesel’s shock though was when the end of his tail split open, the ends peeling black like a flower in bloom to reveal bright blue flesh and a tube that wiggled in the air. The sight of the monstrous opening prompted the hybrid to reach for the phone again, but this time instead of the parasite merely commanding him to stop it slithered forward and wrapped around his arms and waist to pin him. As he could feel the throbbing, pulsating tendrils beneath the fur of his once normal tail as the coil tightened around him so he could no longer move.

Whether it was just to feel him squirm or because it had reached some sort of mutation where it couldn’t the parasite didn’t influence the rest of his body like it had before, instead letting him shift around as the new mouth of his tail slowly began to lower itself down to his groin. Even without being able to measure the gatox guessed that it had stretched to at least three times the length of his normal tail and was completely prehensile, though it was the tip that continued to be fixated on. Diesel tried to kick his lower legs to no effect as it took the translucent blue tube inside the maw of the tail and slid it over his cock, which immediately caused him to start to writhe in pleasure again. The sensations were unlike anything he had ever experienced before as the tub continued to slide down him like a living condom, eventually getting all the way to the hilt of his member before it suctioned against the entirety of his shaft.

Once it had been secured the parasite began to milk him as the rest of his tail lowered down and completely enveloped his cock to provide even more stimulation. It was like getting the most bizarre blowjob that he had ever experienced in his entire life and the worst part was how good it felt. Even though an alien creature had taken over part of his body and had pinned the rest of it down all he could think about was the sublime stimulation that was coming from it as it continued to tease him in ways that he hadn’t even imagined before. Since he had already gotten himself close before it didn’t take long for Diesel to get to that point again, though this thing knew exactly how to keep him on the edge as the gatox grew more and more animated from the build-up.

Diesel didn’t know how long he had remained like that but eventually the parasite allowed the gatox to orgasm, and when he did he almost blacked out as he let out a cry. With his upper body still restrained the only thing he could do was hump up into the air as he came inside his own tail, feeling the suction increase as it drained him. The coils on his body started to loosen at that point but he was so exhausted that all he could do was lay there panting as the last waves of the climax caused him to twitch. Eventually the tail maw pulled off of him and as it did Diesel got the overwhelming urge to sleep, feeling his eyes close immediately and his head fall to his pillow.

When Diesel awoke again it was because of the sun shining through his windows, hitting him right in the face as he put up a hand to try and block the offending rays. The first thing he noticed as his eyes opened was a throbbing sensation in his tail, as though the parasite wanted to remind him that it was still there and it wasn’t a dream, and as he tried to move his feet to get out of the bed he already saw it start to move around. As he looked it over it had at least shrunk back down to a manageable size, though it was still bigger than before as he got out of bed and walked over towards his bedroom. It was a bizarre feeling to feel his tail moving around without his involvement and could almost sense the curious nature of the parasite within as he went to the bathroom to wash himself off.

As the gatox sat in his shower and let the water cascade down his naked body he wondered what he was going to do as he gave a side glance to the tail that was drinking some of the water that came down. Trying to remove it or get help was definitely not an option at this point, even the thought of it caused the mouth of his tail to snap back towards him while the opening stretched slightly as though in irritation. “Relax, you made your point,” Diesel said out loud as he looked at the table, which despite the absurdity of it caused the tail maw to close up again. “I doubt it would end well anyway, probably get locked away in a top-secret facility somewhere.”

At the mention of that Diesel suddenly saw something in his mind’s eye, an image of the inside of a lab that he had never actually seen before. He was viewing things from behind a plate of glass and he could see others that were like the black shiny creature he had seen go inside him. Were there other parasites out there? Was someone studying these things and this one managed to get out, and if that was the case than how did it happen?

Once again the gatox was given another memory that wasn’t his own, this time the case being slid off what he assumed was a shelf as an older lion man grabbed it and began to run. “Look, I don’t know if this is going to work or not but if you are getting this then you need to go and find Dr. Archer Tempin,” The lion said as the sounds of military or police personnel can be heard shouting. “He will help you understand this creature, but you have to hurry because you only have until the next full moon in order to-“

There was the sound of gunfire and the lion ran a different direction, and though it was hard to see from the perspective that Diesel guessed was the parasite he could see that wherever he was had people with guns trying to find him. Eventually he ran to a wall towards a tube that stuck out from the floor and put the container carrying the parasite inside, which caused it to tumble downwards into the darkness. Right before he lost track of the sound he heard more shouting including the lion, followed by the sound of gunfire. Then everything went silent, for how long the gatox wasn’t sure but then there was a loud sound that sounded like an explosion and a bright light.

An explosion, Diesel realized as he remembered what he saw out on the dock, this creature was on the ship! So much for a gas line rupture, the gatox thought to himself as he got out and used his towel to try himself off. If that was the case he needed to go find this doctor and figure out what was going on, and to his surprise it appeared the parasite wouldn’t fight him in the matter. The only thing that confused Diesel was to what the lion meant about the full moon, at least until he finished drying himself off by rubbing the towel around his light grey headfur and felt something hard just behind his ears.

For a second the gatox remained frozen as he slowly let the towel fall away from his head while keeping his fingers at the spot where he had felt the anomaly. With nothing between him and whatever was protruding behind his ears he could feel that it was bone, and though they were just nubs it was clear that these things were tiny antlers from the way they were shaped. When Diesel went to his mirror he confirmed it, seeing the strange protrusions that came from his head. It made him wonder if the creature was infecting more than just his tail as he went out to try and find the man that the lion in his visions had told him about.

It didn’t take long for Diesel to find the location where he could meet Dr. Archer Tempin, who was a researcher at the university of the city, but trying to get a meeting with him was an entirely other matter. When he called the college he found out the carnotaur had taken a sabbatical and they didn’t know where he is. Even when he managed to get a home number there was no response and the gatox wondered if what happened to the lion had caused the other man to go to ground. As the days went by however Diesel began to feel stranger and stranger; even as he got used to the fact that his tail no longer was under his control he had also started to mutate more than just the odd pair of tiny antlers behind his ears.

At first it was hard to tell but Diesel could start to tell that his body was changing when his clothes started to be tight around him. After about a week he had to get new pants and when he looked in the mirror he could see that his entire body had gained a bit of muscle, like he was going to the gym every day as he watched the tailmaw in his reflection look at him. His rounded muzzle also became slightly more angular and his ears shifted slightly, but the biggest changes were what was happening below the waistline. Part of the reason he couldn’t fit in his clothing anymore was his member had grown significantly and his tail had become huge, which had prompted its host to eat more until Diesel was making himself essentially two dinners.

There were also the mental changes that were happening as well; the gatox had long since disregarded the idea of trying to remove the creature that had taken up residence in his tail and took active steps to hide and protect it. While he still continued to look for Dr. Tempin the need to remove the parasite that had made his body its host was no longer the goal. He also could feel himself looking at people differently as he passed the street, often finding himself looking them up and down as though attempting to size them up. It was a strange, almost feral sensation and more than once he found the will of the parasite pressing against his own when he saw someone that in their mind would make for a good host…

As the month came to an end Diesel still had no luck in finding the researcher, eventually coming home to his apartment after a night of trying to find Dr. Tempin’s favorite haunts. “This guy is probably out of the country by now,” Diesel said as his tailmaw was freed from the sleeve he had created, not wanting anyone to accidently see the tip opening and closing as it came up and pressed against his shoulder. “I know that you wanted to find him as much as I did, but this Tempin doesn’t want to be found and we’re not going to be able to do anything about it.”

“That is because I took great strides to make sure that I wasn’t,” a voice said from the shadows that caused both Diesel and the tailmaw to turn toward the source, the tip of his tail opening in a threatening posture as a large, somewhat chubby carnotaur stepped into the light that streamed in through the windows. “Hello there, I see that you two are getting along famously. Dr. Alcolm would have been proud if he was still alive.”

After Diesel got over the initial shock, the adrenaline that had been dumped into his system waning quickly, the name that the dinosaur gave spurring a memory in the parasite of the lion once more. “You must be Dr. Tempin,” Diesel said as he continued to watch the carnotaur while his tailmaw did the same as the other man nodded. “Why did you come here?”

“The same reason why you were trying to reach out to me,” the researcher replied. “My colleague had left me a message on my machine about two months ago saying that he had made a breakthrough in his research and that he was coming to show me, and then just last month right before he got to port he sent me another more dire communication through our emergency line that said that he was in trouble and if something would happen to him that his specimen would attempt to reach out. You can call me Archer by the way.”

“The specimen would reach out,” Diesel repeated in slight shock. “So the lion knew that if this parasite escaped it would latch on to someone and start to control them as well as… change them. Can you please tell me what this thing is and what’s happening to me?”

To the gatox’s surprise the carnotaur looked out the windows as if searching for something before sighing and shaking his head. “I’m afraid that I was just a passive collaborator when it came to my friend’s work on this creature,” Archer explained. “All I know is that it is some sort of parasite and has to do with the legend of lycanthropy. You do know what a werewolf is, right?”

“I mean, from movies and such,” Diesel replied. “People in stories who turn into big snarling creatures during the full moon.”

“Well they’re more than just mere fairytales,” Archer stated. “Apparently my friend got his hands on some of the DNA of a creature and decided the best way to make use of it was to try and create something that could utilize it in a more efficient way. My guess was he was attempting to create some sort of symbiote or something, from the legends werewolves were capable of great strength and healing abilities, and that the host would become augmented on the night of the full moon just like they were.”

The full moon… Diesel could feel his blood pounding in his ears when he realized that was what Archer was looking for out the window. While he normally didn’t keep track of such things the gatox could see the silver circle hanging brightly outside of the large windows and gathered that the reason Archer had made himself known today was to see his friend’s work in action. It was all starting to make sense to him now, especially since the bizarre feelings that had been cropping up in his mind had started to manifest more strongly in the last few days. Archer had been continuing to talk about something that related to the parasite for a few minutes but all Diesel could focus on where his hands as they began to quiver in front of him.

Diesel felt each pump of his heart inside him as the parasite began to go into overdrive, spurred on by the lycan DNA that was spliced into it, as it began to grow. While the changes had been gradual up until this point the gatox gasped slightly when his chest practically barreled out, growing thicker by the second as the fur of his fingers split as webbing similar to the color of his hands grew between the digits. It was clear that the carnotaur had heard him at this point and the dinosaur nearly fell off his chair as he saw the creature starting to transform in front of him, the thick vein-like tendrils at the base of his tail spread outwards as the muscles of his thighs and hips twitched before expanding as well. As the transformation spread Diesel let out a groan as he felt the inch-high antlers start to push out, growing into a full set as his eye teeth sharpened into a pair of fangs.

As the tailmaw began to move towards the downed carnotaur Diesel found his body following along, his bloodshot eyes looking down at Archer as his own thoughts were slowed. At this point Diesel wasn’t sure who was in control of his changing body, him or the parasite, but as they staled towards the one that attempted to crawl away from them he found that the line between him and the other creature was becoming blurred. The instincts that had been slowly bubbling underneath the surface this entire time were exploding to the surface and with it came a pleasure that the gatox had only felt once before, when the parasite had bonded to him in the first place. As the tailmaw hovered down towards the muzzle of the allosaurus Diesel began to mimic the movements with his own head, his tongue stretching out past his lips just like the tube of his tailmaw as both swayed back and forth slightly.

“Curse you Dave,” the carnotaur muttered as he found himself up against a wall with the tail maw inches from his face as it slowly opened up in front of him. “This was your plan all along, wasn’t it? Another incubator for your pet project.” He grimaced as the gatox continued to stand there, his body still twitching as his biceps and forearms rippled with new growth while tentacles could be seen slithering underneath the skin of the infested creature. “Well, what are you waiting for, go on then!”

If the carnotaur had anything else to say it was stopped when the tailmaw darted forward and latched around the head of the saurian researcher, causing him to squirm as the cock-like tube began to push past his lips. A feeling of sheer ecstasy filled the host of the tailmaw as his body continued to transform, idly looking down to see his reptilian toes start to merge together. His blue tongue continued to dangle out of his mouth as he thought they were about to become webbed like his hands, but instead as the claws thickened and turned to a similar blue it warped and fused to become a solid appendage. Hooves… the part of Diesel’s infested mind that was still able to rationalize recognized them and with all the other traits he had gained realized he had been transformed into some sort of… parasite-infested weredeer.

None of that really mattered to Diesel at the moment, as the desires and needs of the parasite continued to manifest in his mind all he could focus on was the carnotaur in front of him. His tail twitched and wiggled as the parasite continued to push its sudo-cock down into the dinosaur’s mouth, and though most of his muzzle and head were covered by it the eyes of the researcher were still exposed. A grin began to spread over the muzzle of the monstrous creature as he felt something flow through his tail and watched the eyes of the creature practically pop out of his head when it reached his muzzle. With the appendage securely in his throat there was nothing that Archer could do but swallow and Diesel felt the thrill of victory as the spherical object significantly bulged out the throat of the dinosaur.

As the egg continued to be guided down the throat of the other man Diesel wrapped a clawed, webbed hand around his cock, which had grown nearly another foot and had started to wiggle in the air of its own accord. Just like his tailmaw it had turned into another means of reproduction, and though he was deriving a lot of pleasure from stuffing the carnotaur’s maw it wasn’t quite the same. As the psyches of Diesel and the lycanthropic parasite continued to mingle the weredeer suddenly craved something else, a need that was blossoming in his corrupted mind as he felt the muscles of his body twitch and flex. He wanted to hunt, he wanted sex, he wanted to plunge his new tool into the depths of another and watch them squirm as they became just… like… them…

The carnotaur slumped forward as the tail maw pulled away from him, a trail of translucent blue goo dripping down the dinosaur’s mouth as his stomach began to gurgle and swell. With this means of implantation the transformation would be slower but inevitable and a mental image came to Diesel’s mind of the carnotaur’s body turning to a beast like him. That image suddenly changed though and a different creature came to mind, that of a dragon that he had once again rode up with this same night. That meant that he was home, the infested weredeer realized as he stalked his way towards the elevator and rode it downwards…

Meanwhile Sam remained oblivious to the danger that was coming straight towards him, the dragon at his dinner table writing on his laptop about the dock explosion that he had been working on. Through his digging he had found a few leads that it wasn’t just a gas line explosion and through all of his contacts it had taken him nearly a month before he found enough evidence to write the article. It had been a number of long nights though and they were starting to take its toll, to the point where he had started to nod off right there in his chair. Just before his head hit the keyboard though there was a loud knock on his door that nearly caused him to slide out of his seat, the dragon looking at the clock on his computer and realized it was probably the food he had ordered earlier when he realized he was about to pull another all-nighter.

“About damn time,” Sam said as he got up and stretched his sore muscles while walking to the door. “Really need to find another place to order from, third time this week that they’ve… been… late…”

The dragon trailed off when he opened the door and found that it wasn’t the usual cheetah delivery guy that got his food. His jaw nearly dropped to the floor when he saw a grey-furred deer monster standing there completely, tentacle tongue wrapping around his teeth as blue goo continued to drool from his mouth. Sam found himself frozen in place, stepping back only when the creature moved forward as it ducked its head to avoid getting his antlers caught on the doorframe. Though he had never seen this creature before Sam found something familiar about him, but that thought remained in the back of his mind as the panicked dragon tried to think of how to escape as this muscular deer man stood head and shoulders above him.

“Don’t worry, he won’t bite,” a voice said, which Sam saw didn’t come from the deer as it continued to look at him with bloodshot eyes while breathing heavily. When he turned his head slightly he was startled by the tail of the creature hovering next to his face, the tip of which had a mouth-like opening which was where the words were coming from. “Not unless I tell him to of course, and that will depend on you right now…”

Despite the bizarre absurdity of the situation Sam’s investigative instincts kicked in and when the monstrous male didn’t approach him any further along with the reassurance, despite it coming from the creature’s tail, allowed him to regain some of his composure and dismiss the idea of just jumping out the window. “I… I won’t run or attack… you?” Sam hesitantly replied as he continued to look at the tail hovering at him. “I will have to ask what’s going on here and who you two are.”

“What, don’t recognize your neighbor?” The tail maw said with a dark chuckle, which prompted the dragon to do a double take. It was the pattern of the fur that had initially sparked his realization, though the massive deer monster shared little else in comparison to his gatox neighbor as he saw one of the tentacles inside him push out the fur over his washboard abs. “I see you understand; don’t bother talking to him, my host is preoccupied with other things on his mind right now and for tonight I’m in control.”

“I think I can see that,” Sam said as he looked down and saw the two-foot long prehensile cock practically reaching out towards him. “You still haven’t told me what’s going on and why you knocked on my door.”

“From the information in my host I know that you are an investigative journalist,” the parasite explained as it moved Diesel over towards the laptop, hooves clopping on the wooden floor as the gatox let out a slight growl from the pleasure being fed to it for continuing to obey. “I have a story for you, one that involves the ship that exploded in the harbor a month ago. With my strength replenished I can give you that story from an insider’s perspective, but in return I need something from you.”

It was clear from the intrigued expression on the dragon’s face that he was intrigued by the offer, though he was still extremely weary of the alien creature that was going to give to him. “I can give you anonymity as one of my sources,” Sam said as professionally as he could. “If it’s protection you want I also have a few contacts in the police that owe me a favor and could pull a detail for you.”

“I’m pretty sure we can protect ourselves,” the parasite replied, both Diesel and his tail chuckling in synchronicity. “It’s your body I want. With this being my first change I am limited in my transformative abilities and only had one egg created, which I already used on someone else, and there are lustful instincts that at the moment I’ve been able to hold back so we can have this conversation. If you say no then I can’t stop us from going on the hunt, but if you let us slake our desires with you I promise you that story and so, so much more…”

Sam felt one of his eyeridges rise up slightly as the tail maw approached him once more, the dragon detecting an almost flirty attitude coming from it despite it being a mouth on the end of a tail. As his gaze drifted towards the weredeer he could see the predatory look in its eye and could sense that it was telling him the truth. He found himself biting his lip as he considered the offer; it wouldn’t be the first time he had used his body in order to get a story he wanted and even with the monstrous nature of the creature he was also kind of hot. In the back of his mind he also rationalized that if he didn’t do this then Diesel might go out and do something that he would regret, though in reality he knew that he was merely attempting to write a heroic narrative for letting his own lust dictate his actions as he told the tail maw that he had a deal.

When Sam reached out to shake the weredeer’s hand he suddenly found himself getting picked up, letting out a slight yelp as he was carried over towards the bed before thrown down unceremoniously on top of it. Given the lack of use the sheets were in a pile on it and he found himself getting tangled up in them as he was turned onto his back. When he attempted to sit up he was practically bounced back onto the mattress as he suddenly saw the head of the deer in his vision as Diesel got on top of him. It didn’t take long for the weredeer to strip the dragon down and as soon as they were both naked Sam felt the lips of the cervine muzzle press against his own.

Though he had willingly agreed the dragon couldn’t help but wiggle slightly as the weredeer’s hips spread his legs open, the tip of the prehensile member of the beast already starting to press against his inner thighs. Any rational thought that Diesel might have held at that point was completely gone, replaced with those of the lycanthropic parasite that infested his tail. All he could think about was impaling this dragon beneath him as deeply as he could, though he still had enough sense of self to temper the instinctual lust that coursed through his body. Fortunately his mutated cock was already producing enough natural lubricant that as the tip pressed up against the dragon’s tailhole it was practically dripping with the substance.

As the weredeer started to wiggle his cock into the dragon beneath him while his tongue did the same to Sam’s muzzle the parasite tail began to do something different. With its instincts in high gear it no longer spoke, and even if it could it soon at the tip of the dragon’s tail sliding down into its hollow tube. The sensation of his tail being engulfed caused Sam to gasp slightly in pleasure but that only allowed the large tongue stretching his jaw to continue to slither down into his throat. The draconic feet of the reporter curled in pleasure as he was penetrated in both his maw and tailhole, his body bucking slightly as his inner walls were spread wide by the thick cock that pushed into him.

The sensations were so intense coming from between his legs that he didn’t notice that the weredeer’s long tail had continued to push its way over his, and that the scaled appendage had already started to change. While the parasite could have just implanted another egg from the cock that was slithering its way up into the dragon’s body it had another means of reproduction as its own inner walls began to undulate and ripple along the entire length of it. It wasn’t until it had gotten completely to the base of the tail did Sam realize that something was happening to him, letting out a muffled groan as tendrils began to push up the scales of his tailbase. The weredeer impaling the dragon was only the means to keep the new host pinned and as Sam’s fingers dug into the bedsheets the new tailmaw being created was already starting to graft itself into the thoughts of the reporter.

With the hulking weredeer on top of him all Sam could do was thrash about as he felt his mind being penetrated just like his tailhole, which despite the immense girth and length of the cock pushing into him it was already almost completely inside of him. With the parasite tailmaw completely over his own it didn’t take long before the pleasure became to intense and the dragon was reduced to a quivering mess, partially from the euphoria that was being fed into his infested mind and mostly from his body starting to transform. Just like the former gatox the dragon began to gain muscle rapidly as tendrils could be seen sliding underneath his skin, the scales stretching and growing as the thighs of the changing male pressed against the hips of the weredeer as they grew.

The muffled groaning soon turned to growls as the dragon’s mind became increasingly corrupted, becoming like Diesel as something else began to take control of him. The two tails shifted and moved about as the parasite grew within the one that was engulfed until the weredeer could feel something pushing deeper inside of his own. It was the tube tongue of the dragon’s tailmaw, feeling the tip open for the first time as it spurred the original host to thrust deeper into the new one. The stomach of the dragon was practically bulging as the thick cock filled it but as the infestation continued the lean, flat belly of the reporter soon molded into a set of washboard abs that were just like the ones above him as the cock trapped between them throbbed and stretched with new growth.

With the dragon transforming underneath him the sight of the muscles stretching and rippling with new growth caused Diesel to thrust even deeper into him, especially when he saw the scales of Sam’s head stretching into new ears and his muzzle taking on a more cervine shape while fangs grew past his lips. The horns of the dragon also started to shift, growing and splitting as the tongue of the creature curled around the one already inside his maw and pushed into Diesel. As they stared into one another’s eyes the already dilated pupils of both creatures started to grow even more until the black had completely stretched over them. The hosts were no longer in control, the two weredeer were merely the puppets of their infested tails as Diesel’s finally pulled back to reveal the tail maw attached to the dragon.

The sight of a newly infested creature caused Diesel’s libido to go into overdrive and even though they were almost the same size he continued to keep the scaly weredeer pinned to the bed and pumping into him. As his cock was squeezed hard while getting buried up to the hilt the host could start to see the intentions that the parasite had. They weren’t going to stop at just the dragon and the carnotaur; with the creatures safe inside their hosts they would continue to spread and take over others, the warehouse that they were in becoming a breeding ground for them to infest and have sex. Diesel could see through the haze of pleasure him sitting with other weredeer massaging and groping his body, their tailmaws entwined around one another as his maw and tailhole were filled with throbbing cocks while his was buried deep inside someone with a stomach bulging with eggs to go and infest more people with.

As the last of the changes washed over the former dragon, mainly his feet cramping and curling until they merged into a set of purple hooves, the two muzzles pulled away from one another with a strand of drool still connecting them. The tongues of the two creatures continued to wiggle in the air as they stared at each other, only to lose sight as the scaled tailmaw pressed against the furry cervine muzzle while Diesel’s latched onto the purple-scaled deer head beneath them. Though it was hard to see as the tube tongue of the other began to slide into their throats they could see their parasite start to bulge and throb and felt something sliding through them. As Diesel continued to thrust his heavy cock into the creature below he felt the one in his tail do the same to his maw while his own was filled, his mind briefly flashing back to the carnotaur as the first egg slid into his throat. Both of them swallowed eagerly, feeling it settle into their stomachs for the next time the full moon happened while they continued to rut.

Eventually their bellies began to bulge as Diesel felt something press up against his tailhole, looking down to see the prehensile cock of the other weredeer sliding around and slithering between his legs. The grey-furred deer monster shifted his body so that it could enter easily, their tails still pressed around their muzzles as they began to penetrate one another with each other’s members just like their tail maws were doing. The pleasure that flowed between the two of them was so intense that they lost all semblance of self; and that was what the parasites wanted. Diesel and Sam became two weredeer hosts, two monsters sharing the ecstasy of conversion and each other’s host bodies as the tail maws continued to engulf their heads until they had suctioned around their necks to continue to subjugate them to their new masters…

When Diesel awoke again it was to the nuzzle of a tail maw, but as his eyes slowly opened he could see in the light of the sun streaming through the windows that it wasn’t his own that was nudging him awake. The gatox let out a slight gasp as he saw the purple scales and realized that it was Sam’s tail that was doing it and almost fell out of the bed when it tried to give him a kiss. A few moments later everything that happened that last night was fed back to him, including the reason why he was lying naked in the dragon’s bed. At first he thought for a second that the parasite had moved to his neighbor but almost as though to prove him wrong he felt his own infested tail rise up and take the embrace that he had avoided.

The action had also caused Sam to awaken, and as Diesel laid there he saw the look of shock on his face as he no doubt had the same thoughts that the gatox had. After calming the reporter down on feeling his tail out of his control while it seemed to stare him in the face he asked Sam if he wanted some breakfast, which the dragon nodded his head too as he reached up and felt the deformities in his draconic horns that had been a set of antlers a few hours ago. “Looks like I won’t need to interview you after all,” Sam said after Diesel made them both breakfast, instinctively knowing where everything was despite it being the first time in this apartment. “From what I can tell the parasites can share their knowledge with each other through that tail hugging thing they did last night.”

“Yeah, sorry about dragging you into this,” Diesel replied, though part of him knew that was a lie as he looked over the dragon while they talked and ate. Both had opted to remain naked to allow their tails to roam free and even though they weren’t weredeer anymore both their bodies had increased tone and definition of their muscles from their infestation. “Had I known something like this would happen I might have tried harder to defy it.”

“Sure you would have,” Sam replied with a coy smirk, causing Diesel to blush slightly as the reporter seemed to see right through him. “Anyway it seems we have another month before these lunar parasites manifest once again, which means if we don’t want to keep swelling our little hive of infested creatures we will have to do something quick. I don’t know about you but even talking about trying to defy them is starting to give me a headache, and when I think about giving in… ohhh…”

Diesel knew what Sam was talking about as he watched a shiver of pleasure go through the dragon’s body. Already the tail maw parasite was starting to condition him like he was, getting him ready to enjoy going out on the hunt and transform others just like they had last night. It didn’t even have to be on the full moon to infest someone, but that was when their deer forms would come out to play and make them even more irresistible. As he tried to shake the thought off though one thing came to his mind as he watched their tailmaws continue to interact with one another… what happened to Archer?

A few minutes later the gatox got the answer to his question as there was a knock at the door, both Sam and Diesel already sensing that it was a parasite weredeer like them as they went to answer the door. To the gatox’s surprise it wasn’t just the carnotaur that stood there naked, but a cheetah man as well as their tailmaws wrapped around one another. “Sorry that it’s a bit cold,” the delivery driver said as he handed Sam a bag of food. “Perhaps if you want to warm it up we can join you guys?”

Back at the Nexross the weredeer appeared on the pedestal after the portal closed, the tail maw still swaying slightly as the group looked to the judge’s table. “I suppose I can go first with this one,” Viratan said as he leaned back in his chair. “Loved the concept with the parasite taking over during the full moon, its like the instincts of a werewolf with a twist. The idea the host is still separate and submissive gave me a bit of a shiver when your creature encountered Sam.”

“The form is also rather unique to you Olavar,” Raven spoke up next. “As the lord of parasites I had a feeling that you were going to incorporate that into your transformation, but I was pleasantly surprised when you went with the tail maw instead of just going with a more traditional monster. I also like the idea of them becoming weredeer but maintaining their fur or scales and the coloration they had in their previous forms, makes them all unique to one another.”

The nexus deer nodded and everyone turned to the draconic sabrewolf as the final one to give their opinion. “I was actually waiting to see a lot more body horror as Raven was saying,” Serathin explained as he leaned forward. “Though I was hoping for it I have to agree with my fellow judges that you took the transformation in a new and unexpected way, using the parasite as the actual lycanthrope and taking his host body along for the ride. Very innovative and the transformation of the tail maw and the transmission to both the carnotaur and the dragon were great.”

“Looks like our youngest brother has gotten very high praise from the judges when it comes to his creature,” Renzyl said as he went over and patted the deer on the shoulder. “What do you think Olavar? You in first place with your parasite weredeer?”

“I think that the other brothers are definitely going to have to step up their game,” Olavar replied with a smirk. “I’m sure the last thing they want to do is have their creatures lose to a weredeer.”

A number of jeers and hisses came from the crowd as Renzyl chuckled. “Alright, well now that we have our two newest arrivals done it’s time to get back to the more experienced crowd,” the rubber dragon said as he looked at the others. “Whose next?”

“That would be me,” Haleon said as he stepped forward, ruffling his metallic wings before folding them back as he nodded his head towards Olavar. “Certainly a tough act to follow, I do hope that my style isn’t as vanilla in comparison.” The judges gave a small nod and watched as Haleon opened his portal in order to present his werecreature for the competition.