Boys and Their Toys

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"Are you excited to go back to the old cabin?" Derrick asked, as his jeep pulled onto the highway. The brown haired jock filled out the driver's seat well, his long legs bent slightly and one thick, muscular arm hanging out the open window.

"I am," Jake replied. The tanned blonde was bobbing his head and drumming his fingers along the window sill as the jeep cruised along the lone road that wound through the deep woods. He scratched at his abs, his collared shirt completely open and baring his naked torso to the warm sunny day. "It feels like it's been forever since we were last here. What were we, freshmen in high school?"

"The year before, yup." Derrick said. He turned off the road, into the dirt path that led up to the cabin. "I convinced you to jack off with poison ivy, and you almost had to go to the hospital."

"Jesus, that's right, you're such an asshole," Jake laughed. "I remember being so proud of how swollen my dick got, though. It was big. Almost as big as yours!"

"Pfft, I'm a lot bigger now. It's nice to dream, though," Derrick said, airily. Jake laughed, punching him as they pulled up in front of the old log cabin. Their uncle's beat up Chevy Blazer was there, strangely with a door open. "Huh. I wonder if we just caught him heading out?

"No, wait, Derrick, look." Jake pointed up to the front of the cabin - the window there was shattered, the room beyond dark and foreboding. "Something happened."

Derrick turned off the car, and stepped out. At full length, he was quite imposing, with the muscle to back up the height. He rested an arm on top of the jeep, leaning against it as Jake got out on the other side, and slammed the door. "Dude! Be quiet..."

"Uncle Colin!" Jake shouted. Derrek turned to him, his tousled brown hair blowing in the soft breeze.  
  
"What if he got attacked by a bear?"

"Then we need to go in there and see if he's all right," Jake replied. He opened the jeep door and reached inside, grabbing a tire iron. "Beating a bear can't be that hard."

They checked the truck on the way in, but it was empty. Keys in the ignition, but they hadn't been turned. The battery was dead, from the dome light being on, Derreck figured. He pocketed the keys, and closed the door, as they headed into the cabin.

Jake twisted the handle of the front door, and the door pushed open, easily. "Ugh," Derrick said. "The fuck is that smell?"

"It smells like bear, for sure," Jake said, as he entered the room carefully. The light switch did nothing; the power was out. "It doesn't smell like death, though. That's a plus."

"Should we call the cops?" Derrick asked, picking up a shovel from the porch and following Jake into the darkened cabin. It wasn't a big cabin, completely open save for a small bedroom in the back. There was an outhouse around the back, for those kinda things. The place was a mess, though. "This place has been ransacked..."

"No, not ransacked, scavenged." Jake said, gesturing to the kitchen area. Food containers were everywhere, boxes of cereal ripped open in the middle, chewed up ramen wrappers, a bag of sugar. "Food..." he gestured to the living room area, which was lit up just enough to reveal the patches of shed fur and 'pet stains' that marked the hardwood floor, "and shelter."

"But what about the truck?" Derrick jingled the keys. "A bear didn't put the keys in the ignition, and there's no blood."

Jake gestured to the small bedroom, the door of which was closed. "Maybe he's in there."

"Dammit, Jake, I don't want to know what's in there. What if-"

"What if he needs our help, *right now*?" Jake said. "Come on."

They stepped up to the door, both of them looking at each other. This was as far from the windows as they could get, and the room just felt dark, like something horrible waited on the other side. They prepared their weapons, ready to kill a bear, or, worse, give their uncle mouth-to-mouth. Derrick kicked, and the door flung inwards, and the two men raced inside.

The room was empty. Better than that, it was organized. The bed was made, a book on a night table under the window. A desk with some papers and a pipe on it, a small television on a wooden chair. Simple, peaceful. It smelled like their uncle's pipe tobacco.

"Oh. Well, that's good. At least he isn't dead." Derrick said. He flopped onto the bed, which bounced, the frame cracking under the big man's weight. "Oops."

"We're gonna have to call the police, and report a missing person," Jake said. He walked to the desk, pushing the papers around. "There's no... notes or anything."

"I'm sure he just, like, his truck died so he walked to the neighbors to get some help," Derrick said. He yawned, stretching his arms over his head. "But yeah.. we can't stay here."

"Sucks, I hope he's alright," Jake said. There was a pause, as the two men considered what may have befallen their uncle, before the shorter cousin cracked a smile. "I wonder if his porn is still here."

"Uncle Colin wasn't gay, was he?" Derrick asked. "I mean, I never saw him with a woman, and-"

"He lived fifty miles in the deep woods, there's no women out here," Jake said. He snickered and walked over to the bed, grabbing Derrick's right foot and hauling it up and off of a blanket chest where the footboard where be. "But that don't mean he don't like 'em. Let's see..."

Jake crouched, grabbing the lid, and heaved it up. The lid flopped down between Derrick's legs, and the tall jock pulled them up and out of the way, before contorting himself to get on hands and knees. Jake whooped and knelt down, reaching into the chest. "Yup, there they are!"

He took some jarringly modern looking plastic cases out of the chest and tossed them on the bed, before grabbing a couple old, ratty, stained skin mags. "'Double D Dungarees' and 'Milky Mama Blasters', damn, I think these are the SAME mags he had when we were kids!"

"Cool, cool," Derrick said, as he picked up one of the cases. "What are these, though?"

"Those?" Jake looked, shrugged, and looked at the skin mags. "I guess they're flashlights or something. Batteries maybe."

"Nah, they're not batteries." Derrick squinted, rolling the plastic case around in his hands. It was roughly the dimensions of a loaf of wonderbread. He shook it, narrowing his eyes as he felt something flop back and forth inside. "I think it's like... food or something."

"Well open it up. I'm starving, and it's not like I'm eating anything out in the kitchen."

"Sure, sure." Derrick sighed, as he twisted one end of the case. "This looks like it was 3D printed, but I have no idea where Uncle Colin would have access to a... what the..."

The case had opened, and out of it slid a big, slimy brown slug. No, not a slug, just something slug-shaped. It flopped onto the front of Derrick's groins, jutting upwards for a second before flopping limply to the side. By that point, Derrick was swatting it away, and jumping off the bed in alarm. "What the hell is that thing?!"

"It's..." Jake paused, his jaw opening, and then he laughed. "It's... the most terrifying monster you could possibly imagine." Jake grasped the limp brown blob, lifting it up, and abruptly thrusting it at his cousin's face. "A VAGINA!"

"Asshole!" Derrick shouted, slapping at it again, but it was true. The end that Derrick was holding looked exactly like a vagina. The plastic cases held, of all things... flesh lights. "Oh, man, that's so gross.. are you really holding a used sex toy?!"

Jake laughed, grabbing the other end of it and holding it in a loose arch. "Naw, man, it's not used. You broke the seal when you opened it. I mean, it's not slimy or anything." He cupped it in his hands, looking puzzled. Jake's head canted to the side, studying and gently stroking the soft fleshy toy in his hand. Derrick waited for a couple seconds, then cleared his throat.

"You there, Jake?"

"Dude. Hold it." Jake said, thrusting his hand towards his cousin. Derrick cringed away.

"No thanks."

"You'll love it. Come on, hold it."

"No way, dude, that's another man's pussy, I don't care if it's a pocket pussy, I don't want it."

"Dude," Jake rolled his eyes. "Fine." He took the case, and held the oozing fleshlight over it. His nostrils flared, his head canting to the side slightly again. "Huh. I didn't notice that smell before."

"I can't believe you're sniffing someone else's pocket pussy."

"Pussy. That's what it smells like. Fresh, hot, ready pussy." Jake stared at Derrick, his eyes far away. Then, a blink, and Jake was back. "Not that you'd know what that smells like!" He laughed and let the oozing fleshlight droop down into the case, resealing it. "We should probably go anyway." He picked up the second case, and swung the chest closed with his foot.

"What are you doing with those? Put them back, dude."

"No?" Jake laughed. "Uncle Colin may be dead, our weekend is ruined, and I'm starving. The least I can get from this disaster of a drive out is a sleeve." He winked and waggled the other chest. "If you stop off at Arby's, I'll even let you have the other one."

"Fucking gross, dude." Derrick had clearly had enough, and stepped back out of the door, into the trashed living room. "This whole scene gives me the creeps. Let's get back on the highway, and as soon as we have service, we can call the police."

Jake shrugged. "Sure, sure." To be fair, he was already bored with the place. The idea of calling the police was quickly losing its appeal. It's not that he didn't want to be a hero and save their uncle, it's just... holding that fleshlight, feeling how warm, and soft it was in his hand... it really made him want to fuck it.

They got in Derrick's jeep, and Derrick turned on the engine, letting out a sign of relief when the vehicle sputtered to life. "Thank god. I was starting to feel like I was in the beginning of a horror story or something." He glanced over to Jake, who was smiling, staring ahead, kind of lost in thought. "Earth to Jake."

"Hmm?"

"Hey. You gonna check for cell signal?" Derrick snapped his fingers in front of Jake's face. "Hola, como estas?"

Jake laughed and brushed Derrick's hand away. "Yeah man, for sure. Let's get out of here." He slid the two cases along each other, the soft sound of the plastic scraping against plastic soothing him. "I'll check for service as soon as we're on the highway."

"Attaboy," Derrick said, as he peeled out of the driveway. He still had his uncle's keys, but he had a sinking suspicion that, one way or another, his uncle didn't need them anymore.

The highway sped past, the two men silent. The cabin had just been wrong. It reminded Derrick of the spring break he had spent down at the beach, a car pulling up to him as he was walking back to the hotel and offering him a ride. Derrick had demurred, and it had pulled off. Later on, he had seen the same car pull up next to a stoner with a skateboard, and the guy had gotten in. It wasn't that there was anything inherently wrong with what happened, but Derrick had a feeling that something bad happened to that other dude.

He glanced over to Jake, who had reopened the toy case and pulled out the *slug.* It looked tacky, an oily sheen exuding from inside it, and the smell of pussy was intense. It permeated the room, filling it with the smell, that intoxicating soup of pheromones, sex, lust, and need. It smelled like the juiciest, ripest puss Derrick could imagine stuffing his tongue into, but it still looked like a *slug.* Derrick couldn't help but think of it that way. It wasn't slimy, it was just a darkish, tanned color, and it was matte, and it just had a weird gleam to it. It seemed weird, and thinking that someone else's dick was already in it made it gross.

"I think I'm gonna use it," Jake said. Derrick snorted, watching the road.

"You have no idea what it is. It looks like a sex toy, but what if it's... a cast of Uncle Colin's dick, or something?"

Jake grinned, one hand undoing the button of his shorts. "Then I guess I'll find out if I have a bigger dick than he does."

Derrick uh-huh'd. He glanced over, the jeep abruptly swerving as he realized Jake had his dick out, stroking it with his hand. "Jesus, dude, what the fuck are you doing?!"

"Just watch the road," Jake laughed, as he stroked himself. He was cut, unlike Derrick, and his cockhead was broad and rounded and smooth and purplish, like a plum on top of a six inch stalk of thick meat. Derrick had seen it before, but not recently, not as adults.

"I'm right here, dude, I'm *driving,* put your dick back."

"Naw." Jake said, as he stuffed his thumb into the orifice of the penetrable toy. He grunted, and his dick thickened, stiffening to its full length. "Some opportunities can't wait. Relax, I promise not to get any cum on your nice leather seats."

"It's not that - it's that I'm your cousin, and we're straight. So I don't want you jerking off in front of me."

"This thing is already slick, but not like, gross-slick. There must be some kind of lube imbedded in the flesh of it-"

"FLESH?!"

"Sorry, the .. tissue? The material? Either that, or it's just so glossy it feels slick." Jake pulled his thumb out and sniffed at it, then shrugged. "No scent. Definitely no uncle Colin cum scent." With that, Jake grasped the toy with both hands and brought it down to the head of his cock.

"This feels amazing," Jake breathed, pushing his shoulders back in the seat and watching, slack jawed, as the toy engulfed his shaft. Derrick tried not to look, but he couldn't help but steal glances. Jake had a handsome dick, and it was disappearing inch by inch into the hungry toy. The silicone didn't buckle or dimple inwards, even with as thick as Jake's plug was. It seemed to melt around and stretch downwards, entombing the stud's straining erection. "It's taking my whole dick, like a dream, like velvet."

Derrick glanced back, then back to the road, then back again. The highway was straight, and there was no traffic, so it was safe. "It's really gripping you, huh?"

"Yeaaaaaah," Jake said. He pulled along the toy, and clung to him, trying to grip around his tool as he unsheathed himself from it, then giddily sank back down into it. "God, it fits so good. Here, try it."

Jake tossed Derrick the other case, then closed his eyes and ground his hips up into the toy as he dragged it down to the root of his cock. His lips tightened in a sneer of lust, holding the toy in place.

Derrick looked at the case in his lap. "Uh, no way, can't do it, I'm *driving,* and it's insane you're even suggesting it."

"Dude. Pull over, then." Jake said. "Seriously, you can't imagine how good this feels." He glanced over to the case, then to Derrick, then back. "You want me to do it for you?"

"Wha- no!" Derrick said, but he felt a throb pass through his system as he said it. He was starting to feel dizzy. What in the hell was going on?

"Your dick twitched," Jake said, matter of factly, then reached over. "Here. Just watch the road. Pretend I'm Sylvia." Derrick protested, but didn't push the shorter man away as Jake undid the leather belt. His hands gripped around the wheel, knuckles turning white as he felt his cousin's hand slide in through the open fly of his pants. "Tighty whities? Really?"  
  
Derrick just swallowed, staring straight ahead as he whizzed past a car that had broken down on the side of the road. Normally, he'd stop, but...

He felt Jake's fingers sliding through the fly of his undies, and wrap around the soft, limp bulk of his flaccid penis. He vaguely heard the whistle of appreciation, but he felt as each inch of his dick was unfurled out from inside his pants and into the open air of the jeep.

"What if a cop sees us," he whispered, but he doubted Jake heard him. He doubted Jake cared. The toy wrapped around the length of his cock, even soft, and began to slurp down his length. Jake cooed, and Derrick swore, as the toy suckled down over him, entirely, hungrily.

"Holy shit this is amazing," Jake said. Derrick grunted in agreement, too anxious to look down. He could feel the length of his dick, surrounded on all sides but what felt like a warm, damp, gripping throat. It kneaded and caressed against him, and he was getting hard, *fast.* He could feel himself thickening, lengthening down the inside of the toy, and the harder he got the better the toy felt.

"How is it doing that..." Derrick said, glancing down to see the outline of his dick through the brown silicone sheath. He had thought Jake was stroking him with it, but Jake wasn't even touching it, he had already gone back to fucking his own. "What the fu-" **WHUMPH.**

The truck lurched, Derrick looked up, but the road was empty. He couldn't figure out what had happened. Had they hit something? He stared forward, trying to think of what to do, but the pleasure along his pole was increasingly harder to ignore. He could feel his cock head throbbing - his foreskin had even been worked backwards, baring it entirely, and the toy was slowly stroking like a tongue just under his cock head. He finally remembered to peer into the rear view mirror, but saw nothing there. Maybe they had already passed it. Maybe he had just imagined it.

"Fuck, I'm cumming, dude," Jake said. He groaned, eyes scrunched closed and hips thrusting up into the air in rhythmic thrusts. He was clearly cumming, and Derrick expected to see a fountain of white gush out the top of the toy. Nothing came out, though. The sex toy made a sound, it sounded like a gulp, and Derrick looked down at his own. The end of it was pursed, like a pair of lips, and as he watched, the 'lips' curled up into a smug smirk. More than that, as Jake clearly orgasmed into the toy, Derrick swore he could see the toy.. .grow. Puffing up, swelling out around the cock that was flooding it with hot fresh Jake sperm.

Derrick tried to pull it off, but the outside of it was slick, and his fingers just slid off. He slammed his shoulders back in the seat, veering around a family sedan on the wrong side of the road, slamming back into his lane as he felt all ten inches of his dick throb in pleasure.

Derrick came, grunting and pulsing, feeling the toy contract and grip and milk his length like nothing in the world ever had, like nothing in the world should be able to.

The jeep rolled to a stop in Jake's parking lot. Derrick put the car into park, and turned off the engine, wheezing.

"Oh, we're here," Jake said. He glanced down to the toy that was still affixed to his cock, and grinned. "Shit, I came so hard, I must have passed out."

Derrick said nothing, his brain hurting from the intensity of his cum. How... how had they gotten here? Had he blacked out? He looked down at the toy that was still wrapped around his own dick, and carefully peeled the length of it off of his shaft. It came loose, reluctantly, a wet shlorp as his cock flopped limp and puffy against his thigh. Derrick did a double take. He was hung, but he wasn't *that* hung. His dick shouldn't be pushing twelve inches, but it was, and it didn't feel painfully engorged or anything. It felt normal, but it LOOKED like he had just spent an hour pumping himself.

"Um, you gonna keep going, or do you want to come in..?" Jake said. He had peeled his toy off as well, and had slipped it back into its pod. The man's dick was still hard, pointing upwards and looking... longer. Thicker, maybe. Puffier. . "I can put on some coffee."

What Derrick *wanted* to do was to slide his dick back into the toy, but he nodded. "Good idea."

The two men unfastened their pants, and opened the doors to the jeep. Jake lived in a quiet, pleasant suburban subdivision. People jogging with air pods in, kids playing on the sidewalk, that kind of place. The noises were soft and muted and pleasant. Derrick reached into the jeep, and grabbed his bag of gear, and followed Jake up into the small house he shared with his roommate Chuck. Chuck was visiting parents, though, so Jake had the place to himself.

The front door entered into a water themed living room. The rug was dark blue, with white circular 'bubbles' on it, and the paintings on the wall were of coral, mermaids, and fish. The L-shaped sectional couch had a sea-foam colored blanket over top of it, and the window had a scale model of a lighthouse that would turn on and spin. All very quaint, all very normal. Jake let out some tension in a happy breath, as he turned on the lights and found the house intact.

"So, I guess I should call the cops, and report Uncle Colin," he said, as he turned around. He paused, then smiled. "Oh, did you want to use the toy again?"

"Uh, no," Derrick said, as he moved through the living room and to the dining room area. "Once was enough. I have no interest in even looking at that thing again."

"Yeah?" Jake said, smirking. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure. I mean, I get that you were horny, but you grabbed my dick dude."

"Yeah, I did," Jake admitted. He cleared his throat. "So why are you holding the toy?"

Derrick looked down at his hand. He hadn't grabbed his backpack, which weighed something like forty pounds. He had grabbed the toy. "I... uh..."

"It's cool. Honestly," Jake fidgeted. "I was so horned up in the car, I couldn't really think right. I just had to try it. But, if you want, you could hang out with me for a bit." He shrugged, gesturing around the room. "I can give you privacy and stuff. If you want to use it again."

"Maybe," Derrick said. He bit his lip. He didn't want to use the toy again. It had felt way too good to be healthy. His dick, thick and flaccid, felt cramped in his tighty whities. It was going to be another hour back to his place. "I mean, I did cum *really* hard. Like, eyes rolling back in your head, 'cumming so hard you don't even get soft after' good."

Jake moved his hand to his shorts, hooking a thumb over the waistband and watching Derrick. "Does that mean, uh... you wanna just... do it here?"

"Yeah. But, don't touch me." Derrick said. "It felt weird, feeling you stroke me off." He put the toy on the counter and unzipped his pants, sliding them down and stepping out of them. His underwear bulged with the mass of his big, uncut cock, and it felt like a magnetic pull was trying to drag his dick over to where the toy was laying. He needed to feel it on his flesh, again.

"I didn't," Jake said. His shorts puddled on the floor, and his dick was already hard. It was puffy looking, the broad domed cap swollen and glossy, but darker than it had been, almost bruised looking. "It was stroking me too. I dunno how, it must be some kind of blend that responds to heat or pressure or our blood pulses or something, but... uuggggh... oh yeah. Oh man, I'm never taking this toy off again. You think I can go to work with this on?!"

Derrick watched as the toy gobbled down his cousin's fat dick, again, for the second time in as many hours, swallowing it to the root. It was insane to think of it that way, like the toy was actively doing anything, it was just a piece of rubber, but it sucked down that fat cock like marshmallow peep. Derrick looked to his own dick. The dark blue vein that ran under the surface looked especially thick, like his blood was aching to be in his cock. Had he even pulled his dick out of his underwear? He couldn't remember, but now the sex toy was poised at the tip of it, the vagina ready to strike, like a cum lamprey. Derrick brought it closer, just enough to touch his cock tip into the smooth, warm, buttery opening. He grunted as the slippery toy slid between his fingers again, and slid down over his length, sheathing it in that snug moistness. "Fuuuuck!"

It gobbled him whole, and it was immediately gripping, kneading and stroking against him. He couldn't see anything happening, on the outside, but what he was feeling couldn't be imaginary. This toy was thirsty for his dick. The stroking sensations he had felt in the car were real, and now, they were even stronger.

Time passed in a blur. The men relaxed into their base instincts, sitting on opposite ends of the couch (eventually) and leaning back watching the toy twitch and squirm against their straining cocks. They came, but they didn't get tired, their cocks firm and steady in the toys, The sex toys began to feel natural, as if it were a part of them. Certainly they must have been designed specifically for these two men, as the way it gripped their phalluses, teasing and toying with their most intimate flesh, could not have been done accidentally. Please enjoy the following montage.

Jake jerked off while he brushed his teeth, staring at himself in the mirror, the bright overhead light accenting the powerful muscles of his arms and his thick chest. His cobbled abs heaved as he clenched, orgasming into the toy that hung between his legs like a leech.

Derrick went to the kitchen, pouring himself a glass of water. He leaned back against the counter, smiling and drinking it, rehydrating. Weirdly, no matter how often they came, the toy never spilled a drop. The men were talking less, and less, but they briefly hashed it out and realized that it must just be soaking into the toy itself.

Jake pulled the plate of hot pockets from the microwave, tip toeing as the toy swung around as he twisted. It slapped against the kitchen island with a thump, as he called out a long toss to Derrick. Derrick grabbed it in one hand, and despite the splash of molten cheese that sprayed across his cheek and ear, he kept stroking the toy with his other hand. Holding the far end of the toy, and just kind of squeezing and grinding and rotating it around the end of his dick. It didn't matter - it all felt good, and as he jammed the too-hot pastry between his jaws and gulped it down, he felt the sheath gulp down another slick, hot load directly from his groin.

Jake's large feet rubbed orgiastically against the blue bubble rug, still clad in plain white socks from earlier in the day. His toes flexed, clenching down with one foot and then another, as he groaned and spurted up above.

Derrick texting his girlfriend. "Sry babe got a hot date with Jake tonight, playing goldfinger". The response was immediate and nuclear. Derrick was supposed to be back from his camping trip tonight, after all, and they had made plans to go to a very nice steak house; his treat.

As time passed, things began to fall apart. The men were no longer talking with each other. Their postures had begun to shift, as well - perhaps from the constant muscular clenches of their masculine bodies, or perhaps from some other reason, they were changing. Hunched over, but still taller than they had been. Shoulders bulking out with thick muscle, skin growing coarse and hairy.

Derrick no longer drank from a glass. The sink was left running, and he would slam his head underneath the faucet, lapping at it wantonly. His tongue was longer, now, thinner, and it seemed perfectly adept for grabbing and pulling the water into his mouth. He didn't think about it - how could he? His cock was about to spurt again.

Jack stared into what was left of the bathroom mirror, jaws open. All of his teeth were canines, now, and his jaws had elongated. His lower jaw had stretched further than his upper, but his upper jaw was protruding outwards as well. His nose was being stretched backwards, nostrils bared, the inner nostrils looking bright red and inflamed. Something brushed against the foot long rat tail that had extended out along his spine, and he snarled, turning to grapple the toilet, wrenching it from the ground with a crash.

Breaking it open, water spilled onto the ground, pouring over his feet and wetting them. That, and the scent of old piss coming from the shattered pipes and the open hole in the floor, reminded Derrick of a need he hadn't had, hadn't needed to take care of in *days*. He hiked up his right haunch, putting his hands on the sink, and let his bladder empty.

The urine was sharp and pungent, having fermented for some time. The toy had absorbed fluids from his body, but the male's bladder and kidneys had continued cleaning the corrupted blood stream, drawing toxins out and keeping them out of the way. Now the eau d' Derrick spilled out over the smooth white porcelain, sweeping toothbrushes and disposable shavers down into the sink. Grit flowed with it, granular 'chunks' like the tips of popcorn kernels flushed out with the urine, as Derrick panted and enjoyed this slow, long, steady release.

Derrick snarled at Jake as the shorter male approached the kitchenette. Derrick had torn open a box of cheerios, and was eating handfuls of it, stuffing them into his elongated maw and swallowing them whole. The fridge was open, and empty, with eviscerated drink containers spilled on the floor. The door had been tossed, taking out the flat screen in the living room. Jake growled, then tried to open the cabinet over the fridge. His fingers were shorter now, thick and stubby, and they scrabbled against the wood, unable to gain purchase. A fist through the front resolved it though, and Jake began to feast on baking supplies.

Derrick's phone, the screen cracked, forgotten in one corner, finally died in the middle of a call from the company Derrick had worked at (until now). No call, no show? Unacceptable.

Jake's socks had been reduced to two tight rings of stretchy cotton around the changing man's ankles. His feet had extended, his claws dark and curved, and now when he came, squirming on the ground, they shredded through the carpet, carving easily through the tough fabric as the beast grunted into the toy.

The sectional had been reduced to splinters and fluff at this point, so Jake and Derrick had claimed respective sides of the living room for themselves. Derrick had taken the side closer to the dining room and kitchen, and Jake had claimed the side with the hallway that led to the bedrooms. Both men wanted to stay where they were, but there was only a tenuous alliance between them. Each time Jake growled and came, Derrick had an urge to *silence* him, to sink his fangs and claws into his pack-mate's flesh. Every time he felt like doing it, though, the toy would grip and stroke his massive, thickened, knotted cock again, and he would sink back into the stupor.

Jake wasn't content with only half of the living room, though. He scowled at Derrick as he ground against the rub, the toy pinned between him and the floor. His tail flipped over head, and his ass tightened, clenching and squeezing down on.. something. Jake grunted, eyes half lidded, and squeezed down again. There was something back there. Something new, something growing inside him. It felt good to squeeze it, but it wasn't enough. It itched like a loose tooth.

He rolled onto his back, sitting up, and clenched again. This felt better - his legs stretched out in front of him tightened his buttocks around his hips, and that made... it... easier to squeeze around. He could feel it, it was around his asshole. The itch was getting more and more intense. Worse than poison ivy, it just demanded to be itched, scratched, squeezed... or rubbed against.

Jake yelped, flippin back over and cramming his ass against the entertainment center. The fractured IKEA wood rocked back and forth as Jake grunted and moaned, stroking his ass directly against the corrugated wood. His brain itched with the new sensation, as he felt that part of him in his asshole open up. Harder. *rougher.* He ground himself against it, and the toy swallowed heavy spurts from his cock as he felt something greasy and dank squeeze out from inside him, marking the wood with dark oil.

"Duh...Durrugh..." He panted, his tongue lolling as his back arched. He moved to the other side of the center, and began stroking it again. "Ass....?"

Derrick grunted, sniffing at the air. What.. What was that scent? He couldn't place it. It was sharp, acrid, and it was definitely JAKE. Derrick felt his ass tighten up, his ears flexing upwards in annoyance. Who was this asshole, stinking up the place like that? Derrick growled, deep and low, standing up from where he stood. That side of the living room was *marked*, now, and Jake was already circling around, marking the other corner.

He could feel his body responding, his asshole tightening, an itch building inside it. He had noticed the weird feeling back there, but he hadn't thought much about it. He wasn't thinking much about anything, really. Now, though, he knew what to do. It was as if he had always known what to do. His brain fired commands, and he followed them, grinding his ass against the side of the fridge. The smooth metal and plastic was hard to pop off against, but he shifted, back and forth, until the outer lining caught just right against his puckered butthole. Then, he bore down, grinning in pleasure as his cock spurted - not from the toy, but from the pleasure of releasing that buildup of musky Derrick concentrate from his backside. The sex toy itself was still getting Derrick off, but not with the urgency and need from earlier. It was more of a continuous impulse, instead of a demanding compulsion.

Neither of them had taken their toys off, in a long time. It was hard to say how long, but it had gotten dark outside twice since the last time either had tried. Their bodies had changed, their cocks had grown, and the sex toys had just... sculpted around them even better.

Derrick was the first to try, again. He didn't want to take it off, but he wanted to put Jake's on. He was jealous of how much pleasure the other was having, and he wanted to have two toys on his dick. He had waited until Jake had collapsed, having marked the bannister of the stairwell, and then he loped over and sat on the smaller wolf's chest. He ground his ass down, too, smearing his scent against Jake's solar plexus, as he examined the toy.

Jake howled. He hated it, and pushed and squirmed, trying to force Derrick off of him. Derrick felt teeth against his shoulder, and elbowed the smaller male in the face, hard enough to put him back down again. *Know your place.*

Jake's cock jutted out of the end of his toy. The tip was still a dark pink, almost purple, but it had changed shape. Rather than rounded and bulb like, it was pointed, the tip fluted. Derrick had very little interest in it, but he grasped the tip and slid his hand down inside the toy, using his fingers to stretch it away from the throbbing, tender, slick dog shaft. It bobbed against his hand, and Jake whined on the ground behind him, as the larger cousin fisted down inside the toy.

Then he couldn't. His fingers pushed against a wall. He could see them, bulging at the root of the toy, but he couldn't push past them. He tried to push harder, and Jake's legs kicked at the air, his claws raking deep furrows into Derrick's thick, pelted back. Derrick didn't care about that.

He pushed a claw into the wall, pushing it through, and was satisfied when he saw it pop through the top, the tip emerging on the outside world. He expected Jake's convulsions of pain. He did not expect the toy's. The fleshy sheath, which no longer looked or felt like silicone, contracted hard against his hand, pushing and ejecting it upwards. It was strangely strong, and it contracted hard, just underneath his palm, to force it upwards and outwards. He grasped the rim of it, and pulled at it firmly. Leaning down, curling, he could see veins moving through the flesh of the toy. Blue veins. Squeezing one between his fingers, he could feel it *pulse.*

Derrick let go of it and jumped up and off of Jake. He looked down at his own sex toy. It, too, had veins, now. It, too, was fused with his groin. It, too, contracted away from his claw, in a muscular fashion, similar to a scrotum that had just had ice placed on it.

'*There is something very wrong about this,'* Derrick struggled to think to himself. Words were hard to imagine using, at this point. He could feel the word in his brain, but getting the word to his mouth was complicated and difficult. '*Maybe that is the toys, too,*' he thought. He didn't have many options for what to do about it all, though. As he stared at his cock, which had shifted and changed similarly to Jake's, lengthening and getting slender at the tip, but getting soft, slick and tender and very sensitive all the way down its length, it began to grip and stroke against him. Openly.

Derrick tore his eyes away from the living sheath that was masturbating him, to Jake. He needed help. Jake, though, was not in any condition to offer any. Jake had completely surrendered to the pleasure that was suckling and nursing at his loins. It was changing them, and Jake was enjoying it. Even now, the shorter male was squatting down, grinding his ass against a couch cushion that he had pinned to the wall. His shoulders and pecs tensed as he bore down, and Derrick wondered if his cousin was about to have a blow out. He looked like he was about to rip a fart. Derrick stared, the urgency leaving him, as Jake gritted his teeth and clenched down. With a wet popping sound, Jake ejected a heavy splash of dark, sticky fluid from his backside. Derrick could smell it immensely, potently strong with the sour, tobacco-ey scent that was undeniable Jake. The hot fluid drooled down the couch cushion as Jake pulled away, his face relaxing into a stupor as the toy rewarded him, chugging and draining another sweet load from the male's plump cock. Derrick felt the panic surging inside him again, and peered at the living room door. He had to escape. Whatever this was, someone could help him, someone outside. Immediately, at the thought of leaving, powerful emotions and thoughts and feelings surged up from inside him. *Outside was dangerous. Open. Exposed. Vulnerable. He would be shot, killed. Experimented on.* Regardless, whatever happened to him had to be better than... whatever **this** was.

Derrick ran to the door. The toy slung back and forth, batting against his thighs, and it clenched down around his cock. Hard. It stroked against him, extending itself to twist itself in a knot over the tip of his shaft, and MURDERED his dick. Twisting, grinding, pebbling, slurping, the toy gave his dick everything it had, and god-fucking-dammit if it didn't work.

Derrick's eyes lidded, hand on the door, as his hips began to thrust into the air. He would open it, as soon as he was done cumming. He couldn't go outside, ejaculating, could he? The neighbors... would.... talk......

Derrick opened his eyes, finding himself in the living room again. He had dragged the coat rack from next to the door, and dragged it into the living room. The coats were rank with the scent of the humans who lived in the house, sour rotten sugar scented, and he was fixing it, grinding his ass against the smooth polished wood. The glands in his ass had swollen to, maybe walnut sized, or maybe larger, he couldn't tell, but they were strained and swollen and puffy and very very sensitive. He wanted to pop them, and unload their swelling juices all over the scents of the previous tenants, to mark the place as his own. His brain resonated with the orgasmic pleasure of scratching that itch, but he resisted it. Biting savagely into his forearm, the pain breaking through the trance, he was able to roll away from the couch, getting onto knees and looking around with almost-sober eyes. Jake crouched in the corner, curled up, lapping at his sheath with his long, pink tongue. He glared at Derrick, fear and mistrust apparent in his body language.

Derrick dropped the arm rest, his butthole tingling with the fresh marking, and crawled on hands and knees to the phone. He could smell it - it smelled like old him, more than anything else in the house. He grasped it, and picked it up. He could call... Sulvie. Sulphy. *Girlfriend.* His dick throbbed as he began to think of her wet snatch, her perky breasts. Her mouth wrapped around his dick, stroking up and down along it, jerking him off with her small hands. His ass pressed against her face, smearing his scent against her mouth, claiming her as his own.

Derrick stared at the dead phone, blankly, as he nutted into the sleeve once more. It slipped from his hands, leaving him thrusting into the air. His eyes gradually focussed, back to his cock. The parasitic sheath was toying with him. Playing with him and extracting every last bit of his seed, his humanity, out of him. It was a cancer. It needed to be... to be excised.

The kitchen was trashed, but the stained laminate counter was all he needed. He slopped a foot and some inches of beefy Derrick wolf dick onto it, grunting at the sting of it. He ripped drawers open, hooking claws through handles and yanking. They were filled with trash, scraps, metal and pieces of plastic, useless things. He snarled in frustration, and then saw the knife rack. A band of iron, magnetized, on the wall in front of him. Knives of every type on it. He grabbed the cleaver.

He looked down at his cock, at the sex toy that was nursing, fusing with the root of his groin. He could still see where his groin ended and the toy began, but the seam was blending together by the second. If he didn't do it now, he was going to lose everything he had left. Derrick lifted the blade into the air.

The toy stopped. Derrick grunted. It wasn't because it hurt, or anything, it was because it didn't feel good. For the last... amount of time, since he had walked into the house, he had been in pleasure. Constantly. Day, night, awake, asleep, his cock was being tended to and massaged and kissed, loved. Now, he felt... nothing.

He grunted, flexing his hips against the counter. He wanted the pleasure. The toy refused.

He needed the pleasure, though. He needed it badly. Already, the pleasant cloud that suffused his thoughts was fading; the horniness, the immediacy of climax, the ache in his loins was all disappearing. He could see clearly now, see what was happening... and he hated it. He hated the way he felt without the toy.

Derrick dropped the cleaver, and grabbed the sheath, tugging at it to pull it against his cock. The inert flesh stubbornly ignored his attempts, and his own fingers felt too raw and painful against his inflamed, contorted shaft. "Cum. Cum. Cum."

He was afraid he wouldn't be able to, though. What if it stopped? Had he lost it? He hadn't been thinking clearly. He had wanted to get rid of this pleasure, this constant milking orgasm. His butthole itched, and he fled the kitchen, looking for a spot that hadn't been marked yet. The dining room chairs would do. Derrick grasped one, pulling it against himself and grinding hard, losing himself in the pleasure of marking the chair, squeezing out the dense, concentrated oil from the musk glands in his ass. He thought that all he would need to do is grind, but there was so much more. His body had never expressed musk like this before, and it was a process, both physical and mental. He couldn't just squirt it like Jake could. Derrick was suddenly jealous.

Being jealous didn't mark his territory though. He growled to himself, trying to maneuver or position himself to best express his need. His buttocks clenched, trembling as he flexed and squeezed down with the wrong muscles, trying to find the right one.

It took some practice, but when he finally closed his eyes and let his body do what it wanted to do, the effect was immediate and almost overwhelming. His brain flooded with pleasure and endorphins, as he extruded the glands themselves, pushing them out into the open air, gleaming and sticky. When he pushed back against the chair, and made contact, his whole body shuddered.

He felt a slickness as some oil came free, his nostrils flaring at the scent, HIS scent, strong and concentrated being smeared on the wood behind him. It wasn't enough, though. He didn't want to smell a pie, he wanted to eat the pie. He ground slowly back and forth, holding his breath and bearing down, forcing the glands to express more and more. What was originally just a sheen, began to become a drizzle of salted Derrick musk. He dropped the chair, not needing it anymore as fluid dripped in a paltry stream from the swelling, tender glands. Bearing down, flexing his back, he realized he was mirroring Jake from earlier. Which meant that he was doing it *right.* He spread his hind-paws, claws tearing into the linoleum and felt a hot, wet splash squirt out from inside him and onto the floor behind him. A rush of pure bliss and mindless, thoughtless joy washed over him.

Now that he knew how to do it, he couldn't stop. He squeezed down again, plopping another hot burst of scent juice out onto the ground between him. He shuffled forward, crawling and moaning on his elbows and knees, and then clenched his ass and squirted out another. There was quite the backup, and though the first squirt had been thick and gooey in its consistency, the more he expressed himself, the more slick and fluid the expressions became.

He squirted, again and again, hunching and growling and drooling as he marked the dining room over and over again, until he bore down, pushed, and... felt dry. Empty. He had juiced himself completely dry. The thing that used to be Derrick couldn't really understand what it all meant, anymore, but that was when the sheath around his cock started gripping and kneading and milking him again. He was a good boy, again, and now he was rewarded. He came.

Repeatedly.

Time passed.

Neither male cared about what had happened to them, what had pretty much finished happening to them. Derrick ground himself against a corner wall, hugging limply against it. Dark stains of their scent marking covered almost every conceivable item in the house. The sheath wasn't even trying to absorb their cum anymore, and their potent, musky jizz glazed many of the surfaces of the house.

The sheaths had retracted, in fact. It was almost as if they were vestigial. At some point, they had served a purpose, but now they were just part of the system. The sheaths barely covered the wolves' knots, and other than occasionally squeezing, kneading and gripping around those knots, they had gone dormant. The werewolves didn't care, of course.

What had been Jake and Derrick were in an endless loop of mindless, guttural pleasure, their bodies devolved and corrupted to reflect the beasts of lust that they now were. They were content to wait, docile, caught in their own cycles of pleasure, oozing musky, warm cream from their cock tips and black, tarry oil from their scent glands.

This was the worst possible time for Chuck to come home. The front door slammed open, and a hooded figure bustled in, running down the stairs to the basement bathroom.

"Hey, I'm back! Be right up, I gotta piss like a horse! Is that Derrick's jeep out there? How was camping? You hit a deer?" He shouted, pushing open the door to the bathroom and unzipping his pants.

Chuck had been a wrestler in highschool, with Derrick, and it showed. He had a thick, meaty frame, and the soft belly he now sported didn't take away from the powerful muscles that still framed his strong body. He closed his eyes as he unloaded, glad to have his dick in his hand.

"Fuck, I never thought I'd get to leave my parents. It's been two weeks and I thought my balls were gonna explode," He laughed. He didn't notice the two large shadows that darkened the door to the bathroom. Still hungover from the night before, and road weary from the drive back, he didn't notice Derrick and Jake, or what was left of them, at all. Not until he felt a tongue lick along the underside of his cock.

Chuck opened his eyes, and looked down to see two wolves, snuffing and lapping at the six inches of man hose that he had draped over his fingers.

"F-fuck, who's dog..." He stammered, but it was far too late to figure THAT out. The head of the wolf that was currently lapping at the piss dribbling from the end of his dick was much larger than a dog's. Black and dark brown fur, with green eyes that looked up at him as it coiled its tongue around his cock and pulled it into its slavering maw.

The other one was silver and cream colored, with a blonde patch right between the ears. It snuffled at Chuck's cock root, then nosed into his open fly. Chuck wished he had worn underwear. The wolf's obscenely wide, long tongue snaked into his groin, and he felt it tasting the underside of his bulky nut-sack.

Chuck's real name was Mark, but his friends called him Chuck on account of him being built like a bull. The reason his friends thought he was built like a bull and not, like, a bear or a wolverine or a stallion, was because of his balls. Chuck was too stunned to know what to do, how to react, as his prized nuts got licked up and out through his fly, laying on the broad tongue of the wolf.

"GUYS WHO'S WOLVES ARE THESE?!" Chuck asked, but there was no response. The wolves were filthy, and stank, and as Chuck backed away from them they followed him. That was when he realized the legs. The wolves' legs were hunched up, like a human's would be, as if they were crouching. These weren't dogs at all.

The dog that lapped at his dick let it flop out of its mouth, licking it just enough to flop it over, to slap down into the maw of the other wolf. Chuck stared in terror at the massive jaws of the wolf, that held everything that made him a male inside them. Fangs that were inches long and which had never been used before gleamed sharply from around his massive nuts and his half hard pudge of dick. The other wolf stood up, onto its back legs, and Chuck realized with horror that it was designed to stand on its back two legs. It wasn't a wolf or dog at all. It was something worse.

It moved in, snuffling at Chuck's neck, licking its rough, piss-stained tongue against his skin. Chuck whimpered, as the wolf below licked aggressively, tugging at his balls and cock as if they were tomatoes on the vine, trying to twist and lick them off with its tongue.

'Get off, whoever, whatever you are," Chuck said, his urine flow starting again in terror. The wolf at his throat opened its jaws, and Chuck stared directly down the maw of death, as it moved to wrap its jaws, slow and gentle, around his throat.

It compressed its jaws, slowly, and Chuck began to buck. The critter at his groin was gnawing, too, teeth digging and scraping into his prized nut-sack and his fear boner.

"Get off, get off, get Hhffrrrggh!" Chuck gurgled. He had reached up, to grasp the jaws of the wolf at his throat, but as he had grasped them, they had clenched down. He had felt the bone knives sink through his throat, not really crushing it as much as shearing directly through it. It pulled away and Chuck felt a massive gush of naked air flow into the space his neck had been in. With no muscles left to hold his head up, it swung down, in time to see his entire package snicked off with a simple clench of the other wolf's teeth.

Chuck collapsed, blood flowing out of his jugular and femoral veins. He couldn't believe what was happening. It wasn't possible.

The two wolves gulped down their respective mouthfuls, and grinned down to their former roommate and friend. Derrick went for the thighs, and Jake for the beefy pecs. They tore Chuck apart. He couldn't scream, couldn't fight back, he could only watch as they ripped pieces of his body free, tearing and gobbling down his flesh with inhuman hunger.

The wolves had quite the calorie deficit. It takes a lot of energy to change from a human to a werewolf, to gain a hundred pounds of bone sinew fur and muscle. They had run out of food days ago, but their hunger had built latently, waiting until they had their first taste of flesh. Now that they had it, of course, the full deficit of their hunger became apparent.

A jogger walking back from a successful five mile run was the first to encounter the wolves, as they burst from the open door of the house. He stood still, gaping as the werewolves loped out into the open air, and scrabbled with his phone. He pressed the emergency button, right on the lock screen, to alert the police.

The creature in the front lifted its nose to the air, snuffling, and then turned to stare directly at him. They smelt the sweat of his body, the warm meat under his clothes, and they were so, so hungry. They loped his way, and 911 only heard his strangled screams as he was ripped apart.

Several other calls came in, each one barely able to connect before it ended in the sound of crunching bone or plain screaming. A bicyclist, fleeing from something that was chasing her - a kid sobbing that her friends head had disappeared from "boogie men" - a crossing guard screaming for units before abruptly cutting out.

Police units were dispatched, but the wolves were moving too fast. They found a trail of dismemberment, blood, viscera and death. Two officers found the wolves themselves, but did not have the chance to report in before their insides had become their outsides, chests ripping their bulletproof vests and rib cages off to feast on the sweetmeats inside. Their deaths were the first to be broadcast live on the news, as a helicopter filmed the action from above.

The journalist tried to warn people to get out of the way, but it was useless to try. People were curious about the low flying copter. An ice cream truck was overturned, a wolf jumped out through the window, covered in half melted ice cream, the head of the ice cream man impaled on a forearm. A flash mob of dancing high schools ended in blood sprayed chaos. Some of them survived, but not many. The helicopter reported where the werewolves were headed, but they changed direction frequently. Always north, but not always directly north.

The police set up barricades on the highway that the werewolves were heading towards,but the werewolves abruptly turned right, shortly before they got there. A funeral had caught the nose of one of the wolves. The priest had not had a chance to even think of a decree of banishment before he had found himself impaled on the cross of a nearby mausoleum, watching as an entire family was devoured by the hellish creatures.

"We are now seeing that the wolves, or, creatures, or whatever they are, have disappeared into the woods on the north side of town," The journalist reported.

Someone on the call with her asked what was in the woods, and the journalist laughed, cynically. "Trees. Trees and bears, what do you think?"

"No, no, I mean, what buildings? Communities? Are there people in danger?!"

"No, no, the forest is part of the air force base and is undeveloped. There's nobody in there except maybe a couple hunters, and they at least have guns."

The slaughter had been devastating for the city. Seventy five people killed, and a dozen more injured. The hospital had been overrun with victims and thrill seekers. Derrick and Jake were officially listed as the first victims of the marauding beasts, and the bloodied imprint on the front of Derrick's jeep led the police to suspect that he had perhaps hit some creature that had then followed its scent back to their place and attacked them there.

Perhaps not so surprisingly, every victim that had been in contact with the werewolves, as well as the bodies of those that had not survived, and the vehicles that had been transporting them, disappeared. Plucked from hospital rooms, vanishing from parking lots, and on one occasion, pulled screaming into a black van while being interviewed on the street, these people were never seen again.

As for Derrick and Jake, well... the woods are full of deer, bear, and hunters. All kinds of delicious snacks. They were never seen again.