

Grunting, Alex lifted up the sturdy box, trying to grip around the sides to make sure the flaps weren't loose. Last thing he needed was to break his buddy's stuff, though, after the first twenty boxes or so, he was starting to get annoyed with John. Helping him move a few things into his new house was one thing, but with all this junk, why the hell didn't he hire a moving company? This was way too much work for simple pizza and booze!

"Hey! Do you want any more down here?" Alex called out, careful of the light switch as he made his way down the creeping stairs. The house itself was a little bit of a fixer-upper, but the basement looked like something out of the 50s, musty and dust strewn with random odds and ends the previous owners had left there. John seemed overhyped to try and rummage through them, though the fixation annoyed Alex to no end. He had all the time in the world to look through the stuff after moving day, making Alex stay here longer than anticipated. Rude was hardly an apt enough description!

"Yeah, yeah, just...wow! Alex! Look at this!" John called out, and Alex sighed, knowing there was no way to dissuade his friend's interest once he'd fixated on something. Besides, there was always a chance something interesting was in here and it might be worth the time.

Covered in dirt and sweat himself, John was down on his knees, looking at the bottom of a bookshelf at the sleeves of a worn tome. Having been fascinated by whatever was on the spine, he pulled it out, combing through the book with an almost obsessive look on his face. Alex would have called out to him to be more careful of the pages, likely to tear with the way that John was going through them.

Yet, that was not the strangest thing to come from the scene as it appeared like a glow was coming from the book John was holding, as though opening it had unleashed something within. Blinking a few moments, Alex was sure he was just imagining things, like the light from a flashlight he hadn't quite seen. It mattered little, John enamored with the book and whatever it seemed to contain. With that, Alex moved toward the book, wondering what his friend was so interested in.

"Whatcha reading?" Alex said, John eventually taking his eyes off the tome to look up at his friend.

"It's some kind of, I don't know, spellbook? I know it's silly, but, fuck, what if it's real?" John asked, holding it up for Alex's inspection.

Taking it from his friend for a moment, Alex felt something moving through him, some sort of electric tingle that almost felt like putting his finger in a light socket. At first glance, the words from the book seemed to be in some language he'd never seen before. But as he stared,

Alex felt his eyes straining to the point where it seemed the words were written in English. He would have questioned it had the words not brought with them a certain sense of wonder and excitement. Eyes playing over the words, it soon became obvious what had entrapped John's interest. After all, if it was true, as much as it promised, then there was every chance performing the spell would give them the bodies of their dreams!

"Fuck, it can really do all that?" Alex exclaimed, John knowing exactly what he meant. It should have been impossible, but the certainty in his mind could not be ignored.

"I don't know how, but...want to try it? I mean, what's the harm...?" John asked, and Alex found the idea playing rather nicely through his head. If it *was* true, then...

The page John had found was a spell of sorts, to give the wielder great physical power. Both men rather small, the idea of effort-free growth was something that was appealing, even though impossible without years of dedication. Yet, the more they pondered the words, the more the two of them felt that it was something they could achieve if only they followed the spell to the letter. To their afflicted minds, it seemed not only achievable, but desirable, and the two of them moved upstairs to grab whatever John had available for them to use.

"Right now?" Alex asked though he was far too excited to wait any longer.

"Of course. Just need a few things, we should have it all!" John exclaimed.

In the end, only a circle was required, with some simple salts and seasonings in John's pantry. The words made little sense to them, but since they only required one person to recite them, John stood in the center, Alex watching with some interest to see if it worked. He figured he could partake in the ritual as well once it was done. He would have volunteered himself, but John was insistent, and for some reason, neither of them thought any risk came with the ritual. The more they pondered it, the more what it promised and how easily it could be carried out.

"-Bestow upon me power's true form!" John eventually finished, reading the words as though they had been English in the first place. Neither of them thought anything was wrong with that, a sense of anticipation moving over them more potent than anything they had expected. It was akin to a child being told information from a trusted adult, someone they perceived to have total trust in. Be it the certainty of the words or some hold they had on them from the book itself, they had entered into the contract willingly, and eagerly, to see what would happen next.

For a few minutes, there was nothing. John stood there, reading the words in his head to see if there was something he had missed. As best as he could tell, nothing had happened, though had performed the ritual to the little as much as he could tell. And yet-

“Woah...” John said, Alex getting up and moving toward him. “Did it work?” he asked with bated breath.

“I think...” John started, then help his stomach, as though in pain. Alex was concerned, though fascinated as John’s shirt started to rise up, as though it was getting tight around him. Such should have been impossible, but the more he watched, the more it seemed like his shirt was getting smaller around him. No, that wasn’t quite right. The further John’s shirt continued to rise, the more her stomach was exposed, and as both watched, fascinated, the skin started to stretch, muscles writhing under the skin to form the beginnings of what had to be a six-pack.

“It’s working!” John explained, rubbing his belly and feeling the muscles firm under the skin in real-time. It seemed impossible for him to be growing so fast, his skirt pulling up and revealing more skin pulled, tightening, and expanding around firmer muscle underneath. And that was just to be the beginning...

“Damn,” Alex said, impressed as John moved to rub his upper arms, the same tensing under the skin proceeded by stretched marks from the swelling of muscle within. It seemed like the muscles were pulling apart and reforming rapidly, enough that he could see it under the skin. To Alex’s relief, it seemed John was not in pain from the process that should have at least caused a series of aches that would be obvious over his face. But John seemed enamored by the changes, rapidly rubbing his skin in reverence at the power he was soon to obtain.

With that, Alex moved to step in, wanting to perform the ritual himself. Any notion of waiting to see what became of his friend was forgotten in his excitement, and he prepared to move in and grab the book, wondering what he would look like with muscle like that himself. The endgame was still unknown, but it mattered little with how excited he felt about the possibility!

Yet, before he could do so, the sight of John’s exposed muscled belly made him pause for a moment, thinking himself to be mistaken. It seemed as though the skin around his belly was turning a beige color, the texture suddenly all wrong. It took him a moment to rationalize what he was seeing, swashes of discoloration moving across his belly and up toward his chest, even moving under what he could see of the man’s shirt. It peppered every inch of the skin to the point that Alex could only identify it as fur. Far from a manly treasure trail or a bear of a belly he possessed, this was like the underbelly fur coat of some kind of...what?

John, for his part, did not seem to notice it at first, playing over his massive upper arms, which were still devoid of fur. His upper arms were massive, one and a half times large than they had been, moving into his lower arms and even his hands. Far from being disproportionate to the rest of his body, however, Alex could see his friend's thighs were widening, mass swelling with muscle as his pants were pulled up at the cuffs. Hell, even his shoes seemed a little tight, leaving Alex to wonder what would happen to John and himself if he had undergone the ritual.

Alex, still oblivious, reached back to rub at his ass, loving the firmness of his glutes and reveling in the power he was steadily gaining. Yet, the sensation of something pushing at the back of his pants soon made his features scrunch up in confusion. It was as though his spine was distending against the back of his pants as the base of the growth continued to thicken. It was bizarre, its presence confusing and unexpected. With some trepidation, John reached within his tightening waistband and caressed this new growth, sending shivers up his spine at the implication of what he possessed. He was growing a...but did that mean he was changing into something inhuman?

"Alex...H-help!" John muttered, a frightening look on his face as he pleaded with his friend. Alex wanted to, but he wasn't sure if moving it to the circle would change him as well. None of this made any sense. And yet, they had wanted it, right? It was as though a fog on his mind was starting to clear, and with it, a sense of horror at what he had almost done. And what John had already done, something that Alex could only watch with fear.

John went to call out again when his hands suddenly moved to his face, clutching it as though in pain or discomfort. Though Alex had a harder time seeing through the finger, a series of sharp cracks proceeded his face starting to push in front of him. The presence of his fingers did not deter his face was pressing outward, nose turning pointed and mouth opening as a panting tongue reached out, teeth seeming to extend into points of their own. Eyes closed, he was drooling a little, trying to alleviate the heat coming over him.

Even though the discomfort of the changes, John was suddenly aware of a scent in the rose, one his thinning nostrils at the end of his pointed rostrum was meant to breathe in. It was heady, musky, and a little sweaty, though it sent a surge in his groin that made him surprised and pleased all at once. Part of it was coming from his own body, the sweat from the change and heat from the fur reaching over his form. He had no idea what he was becoming, or what was to happen to him if the changes were to continue. But it was lost in the other scent coming from the other side of the room that was doing it for him. Almost as though his friend's odor was...turning him on?

With that, a surge played through his cock, pounding him erect to an almost painful level. Despite the fact he was in the room with his friend, another man, the urge to reach down and rub

one out right then and there. And without thinking, his hand did just that, feeling the tip starting to leak through his underwear and leaving a stain on his pants that was further down than what was possible for his human cock. He simply couldn't help it, moaning out as he rubbed his member frantically, not entirely convinced of the source of his arousal but not caring in his moment of need.

A tingling in his hands was enough to slow his advances for a moment, and looking down, the backs of them burst with a flurry of orange fur before the digits continued to thicken. Strangest of all was the thickening of his nails, pointing at the tips and pushing outward into what looked like curved black talons. Careful of their development as he continued to rub his bulge, John hissed with a deeper cadence as his end drew near, feeling his balls swelling almost painfully in his underwear to the point he figured they would burst through. Almost...just a little more...

"Awww fuck!" John called out, feeling his burden unload into his pants with a rush of cum. It leaked through the fabric of his bulging pants, filling the air with the rank scent of semen. It was as though his entire testicular contents were being unloaded all at once to the point that there was nothing left of his humanity. Though they were hardly to be empty for long, swelling even larger with the burden of the beast he was coming.

All the while, Alex looked on, scared at what was happening to his friend. Getting over his disgust of the depravity of the scene before him, Alex was able to look at the situation with more objectivity. It seemed the previous panic that had covered John's inhuman expression was gone, as though his entire demeanor had altered. Like he was...enjoying himself? Surely, the orgasm felt good, but how could he possibly be enjoying the change and the loss of his humanity? Yet, it seemed the wide grin that moved his way was one of expectation, of excitement rather than the terror he had displayed priorly.

"Fuck...so good...you should come try this..." John hissed, and with that, Alex stepped back, not wanting to be trapped in the room with what looked like some kind of unknown beast or dragon. Yet, be it some sort of compulsion from the book, or his fear for his friend and wanting to help, Alex was left to stand there at the whims of the monster his friend was turning into.

All the while, the muscle growth was still playing over John's form, tightening over his body and making him struggle with the discomfort. His shirt was riding up toward his pecs, pulled taut against the cuffs of the sleeves around his bulging upper arms, and even tighter around the neck. His pants were pulled tighter around his widening waist, the thing in the back of his pants starting to push its way out as it began to move of its own accord. His ass was threatening to tear them off as well, thighs and calves pulling precariously against the soon-to-be

forfeit fabric. Even his feet looked like they would burst from his shoes at any moment, pulling the stitching tight to the point that Alex had to wonder if the same talons were to grow from his feet.

Growing all the while, John could hardly fear the changes making him more and more powerful, into the kind of beast he could have never imagined. He wanted to keep growing and changing, excited to see where they would go. And, more to the point, he wanted to share his form with his friend, knowing that Alex had wanted the same thing and excited to see what he might look like changed as well. With the alterations in his mind, there seemed nothing wrong with the idea of pouncing on his friend right then and there and seeing if the spell could be transferred in a more intimate way.

And he did just that, moving far too fast for Alex to even think about escaping. With the size of John's body, it was easy to knock him over, breathing down on his neck and grinning with his wide, triangular-shaped head. As he did so, what had to be his tail moved its way out, growing faster and moving with the flexibility of a cat's. The same orange hair soon covered it, moving to the tip which erupted into an off-white fluff. It moved in eagerness, almost like a cat toying with a mouse before going in for the kill.

Staring down at his friend, Alex was privy to the sight of his friend's eyes changing, pupils thinning into slits as the irises turned golden, a mischievous side that made Alex shiver. He was sure he would be bitten, eaten, and killed, but could do naught but struggle against his captor, hoping to all hope that his life would not be forfeited from his friend's actions.

Yet, he was not to be eaten or even bitten, John rather holding him in place and staring into his eyes. There was an energy about the changing beast, almost akin to the sensation he'd felt from touching the book. John, too, was aware of this, feeling the energy building from the spell that had changed him and figuring its influence could be used the same way to alter his friend's form as well. And that seemed to be the case, the energy almost visible as it flowed from John to Alex, much in the way the book's power had influenced their efforts to perform the spell in the first place.

Nervous about what was happening to him, Alex was not expecting the changing man to reach down with his muzzle, closing his eyes, and taking the scared man in a passionate kiss. Eyes wide with fear, Alex couldn't fight against the sensation, finding himself almost liking it as the two of them made out, the texture of his altered mouth almost pleasant. Having no inclination toward another man, much less his good friend, Alex was nonetheless taken in by the passion of the moment, kissing the beast back and feeling his own lust start to rise. Even the fear over what was happening could not bring him from the moment, feeling the warmth flowing through his being and making him relaxed and excited.

No sooner did the feelings of lust start rising in his cock, than a warmth settled into his muscles, making them separate under the skin as a slight ache started to overtake the man. It was as though the muscles were rapidly expanding, pressing against his skin, pushing it to grow against his shirt. Already sweaty and tight, Alex could feel his shirt starting to pull upward as though his chest was expanding and his belly was stretching. The muscles on his arms, his legs, and even his ass were all slowly swelling, pressing against the skin and causing a steady series of expansions. Yet, rather than pain him, all Alex was aware of was a dull ache that settled as his clothes started to feel snug all over.

It was soon to be more than that as an itching started to play from his bare chest, running up toward his chest and under his groin. It was as though his skin was erupting with a coat of fine hairs, and Alex had the cognizance to open his eyes and look down, seeing the beginnings of a pelt creeping across his skin. Rather than the off-white and orange steadily making up his friend's coat, his own was a light blue, peppering his chest and belly, darker navy over his sides. Instead of being panicked, however, Alex could only help but find the sight rather fetching. Not as hot as the orange coat his friend was growing, but it would do, making him something larger, more than his human self.

Both changing men felt their clothing growing tighter around them now tears starting in John's own as he continued to grow beyond the contours of his form. His shirt was hitched up over muscled shoulders, exposing orange fur and threatening to break at any moment. His pants and underwear were pulled down around his thickened tail, its tassel waving wildly in the air. And his shoes were precariously tight as well, as though the digits and likely nails within were prepared to burst through.

Alex, meanwhile, felt his cock coming to full erection, needing to get it out and stroke it off. It was changing, likely forming the same pointed, bulbed head and knot that adorned his friend's lovely member. He wanted nothing more than to stroke himself off, though in the heat of lust figuring something more intimate was in order. As though reading his thoughts, John reached down with a clawed hand and started to stroke their members together. Alex met his thrusts, wanting nothing more than to feel his member being rubbed in tandem with his friend's own. It simply felt so good in a moment of passion that Alex couldn't muster an iota of fear for his humanity.

As they did so, getting ever closer, Alex was able to look down, seeing his smaller member start to swell toward the impressive size his friend's had reached. It was turning deep red, the head point and leaking as the slick sucking of John's paws rubbing their fluids was music to still human ears, and Alex couldn't help but get close to cumming, balls swelling, and

cock getting larger and larger all the while. The bulb at the base left him powerfully aroused, feeling it rubbing against John's own as their oncoming orgasms grew emanate.

In the moment before release, Alex had a realization that he was changing, that he had been infected and influenced by the book's magic. This couldn't be what they wanted, couldn't be something they could imagine accepting in their wildest dreams. Yet, the alterations to his form were so pleasurable, so exhilarating, that any form of resistance was soon melted from his mind like butter. There was no denying how badly he wanted this, how much he needed to cum and change and play with his friend. He was close already, and no force on earth would keep him from the release he so desperately craved.

With that, any resistance to the change felt from his mind like semen in his cock as both of the changing men exploded at the same time, coating each other's cock and fur with rank semen. The scent made both beasts moan, coaxing more cum from their cocks as they came down from an explore release. The pleasure surpassed already heightening expectations, and both men shuddered feeling their bodies growing ever larger and tighter against already precarious clothing. Without knowing what sort of creatures they were becoming, it was hard to know how large their endgame was. And in the afterglow of an amazing release, there was little energy left to care.

Yet, one orgasm was hardly enough to satisfy the two changing creatures, both John and Alex feeling their knobs twitching even as they continued to leak the last of their cum. As it stood, Alex was the smaller of the two, still just beginning his changes. Anus clenching, the idea of prostate stimulation flooded his thoughts the moment the notion occurred to him. Despite having no experience with anal, Alex couldn't imagine wanting any sex more, and crawled out from his lover, getting on his hands and knees and wriggling his ass in invitation.

An ache in his spine was a sign enough of what was to come as the growing started to push at the back of his pants clearly the start of his tail. Alex focused on it, making it twitch and wave as it pushed its way out of his underpants and moving it the moment his tail was able to. Itching of fur soon spread from his back over the growth as the tip of it erupted into a fluff of bushy fur. He was delighted at its range of motion the thing possessed, more flexible than anything equivalent in the animal kingdom,

The sounds of tearing echoed in his ears, and looking up, Alex was in time to see John's muscled ass bursting from the back of his pants in a flurry of orange fur. It was massive, muscled, and firm, making Alex want to grip it if his pucker wasn't in such need of a pounding. His tail hung above it, wagging back and forth in eagerness as the elastic band of his underwear popped, and it fell to the ground, pants left clinging precariously to his thighs, though likely not for long.



Both of their attentions were drawn downward at the sound of John's shoes popping, and two sets of four claws pierced the fabric, tearing at the glue as the toes themselves extended and relieved. The force of powerful toes and expanding feet were too much for the shoes as they erupted from the size, layers of stitching and material hanging along with his torn socks. Delighting in their freedom, John was quick to kick them away, eager to be free of them in his show of supernatural growth.

With a powerful flex, the back of his shirt was ripped apart as well with a flurry of fluffy orange fur being exposed over his back and chest. His hair also had altered into a long, flowing mane the same color as the fur that had coated every inch of his body. He grinned lewdly from his pointed muzzle, the sight of which brought images of a fictional beast, a sergal to Alex's mind. Why had that name come to the forefront of his thoughts? Was that what they were turning into? Were the creatures real? It seemed so if they were turning into them!

Alex had no time to think about it before the fully changed sergal pounced on him, pinning him onto the floor and probing for Alex's anus. Alex growled, excited to be taken in such a way and unable to wait for the penetration. He needed it more than anything he could imagine, and he spread his cheeks, exposing an anus ready for penetration. "Fuck me!" Alex called out, cock leaking and twitching at the notion.

It took no time for John to tease the tip of his cock against Alex's opening, though given his current size he was a little too small for it. But the changing sergal was intent, and he growled his desires from a mouth that was starting to protrude, teeth beginning to point as he drooled. It was painful, almost too much so, but he was determined to take it, grunting and pushing back against the length of his elastic rectal muscles.

With the forced penetration, Alex was prompted to grip the floor, trying to gain his purchase and get comfortable with such an expansive penis in his rectum. As he did so, an ache in his fingers encouraged him to look down as a distraction from the pain of being penetrated. Claws were starting to poke through the skin, his own nails joining with them as they curved and elongated and poked into the ground to keep him in place as the now fully formed sergal within him found his rhythm and started to thrust.

Bowels aflame and ready to perceive his reward, it seemed the changes were being fucked into Alex, along with the size and stature that befit his form. Already starting to point, his nose and muzzle began to taper from the front of his face, almost triangular in shape and sticking out between where he could easily see it if he crossed his eyes. Pepperings of navy blue fur covered the surface, itching though not enough for him to risk scratching with his massive blue claws. His darkening nose, thickened and moist at the top of his cheese-wedged-shaped muzzle,

drank in thick of the sweat and musk of their growing bodies, and Alex spurted a bit of cum on the ground, more aroused and eager for the changes that he could ever imagine. Any twinges of fear or disgust over the changes to his sexuality or his body were removed in the sexual excitement and promise his new body provided. If only he were to change more...

The itching across his face returned his spades as blue fur peppered the surface, changing even his beard into a fine coat of sergal fur. Even his own short-cropped hair was to lengthen down increasingly furry shoulders. It itched powerfully against increasingly tightening clothing, making him wish to remove them. Even extended ears were covered with minute blue hairs, poking out within the increased space within their twitching contours. His ass, his chest, his belly, and even his thighs and calves were all to be coated, and Alex squirmed, trying to get out the clothing but was caught under the massive sergal that had become of John.

All the while, John rutted with abandon, feeling he was fucking away the rest of his humanity, though saw such as weak, inferior, and the sergal body a muscled adonis. As larger as he was, weighing down the smaller changing sergal, the tingling of changing knowing he still had some growth to do. And John welcomed it eagerly, wanting the promise of power the ritual granted him. Muscles bulging, skin stretching and weight growing, John felt blessed with it all, eager to see what the ritual could really grant him.

Lost in the heat of rut, Alex was hardly aware of how much his own body was growing, muscles expanding against the skin and clothing alike. Seeing how much his friend had grown left him to anticipate as much happening to him, to grow and expand and gain the power the book promised him. Every inch he expanded brought his clothes closer and closer to the breaking point, the first step to gaining the handsome physique his now-lover possessed. His shirt was pulled annoying against his fur, up around his chest now as the bulging arm muscles pulled precariously at the cuffs. The expanding base of his tail pushed down his underwear and pants, waist swelled beyond their confines and furry ass tight against it. Even flexing the muscles was enough to cause tears in the fabric. Alex resisted, however, wanting to break from it of his own accord without intervention.

It seemed his shoes were the first things to go, the growing nails tensing within them and starting to pierce the material from the inside. His widening feet and stretching heels were almost too much for the sides, popping outward with a flurry of blue fur. Flexing his four remaining toes, Alex could feel them digging into the floorboards, losing their size and power. Heels popped at the bindings in the back, and twitching the toes was enough to pop the shoes all the way across, hanging uselessly on the feet as he kicked them away. Socks clung annoying against the fur on his legs to the point he reached down, even with the sergal fucking his ass, to tear them away with his powerful claws. A sharp moan escaped his lips as John struggled to keep up the

pounding against his prostate, though the two of them were quick to go about it once more, a brief interlude to the eventual goal.

The rest of his humanity was soon to go as well, muscled ass cheeks bursting the pants as his fluffy blue fur peppered the holes left by his growth. The tears ran down his waist and thighs, a flurry of town fabric in several places as it ran down all the way to the cuffs, and Alex wriggled out of them, glad to be finally free. Even the elastic band of his underwear was soon to go, stained underpants falling to the ground as he wriggled his cock-filled butt. His shirt was forfeit, bursting from his shoulders as his fur was finally free of the irritating fabrics.

Shaking their rags off him, as much as he could while being held under the massive seral in his ass, Alex growled, the physical changes are done for the moment. Though if he was to get to the size of John's form, he had some growing to do. Alex was strong enough to lift the sergal off his back already, but he wanted John there to fuck and rut and spill his seed. Lying as he was, he was able to reach down and stroke his cock in tandem with John's thrusts, feeling their bodies rocking in tandem

It was more simply the sexual excitement that spurred on Alex's sexual arousal. There was companionship with his friend beyond their simple friendship and even sexual exploits. He felt for him, happy that it was John he was transforming with. With that, his flexible tail moved to intertwine with John's own, John returning as the two of them cuddled together and enjoyed their rut.

Blinking a few times, Alex could feel the color of his eyes changing, and John was privy to their brown shade changing toward a slitted green. John felt his heart flutter at the sight of it, and with that, moved with his triangle-shaped face and kissed the man, shallowing his thrusts to allow them to fuck and kiss in tandem. Shocked a little from the connection, Alex nonetheless returned the kiss, entwining bestial tongues as John continued to thrust, speeding up and preparing for the finale.

Though John was still the smaller of the two of them, that was not to be the case as he continued to grow, lifting up the sergal on his back with ease as his chest expanded, upper arms swelled, and belly pulled tautly. He was sure he was getting taller as well, having to reach out with his claws to grip the wood and take the cock further within him. It was as though John was fucking the sergal into him, making him grow and expand and swell with the muscle the tome promised to grant. Even their humanity was a small price to pay for such power, one that was paid eagerly to be the literal embodiment of their fantasies.

Something else was pressing into his ass at this point, and from his own anatomy, Alex was sure he needed to have it within him, to knot and fill him up. John was so close, needing to

implant his knot so the pressure would be enough to bring him the rest of the way. And with each inch his sergal expanded, his knot moved further and further within him. It was almost to the point of being in...just a little more...Alex needed it so bad!

“Knot me!” He called out, and the encouragement was all John needed as with a final thrust, his cock hit home. With that, John's bestial rod thrust fiercely, and pumped his friend full of sergal jism. No sooner had he done so than the knowledge of sexually pleasing John brought his friend to climax, Alex calling out as he spilled his own seed onto the floor in a torrent of spurts.

With that, the two of them lay there for some time, John occasionally thrusting into his lover's bowels and spilling whatever seed was left in his balls. The stench of their sweat and cum hung heavily in the air, making them both content and exhilarated. It stank of them, of their kind and essence. And it was enough for them not to fear the future, or how they would assimilate into their new forms. Even if they did not fit into the lives they once possessed, it was of little matter. For while they were the first of their kind, they would not be the last. The book's power still resided within them, and both Alex and John were sure they could spread their gift to their friends as well, this hub was the home of a new species and life...