

Sighing, Jeff threw his things on the floor, taking another look at his Fitbit for the time. Three hours. Fuck. He had been in that session for three damn hours, and it was scheduled to be a weekly endeavor. Not that he had anything better to do in the interim, having to complete the program before being able to work again. And that was *if* any job would take him after they found out about his new ‘condition’, something that was of public record.

The program he was to partake in was relatively new by government standards, requiring any newly changed therianthropes to undergo in order to prevent harsh penalties. It came about in recent years with the rise in recorded therianthropes, more commonly referred to as ‘Weres’, and was required for any newly bitten and changed to prove they would not be a danger to society. Sadly, there was a real risk of that with instincts being heightened for most species, and while they didn’t necessarily attack other humans out of aggression, fear was just as dangerous a motivation. So, while Jeff understood the necessity of such a course, there was a certain degree of speciesism that went with his status. Besides, he wasn’t a risk to anyone if he changed again, right? Not after that first time...that was a mistake, OK?!

After his first public change, Jeff had been required to attend weekly sessions, likely to continue for at least six months though possibly longer depending on how they went. It was as much a therapy session as it was training, making sure that he was in touch with his own emotions as well as any external stimuli that might cause him to act out and change in public. It was part of his probation period, and he would need to undergo it in order to prevent incarnation. Neither was particularly appealing, but if Jeff had to pick, he went with the former.

As part of his probation, Jeff was not allowed to leave the state, something that negatively impacted his previous employment as a business lawyer. He was often required to travel to other states and even countries, mostly for meetings and high-class functions. Even if they were allowed to travel, however, his company would not allow him to any longer, there being a real risk of him changing during the conference without his resources. That was the excuse they used, at any rate. There was every chance they would find an excuse to fire him once he was officially allowed to return to work, leaving Jeff without a job and with a condition that was often used against Weres. Prejudice for sure, though spawned from enough instances that it became a way of life.

In those first few weeks of his condition, Jeff had lost much of what he’d cherished in his 26 years. An up-and-comer in his company, he’d been on a fairly robust salary, having a decent apartment in downtown, stock options, 401k, and plenty of future prospects. But after his first change and his condition had come to light, he lost his job, was put on unpaid leave, and was forced out of his apartment, there being a clause in his lease that made him considered a safety

risk to the other tenets. With all his other forms of revenue dried up, Jeff was all but left out on his ass.

Thankfully, he had some help from an old college friend, one that was not only comfortable with his condition but shared it himself. Darius, 26, was a Were himself, born a werewolf and not subject to the same laws and restrictions as infected Weres like Jeff. It was amazing that Jeff could smell the werewolf on him the moment he walked into the apartment, something that humans had no awareness of. It was an amazing ability, though Jeff had been around few Weres even after changing. Still, with societal prejudices, it was a wonder Darius was able to make his way after college, becoming a successful bar owner that employed Weres of various species. Hell, it was Darius who was the one to reach out, offering him a couch in his loft, as well as some work as a bouncer in the nightclub if he wanted it. Jeff had no choice but to say yes but was thankful for the second chance nonetheless.

There was another proposition that came up soon after he'd moved in, one that Jeff had to admit he found interesting if not a little sudden. He knew the other man was gay, and while Bi himself, Jeff had never thought about hitting his friend up for some fun. Knowing what he now did about Darius's Lycanthropy, it made sense they couldn't have in the past. But now, since they were both Weres, it made sense as Jeff was starting to quickly understand, Weres had powerful libidos, something he would rather work out with another Were than with his own paw, so to speak. Given their status as fellow Weres and all the shit Jeff had to deal with in the past few months, it didn't take Jeff much convincing for him to have sex. He was a little surprised Darius was so open and quick to ask, but figured that was something more socially normal for Were interactions with each other. Hell, he even compared it to being back in college, something that sat well with Jeff, living together as such being more like back in college dorms than anything else.

"No rush, hun, but if you want to take it a little slow, we can start as plain old humans. You know, Weres like to shift during sex, but you did say you weren't shifting much, and we got some time," Darius offered that first night, and Jeff had said yes. He liked the notion of letting things go as they did, but he didn't like his new Were self so much and thus preferred the idea of not having to shift or see Darius do so. And, if he was being honest with himself, he found the larger, chocolate-brown man hot as hell.

It didn't take much time after that for the two of them to get down to it, stripping down to their underwear and removing even those before moving into each other, kissing tenderly, and exploring each other's muscled bodies. There were certainly some advantages to being Weres, Jeff was quick to understand their bodies were far more muscled than anything he could hope to manage. Sure, Darius had always been built, much to Jeff's reverence. But it was shocking for the previously smaller man to have the same ridges, divots, and lines that made up his friend's

manly physique. Though lost in the lust of the act as he was, there was little time to think too much about such things, allowing himself to keep his eyes closed and keep his focus on their tender lip lock.

All the while, their cocks were bobbing against each other, and Jeff was eager to look down to see what his friend was packing. Preconceived notions about his cock size aside, Jeff was impressed to feel his friend's massive hand jerking them together, their members feeling someone comparable. Had they not been Weres, something that came with improvements in the downstairs department, he would have wondered if the similarity in their sizes might still exist. But it didn't matter. They were Weres now, and sexy men to boot.

Heat began to rise between them as they kissed, cocks leaking all over Darius's ebony hands as he stroked them off. Jeff was sure he could cum from the contact alone, and almost wanted to, having been so long since he had gotten off with another man. There was some precedence to do so, given that Weres could go all night if they wanted to. But he wanted to wait before spilling his first load, doing something a little more intimate with his long-term friend.

"Fuck, I need you..." Darius hissed, after licking down the side of the man's cheek and scruff of a beard. He let go of their cocks and pulled away before getting down on the bed and spreading his ass cheeks. His pucker was cleaned out and ready to go, and without fear of disease, there was no need for a condom.

Jeff looked at the offering with excitement and lust. Though he was a switch, he was eager to breed like the lion that was his other self. With the amount he was leaking, Jeff was sure he could push in without any problems but decided not to, instead squeezing a hardy dapple of lube into his fingers and applying it generously to his cock and his lover's fuck hole. A moan from the werewolf was all the encouragement Jeff needed, and he pushed in, finding his place inside the other man on the first try before starting his thrusts in earnest.

To Jeff's delight, the sensation of the other man's rectum was tighter than he was used to, taking his cock like a clamp, though not painfully so. Better yet was how skilled the other man was at bottoming, humping against Jeff's thrusts at the perfect pace to keep him enthused. The two of them rutted together like that for some time, sweat and musk wafting from their bodies raising their arousal near the tipping point, but both were able to hold back for a moment to allow their pleasure to last.

Jeff soon found himself thankful for the intensity of their fun, given the inclinations twitching at the corners of his mind. He wanted to change, to let the lion out, and as much as Jeff detested the urge, it poked at the fringes of his psyche, a Were urge that was almost impossible to ignore. Hell, if he wasn't so lost in the sensations of sex, he might be aware of some minor

changes rippling over his body. Little tingles or itches could have been a myriad of things, a little lengthening of his hair, a thickening in his nails, some pepperings of lion fur, or even the prickling of muscle poking at the skin. But Jeff was able to resist, even if it drew out their rut from the effort. Such was for the best, given how easily he might cum if he allowed himself to.

Jeff was not the only one to be undergoing such minor changes, on the back of his friend as he was. Patches of greyish-brown fur started poking up in certain areas, rippling muscles moving the layer of sweat over his skin. His hair, too, started to grey in some places, the texture changing to match his more lupine nature. The tips of his ears seemed to point a little, and the beastly growls from his lover's lips almost deepened in baritone. It left Jeff wondering, with some arousal, what Darius's werewolf form looked like, though he was sure to find out soon.

For now, Jeff resisted the urge to change, wanting something more mundane to take his mind off things. It was taking him a little longer to cum that way, though it was for the best, given his desire to prolong their pleasure. Finally thinking to do so, Jeff reached down to grip the man's cock, feeling it leaking all over his fingers as he did so. It seemed to swell at his touch, and Jeff was curious to look down and see it forming into its lupine state. But he resisted the urge to do so, for now, figuring they would eventually get there and wanting to bring them both to release.

It did take some minutes for them to cum, though hardly a deterrent to his stamina. He could literally go like this for hours, he felt, though he hardly wanted to with the ache in his balls swelling past the point of bursting. So he let himself go, even growling a little as his loins were wracked with pleasure. It was almost more than he could bear, the pent-up lust threatening to send him over the edge. Darius's ass was so tight, sucking in his cock as though desperate to take his cum. And that's exactly what he did as Jeff went into orgasm, cock spasming like a piston inside his lover as his burden was relieved.

All the while, Jeff kept his firm grip on Darius's cock, wanting to bring the other man with him. Though the release was so intense he was scarcely aware of it, he could hear Darius calling out as his own release came, getting all over the bed, though he hardly cared. His rectal clamp was enough to keep Jeff inside, though he still had the energy to stay in position. Still, eventually, Darius relented, and both men got up, taking each other in a messy kiss before Darius made his way to the bathroom to clean up.

Lying there snuggled together in the afterglow, Darius apologized for a moment before a series of low snores caught Jeff's ears. It made sense; even late nights for Weres could do them in. And Jeff was feeling spent himself, though it was the darker thoughts bringing him out of the mood. Though the sex was amazing, it was only possible with his lion side, something he still loathed. And it was impossible not to think about the circumstances that had led him here...

It was a stupid mistake, all things considered. Not that it was the first time Jeff was off looking for a lay while out on a business trip. What he did out of town after hours was his own business and local gay clubs usually had someone looking to get up to some fun. He preferred men on such trips, though he was a little more male inclined as it was. And out of the country, he usually tried to find at least a one-night stand. He figured someday he would settle down with a woman, but he loved getting out and playing with men, not wanting anything long-term with them as of yet. And, so far, none of them wanted anything more than the fun and free drinks the rather well-off, good-looking man could provide them.

This particular man was in a nightclub, looking rather muscled and attractive even by Jeff's high standards. It was almost an animal magnetism that drew them together, and soon they were both back at Jeff's hotel room, pants off and tongues entwined. They'd used protection; Jeff wasn't a fool. But he'd been infected nonetheless, be it through the kissing, the sex, or even a bite or scratch Jeff hadn't noticed. They had been pretty rough in bed, and given the sex Jeff had experienced, it was a wonder to Jeff that the man didn't end up shifting during their fun. It was a rather substantial crime to deliberately transmit the Were creature infection knowingly, to the point Jeff was sure he wouldn't take the risk. There was a chance the man didn't know of his Were status before they'd had fun, though Jeff could never confirm. He did try to use his resources to track the man down, but nothing came of it. Not that it mattered, in the end.

Upon getting back home, Jeff immediately started feeling sick for the first few days. He thought little of it, figuring he'd caught a bug or something overseas. It was strange, an aching soreness, stiffness of muscles, as though his body was trying to reject something. A few days in bed with streaming services and room service, and Jeff was right as rain. Next, however, came the hallucinations. Thinking of hunting, of chasing, of biting and blood plagued his dreams, as though some cellular memory was causing them. They were powerfully visceral, and for a while, Jeff had been worried about going to sleep lest he be assaulted by the images. As he was to find out later, he was thankful he hadn't been bitten or attacked. Weres in those circumstances often suffered trauma in the time it took for the virus to take over their bodies and make them Weres for the first time. Still, it was little comfort when the end result was to be the same.

At first, the micro changes were played off as hallucinations in their own right. Extra hair growth could be shaved. Longer, thicker and pointed nails could be trimmed. Hell, even the sharper teeth were played off as needing a dental trip, though they never lasted too long in the mirror. His hair was longer and bushy, and needing to get it cut several times that month in order for him to keep it tame. Still, he didn't think of it much, as strange as they were. His work friends were concerned, and though he could easily have seen a doctor, he refused, not wanting to look weak and feeling he was on top of the world. Boy, was he wrong!

“Hey, still awake?” Darius said, reaching up and rubbing Jeff’s hair back. He had given up shaving with his Were status, save his face, though it ultimately came up to keeping a well-trimmed beard. Jeff had come to accept it, and he liked his men hairy, as Darius was. With that thought in mind, he reached down and started to rub the other man’s belly, enjoying the sizable treasure trail there and curling the hair, to giggles from the other men.

“Yeah, couldn’t sleep. Even after that amazing fuck,” Jeff said, and Darius reached up to kiss him at that.

“Hey, it happens. Anything you want to talk about?” Darius offered, though Jeff turned it down. He hadn’t said much about the circumstances that led to his infection, and Darius hadn’t pried. It was nice he was offering, to be fair, but Jeff wasn’t ready. And he didn’t want to ruin the mood, nice that he was in bed with a good friend and able to release some pent-up frustrations.

“Hey, I’ve had some ideas I’ve wanted to play around with a fellow Were. Want to hear them?” Darius asked, and Jeff was happy to have the distraction.

“Oh?” Jeff said, wondering what the man could come up with up beyond his fairly kinky nature. Were could take a lot more in the bedroom, and Jeff felt he was game with whatever Darius had in mind.

“Well, it’s a bit of a size dynamic, but I’ve always wanted to try sex in different forms at the same time. Like, Were on human, you know? Size difference might be a little fun, and even while human, Weres can take it,” Darius said, seeming oddly shy for his previous confidence.

“Oh? Like wolf on human? I’m game,” Jeff said, feeling more curious than anything. It wasn’t something he was intrinsically into, but

“Yeah, or lion on human,” Darius said, a sly grin on his features. Jeff wasn’t sure how that statement made him feel. He figured it would be hard to resist forever, but it was beside the point. He didn’t want to find the lion sexy, but he would have to eventually, right?

“Can you control the changes to that degree? Like keeping your form while something else changes?” Jeff asked, changing the subject. Though he was legitimately interested in the ability to control himself, it was something he’d been able to do tonight. “When we were fucking...well, the lion wanted to come out...” he said, a little sheepishly.

“If it’s not close to the full moon, you should be fine. You’ve probably experienced that before,” Darius said, and Jeff nodded. It was harder to control the urge to change around the full

moon, especially if he didn't change often. He'd had to once or twice just to get it out of his system, so to speak. But it was not something he'd wanted to do as much as he could help it. At least he'd be able to let the cat out, so to speak, with his friend here in a safe place. And hopefully, it would be something he could use to practice the changes and maybe get out of his training courses sooner.

In the end, he agreed to give it a try the next night, before the two of them kissed and went back to bed. It did sound a little strange, Jeff concluded, but there was merit to the practice it would involve, and besides. Darius had always been an interesting guy. More to the point, he was a good friend to be giving him a pad and a job.

The job itself wasn't too hard. Figuring he would just be playing security guard, Jeff was shocked when he was asked to work the bar, and it was a little daunting at first as the night crowd came in. Figuring he wasn't allowed to work bar without a license, Darius assured him there was no one else, and he was pushed into place, having only a few moments to get his barrings before the customers came in. Without a drink guide, Jeff was flying by the seat of his pants, though he knew enough about drink mixes that he was able to make do. Eventually, he got in the rhythm of it. And was even making a few tips, something that Darius informed him was his to keep.

Even knowing that many of the staff and a few of the clientele were Weres, it was still a little unnerving to realize he could tell one's Were status through smell alone. They were mostly wolves, though a few other animals stood out as well, ones Jeff couldn't identify. The wolves smelled enough like Darius for him to know, at least. He thought about talking to them but was far too busy. They must have known he was a lion as much as he knew about them, but there was little point in dwelling on such things. Even Weres had their own lives to live, after all, their own stories, and even if Jeff was playing bartender he didn't have the time to listen with how lost he was at his own position.

The night was long, but Jeff was hardly feeling fatigued as the bar closed for the night at 2 am. If anything, he was restless and horny, not able to get the thought of the other man off his mind. It seemed from the smell of him that Darius was in the same mood, wired from the shift and in need of a good fuck.

"Good job tonight, stud," Darius said, slapping the other man on the ass. Rather than being offended, Jeff was rather excited, feeling his erection growing and smelling the arousal on the other Were. He would rush him right there, but he wasn't feeling tired despite the late hour, and he figured they had plenty of time for at least one romp.

“Yeah, thanks,” Jeff said, a little dumbfounded by the whole thing. It was an insane night, but he was hardly in a position to say no, and he’d done alright, all things considered. He was certainly going to be brushing up on mixology before tomorrow’s shift!

“Beer?” Darius offered, and Jeff said yes, wanting something harder but not wanting to get too wasted less it affect his performance. There was little chance of that, he figured, Were stamina being what it was. But the beer was still nice, and he drained the can, Darius moving to get him another soon after.

“So, how did you like it? You did great, by the way. It won’t be like that every night, I can assure you! Our bartender called in sick, and we might need you to fill in again tomorrow, but I think I’ll mostly have you on bouncer duty. Were lions can get really intimidating really fast, if you know what I mean. Well, that is if you feel OK with your shifting, but we can work on that too,” Darius said, taking a long swing from his own beer.

“Yeah, it was certainly different being on the other end,” Jeff said, thinking it over. He was used to more upscale establishments, but a bar was a bar in the end, and it was a comfortable atmosphere for him, all things considered. It was a bit rough not knowing the job, but his failure was all the incentive he needed to try and improve. It was that stubborn streak that had gotten him to where he was, though even that had been taken from him in the end. It was a moot point, and Jeff would do his best next time Darius gave him the opportunity.

For now, however, he had more pressing concerns. He wanted to fuck this Were, and was Ok doing so with the wolf rather than the man. Darius’s proposition had suited him well to the point he was more than a little curious about what it would be like. Hell, if he was being honest with himself, he’d been thinking about it all day. He wanted to make a more neutral move toward it, but he was boned as hell, and surely Darius could smell it. There was no holding back when it came to Were sex, Jeff was starting to understand.

Darius was clearly picking up what Jeff’s odor was putting down, and he moved to sit on the other man’s lap, taking him in a passionate embrace. Jeff fell into the kiss, loving the taste of booze on the other man’s breath and the scent of his sweat. It didn’t stink, even if it might have by human standards. It spoke of his health and virility, and the odor was unmistakably belonging to Darius. It was one that turned him on like it had no business to, Jeff tenting his pants to the point he was almost sure he would break out of them.

Eventually, their lusts growing to a premium, Darius broke the kiss, not wanting to sit on the slightly smaller man too long, though either would have been strong enough to support the other. “Well? Did you give any more thought to what I said?” Darius said, Jeff a little surprised that he was down to insist on his interest. But, as horny as he was, Jeff didn’t want to say no. He



wasn't sure he was into the idea right away but was sure he would be once Darius had transformed. And there was something about seeing the wolf come out in him. Besides, Darius had wanted to do so while Jeff remained human, and Jeff didn't want to change as much as he could help it in the moment.

"Come here, cutie," Darius said, and Jeff moved to kiss him once more, feeling his cock rise. Deft hands reached down to rub the leaking bulge in his pants before pulling down the zipper. A pleasant waft of musk hit both of their noses, and the men moved to take off their shirts and pants, leaving them only in their underwear as they made out and ground their loins together, leaking so much that some of it got on Darius's couch.

Naturally, such generic acts did not last long with how much the two of them needed each other and the pleasures their bodies could grant. Once more, Darius was the first to break the kiss, standing up and taking Jeff's hand as he raised him too. "I'll change nice and slow, so you can play with me as much as you want. How does that sound, cutie?" Darius said, and Jeff felt himself rise even further from the prospect. As much as he lamented his own Were form, he was horny as hell to see what became of Darius as a wolf.

With that, Darius grinned widely, fangs starting to form from his canines as his beard and sideburns started to thicken as well. It was rather fetching, teeth getting as sharp as they could without forming his muzzle, and the beard looking like an even harrier man than Darius could manage. It eventually moved up toward his own hair, the texture of which was starting to alter to match a more lupine tone. Even his ears were starting to grow pointed, and Jeff found himself more curious than anything about how he was able to control the changes in such a way. Could he eventually learn to do so? He certainly hoped so!

Turning around, the sight of Darius's spine starting to extend, pushing out, and coating with brown and gray hairs drew Jeff's interest. It started to wag eagerly, thickening into a more canine tail than what Jeff knew to be his leonine one. Without thinking, Jeff reached out to start to rub it, loving the texture and how the contact made it wag. Hell, with such a sight, it was hard for Jeff to control his own growth, but he avoided doing so for now.

Eager to play with his friend's changes further, Jeff wheeled the wolf man around, teasing his chest as his treasure trail started to grow, and with it, extra nipples reddened from the skin. Not something his lion form possessed, Jeff was curious how sensitive they were, playing over the black skin before fur covered it, expressing his lupine nature. A growl from the wolf's lips was all he needed to know his efforts were appreciated, and Darius eventually reached down to kiss Jeff's lips, Jeff continuing to rub the man's chest all the while. "That's good...fuck," Darius moaned, and Jeff continued to reach down the wolveren treasure trail, teasing toward his groin and closing in on his rod, hoping that was the next thing to change.

Jeff was to get his wish, looking down to see the skin of his friend's shaft start to darken toward a reddish hue before getting even larger than he could have hoped for. The head swelled into a bulbous point, and best of all, the base started to expand almost double the circumference of the shaft, the sight making up a rather canine-looking rocket. His foreskin coated itself in fine, soft wolf fur, hitching it up and staring at Jeff's head with his leaking tip. Jeff had to suck it!

"Mrrrrmmm, you read my mind, stud," Darius said, taking his shaft in his hand and guiding it toward his friend's mouth. Jeff found himself drooling, wanting to take it in his mouth and drink down his copious precum. Though it was getting larger and larger before his eyes, Jeff was determined to take it in, licking the tip and moving his lips over the bulb of his head. No stranger to oral sex, Jeff moved up and down the head, barely able to make it halfway down the shaft before pulling back to the base of the head, sucking in a rhythm that made the changing wolf man moan.

The more he sucked, the more he realized the task was too difficult for his human self. That alone almost made him want to change but he decided against it for now. He didn't want to let the lion out, didn't feel comfortable with it the more he thought it over. Sure, the lion would be hot in tandem with the wolf, but there was something about his leonine form that made him nervous to the point he could not force the change even if he wanted to.

So, with that in mind, he kept sucking, feeling hands on his head as he did so. Though there were clearly smooth and human for the moment, Jeff could feel their palms growing coarse and rough, likely as they started to form pads of their own. The sensation of dull nails raking through his hair was rather pleasant as well, not sharp as he might have expected. Not that Jeff was worried about it, even deliberately, Darius could do little to hurt the Were lion that wouldn't be healed rather quickly due to the nature of Weres. It was nice to be encouraged, to be petted in such a way, and Jeff left into it, taking as much of the cock within his mouth as he could.

Jeff would be foolish to deny he was not a little curious about what it would be like if it was his own muzzle wrapped around the wolf's cock instead of his own human mouth. But he resisted, for now, to be comfortable with the changes as they were. And, if he was being honest with himself, there was nothing exhilarating about doing something with a beast while as a man. He found Darius hot as hell, and it was exciting to be able to take the wolf man with no repercussions.

Moaning, Darius moved forward as his stance started to shift, heels extending and feet widening. Curious, Jeff looked down to see Darius's heels growing, swelling with muscles and expanding to over twice their length. Their remaining soles widened, swelling pads likely on the bottom as he rose up slightly, likely a combination of keeping his cock within his friend and

making sure he didn't keel over. Unlike his hands, webbing between the shrinking digits kept them in place while he changed. The clicking of blunt nails on the floor assured Jeff they had grown, though his attention was back to the wolf cock he was so eagerly sucking.

Eventually, the hands on his hand pushed him back, and Jeff looked up, trailing a little of spittle and cum from his lips. Darius grinned down at him with a longer mouth and sharp teeth. "Getting close. I wanna unload this in your ass," he said, grinning, and Jeff felt his lust heating up. He wanted it down, even if he was a little nervous. After all, he would be taking a cock the size of a beast into his very human, though experienced pucker. It would likely be too much, though it wouldn't be enough to injure him permanently. Especially the knot at the end, but he was determined to give it a try!

With that, Jeff moved to the bed, getting on his hands and knees and raising his ass in the air for his friend's inspection. What he was not expecting was the sensation of a canine tongue to start lapping at his pucker, slobbering over it was long strokes before getting in and tonguing fucking him with the much longer lupine appendage. "Oh, fuck that's good..." Jeff moaned, not expecting it to feel so good. Never one for oral in that fashion, Jeff decided at the moment he would change his stance and accept whatever his friend so gracefully offered.

Pulling away at just the right time, Jeff cried out with the need to be fucked, forgetting for a moment his trepidation for the size of the dick that was about to open him up. The tip was fine with how relaxed his pucker was, and Jeff did his best to open himself up to take it in all the way. But as it went about halfway in before the pain started, Jeff grunted, a sign to Darius that it was a little too much. With that, he held his place for a moment before he started to thrust, and Jeff rocked back and forth with it, hearing a more canine panting as his own exhilaration grew from the notion of taking such a beast within him.

Curious to see the rest of his lover's changes, Jeff looked up in time to see Darius's face stretching out, muzzle forming as the bones pushed out and he drooled a little from the size of his tongue before the muzzle could keep up. His ears were pointed, twitching at the top of his head as their bases enlarged and hairs coated their insides. Amber eyes grinned down at him, and a black, sniffing nose drank in their combined musk. With his lust at its apex, Darius couldn't help but push in all the way, and Jeff cried out in pain and pleasure. His insides were burning from the sheer size of the wolf cock in his bowels, but there was a pleasure too, the pressure against his prostate comfortable to the point he desperately wanted more of it inside of him.

"Fuck me! Fuck!" Jeff called out, and soon his rectum was stretched enough to take the wolf man up to the knot, feeling it slapping against his insides. Jeff might have preferred to have some lube to ease the penetration, but the wolf man's saliva had done wonders, and Darius was leaking into him with such volume that slick sucking sounds could clearly be heard.

Soon finding a rhythm, Darius growled his lupine cadence as he vied desperately to plant his knot into the still-human man. Jeff wasn't sure he could take it, but part of him certainly wanted to, and it seemed obvious Darius wasn't going to take no for an answer in his lust-fueled mind. So Jeff gritted his teeth, getting ready for what he figured was inevitable.

“Put it in me! I want it!” He called out and did his best to push back against the knot with him. No sooner had the words left his mouth than Darius shoved forward forcefully, and a wet pop signaled the entrance of what should have been far too large for his insides. Jeff did his best to stifle his moans, not wanting to give Darius the wrong idea. Though the wolf in his mind was all beast, not caring about his partner's pleasures. And Jeff had to admit it was hot as hell for him to be taken in such a way, finally reaching down to strop himself off in tandem with his mate's thrusts.

With the knotting within his ass and the pressure against Jeff's tightness, there was no chance of Darius holding back any longer. With a growl, Darius reached down and bit Jeff's shoulder, making him cry out from the sudden pain. With that, Jeff could feel his bowels filling with hot wolf cum to the point there was almost backwash coming out against Darius's cock. Though the agony was almost more than he could bare, Jeff braced himself through it, jerking himself off and hoping the pleasure would alleviate the ache. Even as the teeth kept tight against his shoulder, Jeff felt the pain ebbing to the point his rapid strokes brought him closer and closer. With the arousal of having his bowels full of cum and a massive sexy male on top of him, Jeff couldn't hold back, nor did he want to. With a cry of release, Jeff felt his cock going into orgasm, spilling on the bed and tightening his ass around the wolf's cock, making Darius spill more semen from his balls. The pleasure was nice, leaving Jeff to want to drift off right there. It was strange having sex with a Were, though not something he regretted in the slightest, and even as they lay together waiting for Darius's knot to soften was bliss, with no other worries and thoughts to plague his troubled mind.

Yet, even lying there cuddling into his lover's still lupine body, Jeff found he wasn't quite able to relax as the sex should have been able to let him. His mind focused on other things, the lion that he was unable to fully keep at bay. It was an impossible task to deny that part of himself, something Jeff wanted to do desperately. And his mind continued to drift back to that time when he had changed that first time.

It was during a business trip, Jeff already starting to feel weird from the effects of the infection. But even his illness was not enough for his bosses to offer him the time off, needing him to wine and dine their clients, who were on board to invest. A party to talk shop and impress the investors was in order, and as the one who had introduced them to the initial offer was expected to make his attendance at the function.

Taking as many drugs as he could to keep him lucid, Jeff found the party was going well, at least at first. He was even hitting off with the investor's son, someone who Jeff soon got the inclination was interested in making the trip for a little more than just business, and wasn't shy about his inklings toward other men. And as the night went on, the guy's body language really seemed to get Jeff going. It had been almost a month since he'd gotten laid, and a good fuck was in order, not only for his own inclinations but for the good of his company and the investment.

It was more than just physical attraction to the man, however, that had Jeff so enamored with the other man. There was a scent in the air that drew his attention, a heady musk leaking from his sweat glands and even his cock that was really doing it for him. He was half inclined to head back to the bathroom to rub one out, though such would be a waste, given where he figured the evening would go. It was all he could do to manage to wait until it was time to call it a night and head to the hotel rooms for a night of expected fun.

Heading back out to the main bar, Jeff was totally unaware of the changes to his body, the sign of the night to come. His hair was ruffled, long, and getting into his face. There was a noticeable bump above his ass as well as in the front, and his beard was itching, thickening as his own body hair itched against tightened clothes. From a distance, anyone would think the man was disheveled, though the sharpened nails, canine fangs, and the beginnings of a tail were something that only the application of hours of makeup could account for. And, of course, if any of those in attendance were familiar with Weres, they might realize a change in progress.

"Hey! Rrrrowing my way?" Jeff eventually said to the man, putting his arm around him as though drunk. But in truth, it seemed there was little left of his buzz for the development of feline instincts. He wanted to fuck, and was almost tempted to push the man down on the floor, bite him on the neck, and try to hump his backside like the beast he was. Without a filter for those thoughts, it was all he could do not to think that was a great idea in the here and now. And the moment the other drunk man moved to kiss him was the moment Jeff's cat was let out of the bag.

The night was a little blurry after that. Jeff wasn't sure what he'd done, or the rest of the changes. He was sure he got down and bit the man, humping and rutting as he grew and changed. And other men were trying to hold him back, though, with his increased strength, it became a non-issue to throw them away. And he remembered biting down on the man's neck, not enough to injure him, but even to get off as his body demanded. But with everything going on and awash in hormones and instincts as he was, Jeff wasn't sure what to make of the situation. It wasn't until the sounds of sirens hit his ears that he was able to come to his senses, his body feeling all wrong and the world around him showing a clarity that defied human limits.

The rest of the night was forever burned into his mind. The cops were called, Were police, of course, over the attack by an unregistered Were. Jeff was put in jail, and no bail was posted until things were settled. The fact it was his first change and had no idea what happened was paramount in his case. Jeff was finally released, left to lament the reality that his life was to change forever, and he had no idea how or why.

“Hey, you doing OK, hun?” Came a gruff voice, and, rolling over, he looked into the wolf’s amber eyes. His knot was still implanted in Jeff’s bowels, though it was hardly uncomfortable given how he had been stretched from the intrusion. It was nice being tied to him, and under normal circumstances, Jeff would hardly have cared. But it was too hard in the moment of sex with a Were to think of that last time and all that had led him to this night, as much of a distraction as it should have been.

“No, not really, no,” Jeff said, knowing there was no point in lying about it. After all, the changed man could smell emotions, or the body odors that came with them. He didn’t want to talk about it, but he could simply say so.

It seemed as though Darius had an idea about what was going on, much to Jeff’s surprise. “Thinking about your first shift? Sorry, I didn’t want to bring it up,” Darius said, and at the moment, Jeff almost felt he could open up about it. Almost. Then again, why not...

“Shit, man, I didn’t know,” Darius said, knot softening as he pulled out with a rush of semen, and the two of them got up to wash off.

“Yeah, I don’t really want to bring it up too much,” Jeff said, calling from the bathroom.

“I get it, man, you don’t have to say a thing. And you don’t have to change if you don’t want to, not for sex, at least. I can help you control things, at your own pace, of course. I’m here if you need me,” Darius said, and Jeff felt himself relax truly in a way the sex could not even manage. He had a true friend here and was willing to do whatever Darius asked of him to pay him back for such generosity.

The next day went fast, Jeff sleeping in from the amazing sex for the first time in what felt like weeks. Jeff made his way down to the bar on time, after spending a couple of hours memorizing drink mixes and even the size of the shot glasses in the bar. By the time the place opened up again, Jeff was ready to take orders, pouring drinks quickly and only having to pause a few times to look up some recipes. It was a long shift, but Jeff managed to keep up with it. Far from being on the side of the bar he was used to, Jeff didn’t feel the withdrawal from his former job as much as he thought he would. In fact, there was something almost rewarding in the work, feeling pride in his ability to keep up with the demand for his services. Better than sitting back

and looking sexy for the bicurious investors. Besides, he had a man waiting for him back at the apartment...

“You did amazing,” Darius said after the two of them closed up and headed back up to Darius’s flat.

“Yeah, it was good...” Jeff said, voice trailing off. He figured Darius would want to have sex, that was a given, and Jeff had to admit he was horny as hell. But he didn’t want to change, knowing Darius would suggest it. As much as he didn’t want to keep their sex vanilla, the bestial way Darius had taken him was more and more appealing, and Jeff couldn’t help but have his thoughts drift more and more toward what it would be like to give in. Like a rock rolling down a hill, Jeff couldn’t deny those thoughts were picking up speed to the point he could not get them out of his head...

“Fuck it,” Jeff eventually said, taking the man in a rather quick kiss. Darius seemed taken aback at his friend’s advance, but soon leaned into it, eager to take the man and glad he was taken the initiative. What he was not expecting was the sensation of lips altering, gummy, and fangs pressing against lower lips, something he detected with his seeking tongue.

Breaking the kiss to look at the leonine features crawling over his friend’s face. A flattening nose, the prickling of whiskers peppering quivering lips, and the start of his hair lengthening form a mane. Rather fetching, in Darius’s mind. But not something he wanted to force upon his friend if that made him nervous. No pressure, and all that...

“Don't worry. I want this,” Jeff said, as though reading Darius's mind. Darius smiled, not necessarily believing the words but figuring there was no point questioning things. He could show how much fun Were forms could be, and hope it was enough to convince Jeff toward accepting his new self.

The wolf’s grin widened further as his muzzle stretched outward, gangs forming and panting tongue alleviating the heat across his sweaty skin. A blackened nose drank in their combined musk, and Darius felt his arousal growing as the lion man's muzzle continued to press out, cracking with puffy cheeks and a widening maw. Curious, Darius moved in for a kiss, feeling some curiosity at the notion of kissing a lion's lips. The taste was heavy, yet tender as the two of them went through the trying task of making out as beasts. It was pleasant, especially as Darius reached up to feel Jeff's mane starting to elongate, prompting Jeff to reach up to touch Darius's wolf ruff.

Jeff, for his part, felt no control as he slowly let his lion out. It was a terrifying prospect, and it was barely enough to keep it coming slowly. Thankfully, his lust and the tenderness of

their touch seemed to be working, Jeff more focused on the changing wolf and letting it happen naturally. When would he be able to allow the gradual, deliberate change that his friend so easily enjoyed?

Sensing his friend's distress, Darius pulled the slightly smaller man in close, reaching back and rubbing down his spine until he settled against the base of it. Shucking off their shirts and pants, the two of them rubbed against each other, feeling human treasure trials blossoming into the beginnings of their fur coats. As though encouraging it to grow, Jeff could feel the nub of what had to be his tail pushing out against his touch. Jeff had never felt it so sensually before to the point his cock leaked at the notion of it growing, pleasurable shivers making him growl in a leonine baritone. Curious, Jeff reached back and started rubbing Darius's ass as well, a wagging canine tail meeting his touch. It was soft and sensual, and the two of them made out like that, encouraging their respective tails to grow.

Naked now, the two of them continued to grow and expand, muscles writhing and twitching under sweaty skin that was becoming steadily covered in short tawny fur and shaggy brown and gray. The two of them raised up on their heels a little though they were already stretching, bellies expanding and legs lengthening to add several inches to their overall height. Though neither noticed, their statures similar in their Were forms, though Jeff was a little larger due to his leonine heritage. It was wonderful to rub their fur and muzzles together, growing their tails and expanding into the beasts they longed to be.

Eventually, their kiss broke, and the two of them moved to the next part of their fun. "One good turn deserved another," Darius offered, and with that, got down in front of Jeff's still-human cock and started to lick the fat head, making the changing lion man shiver. As though his actions were a guiding bolt, Jeff felt his cock coming to attention, turning red as it prickled with what had to be the formation of minute spines. The foreskin was pushed out of Darius's growing muzzle, and its altered form hitched up against his own groin before getting covered with tawny fur to boot. As far as he understood, a lion's member was shorter than a human's, that was not the care for Weres. Not that it mattered in the long run, but it was still a nice effect to be bigger in the downstairs department.

Figuring it would be hard for him to take a leonine cock with a human muzzle, Jeff was equal parts glad for his friend and turned on by the wolverine visage as Darius's muzzle lapped and sucked and got around the spines with just a little practice. Jeff was more than a little impressed, thinking it was a bit difficult for him to manage such a cock without experience. Either way, Darius was doing amazing, and Jeff was almost sure he would explode in the wolf's muzzle if the man kept it up.



Yet, he couldn't help but think about the wolf's cock in his mouth from the day before, and wonder what it would be like to take it now he allowed his muzzle to grow to its leonine shape. Placing his hands on the wolf's head, he prompted Darius to get up, grinning a toothy grin that was starting to feel more in place for his features than anything he could recall. He had to get a taste of it with his rough, barbed tongue!

"Why don't you be a good dog and share your bone?" Jeff said, hoping he wasn't being derogatory using his friend's Were status for bedroom talk.

Yet, he couldn't help but notice his friend's tail wag at the words, and Darius got on the bed, lying on his side so as to not crush his tail. Jeff got on with him, facing opposite him as he grinned down at the wolf's knotted cock with greed. At the notion of being sucked off, the wolf was leaking rivulets of precum, clearly impressed by the man's skill yesterday. Jeff felt determined to show him a good time!

Worried about the spines on his tongue for only a moment, Jeff nonetheless took the wolf's cock into his muzzle, sucking with his larger lips and taking it further back into his muzzle. It was much easier this way, finding his ability to take his friend's cock toward the knot. It was rather impressive, all things considered, that he was able to suck such a magnificent cock with his blunt lion mouth. But there was much less strain for him to do so and was able to suck in a rhythm without needing rest. As a reward for his efforts, more cum was granted to his gullet, and he sucked with gusto, wanting to take as much as Darius had to give him before reaching the edge of orgasm.

His delight was increased twofold at the sensation of a canine muzzle returning to his own cock. It somehow seemed even better to have his cock licked from this angle, and Jeff wasn't sure how much he would be able to hold off. But he was equally concerned with bringing his friend, and that dichotomy kept the two of them pleasuring each other in tandem, extending their oral escapades to the limits of what they could comfortably do and beyond, each wanting to outdo the other yet not wanting to make the other cum prematurely before they took their lust to the next level.

Eventually, no amount of edging could prevent the two of them from orgasm, and they mutually pulled out, grinning at each other with precum-soaked mouths. "Fuck, didn't want to take away from your last time, but that was so amazing..." Darius whined, clearly happy with the effect Jeff's lion muzzle had on his cock. It was a little embarrassing to know his leonine form had a better effect than his humanity, but then again, could he really blame him? It was harder to hate part of himself when it was having such a positive effect.

With that, the two of them got up from the bed, going back to kissing and rubbing each other's increasingly furry bodies. Before Jeff knew what he was doing, Darius had his hands and was rubbing the backs of them, encouraging their fur to grow. It was more than that, hands thickened and widening in relation to his body, complete with feline pads. The growth of leonine nails was a little unnerving, though Jeff was eager to allow them to form from within, able to retract as they formed sheaths to prevent damage. Once self-conscious of them, Darius rubbed them into being with reverence, Jeff unable to do naught but smile.

Pulling away from the kiss, Darius went back to the bed, getting into position and raising his tail for Jeff's inspection. "One good turn," he said, grinning through his lupine muzzle. "Besides, it's been forever since I've felt a kitty's spines."

Though a little worried about hurting his friend, Jeff figured he could take it, and thus got up, using precum to lube up his cock. "Yeah, put it in me," Darius said, hissing as Jeff guided his prick into the wolf's ass. It was tight, wrapping around his rod with expert precision as it had the night before. Only now...his cock was so much bigger, after all...

Jeff paused within him for a moment, not wanting the spines to injure his friend. "Go for it!" Darius said, figuring out what was bothering him so much. With that, Jeff obliged, starting his thrusts as his minute spines raked Darius's insides. "Fuck yeah...been so long since I had a cat..." Darius growled, obviously discomforted but loving it all the same, as much as Jeff could tell. "Give me more, Weres can take it!"

No more words of encouragement were needed as Jeff started to thrust, mind ablaze in the sexual sensations. Nothing could compare to the raw power in his body as he continued to grow, as though fucking the lion into himself. Rather than being afraid of his form, of fur and muscle and teeth and claws, Jeff could only feel elation as he pounded his friend's canine ass, the two of them rocking back and forth in their pleasure. He was not out of control, nor was he dangerous to himself or others. Hell, he hadn't been dangerous before, not really. Simply a being of lust and desire. And having a safe outlet for these instincts, he was free to be himself, and not something to fear...

Not realizing what he was doing, Jeff's massive lion paw was stroking off Darius, the wolf's growls incoherent as he was brought closer and closer. Surely, Jeff was aware of how hard Darius had creamed his anus with the pressure on his prostate, and it would only take a few strokes like that for him to finish. And Jeff would be right behind him at that, being squeezed to the point he could no longer hold back his modest load of lion cream. A fleeting thought had him wanting to bite down on his lover, and knowing that it would not cause permanent damage. So he did, making Darius cry out with a loud "Oh FUCCCCCKKKK!" as his cock spasmed and he released his load onto the bed.

With that, Jeff could not hold back, tasting a little bit of blood as his humping hips blew a load of lion cum under the wolf man's tail. His mind whited out for the release more powerful than anything he'd felt those past few days spent with his friend. It was a primal release, one that surpassed his human understanding and allowed him to give into his Were side, once again in a place of safety and understanding.

What felt like some later, the two of them were together, hot against their bodies with all the fur, though not caring about the companionship of connection. Darius had passed out in his lupine body, and even Jeff did not see a reason to shift back. His own form was just as large, larger, even, and it was nice to settle into it, feeling it for the first time truly. He was massive and powerful, and with his lust out of the way, he was calm, a sleepy lion if there ever was one. That's all he wanted to do, sleep with his mate and rest until he needed to cum again.

A myriad of thoughts danced through his mind, enough to keep him awake for the moment. Though unlike those of the previous night, the machinations of his mind were positive, hopeful. He wanted to learn what Darius had to teach him about control through sex, and if he had to stay around a little longer, well, then, that might not be so bad. The final thought before passing into sleep was that maybe, just maybe, being a Were lion wasn't so bad, after all...