

A piercing howl echoed in the air, loud enough to catch Sammy's attention over his headphones. He paused as the sound erupted again, a mournful noise that sent shivers down his spine. If he didn't know any better, he'd swear it was the howl of a wolf. There was such a little chance that wolves would be this close to the city, even the outskirts where Sammy found himself walking. And there weren't even wolves in this part of the country. Right? He made a point to check on his phone later when he had wifi access, and quickened his pace, just in case.

Sammy had been here on vacation from Britain, visiting some cousins across the pond that he hadn't seen in a few years. So far, it had been a wonderful trip, giving him a chance to relax and take in the local culture, as garish as some of it was. He wasn't sure what possessed him to talk a walk that night. Perhaps it was the lovely moon, and warm air he hoped would give him a chance to be alone and clear his head. It was a relatively safe neighborhood and there were no large wildlife sightings for miles, so he hadn't been concerned, even when taking a path closer to the woods.

Another eager howl pierced the night air, quickly followed by a second, giving the impression there were two beasts on the hunt. Sammy wasn't sure where that last thought had come from, but any inkling of truth it carried made him nervous. And the way they seemed to be getting closer made Sammy all the more fearful that the target was HIM.

Sammy broke into a run, not caring that the beasts might grow fervent in their pursuit and chase him down faster. His headphones fell to the ground, and Sammy left them. He was almost certain he could hear the thud of massive paws on the ground, but his own heavy footfalls on the trail drowned out the sound. Still, the cries continued to carry on the wind, seeming to seek him. Sammy raced forward faster, his lungs burning, his legs aching, yet the primal need for survival overrode any fatigue that might slow him down.

Just then, a rustling in the bushes erupted off to his side, and Sammy lept backward, tripping over his shoes and sliding with a skid across the gravel of the walking trail. He cried out from the sharp stinging pain of rocks tearing the flesh of his leg. The realization caused him an intense panic. Not only would it be difficult to run, but the scent of blood might spur on the beasts' advance!

Struggling to get on his feet, Sammy quickly drew upon childhood safety courses when encountering bears, how it was best to stand and make oneself larger and more intimidating. Yet what Sammy was facing was no bear. No ursine would chase him down like this, and he was certain that bears did not howl. Still, he wasn't convinced he wanted to lie over playing dead while bleeding from his torn leg.

Gazing into the deep forest, Sammy allowed himself to breathe for a moment, then stopped. The air was deadly silent. No owls, no insects or rodents, could be heard. Though he'd had music playing, Sammy recalled listening to those distinct background noises as he'd started his moonlit walk. That could only mean one thing. A predator was near, taking its time to size Sammy up. There was no other explanation for its hesitation. It-rather, they, had Sammy right where they wanted him.

Just then, two pairs of golden eyes erupted from the darkness, followed by pitch-black noses attached to monstrous snouts. The eyes stared at him with hunger as the beasts slowly slid out of the woods, making their presence known. A low growl erupted from their lips in unison as they crept slowly closer. Sammy was on his feet now, but he feared the creatures knew the truth all too well. They had their prey cornered; there was nowhere Sammy could run to escape them.

As the two creatures made their way into the moonlight, Sammy was startled at the terrifying visage they presented. Before him stood a single beast, one straight out of the fires of hell, something that should not exist on this earth. Its body was that of a massive black wolf, powerful, muscled legs, a thrashing tail, and paws the size of dinner plates. Its body was far larger and thicker than any wolf had a right to be.

But instead of a single head mounted atop its furry body, there were two! If Sammy didn't know any better, he'd say the creature almost reminded him of a Cerberus, but aside from the bodily dimensions, the wolf had only two heads instead of the expected three. Each bared the visage of a powerful wolf; haunting golden eyes, drooling maws with thick tongues running over deadly fangs. Their ears twitched, taking in every sound as their oozing nostrils drank in the scents before them. The odor of what they considered to be prey. As if to confirm his suspicions, the twin sets of yellowed eyes narrowed and stared him down, laser-focused on the meal that Sammy was to grant them. A troubling thought ran through his head; which of the heads was to eat him? Perhaps both?

Yet perhaps most alarming was the sight of the beast's maleness. Sammy was certain he should not be able to see such a thing from his vantage and was disgusted by the spectacle. Yet there was no looking away from the feral phallus hanging under the beast, thick and long as a horse's cock. It almost looked out of place on an animal that size, nearly touching the ground as its pointed red tip oozed clear sticky fluid.

Sammy could smell the beast; a heavy, musty fragrance of canine that almost made him choke. It wasn't repulsive, none of the usual stink of decaying flesh on its breath as a

predator might have. Yet that realization made Sammy even more terrified. If the creature hadn't eaten in a while, it would have no qualms about eating him!

Trying to shake himself out of his paralysis, Sammy turned and tried to run, knowing that he had no chance of escape but having no idea what else to do. Yet hobbling on his one bad leg, he was no match as with a single paw, the creature slapped him down and sent him sprawling over the dirt once more. Sammy stifled a moan as he collapsed on his stomach with the wind knocked out of him. He struggled to stand and get away, but the creature was toying with him, like a cat with a mouse. He was unable to hold back his tears at the thought of dying as food for a beast out of hell.

He could feel the heavy breath of the thing on top of him, and Sammy stayed motionless, almost wetting himself as the creature reached down one of his heads and started lapping at the blood on his leg like a fine wine. The other head was on the nape of his neck, and Sammy could feel the thing's tongue as it slowly reached down to bite. Sammy closed his eyes, recognizing the end was coming and hoping it was at least quick. Pain shot through him as the teeth pierced his skin, and he waited for the jaw to clamp down and end his life.

But instead, the mouth hovered there, as though undecided. Sammy could feel warm blood trickling down his neck, and the wolf lapped it up, savoring the salty flavor. Sammy remained motionless, figuring any movement might trigger the killing blow. He could feel the teeth relent slightly, though not pulling out all the way as the wolf head continued to lap at Sammy's neck. Not a drop of his blood hit the ground as Sammy tried to piece together what was going on. If the wolves weren't going to kill or eat him, then what did they want? Surely not just to play with their meal?

Turning his head as far up as he dared, Sammy saw the left head sniffing around at his backside, goosing his anus through the fabric of his pants and underwear. The right head gave it a reflective glance as though the two of them had settled on something. Were there two separate minds in the creature? Two beings willing to work in consort? And if so, what had they decided?

Finally, the right head raised itself from Sammy's neck, allowing the left head to sniff at Sammy's ass. Instinctively shuddering at the intrusion, he raised his head a little more in curiosity. What he saw perhaps frightened him even more than the notion of being eaten. The big beast's lupine cock throbbed up and down in eagerness as the left head's jaw clamped down on Sammy's pants and started to tug. The Cerberus didn't want to eat him, they wanted to FUCK him!

Sammy struggled in vain to crawl away, but the beast's paw was on his back in an instant. Sammy was held tight as the left head tugged insistently with his jaw, and the fabric started to tear. Sammy heard the audible rip and winced from the pain of his jeans pulled tightly around him as with a powerful motion, the creature's head tore them apart. Sammy shivered from the cool night air on his body as his underwear too was removed with little fanfare.

Sammy was powerless to escape as the creature's warm wet tongue was placed over his anus. Instinctively Sammy clenched his buttocks, trying to keep away that prodding tongue. But a growl erupted from the right head, and although Sammy couldn't see it, the feeling of those fearsome fangs on his neck was too fresh in his mind. Sammy did his best to relax as the left's tongue worked its way into Sammy's taut pucker, playing over the rim as it slobbered all over his backside. The warm moist flesh snaked its way inside of Sammy's asshole, making him shiver as he was opened up in a way that made him greatly uncomfortable. It was not just the intrusion that caused him disgust, but...he actually LIKED it a little!

Despite the situation, Sammy couldn't help but let the waves of pleasure from his prostate wash over him, the feeling of being tongued a powerful distraction from what had happened and what was to come. When the tongue removed itself from his asshole, Sammy was almost disappointed. Yet within moments, the paw on his back moved away, and he could feel the canine hips squatting before something damp and fluid brushed over his anus. He was about to be fucked!

Sammy winced as the horse-sized cock poked at his backside, desperately seeking the opening that it had so lovingly prepared for the eventual intrusion. Sammy did his best to stay still; although he did not want to be taken against his will, he no more wanted those terrible jaws to clamp over his neck and end his life. At least, the creature would leave him alone once it had rutted his rump, right?

Yet as their thick cock found the tight opening of his rectal walls, Sammy became overcome with a new fear. How could he take a cock so massive inside of him? The beast was so large that it would split him in half! But he had little say in the matter as the cock tip found its hold, and the monster forcefully pushed it in. Sammy did his best to stifle a scream as the stiff prick painfully opened him up to penetrate his insides. It was nothing like the sensations of the seeking tongue from before. Being humped like this hurt like hell!

Tears were welling up in his eyes as the creature found its place deep in Sammy's bowels. It felt like every muscle in his rectum was being torn apart to make room for the beast within. Even the small tremors of pleasure from his prostate were not enough to compensate for

the cock ripping every inch of him away relentlessly. Sammy wasn't going to survive full-on fucking!

Yet despite himself, Sammy suddenly felt his own cock spring to life, growing painfully erect underneath him. Though the tonguing had stirred some semblance of lust, he had not gotten a full-on boner. Yet now, with a horse-sized cock deep within him, he couldn't manage his modest penis down.

An audible sniffing from both heads had Sammy hoping something else had attracted their attention and that they might pull out, despite the damage they had already caused his body. Yet instead, the fearsome front paws knocked him to his side even as their mammoth penis remained lodged inside him. Sammy looked down at his erection, drooling its own pre in a trail leading down to the grass. Sammy was desperate to pleasure himself, but the protests in his mind forbade him from doing such a thing. It was depraved, wasn't it?

Yet the waves of lust rising from his erection could not be ignored. Sammy lowered a finger over the tip, savoring the briefest twinge of pleasure it granted him. As though in response, his balls started throbbing, and Sammy felt the onset of climax wash over him. It took only a few simple strokes to achieve the release he craved, and he moaned as his cock shot a modest load all over his belly. The orgasmic bliss finally granted him a welcome reprieve from the torment in his bowels, and he panted in relief.

He could feel the creature inside of him leaking its pre as it found its place and began to fuck, but lost in the relaxing waves of orgasm the painful intrusion was the last thing on his mind. Yet soon, he realized the stirrings of lust in his inner thoughts weren't his. At least, not entirely his. It was as though a new presence in his mind was simply THERE. It had woken up inside him, like a beast in slumber, and was now feeling everything Sammy was and augmenting those sensations 10-fold. No, that wasn't right. It was not a single being amplifying his sexual experience. It was...two!

Sammy felt his cock spring to life once more and ooze precum onto his hairy groin. It was at full attention in an instant, though this time Sammy didn't feel the intense swelling in his balls that signaled orgasmic onset. Instead, it was a slow wave, making him feel warm all over. He would not cum yet, not until they were...done with him? Where had that thought come from?

His balls started itching fiercely, and Sammy's reaching fingers played over a patch of hair that wasn't there before. Looking down, he noticed the black hairs rapidly spreading like weeds, enveloping him in a warm dark blanket. A quick brush of the beast's chest

hairs confirmed his suspicions. He was growing fur! Within moments his groin was covered, warming his crotch as his itching balls were also enveloped. The sight was surprisingly arousing, though Sammy had trouble separating the opinions of the alien entities in his mind from his own thoughts.

His dick then started to burn, the tip curving even as the cock head sank into the flesh. Its pinkish flesh darkened towards a crimson shade that reminded him all too much of the blood still trickling from his leg and neck. The red shade ran all the way down to his cut shaft before the second layer of skin swept up from the base. A sheath, the voices in his mind seemed to inform him. Yet the protective layer was not enough to contain the red rocket within. Painful swelling at the base nearly caught in the sheath as it expanded past the girth of the thick canine rod Sammy seemed to sport. He realized with horror that it was a much smaller version of the cock firmly lodged in his asshole.

It was impossible to deny the reality of his situation. He was changing, slowly altering to mimic the form of the beast in his bowels. He couldn't imagine such things to be possible, but it was a full moon, right? Yet two-headed dire wolves didn't exist in nature.

As the fur and flesh swept down over his wounded leg, he could feel the skin mending itself, the stinging pain washed away as it was enveloped by coarse, lovely fur. His feet ached slightly as they started to swell in his shoes, popping the seams and pulling at the laces from the sudden growth of their width and girth. He could feel new nails digging into the front as they burst open, exposing wicked canine talons. His heels tugged relentlessly at the backs of his runners, stretching to the length of his calves and thighs. His wiggling toes could not slow their relentless descent into the soles of his feet, or the fate of his large toes to be canine dewclaws up the length of his heels. The swelling pads on his toes and soles completed the transition of his feet into canine paws, not unlike the one still holding down his back.

A crunch of bone and sinew snapping was barely felt over the pain of being fucked as Sammy's hips commenced shifting. The hip bones themselves flattened into his ribs as Sammy felt his spine stretching, preventing him from standing on two legs even if that were possible in his current position. His thighs melded with the flesh in his flattened stomach and reduced in length, while his stretched calves and heels took up the slack to form what would be his canine leg. From the waist down, Sammy nearly matched the wolf that was still fucking his asshole!

Sammy moaned as his stomach continued to contract, the flesh thinning as more fur ran up towards his chest. The rearranging muscles underneath removed the paunch of flab he'd carried around in the past few years. His ribs were expanding almost painfully against his

skin before the new muscle and flesh swelled out around them. Sammy was thankful they didn't tear him apart from the inside!

An odd swelling in his backside reawakened that fear as this time, his spine indeed broke free from its prison in a sharp bust of stretching skin. Yet there was no blood, and the pain was dulled by the intense fucking he received from the two-headed beast above him. Still, his spine continued to lengthen above his asshole and his aggressor's thick cock. Sammy was aware as the growth started to move, wriggling as though in excitement from the breeding he was receiving. A rapid itch enveloped the tip as more black fur sprang forth and crawled up its stretching pale flesh. Sammy had a tail now, a fucking TAIL, and he hardly had the cognizance to control it as it wagged over the beast's balls and chest.

His fading hips forced his buttocks to recede, flattening his backside and allowing unrestricted access to the pucker that was still being pounded back and forth by the eager monstrosity. Yet a sudden pain in his rectum caused him to shout as he felt his anus tugging at the beast's cock within, trying to keep it inside. His opening was brought upward towards his twitching tail, and the sudden movement forced the wolf's cock out of his bowels. Sammy breathed for a moment in relief, but as he did so, his new canine pucker started aching, throbbing with the need to be filled and fucked once more. He felt so...empty. He couldn't have imagined even a moment ago that he'd want to be penetrated like that. Yet as the change overtook his rectum, any of the damage caused by the forced fucking had healed, and his stretched asshole was not only ready for further breeding, but Sammy NEEDED it!

Thrusting his hips in the air and moving his still-growing tail to the side, Sammy moaned in a slightly deeper baritone as he looked in longing at the beast's four eyes. The creature was thankfully not pissed for its forced exit. In fact, it seemed to have expected it and was already sniffing at the man's changed hole, eager to continue the rut it had so hastily begun. Suddenly Sammy felt the familiar sensation of having his anus licked. Although now the wolves were lapping up their leaking pre from Sammy's backside, one head cleaning him while the other teased Sammy's furry balls. Sammy panted with lust as the wolves played over him. He did not need encouragement from the wolf's tongue this time. He was very open and ready!

Soon the wolves were on his back once more, pushing their cock in and making Sammy wince only slightly this time. Somehow Sammy knew this might change him the rest of the way, but at the moment, he hardly cared. The craving to be fucked overrode all logic and reason. The penis inside him was still massive, and almost more than even his growing body could take. Sammy thrust his hips up to meet his intruder, needing to cum as badly as ever!

The change seemingly slowed for the moment, Sammy was better able to focus on the intimate sensation of being fucked. He relaxed his sphincter muscles, allowing the heavy cock tip to tease his insides and send powerful waves of pleasure through his backside and down to his cock. Yet soon, something thicker started pressing insistently against his opening, making him growl from the forced intrusion. More wolf cock than he'd ever thought possible ripped him open, the pounding perseverance of a knot slamming forcefully against his insides more than he could bear. Sammy could do little more against it than brace himself on the ground, hunkering his shoulders and grasping the dirt with scarred hands. He would be tied to the beasts until they came, their canine knot holding him in place and securing his transformation.

Yet rather than the now-familiar sensation of being fucked, an intense heat started swelling from inside him. Instinctively Sammy tried to pull away, but instead of the steady back and forth he'd been used to, this time he was...stuck. He wasn't sure how such a thing was possible, but even as he strained, he couldn't move an inch. The wolves on his back were no longer thrusting in and out either, as though they too were stuck. Had their cock caught on something inside of him? But if so, what?

The voices in his head, a steady presence since the whole ordeal started, began to excite again. They almost gave Sammy a migraine as he struggled to understand them over the cacophony of canine growls and howls. If he focused hard enough, he could, in fact, make out human words. *It is time...one of us...our third...* What the hell did they mean?

Just then, Sammy felt a tugging begin in the opposite direction, drawing him closer to the beasts. Frantically he gripped the ground but could not resist as his asshole was forcefully yanked back around the creature's knot and groin. Yet it was not the Cerberus that was actively pulling him along. It was as though the creature's cock was retracting automatically. With their knot firmly implanted inside his bowels, there was little Sammy could do but allow the flesh of his canine asshole to touch the warm skin of the wolf's groin. The instant the skin of his backside rubbed the inner walls of the beast's leg, a wonderful warmth spread through him, enough to send Sammy's mind into a blanket of comfort even with the bizarre sensations flowing over him.

It was only when an unusual numbness in his ass caught his attention that Sammy craned his still human head back, noting the beasts were no longer fucking him. No, that wasn't right. They were clearly inside of him, but...where was his ass?! Sammy realized, in horror, his entire backside was gone, along with the Cerberus's member and part of his belly. The furry skin on his hips seemed to flow seamlessly into the groin and lower stomach of the beasts. Even if he concentrated, he was unable to feel his ass past the wonderful warmth where his flesh touched theirs. Not only was he changing but...he was...merging with this animal!



Sammy became all too aware that his hips were melting into the beast's groin as he was helplessly pulled backward. He could feel the creature's testicles touch his underside, and all at once, they were sucked into Sammy's flesh, an almost sexy, sensual sensation that sent shivers through Sammy's sex. The voices in his head erupted with a chorus of ecstasy, and Sammy realized that now all three of them were linked to Sammy's canine privates. As if in response, he could feel his own balls swelling with seed, growing painfully past the girth of oranges, of softballs. His cock pounded painstakingly erect, creeping towards the ground. Every inch of his flesh that was sucked into the Cerberus's body was fueling the growth of his canine genitals!

At the same time, he could feel his shoulders sloping, the audible crunch of bone as the flattened blades extended down towards his swelling rib cage. Such a reconfiguration should have hurt like hell, but with more of his body being pulled into the beast, he only felt a dull ache as his back arched, and his slightly chubby stomach was stretched into lean muscle. Several pinpricks of pleasure erupted over his chest and belly, and Sammy realized he now sported sets of canine nipples, each more sensitive than the human ones rotating lower on his barreling chest.

His hands started to ache as they desperately tried to grasp the ground to prevent more of his body from being lost to the beast. No matter how good it felt, Sammy couldn't want this! For a moment, the claws bursting from his fingers seemed to dig into the earth, securing his place as the changes continued to wrack his body. But even they were helpless to prevent the relentless fusion into the black fur of his Cerberus mate.

Sammy tried helplessly to hold on with his fingers, but the rearranging joints and bones in the digits made flexing them difficult. Soon the fingers were reduced into stubs crawling into the base of widening paws. The width of his hands expanded as his increased weight made a sizable impression in the ground with the developing paw pads on both his finger stubs and palms. His thumbs snapped as they retreated into lengthening wrists, nothing more than his dew claws now. Black fur burst from the backs of his paws as it spread like wildfire up his arms and towards his compressed shoulders and barreling chest, solidifying the canine truck of his body.

Sammy tried once more to pull away from the monsters, yet he couldn't feel his ass or hips anymore as more of his body was sucked inside. The base of his wagging tail touched the underside of the Cerberus's own and all at once he lost the ability to move it. His flesh melded into the beast's own appendage, its mobility lost to both of them as the skin slid shut like a zipper until the entire appendage became one.

A terrifying image ran through Sammy's head, reflected in the thoughts of the beasts that also resided in him. A monster such as them required three heads to exist in harmony, and Sammy was to be the third! He tried in vain to struggle, his lower body unable to move independently as more of it was absorbed by the terrible black flesh. He was a slave to the Cerberus, his body simply melting into the beast's canine skin, and forcing its animalistic features to expand the more that Sammy was lost.

Sammy continued his pointless thrashing, yet it only served to accelerate the inevitable merger. The moment his outer back legs touched the Cerberus' own, the flesh melted together as Sammy's legs went numb and stopped flailing. He tried in vain to wriggle his hind paw, the only part of his leg not yet fusing, but the thinning space between the flesh from their merger made keeping it apart impossible, and soon, his paws too were taken from him. Every joint and bone and muscle and claw dissolved into fuel to feed the growth of the beast. Once the merger was complete, Sammy found he felt the new limbs as much as he did his own, though he could not move them with the invading presence in his mind. Sammy was still a separate entity fighting the two of them combined! It seemed mentally they had formed a kind of synergy, and Sammy feared losing himself to the collective mind as he continued to fuse against his will.

Yet as the change raced onward, it became easier to distinguish the separate voices in his head. They had been human, like him, fused by a spell and had initially struggled against the intense sensations as he. But now...not only were they in perfect synergy, but it also seemed as though they ENJOYED their new form. The level of connection represented an intimacy beyond either of them had known, and their unity had given them such inner peace and joy beyond expression in human terms. Yet...they still lacked a proper third to be the beast they were meant to be. And Sammy was to be that third, to join in perfect harmony with the other two men, both physically and mentally...

Sammy was broken from his trance by the terrifying sensation of his heart shutting down. He could almost feel his body stop as the merger destroyed his internal organs. His lungs followed, his liver, his intestines, everything ceased working the moment they were enveloped by the massive canine trunk. He couldn't even breathe! Yet he did not die, nor felt his body fading away. His essence became merged with the creature's spinal cord, and all at once, he could move again, though he struggled against the other's wills, still being out of synch himself. Their expanded lungs fueled his breath, their hearts took over the functions of his body. Their trachea and esophagus were now connected all the way back to the end of his tract.

The more his change stretched on, the more engorged his cock became, leaking over the ground as it reached the length of a horse's penis. The entire girth was ever-expanding,

the results of their merger supplying the necessary blood to keep such a mammoth cock erect. Yet despite how it far dwarfed anything in nature, their new penis retained its canine shape.

Sammy's pleasure was now being multiplied threefold as he realized he was able to feel the ecstasy of the other two men. It was hard not to fall into the mental trap and submit himself to it. He could tell how entranced the voices in his head were by the feeling of their new, ever-larger cock as it started thrashing up and down over their belly.

Lost in his still-immovable body, there was nothing Sammy could do to prevent the Cerberus's paws from touching the ground beside his own. Once more, the moment of contact commenced the merger. Sammy should have been terrified beyond belief at this point in the process. Yet his exploration of the alien feelings of his fused anatomy made it difficult to worry about his loss of self to fuel the creature. His body was as much a part of theirs now as his own. He felt no fear even as his claws sank into the mammoth paws that now swelled to support the new girth he added to their form. The hulking shoulders ballooned outwards, double, triple their current girth, slowly shoving his head and neck painlessly to the side. There was so little of his body that remained intact as the fusion continued!

Yet through all these changes, Sammy's head remained human. A sharp crack resonated through his neck as it moved to the right and started to thicken to match the girth of its neighbors. The itching of fur spread up his neck as muscles bulged, and veins popped. He could see the formerly right head, now the center, regarding him with hunger, desirous to view his new partner's changes. Beyond that, the left head grinned as though their expressions were just as in sync as their thoughts.

Sammy tried to cry out, but his voice was far deeper, more guttural as his vocal cords shifted. Yet he no longer needed them to hear. He was certain the beasts could read his thoughts as much as he could theirs. The voices in his head rose to a crescendo, howling their need and lust in his mind. Sammy tried to black it out, but they were as much a part of him as his own thoughts were now. They were simple, bestial images, scaring Sammy to the core as they struggled to pull him inwards. He didn't want to lose his mind, his humanity to some CREATURE!

He tried his best to fight, to resist. Yet under the will of two stronger, unified minds, there was nothing he could do to move the body he had become a part of. There was nowhere for his body to go, not without the bodily autonomy he now lacked. He was a slave to the others inside his head now, and their resolution was beyond anything he could hope to overcome.

Their voices howled all around him, separate words or phrases barely audible above the bestial chorus that spoke of release, of lust, hunger, and hunting. All the primal desires that threatened to swallow Sammy's psyche. He had to fight, had to endure! But the two, individual human voices were whispering in his ears now. It was their choice to remain this way, as the creature. They spoke of how fulfilling it had been, once they had let go and allowed the merger in body and mind. How much more powerful they were. How more intimate it was to be together, more compelling than any relationship or sexual experience that humans could possibly imagine. And now, they had chosen him to join in their eternal ecstasy.

Sammy wanted to struggle. He wasn't ready to give up his humanity. Yet it was becoming more and more evident that he had little say in the matter. The fur was crawling up his face now, accentuating his human beard but then quickly covering his face and spreading up his cheeks. He could tell it was touching his hairline, and that his own shaggy mop was falling away while the black canine furs encroached over his bare scalp. The itching was almost too much to bear, but there was little Sammy could do to alleviate the irritation!

Sammy groaned as suddenly the bare flesh of his other cheek was coated by a slobbery tongue, and had no way to wipe away the saliva as the head nearest him started relentlessly grooming the helpless man. Worse still, the touch of his tongue seemed to accelerate the growth of fur and the ache of his jaw pressing forward.

Sammy had a clear view of what was to become of him, unable to turn his head all the way from the nightmarish visage of his future. Instead, he closed his eyes, yet there was no escaping the feelings of discomfort as his jaw cracked forward. His gums bled as massive fangs popped out his human canines, and he spit them out even as they dissolved before hitting the ground. His flattening canine tongue ran over the remaining teeth as they too fell away from the force of canine dentures popping up underneath. They were the teeth of a carnivore, made for rending meat from bone and suffocating his prey before he fed. His swelling jaw would soon be powerful enough to crunch through bone. At the realization, their stomach rumbled audibly, reminding Sammy of the other choice the creature had spared him from upon their initial encounter. He honestly wasn't sure what was worse at this point.

Sammy was forced to open his eyes as they started to water, the ache irritating his retinas. Yet the world before him was not the one that he had known before closing them. Though the colors were not as vibrant as he was accustomed to, they were not needed for the nighttime scene around him. The full moon had lit the landscape, but the sheer level of detail had escaped the notice of his diurnal eyes. Every insect, every rock along the path, the details in the forest, all were made known to him. Yet the ones he seemed to focus on were movement, the slightest twitch tantalizing to his vision. The eyes of a predator, he realized with fear.

The moonlit path was only a momentary diversion from the changes that still would not relent. Fur was covering his head as his ears began their ascent to the top of his skull. That seeking tongue of his neighbor moved to cover them as well, forcing their anatomy to lengthen, even as their insides itched with fur growth and their pointed tips ran the length behind his head. Soon the world opened up once more. The distant sounds of the forest and the nearby sounds of their heartbeat were all the same to the auditory capabilities of the wolveren head he now possessed. They started twitching of their own accord, attuned to the sounds of potential prey.

All the while, his cock had been thrashing insistently against the furry folds of his belly. The change started to slow with the formation of his wolfish visage, and all his thoughts became focused around their needy rod underneath them. The sudden waves of pleasure that had remained on the cusp of his sensibilities suddenly hit him all at once, and he let out a reflexive howl as his-no, THEIR cock, throbbed with need.

At last, the changes seemed to abate, and the voices in his head had silenced for a moment. Sammy thought blissfully that he might be free. But that was not to be the case. Pained by the final throes of change, he had been unaware of the sensation of rough skin spreading over his nostrils. They expanded to breathe in the night in lupine fashion, making him all-too-aware of the lusts swelling from their cock. His mind explored the world with a more intense sensory input than sight and sound combined, but the ones that screamed at him were wafting off his taut lupine cock.

He tried desperately to resist, knowing their orgasm was likely the final barrier keeping him separate from the beings in his mind and body. But as the waves of rapture rushed over him, the more he felt his mind being dragged down. Yet he wasn't losing himself, not in the way he had feared. It was a merger in mind as much as in body as any semblance of pleasure he felt was instantly joined by the ecstasy felt by his lupine brethren. They were present behind every thought, every perception, and it was nearly impossible for Sammy to keep himself intact. And, increasingly, he didn't want to.

The feelings from his cock were literally amplified threefold as Sammy began to truly understand what the merger meant for him. Not only would he feel every perception from his own powerful senses, but he would welcome it from three different perspectives. The slapping of their cock against their belly, the excitement they all now shared about finding their third, and the sheer animalistic joy of simply existing in a single body were more than Sammy could take. He howled internally, sharing his bliss as his mind sank into the unending ecstasy that accompanied being joined with two other beautiful men.

Under the onslaught of orgasm, there was little Sammy could do but allow his mind to drift into the consciousness of the other two. It felt so good, so right, to experience his delight in triplicate, each head having its own perception of spilling their seed. He could feel the warm cum coating their chest, and he relished in it. The creature they'd become did not need to rut. It could simply release from the desire that each mind derived from the others, in turn increasing the lusts they carried for each other exponentially.

All three beasts roared as their cock rose once more, their lusts not yet satisfied. The renewed virility their third brought them was more than enough to spur their canine cock to release multiple times to fully expel the massive virile canine orbs that swung heavily underneath them. But soon, the sounds of the night beckoned them, stirring the rumbling in their bellies that too needed to be sated. The new beast was king of its domain and would show off its splendor to the world!

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After what felt like an eternity of mental anguish, Eli awoke, his body stiff and sore from the hard ground and the cool morning breeze. At first, he was uncertain of why the light had been brighter than even an open window would allow. But then he became painfully aware of the cold ground and the stiff aches and pains that plagued his body. It far surpassed the worst hangover he'd ever known, and then some.

It took Eli a moment to fully realize where he was, groggy from the deep dreamless sleep he'd found himself in. Once it became evident that he was in the middle of a walking trail through the woods, he bolted upright, cursing the rough ground for damaging his feet as he did so. The second thing that came to mind was how naked he was. He often slept in the nude and hadn't worried too much initially, until the fact that he was in a FUCKING FOREST came to the forefront of his thoughts.

And he wasn't alone. Beside him lay two prone men, just now starting to stir. He wondered for a moment if he should remove himself from the situation but then noticed that one of the men was Alister. The last thing he recalled was Alister over at his place, playing games. And then Alister had left to go home...or had he? Eli found that his thoughts were starting to blur together.

Normally, he didn't mind the idea of Alister's naked bod, though he hadn't actually seen it in person. In a dream or fantasy setting, he might actually welcome the idea of

being nude alone with Alister in the woods. But in real life...He needed to shake his buddy awake, to see if Alister remembered any more than Eli did.

And there was another man naked beside them, one that Eli didn't recognize. He didn't look too bad, though Eli chastised himself for the thought before understanding the situation. He was average-sized and decently built, and to Eli's personal delight was rather hairy. Eli blushed as he found himself getting a little aroused. He went to cover his modest erection, wanting to hide it from the other guys when its fuzzy texture made him pause. Looking down was a cock easily several inches longer, if not nearly twice the length that it had been. But the most disturbing part, or perhaps interesting, was that he was no longer cut. Eli was Jewish, and the idea of having a full foreskin was foreign. But he couldn't deny what his much larger cock now supported.

Eli scratched at a sudden itching on his groin, shocked at the texture that greeted him. Reaching down, his fingers met a forest of soft hair that hadn't been on his shaven crotch before now. The hair was black, significantly darker than he was used to. And he couldn't even feel the skin underneath no matter how far down he explored. The soft hairs brought him to even greater arousal, and viscous pre leaked all the way down his shaft and pooled in the hair, irritating him as several stuck together. Eli knew he should shave when he got home, but...maybe he could keep the hair a while?

A quick glance at the two prone men confirmed they sported similar sets of genitals. Eli did his best not to examine them in too much detail; he wasn't sure how they'd react to being checked out when they awoke. Still, he figured it was time to at least wake Alister and compare notes.

A few taps to the shoulder were all it took to rouse his buddy, and Alister blinked a few times, taking in the form of Eli's naked body. Eli blushed profusely and covered himself, but he couldn't help noticing his straight buddy seemed to hold his gaze on Eli's crotch. Then his eyes seemed to widen a bit, finally truly realizing that both he and his buddy were naked.

"How did...what?" Alister started before regarding Eli with an expression of confusion. It did not escape both men that Alister was also sporting morning wood. Ei couldn't help but notice that Alister was the same size as he was, and just as hairy. The same black forest coated his own groin, even coating his balls in a soft-looking coat. Eli resisted the urge to reach down and touch it, not knowing where his brazenness had come from.

"Alister...I..." Eli started to say, but his friend raised a hand to silence him. Alister seemed confused, disorientated, and wanted to get his bearings for a moment. Alister's

bewildered state was indicative of a similar lack of knowledge as to the circumstances that brought them here.

“You don’t have any idea how..?” Alister’s voice trailed off, looking around, trying to place the trail. He’d biked out around here a few times, and knew the way home, but there was no way he’d be able to get all the way out here without some pants.

“Nope. You remember anything after leaving last night?”

“Did I ever leave?” Alister asked in confusion. It made the most sense, didn’t it? Whatever happened had to have occurred while Alister was over. Clearly, they were taken together if they woke up here like this.

Now seeing Alister at full height, Eli was shocked to see it was not only their cocks that matched sizes. Alister had always been a little taller, noticeably, in fact. But now it was clear as day that Alister’s height matched his own. And while Alister seemed to maintain his regular, gym-sculpted body, or even an improved version of it, Eli too was much leaner and muscled than he had ever been. The realization seemed to trigger a memory within him, but he couldn’t place where the idea had come from. Was it something from the night before? His head hurt every time he tried to think of it!

A groan beside them brought their attention down to the third man, who was only just now beginning to stir. They exchanged a look; it was obvious that Alister had no idea who he was, either. How did he fit into this? Someone else in Eli’s building that he didn’t know?

“Hey, are you alright?” Eli asked, not really sure how to approach the situation. After all, how did you talk to someone who woke up naked and hung like a horse? It wasn’t exactly a casual occurrence.

The man blinked a few times, obviously stretching after the agony of being asleep on the dirt. Yet upon gazing at the two naked men standing over him, he understandably began to freak out. “Hey, wot! The fuck is this!” The man said, backing away scared. Alister and Eli backed away as well, not wanting to cause the man any more alarm.

“What’s your name?” Alister asked, stepping forward slightly, one hand covering his crotch as he did so. Eli couldn’t help but notice that his penis was getting more erect the closer he drew to the prone British man. Eli also couldn’t help but enjoy the view.



“Why do you care, you freaks!?! Leave me out of your weird sex cult!” The man yelled, standing up and looking around. “This wouldn't happen across the pond, now, wouldn't it!?” He shouted with a flustered sigh. His statement, along with his accent, confirmed both men's suspicions that he was indeed British.

“You don't have any clue how you got here, either? What's the last thing you remember?” Alister asked, trying his best to stay calm.

“Wot? You mean after I came out here to take a walk, minding my own business, and...then there was...” He started, then trailed off as though deep in thought.

Eli jumped in then, feeling a little tense not only by their nudity but by the fact that he was getting needy as hell in the presence of the naked men. “Look, it's obvious none of us have any clue what's happening here. But maybe we should get the hell away from this trail and get some clothes on before we talk about it more?”

The British man, Sammy, as he'd finally identified himself, was understandably reluctant to go with them, already being naked and alone in the woods. Near the spot where they'd awoken were the remnants of Sammy's clothes, ripped to shreds as though by some sort of beast. That should have made all three men fearful, but somehow the area held with it a sense of comfort, of purpose that none of the men could deny. Neither said anything as Sammy retrieved what belongings he could and left the rest for park rangers to deal with.

After some assurances of clean clothes, and lack of ill intentions, seeing as he would already have been taken advantage of, Sammy decided to accompany the other men. Eli didn't know what the other man had looked like for comparison, but it did not escape his notice that he was the same height and build as both he and Alister. And just as hung and furry, but Eli thought it best not to bring that up.

Getting back home was thankfully easier than they'd anticipated. It was very early on a Sunday morning, and grabbing a few sheets from a backyard kept their modesty intact for the most part. Though it was a rather quiet part of town, it wasn't the first time that naked guys had been seen taking a walk of shame, and most people were primed to ignore them, dealing with their own overindulgence from the previous night.

The three of them arrived at Eli's place, the damage to the outside all too telling. Something had clearly broken in, not a coincidence given the circumstances. Yet it seemed bizarre that most of the glass was on the outside, as though something had broken OUT. Eli lived

on the third floor of his building, and no other signs of forced entry were evident, adding to the mystery.

Alister's clothes were on the floor, as were Eli's, and given Sammy's size, it was easy to find him something to borrow. Initially, they wanted to discuss the strange circumstances further, yet given the lack of memory and embarrassing arousal, they thought it best to leave. Sammy gave the others his contact number, and headed back to his cousin's house, while Alister took off for the long drive back to his city.

Eli spent most of the day in bed, exhausted. Thankfully he was off on this particular Sunday and didn't have to worry about obligations other than resting. For some reason, he was unable to work up the nerve to report the break-in to the police. He knew the longer he waited, the more difficult it would be to determine the source of the break-in. Yet the more Eli reflected on it, the less he became worried about the unwanted intrusion. It just...didn't feel WRONG if Eli was being honest with himself. No one had invaded his space, he was certain. It had only been he and Alister, and now Sammy. Though Eli didn't know how he knew, he simply DID.

As the sun started to set his entire body ached, far worse than he'd felt walking up on the trail. It wasn't a stiffness though, the sensations entirely separate. It was as though he was missing something, a hole in his body and heart that ached to be filled. Yet it did not invoke a sense of despair. No, it was a mission that Eli needed to embark on, a short journey that would ease the longing and grant him what he desired.

As though in a trance, Eli found himself walking towards the trail, following the exact path the three of them had traveled. He felt he knew it like the back of his hand. It was almost as though Eli could smell the scents wafting off the ground as he followed their path, growing more excited the closer he got to where he knew his destination lay. The brilliant moon lit up the sky, reminding Eli of the night before, the foginess slowly lifting to a blanket of warmth and anticipation the closer he got to the spot.

He wasn't surprised to see both Alister and Sammy approaching as well, both from opposite ends of the path while Eli stood in the middle of the spot and waited. The sight of the other men rose his anticipation beyond anything he could have prepared for. Not only did he expect them to be here, but the mere sight of them caused a stirring in his pants, one he could not only see but smell as the other two men walked silently closer.

Not a word was spoken between the three men. It wasn't that they were silent. In fact, Eli heard the others loud and clear. However, they had not spoken aloud. It was as though

they could hear the thoughts in each other's heads. Their minds carried fear and uncertainty, but it was all overcome by the feeling that they all needed to be here and needed each other. But most of all, they all LUSTED for each other. No matter what their sexualities or preferences before now had been, none of them could fathom a more arousing sight or scent than what lay before them now.

With little fanfare, all three men shucked off their shirts, pants, socks, and soon even in their underwear, standing as naked as they had the morning before. Yet there was no nervousness this time. They fell on each other in an instant. Hands, tongues, lips, and cocks were all touching as all three men leaked and groaned their lust. Eli was almost overwhelmed; not only was he feeling his own excitement, but their need was also ebbing into his thoughts. He was confused by this at first, but the more the impulses flowed freely into his own, the more familiar they became. Fragments of memory started to flow back to him, and he knew deep down that soon he would be able to understand fully what this meant.

Soon the three men parted, and Sammy, getting onto the ground on his hands and knees, looked up at the other two with need. Though Eli did not often top in his sexual encounters, he was all too eager to grip his cock and press it against his new lover. Normally, having difficulty without lube or any other external stimulation, Eli was surprised to feel his cock sliding in easily, much to the joy of both men. Sammy groaned as Eli found his way deep inside his bowels, hesitating only for a moment as he started to thrust.

Soon he felt another cock tip on his ass and was excited to know that it was Alister's, the thick 9-inch penis sliding into his bowels just as readily and filling him with a glorious warmth. It felt as good as he'd always dreamed, being taken by his sexy best friend. Wait, was this the first time? The heat of Alister's stiff prick was familiar, yet Eli was sure he'd never been taken by the sexy, muscular, hairy man. But the further Alister's penis slid inside, the more Eli was certain that it was both familiar and magical, the bond between them becoming clearer as Alister started his own gentle thrusts.

The three men started to rock in unison, each thrust from one sending shivers of pleasure to the partners on the bottom. Sammy's arms planted firmly on the ground held them up as his own member drooled on the ground, while Eli and Alister thrust back and forth in a steady rhythm. The three men comprised a perfect train, moving in mechanical synchronicity that Eli found puzzling. No three men should be this perfectly aligned, right? Yet the more they rocked back and forth and their pleasure grew, the more the images from last night flooded into Eli's mind and removed those vestiges of doubt. This was right, the three of them had enjoyed such perfect sex many times. And it was only to grow in intensity as their mating carried on...

Eli felt itching on his arms and looked down to see coarse black hairs sprouting all over, similar to the ones on his groin. A comparable itching signaled they were lengthening over the expanse of his crotch, which sent a thick glob of precum into Sammy's asshole. He wanted to reach down to rub his fingers through the wonderful hairs, but he was unable to in his current fucking position. Still, Eli enjoyed the warmth of spreading fur as it ran all over the inside of his legs, down his hips and thighs, and across his ass and back. He could see it with his own eyes as the sparse arm hair thickened into lupine fur before new hairs burst forth between them, covering his arms and the back of his hands in a lovely fur coat.

Eli's hands twitched uncontrollably as the bones snapped and reoriented, some shrinking, some stretching as his fingers retracted into his hands. His thumb ran up along stretching wrists as canine claws bust froth from the tips of each digit. The skin of the fingertips tips bubbled and thickened into canine pads that dug roughly into Sammy's shoulders. The swelling arms and crack of bone as his upper arms sank into a compressing chest gave Eli the impression of a more lupine configuration. Yet despite the fact he was undergoing such a drastic change, he simply felt his lust grow. This too was familiar; it had happened last night, though not with the excitement of having both his mates joining him in the change. The memories flooding into his thoughts were ones of ecstasy, but now, sandwiched between two beautiful wolf-men, it was going to surpass even his wildest expectations!

Looking down, he could see that Sammy's back was becoming furry as well, lupine hairs lancing out of every pore as his shoulders snapped, and his spine pressed insistently against the frail flesh. Something wriggled and burst its way out of Sammy's tailbone, the pale protrusion stretching and gaining articulation even as it became furry and started brushing against Eli's cock and belly, sending shivers down his spine. The sensations brought with it the growth of several symmetrical sensitive spots that erupted between the growing fur of his chest. It was as though Sammy's tail was encouraging his chest to compress, his ribs to expand, and his upper body to barrel forward. The tickling tail removed the tone of his pecs and caused his stomach to flatten and stretch and fill in with fur.

Eli could see Sammy's own developing canine paws digging into the earth, the thickening pads holding him up as his digits reduced, and his new nails dug in to hold him in place. His own human hair darkened to the same coarse black as his fur, and his ears stuck up on either side, twitching as they gained the articulation to drink in the night. Eli could see Sammy's nose growing black as he sniffed the air, eager to draw in the scents of their lovemaking. A corresponding twitch in his face gave Eli the suggestion that he should breathe deeply, and he was not disappointed. The stench of canine fucking sent another pulse of pre into Sammy's bowels, causing all three to shiver in delight.

An audible crack resounded through the three as Sammy's shoulders started to compact, and his ribs and chest barreled outwards. He whined in his canine baritone as his torso rippled with muscle and fur, allowing him to stand even under the pressure of the other wolf-men he held up with herculean effort. His lupine limbs stiffened and straightened as his neck thickened to support the wolverine snout sticking out from under his sloping forehead.

All the while, the moans from their lover inside Eli's own ass were more than enough to let them know that Alister's changes weren't far behind. The feeling of Alister's cock inside him started to shift, and Eli was aware of every twitch and bulge along its length. He could feel the tip growing pointed and playing over his prostate as the reddening shaft reached further and further. The slapping of Alister's balls against Eli's own was only accentuated by the feeling of a swelling knot desperately seeking entry. Eli felt his pucker stretching to accommodate such a thing, and only a yelp preceded the forced entry of Alister's wolfish body, tying him firmly inside while they finished their fucking.

Eli craned his neck back, curious to watch Alister's wolfish visage take shape from below. A loud crack resounded as Alister's face was forced forward, his jaw becoming fuzzy with black fur as his panting tongue hung from rubbery lips and sharpening teeth. Eli could see his friend's shoulders compressing as they hulked out with muscle, his nipples migrating lower on a thinning belly as more pairs pierced the skin. Meanwhile, Alister's hands were mutating to match his canine counterparts, and Eli winced as the rough claws on his back started to dig in. But the pain was only temporary as the flesh of Eli's own skin started to thicken, as though in response to his desires to submit fully to their fucking.

None of them spoke during the whole ordeal, the only sounds being low moans, grunts of approval, and the slick slapping of their bodies together as they fucked and rocked in unison. There was no need for words anymore. The further their mating ritual progressed, the more the thoughts of the others seeped into Eli's mind, just as his were made known to them. Though there were still no words, not exactly. Only a growing realization of their shared experiences and the intense desire to see the act through to the end drove the three further along in their mating frenzy.

The memories rapidly flooded back into their psyches now, of the fear and excitement and rapture that the change invoked in them. How they had rutted as beasts, changed fully, and then experienced something more...

Eli was somewhat aware that the changes were faster than the previous night as the memories washed over him. The lupine shifting was now familiar; though it had only occurred once in reality, Eli felt it was now a part of his life, as normal as breathing. His tail

broke free from his backside, growing thick with muscle as it wagged back and forth to show its excitement. The itching of growing fur was accentuated by the flattening of his hips and the readjustment of his pucker for easier access to his canine mate's wonderful cock. But with Alister tied to him in such a fashion, there was no worry of the changes slowing them down.

As Eli changed, Alister's frantic thrusts increased in tempo to match them, as though he was encouraging Eli to shift further. Eli responded in kind by rocking back and forth, effectively managing the pace of their mating. It was a big responsibility for their current predicament, but one Eli took with the utmost seriousness. He was determined to remain implanted into the British canine below him while keeping Alister comfortable in his own ass as Eli's hips shifted. Somewhere deep down, he was aware that orgasmic onset would not truly be achieved until their transition reached a specific goal, but there was little concern. The end result would be well worth even a thousand years of waiting!

His own unchanged member was soon to aid in their stability as Eli felt it ballooning within his lover's rectum. The pointed tip buried itself deeper than he thought possible, and he shoved it in all the way to the hilt as his swelling canine knot stretched apart Sammy's fuckhole aggressively. But from the trio of excited voices in their heads, Sammy felt no pain from the forced entry. Instead, the thick knot expanding in his bowels sent his own cock dripping all over the ground in anticipation. It too began to mutate, the tip growing pointed and leaking cum from a reddened shaft and thickening testicles. It did not have a hole to fill, and Sammy lacked the hands to pleasure himself. But that was soon not to matter for the trio.

A corresponding pain wracked through Eli's anus, and he was aware of every inch of Alister's dick opening him up in a similar manner. Though he could numb the pain with their shared thoughts, Eli instead welcomed it, loving the agony from being ripped apart from such a mammoth masculine cock. It made his own member spurt pre and grow engorged inside Sammy, and Eli's ecstasy was instantly shared with all three the moment the thoughts entered his mind. He loved the idea of being conquered by Alister as much as the big wolf-man loved being the aggressor. This was the position that the three men would adopt for many nights to come, and all three cherished their roles.

A tickling from the base of his dick made Eli wince, and he was reminded about the protective layer of flesh required to keep his cock safe when not in use. But as the three of them seemed to agree on, no such time existed in their present state, so long as they retained the stamina to do so! Still, Eli enjoyed the feeling of warmth attempting to crawl its way over his massive lupine bulge, though clearly unable to tame such a massive member. Eli relished the slight tingle it provided as it attached to his belly and the peppering of lupine fur between the bare patches of his groin. They were preceded by his semi-human hairs that now permanently

coated his balls even when not in his wolverine form. That confidence washed into his mates as they too reveled in their new fully formed lupine equipment and sheaths.

The changes washed over all three, the audible crunch of bone and sinew cracking through the night air, drowned out only by the excited cries within their skulls, telling them to become what they truly were in soul as well as body. Eli could feel his back extending, his shoulders thickening even as Alister's massive paws gripped him expertly, and he Sammy's in return. Eli braced his hind legs to take the weight of the massive wolf even as his toes cracked and popped, and his hips sank into the expanding flesh of his belly. His stretching heels and widening hind paws would allow him to run in the forest in unison with his lovers. Once they had finished their transition properly, of course.

But at last, the change came he was most looking forward to. Eli longed to shed his human visage for the lupine one his mates sported. He wanted to experience the world properly as now did his lovers, to complete the trio of canine sensory inputs. His blackened nose immediately breathed into the male perfume of sweat and musk, the human stink was fading for the more preferable plethora of canine bodily orders that singled their needs in triplicate. His newly formed nose was soon dragged outwards along with the snapping of his jaws and the growth of canine fangs to fill those gaps and make a meal out of anything that the trio deemed necessary to sate their immense hunger.

His sloping forehead made it harder to think about human things, but Eli was far more fixated on the chorus of canine voices in tandem with his senses opening to the night around him. His ears started to rotate and hone in on the sounds of prey, the myriad of creatures that would all bow down to him and serve his-no-THEIR hunger. Eli could feel his neck thicken, his entire body bulking up to be the wolf he knew he truly was.

Eli felt something happening to Alister's cock inside him, as though it was being forced deeper inside his bowels than he thought possible. Alister's knot had already slammed into his rectum, but it felt like somehow the sexy wolf was going in deeper. Then he felt the heat on his hips as Alister's groin touched him and all at once the memories started flooding into his mind. They had not been three separate wolves last night. No, they had become something so much more...

A corresponding ache in his own cock confirmed what he knew to be true. He could feel Sammy underneath being pulled towards his cock, which was now fused to Sammy's rectal cavity. Eli couldn't free his cock from Sammy's anus, and he didn't want to. Sammy's ass was being pulled towards his groin the same as Alister's cock and groin were drawn towards

Eli's asshole. They were one being in three different bodies. And soon, they would be whole again.

The warmth flowed into Eli's ass as Alister started to sink in, his hips sliding into Eli's own as his legs rotated around to complete the connection. He had vague memories of the previous night when such a merger occurred, but now it was so rapid, so seamless, as though they were meant to be one being. Alister's legs sank into Eli's own as the flesh fused, once again becoming whole with half of the former leg belonging to each changing man. But it was hardly different from their current forms as both were now nearly identical wolves. As soon as their paws touched, the twin digits were smoothly fused into one that started to function as well as they had separately, both brains in perfect harmony.

Meanwhile, the arms that had been on Sammy's back started to sink inside, running into the other man's lupine shoulders as Eli lost the ability to move his paws and lower limbs. But at the same instant, the feeling was reawakened in Sammy's front legs, and Eli could move them as well as Sammy could. Though being of one mind, it was more akin to controlling the limb from separate angles. Eli growled his delight as his entire forelimb sank into Sammy's back, the merger almost sexual in its intimacy.

At the same time, Alister's own forepaws forcibly touched the back of Eli's shoulders, and with a wonderful warmth started to sink inside. Eli growled at the sensual sensations, his moan of pleasure echoed between the three heads as Alister's paws burrowed deep to the shoulder. He could sense the exact moment when Alister's mind allowed him to move their combined lower limbs, and he rejoiced in their unity. Their forelegs expanded as each man added their wolveren strength to them, causing them to grow massive, literally three times the size of their former counterparts.

The speedy changes only served to indicate the three were indeed one being. Their flesh opened and easily took in its lupine counterparts from both ends as Alister sank into Eli's back, and Sammy was pulled up against Eli's stomach. Each completely fused molecule was suddenly under their combined control and brought them closer to the beast they were destined to be.

Though neither Alister nor Eli retained a cock, they no longer needed one as each inch they sank into each other grew Sammy's lupine penis. Sammy's pleasure was spread into all three of them as their gargantuan member lowered to the ground, rippling with girth and length as it far surpassed the dimensions of a wolf's cock. Yet it still retained its lupine shape even as it swung underneath their merging forms, far surpassing the cock of a horse or even an elephant as their massive swaying balls touched the ground. Though they could no longer rut, the sexual



energy each had been feeling flowed into that mammoth member, waves of ecstasy pounding their combined prostate and threatening to send them over the edge at any moment.

The merged legs atop Sammy's own soon sank into his haunches, their incorporation happening even more rapidly as the new bulk was added. Their three wagging tails touched in unison and continued to writhe in tandem even as their flesh fused like a zipper. The muscles and tendons within each hardly allowed a moment's reprieve as they connected so seamlessly, allowing the protrusion to continue displaying their combined excitement for their lupine form. Eli's asshole remained intact as the hips of each wolf sank into it, and each felt the shivering clench as they too gained access to Eli's rectum as the thoughts of being fucked flowed over them all.

Their torsos too fused seamlessly into one, Sammy's and Alister's internal systems shutting down as Eli's functions compensated for all three. Each inch of flesh sinking into Eli's form built up his heart, his lungs, his liver, spleen, and kidneys all expanding for a beast such as themselves. Their gurgling stomach reminded them of the need to hunt and feed, to satiate the metabolic needs of their fused form. But there would be time enough for that later once their merger was complete. Now the three beasts had more pressing needs to tend to.

Their thoughts were almost one now, as much as their bodies had formed a single entity. There were three separate heads, separate sets of sensory inputs, and minds, but it was more as though three unique perspectives all flowed into the same being.

Soon all that remained were the three distinct wolveren heads atop one body, growling from the total control of their massive merged body that each enjoyed. All three minds wagged their tail in unison, stamped their paws while feeling them dig into the earth from their combined weight. Their powerful muscled body was wriggling with the need to run, to explore the woods, and truly make their presence known. But of most prominence to all three was the need in their horse-sized dick that began thrashing against their belly, spurred on by rutting hips.

Eli could feel his head crack loudly to the side as Alister's head rotated towards their center. It felt right, Eli realized, to have Alister be their main, but in truth, all three of the wolves were equal. Their necks cracked even as they bulged out with muscle and veins, their rearranging spines moving seamlessly in between each other so that the heads eventually sat side by side on the beast they had become.

The feelings their newfound form possessed far dwarfed the lupine sensations that either man had known through their rutting. Every sensation was literally multiplied threefold as all three drank in the night through their finalized form. Their powerful visage literally vibrated

with the excitement of being truly born once more. All three minds were vaguely aware that the change had occurred last night, spurred on by the full moon and the desires of their flesh. They knew they did not exist this way at all times, though their human memories and experiences felt like a far cry from the sense of purpose that being combined granted them.

Yet no need was greater than the ones emanating from their shared shaft, now thrashing in rhythm against their thick, furry belly. Their warm black fuzzed sheath stimulated their penis more than any hand, any fuck hole could provide them. Their sheath spread up their belly, holding it firm and rigid as it slapped relentlessly against the taut flesh of their stomach. Each set of nipples flared in tandem to the vibrations of such a mammoth cock slapping in a constant rhythm. The warmth of their sheath gripped their penis so tightly that every wave rocking their body felt like a micro-orgasm all on its own.

Yet the true release they sought, the one swelling in their balls started growing more and more insistent. All three men howled in their minds as they got ever closer to the orgasmic bliss they craved. Their thick, weighty balls throbbed and ached as they prepared to release what would amount to gallons of seed that carried the pent-up lusts of all three men. Nothing could hold them back from releasing the jism that would seal their fates, and all three minds were in perfect agreement that nothing else on this earth mattered!

Each head raised itself to the golden orb above and howled their thankfulness as their thrashing cock finally granted them the release their flesh had been craving all night. All at once, their gargantuan balls swelled and sent a surge of jism into the powerful shaft to be ejected at high pressure through their pointed cock head. Each thrash of their cock sent another wave of sperm shooting through their shaft and coating their furry belly in a virile lupine seed. The pressure in their balls was not soon to dissipate as the combined volume of sperm the three beings supplied was caged within unrelenting testicles begging to release such a load. Their howls carried long into the night as each wave rippled over their body like waves against the shore. Each thrash of their powerful lupine form shot another load of canine cum onto their belly and the ground, coating their entire beings in the knowledge of release and that true unity had finally been achieved.

Finally free and complete, the Cerberus shot thick ropes of cum all over itself and the ground, spraying their lusts and howling its release to the world. Every noise in the forest suddenly ceased for fear of the beast that had now entered their domain. The full moon bore down on the creature, illuminating them in all their glory as they raced into the night to truly roam over their kingdom once more.