

# RAVENOUS

## Chapter 1

(A Guiding Hand)

Written by Leo\_Todrius and Mahler's PP

A crack of thunder punctuated the steady hiss of the falling rain. The downpour was enough to fill the gutters in the streets, spray arcing dangerously up from the tires as the vehicles passed. It had been a minefield for Levi on the walk to school, but in a strange way he didn't mind it. His walnut brown hair peeked out from the hood of his red sweatshirt, his carob colored eyes a little tired but still eager for the day to come. The slightest shadow of stubble clung to the point of his chin and his hands rested securely in the pockets of his baggy black cargo pants. Levi watched other students frantically running from school buses to the entrance with some amusement. He'd given up staying dry four blocks ago.

Levi resisted the urge to cut across the grass, knowing it had turned into a form of soggy quicksand, opting instead to take the extra few steps to reach the central path. He maneuvered up the well weathered cement, up the steps and moved inside. There was no fanfare upon Levi's arrival, though there were a few cursory nods. Levi was known by most of the school. He was always there to loan a pencil or a pen, or even a spare notebook on occasion. He never sat at the back of the class, nor the front. He was always free to be someone's partner in class projects if someone was left out. He had maneuvered his way through life by trying to do the right thing at the right time.

A slight yawn escaped Levi's pouty lips as he paused in front of the trophy case, stretching his shoulders beneath the weight of his backpack. The faint hint of freckles tinged his cheeks. Levi gave a tired nod to one of the school's wrestling stars as he passed, the two having formed a bit of a kinship of being slightly taller than the other students. At six foot and half an inch, Levi kept his head above the crowd. Running his tongue over his bottom lip to wet it again, Levi resumed his path, heading down the hall and into the oldest wing of the school.

As the student passed through the doorway into his classroom, he slung his backpack down from one shoulder, bringing it around to his chest as he sat down in his favorite spot; three forward from the back, farthest side by the window. Levi sank down in his seat, his angular knees coming up against the underside of the desk as he leaned back, his backpack resting on the surface. The windows glistened with sheets of water running down them, the sky outside a turbulent kaleidoscope of churning clouds.

He had barely noticed Noah already sitting in the seat next to him. In the early days of term, you paid attention to where everyone sat, and if someone you didn't like sat near you, you'd definitely notice. But Noah had carefully orchestrated his plan to ensure that it seemed natural to Levi. Noah generally liked to keep somewhat to himself, living a seemingly insular existence for a lot of the time. In almost every class he was in he sat in the back corner. Not because he was someone depressed, edgy, and uninterested, or was doing things that would make a teacher snap at him. He just liked his privacy. That was until Levi showed up in his history class at the start of his senior year.

They'd been at school together all of high school, and even part of middle school, when

Noah moved to the States and started halfway through the seventh grade. He'd known he was gay then, a bit earlier than most other gay people he'd come into contact with through his life (which were admittedly few). But from the start, Levi had been in his sights. Crushes came and went, none of them going anywhere, but this one tall, handsome, charming boy... It made his heart flutter. He'd spent a couple of classes with him, English, middle school PE... And often his eye would wander, especially in the locker room. He never really found out if Levi had even noticed. If he had, he never commented on it. But Noah had always resorted to the classic self flagellation so common in teenagers - *He's so handsome, and I'm just nowhere near good enough for him. I'd never stand a chance...*

This self doubt had been so all encompassing that he didn't notice himself blossoming into a handsome young man. In his last year at school he'd started growing facial hair, and he thought it suited him well, even if it was a little scruffy. He had a mustache as some of his classmates did, but a triangle shaped flare of dark hair fanned out beneath his bottom lip into a respectable goatee. He was more confident than he had been when he'd first arrived, but was still quite insular. For one reason or another, he didn't have too many friends to hang out with during break time, and thus could often be found practicing at the small grand piano in the music room, rhapsodizing off of Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, or Chopin. He'd often get caught in his own little world, and often that was where he was happiest. Well, except for one place;

Where he was now. Sitting in History class next to Levi. He'd given up his favorite spot - the window seat - for this guy. They'd first started to truly interact in a partner project the teacher had given them, and afterwards he decided to just stay in the seat. He liked being next to Levi. Even if he was sometimes a little awkward or shy, he could still have nice conversations, and then tumble headfirst into those deep brown eyes... those cute little bangs... that handsome jawline... those sweet, soft, kissable lips... which he wished would just pin him down gently on the bed, as the taller boy held him close and let him know everything would be alright, everything would be provided for... And that last point was something he needed.

The reason his family had moved from Australia was an odd one. It had been as simple as needing to start a new life. Some stuff had gone down with the extended family, and it all had to do with their secrets. Noah had known from an early age that he had some strange abilities he wasn't to speak of, and as he grew up he was told a little more. These abilities developed during puberty, and then became strongest in adulthood. His parents were together, but not in the traditional sense. Sure, they loved each other and their son, but more often than not they were out searching for sex so they could feed on more than just each other. And so from a certain point after their move, Noah was left to fend for himself.

The problem with a secret was that it became habitual. His parents hadn't shared enough with Noah about his heritage and his nature. As he developed further, he started to need more. There were ways to glean the birds and the bees from pop culture, by what if you were something else? Noah had never been taught how to pick up guys, or how to do anything like that, he was an 18 year old virgin, with a condition where that was probably the worst thing he could be. Because for about a year now, he had been incessantly *starving*... The hunger grew every day, turning Noah's crush into a craving. He could *smell* Levi. He could practically taste him; his sweat, his natural aroma, that earthy tang of musk that came when he was careless with how often he did laundry...

Levi rubbed at his eyes and stretched his shoulders one more time, turning his head, his own heart fluttering a little when he realized that Noah was already there. There was something about his classmate that consistently threatened to take his breath away. Noah had been an exotic classmate since he moved to the states with his accent and his cultural differences. The weather change had been a bit much at first and Levi had eagerly offered his jacket to him when they were younger. It had been the gentlemanly thing to do after all... but now? Noah had blossomed. His chestnut brown hair flowed in waves down his head, crashing across his shoulders like surf on the rocks. His blue eyes were like crystal clear pools that invited everyone to take a dip. Levi had to force himself to look away before he got lost in them. Still, the pull was too strong and Levi lifted his head.

"Good morning." Levi said to Noah, smiling a bit more than he would have to anyone else. Noah was as clueless as ever. He always thought Levi was just being nice. Hunger did mess with your brain a bit sometimes.

"Morning" he returned, smiling more than he would to others, but that bar was a little lower than Levi's. The two looked at each other for a bit as they generally liked to do, taking in each other's features for a bit. If one looked on in hindsight, they might cry out for them to just get on with it already, but somehow neither of them got the message.

"I was wondering if, uh, with all the rain and stuff, you might want to eat lunch on the upper balcony today and take in the view with me? It's kind of nice up there, not a lot of people." Levi offered. It would have been a good excuse to get to see more of Noah throughout the day and the idea of that seemed to give him an unusual amount of thrill. Noah had never been much of the blushing type, but in that moment he felt his cheeks become a little hot, not knowing precisely what Levi was able to see in his appearance.

"I'd uh... I'd love to do that..." He stammered, immediately thinking back to what he'd grabbed for lunch and whether it would give a good impression. Not much of what he ate was particularly healthy or in small quantities, but it didn't matter much, as it didn't seem to have adverse effects or make him gain weight, as it simply wasn't what his body required anymore. Levi almost stammered after realizing that Noah had actually said yes.

"I've always loved the water. Used to swim a lot as a kid, I like the rain too." Levi said, hoping he didn't sound like an idiot. Most people liked water, why would that make him special? Why was he still talking? He did sound like an idiot. It was just his luck that Noah was acting *exactly* the same way, and thus his own idiocy canceled it out, and he didn't even notice.

"Yeah, uh, water's pretty cool. You could probably like... sail a boat on the rain or something..." he chuckled. *What?* Thankfully Levi seemed game to play along with the stream of consciousness.

"I guess we just have to decide who is the captain and who is the first mate?" Levi grinned softly, eyes darting away from Noah's.

Somehow it was decided this was a fitting conclusion to the conversation, despite the sheer incompetence of either of their conversational skills. But somehow this question stuck with Noah far more than any the teacher asked. "*So what was the main influence of the Treaty of Versailles on post-war Germany?*" *'I'm probably the first mate...'* Likewise, Levi seemed more distracted than he had before, his idle doodling in his notebook first taking on a circle, then a crest of hair, the shadowing of a mustache and a goatee. Levi was hesitant to attempt the eyes, after all, how could one capture such beauty in two dimensions? He glanced up every so often,

trying to get the nose on his sketch just right, stealing looks at Noah. But the hopeless - no, useless romantic that Noah was didn't even notice. He stared at the maps and figures on the board, endlessly thinking of the boy next to him, and didn't once think to look in his direction. What a doofus.

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The constant chatter of the students rose and fell in an ebb and flow like the ocean, collected in the lowest floor of the high school. The cafeteria was technically only that lowest level of the three story structure, but many gravitated to the walkway that ringed the sunken space and even the balcony at the top of the long flight of stairs overlooking it all. The balcony was the only spot where one could see out of the near-ceiling windows, taking in the water logged parking lot and the train tracks beyond.

Levi settled down with his back to the wall, his plastic tray clattering a bit, dislodging the mountain of over-salted fries atop his greasy pizza. To be young was a gift they did not know they had. Considering his options, Levi decided to finally pull off his red sweatshirt. It had remained moist from his walk to school and he wondered if it might dry off a little better without him. As he tugged his sweatshirt off, the t-shirt beneath rode up, revealing his smooth, flat stomach and a hint of brown hair peeking up from the waistband of boxer shorts. Levi set his sweatshirt aside and shook out his short mane of brown hair, his bangs falling in two curtains to either side of his face.

Noah was beginning to devour his food as he usually did. It didn't matter how fast or how much, he'd inevitably be hungry again in 15 minutes. Noah looked around them and was pleased to see the sheer and complete lack of anyone but themselves. Schools were designed to have as little hiding places as possible, and this one was kind of in the middle of everywhere, but still they were far from anyone's gaze. And so now his eyes looked once more to Levi. The other boy was around half a foot taller than him, and so when sitting on seats of the same height, Noah had to look up to meet his gaze. He liked this dynamic, and began to imagine himself nestled in the taller boy's chest, being cuddled gently, kissed on the forehead... God he was so fucking touch starved. And how was he still hungry?!

"This is a lot better with you here." Levi said, breaking Noah's internal chain of thought, "We should have done this a long time ago." he smiled, looking over, hoping his face didn't betray his longing. No one had ever *hated* him, but at the same time it felt like Levi was always one of the crowd, like he had no special attachment to anyone. Out of all the different people Levi wished he could have been closer with, Noah was most certainly at the top of that list.

"Well, I mean, I always thought I wasn't like, cool enough to hang out with you or something. Whatever that means..." Noah chuckled, not breaking the soft eye contact with the other boy. For a moment they sat in silence looking, before Noah looked out the window again. Then slid ever so slightly to the side, inching closer to Levi. Sure, he didn't really know how to flirt, but this seemed like a somewhat good start. Levi, however, had still seemed startled.

"Not... cool enough? I thought you were off with some group of the school's most eligible... You weren't eating with like... a girlfriend or, uh, boyfriend or something?" Levi asked sheepishly.

“Girlfriend? God no... Do you mean Jamie? I mean, I hung out with her for a bit, but she wasn't actually very nice, and *definitely* not a girlfriend. Least of all cause I don't like girls...” The words only hung in the air for half a heartbeat.

“You're gay *too*?” Levi asked, his eyes widening with something more than just surprise. Noah looked up at him as though Levi had missed a very obvious social cue. “..uh, yeah... I thought you knew that?”

“I thought I was the only one in our class... Well, I mean, aside from Lake, but he's... a lot.” Levi admitted.

“Oh yeah, jeez... I was interested in him for about three seconds when I realised he was gay too, then uninterested again as soon as I remembered everything else.” They chuckled a bit together, much more comfortably than usual, as though some barrier had been broken through.

“You know what this means, right? We have to hang out more and talk about what guys we think are sexy...” Levi said, smiling a bit, playing with his french fries without eating any.

Noah gave him a hard stare, which for a moment made him think he'd said something wrong. But as it turned out, Noah was just fucking with him while he came up with a response as he turned his attention back to his food and responded, matter-of-factly, “Chris Hemsworth. That is if the pool is well-known people, rather than people at school.”

“I mean, I can see the appeal... Well known in multiple countries, classically handsome, but also he can look handsome as bro-Thor too...” Levi considered, “But I think if we went closer to home, I'd want someone with longer hair, like yours.” he smiled.

Noah looked sideways at him, giving no indication of his thoughts. Negative? Positive? Levi's guess was as good as any. But finally Noah's guard was let down as he looked forward and slightly in the opposite direction, brushing his hair behind one of his ears sheepishly. *This fuckin guy. Why's he so fucking annoyingly fucking perfect fuck. Fuck.* He was Australian, swears were a natural stress mechanism. And there were a lot of them going through his head now... The way Noah turned his head and looked away, the way he was blushing and Levi hadn't noticed before, it was as if the clouds had parted and realization hit Levi like the emerging sun. Taking the initiative, he leaned forward and placed a gentle kiss on Noah's warm cheek.

Noah froze. He felt fuzzy. He felt hot. He felt hungry. In short, he felt a fuckton of things all at once. And all of those feelings had their epicenter in the spot on his cheek that he could still feel despite the lips no longer being there. He sat there for a few moments as Levi gauged for a response, before shaking into consciousness, flustered, and a deep shade of red as he coughed and simultaneously tried to look at Levi, while also trying to avoid eye contact. Levi's puffy lips formed into a lop-sided, slightly nervous smile.

“Did I do it wrong?” he asked after a moment. Noah coughed and choked slightly again, before desperately and awkwardly regaining composure to little success.

“I uh... I... I don't know... I've uh...” he stared silently into Levi's eyes for an intense moment, before looking away again. “I've never kissed anyone before...”

“Me either.” Levi admitted, “Maybe we can learn together.” he said softly, not looking away from Noah. Noah stared for another long moment. Then, suddenly, in a fit of some kind of minor mental collapse, he spoke his mind precisely.

“I really want to kiss you Levi. Your mouth is so fucking hot...” He only caught himself after every word had spilled out of his mouth. Levi flashed a bright grin at the unexpected

compliment, no doubt making his mouth even hotter. He reached out, his fingers sinking into Noah's luxurious mane of dark hair as he leaned in and brought their lips together. They met with a warmth, a pressure, a closeness. For a moment there was stillness, a calm before Levi started working his lips against Noah's, holding his head close.

Noah had sometimes wondered what a feeling of spiritual enlightenment might feel like, to have one's mind rid of all bad things, and full of only bliss. Well he needed wonder no further. The touch of Levi's soft lips, full, pouty, boyish, sexy, and so beautifully gentle and kind... he pulled himself close to Levi's body, wanting to get closer to that feeling...

And then it happened.

For the first time in Noah's life he was intimate with someone, up close and feeling a part of their body in a more-than-platonic way. He had no idea how to work his abilities, how to control them, how to make them work. And so, like a hose that has been building up pressure for a long time, his powers exploded in one go. And knowing what they were, he knew what he felt next was because of them. Levi's soft, pouting lips began to puff up slightly. Not too much, once they separated he'd find they were still of an ordinary size. But that soft gentleness increased fourfold, and the cute, boyish, kissable look was more abundant than ever.

While nothing compared to what Noah had endured, Levi was experiencing his own awakening after years of pent up hormones and no external way to express them. Keeping one hand on Noah's head, the other moved to the small of his classmate's back. He guided the other closer from his seat on the floor, bringing him onto Levi's lap. Sitting on him, their difference in heights shifted so Levi could kiss his crush with more gusto. There was no one to see them, though the fact that anyone could come up the stairs at any moment added a bit of zest to it. But no, Levi's only focus was on making out with Noah, amazed at how his lips tingled. Was this the electricity that people described when they talked about kissing?

Noah was frightened for a moment, scared Levi would notice something strange happening to those beautiful lips of his. And yet nothing. He became more intense, swiping the smaller boy onto his lap. Oh god, the intensity. The intimacy. The pleasure. Noah couldn't help himself. He pressed his torso against Levi's, being met with a similar build to his own. He was sure Levi felt the chub in the other boy's pants pressing against his lower belly, but neither of them seemed to care. Noah needed this boy, as though it was satisfying that insatiable hunger he had had for the past year. And bringing himself closer, he wrapped his arms around Levi's neck, hands burying themselves in the short hair on the back of his head.

How? How could this be that good? How had he not tried it sooner? How had he been missing out on how wonderful Noah was? The regrets faded into the moment. Levi knew he wouldn't want to waste another second. Feeling an erection pressing against his stomach was the single most fulfilling, satisfying feat of accomplishment he'd ever felt, and the weight of having another man on his lap, let alone that it was Noah, made his own manhood firm and swell, slinking down beneath Noah's ass cheeks, separated by only a few layers of clothing.

Levi tilted his head a little, gaining more purchase in the kiss, feeling Noah's goatee tickle his chin in all the right ways. Feeling more daring, Levi started to press his tongue against Noah's lips, testing the boundaries of their sudden mad affection.

Noah didn't give a shit. In his mind boundaries had disappeared 5 minutes ago. Whatever happened, happened. And so feeling a tongue requesting entrance, he only returned his own, desperately wanting to feel those lips. *Oh my god...* They had grown a spectacular

amount. Large and plump, soft and comforting. They were perfect. And with a gentle moan to escape his mouth into his kissing partner's, the doors opened for the both of them, tongues passing ways and delicately sliding into the opposing mouth.

But the lips had got his mind on something else. He knew what he'd done. And he wanted to do it again. And he felt the next best place might be that beautiful hair. Noah had a lot of types when it came to hair, ranging from completely bald all the way to Rapunzel length. But either because he thought it was generally hot for that subtle skaterish look, or because it had been on his crush, he had always liked the curtain hairstyle Levi wore. But now he needed to test the waters. And with two hands grasping the other man's scalp, it was the perfect opportunity. And so he concentrated on the change he wanted - before discovering it wasn't difficult in the slightest. And so, he tested. *Make his hair down past his ears...*

**Levi's entire body tingled from a combination of excitement and endorphins, but none of his body tingled quite as much as his scalp. The follicles had gone into overdrive, pushing his hair out centimeter by centimeter. Subtle at first, the hair began tickling the back of his neck in a bit of a mullet before the hair in front of his ears started to catch up.** Days, then weeks of growth happened in mere seconds, giving Levi a far shaggier head of hair than he'd had moments before. And yet somehow he didn't seem to notice. Or at least, he thought nothing odd about this strange growth. Noah couldn't tell which one. But he was aroused by either, and so continued to kiss him.

They kissed for a long time, Noah exploring his new changes, Levi exploring his new Noah. The bell went off, and they didn't stop. The halls went silent, from students all going to their classes and they didn't stop. It was only around after half an hour of deep, intense, tantric kissing that Noah finally broke off. Looking into Levi's eyes, he suddenly felt a deep desire to take it to the next level. He wanted to ask to be boyfriends, to say he loved him. But for the first time since they'd first kissed, he held back, just staring deeply into the brown eyes of his... well, whatever they were now. Levi gasped for breath, almost blue in the face. He had lost himself in the kissing, putting it ahead of all other needs. He felt light headed and dizzy, but how much of that was oxygen deprivation and how much of that was the kiss, he didn't care.

"I'm so glad I finally found you..." Levi whispered, feeling as if he'd been missing something all his life and the last piece had fallen into place.

Noah did not respond, at least not verbally. He pulled himself back into Levi's body, not in a kiss this time, but a cuddle, nestling his head in the taller boy's neck and chest. He felt right here. And he craved this intimacy. Nothing sexual, just two boys cuddling, and showing their love to each other. But as he felt his stomach seize up ever more powerfully with hunger, his body seemed to override this desire. Cuddles would come later. He needed to change this boy. He needed to feed off him, whatever might be coming from his body. He didn't need much. He'd actually gotten relief just from Levi's saliva, but he knew what was most nourishing, what his urges were driving him to do. So, his mouth close to Levi's ear, he whispered.

"Do we wanna skip the rest of the day? I've got my place to myself for the next few days..." The words sounded like something out of a movie to Levi. His lips almost trembled with the idea of it. In the matter of minutes they had gone from their first meal together, to kissing, to cuddling, to flagrantly skipping school to spend time with his crush unattended and alone.

"Y-yeah, that sounds perfect..." Levi said, both of them aware of the quiver that seemed to jolt through Levi's erection where it was pinned beneath Noah's posterior. Despite the fact

that the offer had been made and accepted, the two lingered there for several long moments. They were entwined, pressed chest to chest, close enough to feel each other, smell each other... it was a slice of heaven, but if they left campus there was the promise of so much more. Levi had no idea just how much his life was about to change as a result of a single decision.

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Neither of them were particularly rebellious. Except for a few sick days, Noah had perfect attendance. But in the spur of the moment, classes, lectures, assignments... They all fell by the wayside, trailing off far in the distance as the two boys slid on their jackets and began to stroll through the rain to Noah's home. It wasn't a long distance, much closer than Levi's home, so they weren't in the rain for too long, and even then, the rain had seemed to let up a little, as though desperately trying to manifest the endless rays of sunshine that the both of them felt for each other. They held hands all the while, arms intertwined and bodies close to one another. Noah liked this in particular, he could feel just how much taller Levi was in comparison to him.

And yet he still felt the urge to try it again... This was the first time he'd been able to use his powers and he was eager to give his all. Until now, all of the changes had been through intimate contact, kissing and cuddling. But what about just plain hand holding? It was time to test it out.

Noah concentrated, this time on Levi's height. They'd spoken about it once before, and he knew he was around 6 foot, or just over. *Make him 6'6*. It didn't actually seem to take much effort at all, so little that Noah was concerned at first that nothing had happened, but as they walked he felt the slight tension in his arm as their relative positions started to change. It was slight at first, a centimeter here, a centimeter there. Levi's red sweatshirt started to creep up his stomach, bringing the t-shirt below along with it.

At first it was as if he was just stretching, but as more and more of his mid-rif was exposed, it became clear that something was going on. Freckles that had never seen the light of day began to darken, adding a sprinkle of contrast to his skin. A similar shift came as the baggy black pants Levi always wore lifted away from scuffing on the ground. The shoes hidden beneath emerged, athletic sneakers common enough for teenagers in high school. What was uncommon was that Levi's ankles soon emerged into view as his pants continued to creep up with his enhanced height.

"I like being with you." Levi said, smiling as he looked at Noah. It felt like such a simple thing to say, he still felt clumsy in the words department, but everything about Noah made him feel good, as if he was floating on air. It was hard to put into words... It was as if he was walking taller than he ever had before. The simple fact was that he was. He passed six foot two, then six four. It was by that point that his eyes started to narrow a little in confusion. The ground was further away than it should have been. He reached up with his free hand to rub at the back of his neck, a neck now covered by his longer hair. Levi's pace seemed to falter ever so slightly as the confusion swept over him.

Noah suddenly panicked. Until that point he'd thought the whole thing was extremely hot, his cock throbbing in his pants as his... boyfriend? grew taller and taller. But for a brief moment, it looked as though Levi was about to freak. In a state of wild alarm, Noah thought of the first thing he could think of. *He's completely fine with all of these changes and the idea of me*



*changing him!* He didn't like the idea of changing Levi's free will, but it would save his skin. The effect was virtually instant. The confusion left Levi's face and a dopey, almost dazed smile crossed his lips. If anything, Noah became aware that Levi's rather impressive erection seemed to be returning, a tent forming in his baggy black pants. As Levi added on his last two inches of height, reaching the rather impressive 6'6 mark, he pulled Noah closer to him, towering over his boyfriend. There was no longer any hint of concern in his face.

Noah's face brightened up, for a multitude of reasons. First of all, it had worked. Second of all, now he knew Levi would be fine with it all. But third of all, this opened up a brand new set of possibilities. His powers were no longer reduced to just the physical world, but inside of Levi's mind too. His hot new boyfriend was like a piece of clay, inside and out, destined to be molded by Noah. He was quivering with excitement as they finally reached his home, Levi having to stoop a little in the front door.

Noah's family owned a fairly impressive upper-middle class home. It wasn't like they'd especially earned it. With a bit of magic trickery, they'd transformed themselves into just... owning it. And since his parents were barely around to actually inhabit the place, it was pretty much Noah's house. And now, to his delight, he had a boyfriend to share it with. Levi looked up at it as they approached, feeling a little bit awed. He came from a simple, rectangular, one story ranch style home. The idea of having a second level was impressive. Levi smiled a bit, giving Noah's side an affectionate squeeze.

"Is there anything I should know? Is it one of those houses where you have to take your shoes off?" Levi asked, looking down at his boyfriend. Levi smiled a bit more. Noah seemed so cute, especially since he was so much shorter. Without even waiting for an answer, he put his hand beneath Noah's chin, tilting his head up as he leaned down, kissing him softly. He loved the feel of the fuzz on his face, the warmth of his skin, everything about him.

Noah felt that same warmth again. The happy warmth of love. He kissed his boyfriend right back, having to stretch far now. After all, Levi was now a full foot taller than him. And god that felt good, just to feel so tiny next to him...

"You can take your shoes off if you'd like... after a growth like that I'd kinda like to see them..." he grinned. It was the first time either of them had addressed that Levi had changed, but thanks to his intervention, neither of them thought it odd. Perfect. Levi grinned a bit more, moving up onto the porch of Noah's house.

"Alright, but if they're rank, you only have yourself to blame." Levi smirked, using his toes to grip the heel of one foot, stepping out of his shoe before reversing the effect. His socks padded back down onto the porch, his toes wiggling inside of them. They seemed a bit strained, his feet having grown by necessity to accommodate his taller height. His heels were wider, the arches taller, and his toes just a bit longer. Noah looked at Levi's feet for a long moment, his handiwork showing immaculate results. They hinted at perfection, but they also gave him an idea. His hunger could wait. He wanted to try out the big guns.

*Make Levi the ultimate skater boy. The clothes, the dopey stoner grin, that beautiful language... the careless black hairstyle... And... I want him to have some fit sexy muscles too.* As soon as he had formed the idea in his head, he could feel his energy draining. His stomach rumbled, then cramped, but he knew it'd be worth it. Levi nearly seemed to rock on the porch, his toes curling and uncurling in his socks. His eyes seemed to flutter as his light brown hair darkened like the sunset sweeping across the horizon. The dark pigmentation started at the

roots before inching its way out. The natural waviness to his hair disappeared, the strands taking on a smoother, straighter quality. The way his hair feathered over itself shifted slightly as the natural oils from a carefree lifestyle built up.

The red sweatshirt that had been Levi's hallmark for so long looked more tattered and worn, a few holes appearing where he'd apparently taken falls from risky tricks. The fabric also began to tighten as Levi's shoulders became more defined. His noodle arms began to contour over actual biceps and triceps. As Levi turned his head, a glint of metal caught Noah's eye. Levi's flawless, unblemished ears glistened as tiny pinpricks of metal seemed to ooze out of tiny holes that had formed. The extruded metal slipped down around the edge of his ear, connecting and firming before it extended outward into a pair of earrings. It had been a shocking change to Noah, newly discovering his abilities. Had the earrings been forged from the metals in Levi's blood, or had they been summoned from the ether entirely to make his subconscious wish a reality? Either way, the fact that he was pierced was quite sexy.

The neutral, care free expression on Levi's face started to shift, his smile taking on a little bit of a cocky edge to it. His long, black hair grew longer, spilling over the back of his shoulders. There was a faint pop from nearby as the sneakers Levi had just taken off shifted and changed, losing all their arches, taking on soft black leather with a flat deck, growing several sizes larger. Even Levi's baggy pants grew baggier, though the ends of the legs were frayed and worn in seconds from scraping across the sandpaper deck of his board day in and day out. Levi's darker hair brought with it darker stubble, a shadow descending down the backs of his cheeks to reach his jaw line. The stubble crept out just a little, forming unkempt sideburns that seemed to grow in a natural pattern as if he just never bothered to shave them.

Noah had never been so aroused in his entire life. Ever. Levi had transformed into a whole new person before his eyes. Brand new, and yet the same, and yet *drastically* improved. As the final piece, the classic beanie, formed on his head, pressing his long dark hair down, Noah leapt forward, and kissed him hard. He was starving now. His boyfriend now looked like a delinquent, lazy bum, a pothead, an idiot, a good-for nothing skater.

*And. He. Fucking. Loved. It.*

With Levi's new muscles, he had no chance of beating him in strength. And yet somehow his hunger drove him to push Levi through the door, still kissing, until they tripped over the couch, and Noah found himself crawling over his hot skater boyfriend, kissing him madly.

"Fuck.. you're so hot... Hold me tight with those sexy fucking arms..."

"Dude, I love it when you get this horny..." Levi smirked, slinking up the couch to get comfortable, though his feet still dangled over the end. He grabbed Noah and situated him on his lap to get more comfortable before leisurely grabbing his head with one hand to hold him in the kiss, the other long arm arcing down towards the floor in a lazy posture denoting that he'd do no more than was necessary for the moment. His thick, pouty lips plied against Noah's, working at them. There was less force than before, but they seemed to know what they were doing this time.

Noah didn't care. He just needed his man. He put the passion in while the skater boy did as a skater boy does, and that was exactly what Noah needed in the moment. As his smaller boy grinded desperately against his boyfriend's torso, trying to get some relief from his achingly hard cock, he felt the bump of abs on his member. Fuck he needed to see this boy naked. He needed so much more...

"I need your cum." he said out loud. It was extremely matter-of-fact. He didn't have the time or energy to explain now. His hunger was growing to the point it was making it harder to think. Levi, however, seemed to understand. He reached down, pushing the wallet chain he'd apparently gained out of the way before he unfastened his pants. The fly nearly burst open from the insistence of the skater's erection, his boxers barely able to contain the eager flesh beneath. As Levi peeled back his waistband, Noah saw the lush, thick forest of black hair framing the bounty beneath before, at last, the hot, hard, veined cock began to emerge from its fabric prison.

Noah looked at it in awe, like a holy relic. With all of Levi's gains in the past hour, it had grown to an impressive 10 inches long, throbbing hard in time with his heart. He stared for a moment more, inking out the last rational thought before his natural instincts took over. Every change, every urge, every craving had been leading up to this moment. He *needed* cum. Like a predator pouncing on his prey, he latched his lips onto the head, hungrily devouring the delicious sheen of sweat on it from a clear lack of showering. Noah didn't have any experience in felatio, but he didn't care. He knew they'd both enjoy it whatever he did. So he just followed what he'd seen in porn, taking more and more of it as he began to stroke the base with one hand, and run the other up Levi's perfect abs.

A soft moan escaped Levi's plump lips, his elongated back arching in pleasure. One hand slipped behind Noah's head, caressing his long, dark brown hair as his head bobbed up and down. That cocky, sure-fire grin on the skater's face grew larger as his hips involuntarily shifted up and down a little. The way his boyfriend's tongue lashed and languished across the long shaft at his mercy was exquisite... but that tingling, the familiar surge of energy at the cellular level, it seemed to be coming back. It buzzed and hummed along his length, feeling like a lightning rod. It crept down through inch after inch of his manhood, spilling out in his pelvis before taking root in his prostate and his ball sack.

"Fuck, yes..." Levi groaned, shivering at the lewd, wet sounds Noah was making, a constant wet slurping, and gentle moans that reverberated through the sensitive flesh of his cock. Noah was desperate, and so needed to ensure his boyfriend had the greatest orgasm ever (both for his sustenance, and that now he was entirely sure he was in love with this boy after he became a skater). He grabbed the great nutsack below with one hand, gently fondling it, eliciting noises he liked from his boyfriend. He felt starving, but he wanted one last wish. *Two more inches on the cock. And a cum producing capacity unlike anyone on earth...*

Noah's wish was answered by a loud moan that suddenly dropped an octave as Levi's voice deepened. His long back arched, his fingers digging into the cushions of the couch. His eyes squeezed shut, he bore his teeth, his legs twitched beneath Noah. The long, impressive shaft seemed to harden and stiffen all over again as if his orgasm was starting from scratch, but the way it grew and stretched in Noah's mouth, elongating by an inch and then two, as if it was straining to reach the promised land in his throat... Levi nearly snarled, then gasped, his balls throbbing beneath his partner's skillful hand.

Almost by surprise, Noah's tongue was met with a silky, slick gush of precum. It was light, airy, energized and almost a bit sweet. The moment could have stretched into infinity, but it was immediately followed by a thick, potent, sticky flood of virile cum. It came in a squirt, a pulse, and then a steady eruption that blossomed inside of his mouth. Noah hadn't been

expecting it, it seemed to come from nowhere, except perhaps the fantastical growth that had just struck Levi's cock, but his body did not recoil in this surprise. It relished in it.

Food that Noah had enjoyed as a child had been growing less and less appetizing, feeling like empty calories. Chewing felt like a chore, everything felt dry or sour... but this? This tasted like water to a man dying of thirst. It slid down his throat without effort, and when Noah did swallow, it took down copious amounts. Noah's Adam's apple bobbed as he savored and swallowed, letting the rich cream coat his esophagus and flood his stomach. It was like drinking from a garden hose on full pressure and he was loving it.

Levi's eyes watered and a drop of drool escaped his lip. His heart thumped in his chest, moving as fast as a hummingbird's. He'd had orgasms before from jacking off, but this? This was like trying to compare a faucet to the Niagara Falls. He could feel his semen racing through his incredibly long cock into the starving orifice of his boyfriend, but he couldn't even begin to imagine where it was all coming from. Then again, he didn't have the brain capacity to at the moment. Every iota of his being was concentrated in that moment, feeding his salty brine to the man that had reshaped him.

Noah's head bobbed lovingly as he gulped and gulped, one hand massaging Levi's swollen balls, the other sliding up and down his fit and firm stomach. Noah's lips had descended, taking down inch after inch of his partner's shaft. The fat, rotund head of his crush's cock brushed the back of Noah's throat before sliding down into the undulating, massaging tube. Levi's shoulders tensed tighter as he felt his orgasm only grow more intense, giving everything he had... and Noah devoured every last drop, not wanting to leave anything behind. Thinking of it as an eruption was right, this thing just didn't stop. Even with his natural adaptations, Noah struggled to swallow it all towards the end, but with a considerable amount of effort and sheer concentration, he succeeded.

And oh *god* he'd never felt so alive! That hunger that had been brewing for the past six years was for the first time completely satisfied! The cum seemed to spread throughout him, stopping all his hunger pains and giving him a newfound burst of energy, as if he were born anew! And then... he was brought back into reality by the same sticky wet feeling in his underwear. The feeling had been so intense, he had come in his pants without even touching his cock.

Noah had no time to think of his own orgasm. Levi's mammoth meat was continuing to offer forth its own bounty. He was hung like a horse and nothing was going to stop him. He writhed and wriggled, moaning and groaning, panting hard as he came. Muscles that Noah didn't even know he had felt nourished and healed, as if aches that had gone silent had been alleviated. His skin seemed to be healthier, richer, more resilient. Even Noah's long, beautiful brown hair seemed fuller. The starving man had been given his meal and a strength and vitality unlike he'd ever known before.

Moments stretched into minutes, though with how pent up both young men had been it finally started to wane. When the torrent finally came to an end Noah pulled his lips off the cock, and breathed in deeply, catching his breath in his lungs that felt clearer and healthier than ever. He was a new man, and all for, and thanks to, his perfect skater boyfriend. He felt more virile than ever, like he could go fifteen more times. But he could see the drunken expression on Levi's face. An expression a man *would* have if he'd just had the most powerful human orgasm ever. And so, with some impressive acting skills, Noah decided he'd play along, just to make his

boyfriend happy, as he lazily crept across his body and nestled in his armpit, uncontrollably grinning. They laid there for a while as Noah gently kissed Levi's chest through his shirt, before he finally spoke up.

"So, how's being a skater boy feel?" The question lingered for a half second longer than it should have, but thoughts seemed to collect in Noah's head finally. *He was completely fine with all of the changes and the idea of Noah changing him.*

"Dude... I don't know how I got by before, y'know?" Levi asked, still a little breathless, "I feel so much, uh, freer. I don't know if that's a word." he chuckled a little, "I can go where I want, do what I want. I don't have to like... do the daily grind. I just want to enjoy life as it is, y'know?" he asked, rubbing his hand up and down Noah's side, "And I want to enjoy life with you."

Noah felt that same fuzzy feeling once more, that feeling of true happiness and love. He didn't want it to go away. Ever. He nestled in more to Levi's body, cuddling him tightly. He loved this boy, changes or no changes. And so, he decided to be honest. He explained everything. His family's powers, that they had gone back generations, and that they were simply a small subset that had moved to America. He explained how his hunger worked, how he needed cum to subsist, and how right now was the first time he hadn't felt hungry since he first went through puberty. He explained how their transformative powers were of intimacy, and that their primary purpose was to be able to create partners who could provide for them the most efficiently.

"...Only... there's no set rule as to what that looks like. So our powers are essentially limitless. There's no real rhyme or reason as to why being a skater boy makes you more suited to providing for me. But fuck, does it make you the perfect man..." He paused for another moment, sighing happily before continuing. "But don't for one moment think that I'm just using you as a cum dispenser so I'm not hungry. I.. I love you Levi. I want to be with you. I want to make you the perfect man, whatever that looks like, and to be the perfect man for you. I know we're kinda there already, but.. Wanna be boyfriends?"

"Bro, I thought we already were..." Levi chuckled, "At least I'd been thinking that since we kissed. I'd love to be your boyfriend *and* your cum dispenser. Sounds kinda hot actually. You *need* me and my big dong." He grinned, sticking out his tongue a little playfully. Noah beamed at this little boyish display.

"Fuck, you're so hot..." he said, bringing his lips up to Levi's, losing any semblance of having lost his energy with the orgasm. Levi's soft pouty lips once again pressed against his boyfriend's, like a yin and yang, the perfect harmony. In between kisses, Noah muttered "I've got half a mind to turn up your skaterishness... it's just... *fuck*..."

"I won't stop ya if you wanna take it from street level to extreme games." Levi grinned, grinding his hips against his boyfriend's a little as they embraced, "Gotta feed the beast, right?" he licked his lips. Noah felt like crying. This man was just too perfect. Hot, beautiful, in love with him, and completely willing to transform in any way he wanted. He couldn't ask for anything else. Well, perhaps one thing... Well, maybe a list. A wish list? They would figure it out in time. That was the thing about hunger, even when it was satiated, it had a way of coming back.