

## The Beast Within I

Written by KZ3

He tossed and turned all night as the moonlight's radiating glow shined down from his window, onto his bed where he laid, glowing at upon the scar on his left shoulder that he'd received from the attack last month. His body moved as if he were awake but in reality he was far into a deep slumber, dreaming lucidly, unaware of the changes being made to his body. He had long since kicked the covers off of himself, but his body still remained in a state of warmth. He groaned as his member was at full attention, tenting in his pants, poking against the fabric and forming a wet dot at the top as if it demanded freedom. He gritted his teeth as the changes began; Coarse chestnut colored hair sprouting across his arms, his nails elongating and hardening into white claws and the tips of his fingers, toes, palms, and soles pushed out into thick and leathery black paw pads. His socks stood no chance against the lupine features and immediately were torn to shreds.

His hands became harder to move as his thumb shrank back wards while the hands themselves elongated into the paws of a wolf. His hair grew back, against the pillow, and kept on growing until it was more like a mane than actual hair. These changes all went unnoticed until the warmth reached his groin. He turned his head on his pillow and moaned, unable to adjust the waistline of his briefs as he was still caught in his dream of pleasure. His manhood began to grow in size and girth, it pressed hard against the fabric of the briefs which created more pleasurable friction. He gritted his teeth as a big and sticky round dot formed along the front of his boxers. The scent of his natural musk filled his nostrils as his face pushed outwards into a muzzle and his nose darkened, becoming ultra sensitive.

The smell of his own spooge sent his mind into a state of lust and ecstasy. His long canine tongue flopped out the side of his muzzle and he began to pant and moan in pleasure as his manhood began to throb inside of his briefs, still pushing up against the thin fabric. He could feel his balls buzzing, churning with newfound lycan semen and they began to grow in size, pressing up against the fabric as well as they became coated in the same chestnut colored fur. He could only moan and squirm as a gigantic wolf tail immediately ripped out the back of his boxers and landed on the bed.

Instinctively, unaware of what he was doing, his paw ran along the tip of leaking cock in a desperate attempt for release. The briefs, now soaked and saturated with werewolf pre, could no longer take anymore and gave away to the growing member. Immediately his cock began to grow more and he moaned in ecstasy as it leaked his semen down along the shaft and onto his balls. He panted louder in what looked to be the start of an orgasm but instead his throbbing cock flexed hard and made a crackling noise, the sound as if you were moving through something sticky, as the tip began to

become pointed and red and the base of his shaft swelled outwards to become a large canine knot.

Drunk with lust, he moaned with ever so light panting- even letting out a few canine whimpers for with every passing second- and the intensity of the pleasure increased. Finally the transformation finished and the new werewolf panted heavily in ecstasy. He panted louder and louder, his head tossing and turning on the pillow and he gritted his teeth; his cocked throbbed and leaked warm and sticky spooge onto his stomach fur. He moaned as if to say something a few times before finally tilting his head back into his pillow and unleashing a thunderous, "AWWROOOOOOOO!" In his howling he released a shot of warm ropey werewolf cum across himself, onto his snout, and onto the pillow behind him. Immediately after, he released another, and another, the whole time being asleep and in a pure state of bliss and sexual stupor.

The scent of his own musk filled the room and he released one last load onto himself before panting in recuperation from his incredible climax. His long canine tongue licked up whatever mess he made across his muzzle and he laid there, finally relaxed as slumber finally came to the newly turned lycan. It wouldn't be until morning, after he changed back and awoke, he'd wonder what the hell happened last night and what all this mess was."