

## **I'll Melt by the Moon**

written by Kzmaster

“Q, What do you know about werewolves?” The athletic teenager’s light voice rang out from across the cafeteria table as he set his tray down and glared at his friend with the look of curiosity all over his face

“Nice to see you too Scott.” The heavyset dark skinned teen greeted, completely bewildered by the sudden and bizarre question. He shifted awkwardly in his seat and looked around the bustling cafeteria to make sure that no one else had heard.

“No really, what do you know about them?” Scott asked again, this time more stern.

“They don’t exist.” Q immediately rebutted and went about picking the vestiges of whatever food was left on his tray, “Why do we still get the same portion sizes since kindergarten?”

“Don’t change the subject.” Scott frowned, “Come on, stop being facetious for just one moment and help me out.”

“Is this for another story you’re writing? Not all of us can be writers like you you know.”

“No.” The answer caught Q by surprise, which gave Scott an opportunity to speak again, “It’ll explain later.”

“Oookay?” Q’s confused face didn’t change as he started to answer, “Aren’t werewolves people who turn into like, wolf things every full moon?”

“Yeah, who doesn’t know that? I mean, metaphorically speaking, can you be one without actually being bitten?”

“....” Q simply stared at Scott as if he’d lost his mind.

“Oh don’t look so addled, I’m serious here.” He stated.

“I mean..” Q shook his head, “Yeah, if they existed, which they don’t, and even if they did, which they don’t, you wouldn’t be one.” He looked down, “Are you gonna’ eat your food?”

“How would you know?” A grin came across his face as he slid his tray over.

“Because I’ve been friends with you since the first grade when we set Ms. Nicks’ hair on fire and this is the first time you’ve mentioned it.”

Scott couldn’t help but laugh, “Is that honestly how you remember that?”

“Look all I know is, she never wore that wig again.” The two of them laughed for a moment before Scott chimed back in.

“No, but really, how would you know?” He asks as his face that was reflecting upon a funny sentiment shot back to its stern and curious demeanor.

“What do you want me to say? You’re smart; you have a 3.5 GPA, figure it out.”

“3.8 but who’s counting?” Scott shrugs.

“Is this for GSA? Yall’ doing some Halloween themed party this year?”

“Nope.”

“Is this for your foreign language club? Your birthday next month? I mean, I know you’re a fan of Teen Wolf but come on man.”

“J’aime Tyler Posey, il fait chaud, but no. None of those.” Scott jokes.

“I don’t even know what you said...what is this really about then?”

Scott paused for a moment with the look of contemplation before taking a deep breath, “Okay, so remember last month when I went home sick?”

“That’s a nice way of saying you barfed on Ashley’s face, yeah.”

“Bitch deserved it, anyway that night I sort of...blacked out, I guess.”

“Mmhmm, and did you wake up in the forest naked and covered in blood, did you howl at the moon?”

“No, I woke up in the hospital, how do you feel?”

“.....Go on....”

“Anyways the doctors *said* it was the result of dehydration and fever, but I don’t remember a fever making your bones ache and for you to sprout hair on your back, nor do I remember one ever going away so quickly the very next day.”

“So you recovered from being sick fast, you were in a hospital. That’s usually how it works.” Q rebutted immediately.

“Ah my condescending friend, that’s exactly what I first thought. That was until the dreams started occurring three weeks ago.”

“Mmhmm and these dreams being?”

“Odd stuff, events where you’re someplace but you’re not really yourself, you’re something else entirely.”

“Like a wolf?” Q asked unimpressed.

“Yeah, and lately I can’t get to sleep. I keep feeling restless whenever I see the moon; amped up like everyone at the football games or like I was about to do my race at a swim meet.”

“Wow, so in the last three minutes you’ve told me you got sick, blacked out, had lucid dreams about being a wolf and that you haven’t slept since what? Tuesday? I don’t see how that makes you a werewolf, but I’m seeing how it makes you crazy.” He looks around again, catching himself before he spoke too loudly and attracted unwanted attention.

“Did you know I was adopted?” Scott asks as he takes back his tray from Q, who wasn’t eating.

“I think you told me one time, yeah; still doesn’t make you a werewolf, still doesn’t make you less crazy.”

“Well that’s where you’d be incorrect cause that’s where I put two and two together. I blacked out last month because my body was preparing to change, like a pre-transition, ‘babyfur’ is what I’ve resided to calling it.”

“Babyfur?”

“For lack of better wording, yes; to get the host ready for the transformation the next month, that next month being tonight.”

“Scott just stop. You’ve either been watching too much TV, Netflix, Hulu whatever, or you’re the best troll I’ve ever met, but there is absolutely in no way, shape, or form that werewolves exist. It don’t even make since.” Q’s voice elevated a bit and now he was getting a few awkward stares. He lowered it embarrassed, “And why don’t you just google it if you want answers? If you’re a werewolf why don’t you have like, superhearing and smelling and stuff?”

“I did google it, that’s why I’m here. I think I’m going to change tonight and I don’t think my sense are matured yet.” He says as if nothing was out of the ordinary. “Want to come over?”

“Okay, hi, I may or may not be a werewolf, want to come over the night I change? Fuck no.” Q shook his head and laughed, “Even if you were, which again, you’re not, I’m pretty sure I don’t want to be anywhere near you when you start sprouting hair and shit.”

“Oh come on, my parents are going out of the house for the weekend and you can be the first to see it.” Scott says eagerly. “Think about it, human to wolf, how awesome is that?”

“That’s fucking stupid.”

“On the contrary.” He grinned.

“This is a stupid conversation, my gay best friend is not a werewolf, end of whatever story he’s trying to write.” Q got more awkward looks but this time, fed up with them, glared right back mockingly.

“Do you think it hurts?”

“What?” Q raised his eyebrow as he turned back.

“The transformation; in the movies it hurts but what if it doesn’t.” Scott began to observe his arms like he’d seen them for the first time. “Everything changes,” He states and looks down at his jeans,

“*Everything.*” He shudders at the thought.

“Yeah man, all your bones breaking won’t hurt at all.” He rolls his eyes and takes the tray back.

“Not what I meant...Maybe I should invite Peter.”

“Why? So you two can make a Peter and the Wolf story?”

“Love story maybe.” Scott looked away, hiding his grin, “But sadly, he’s out of town for the weekend as well.” He sighs.

“Is that what this was really about?”

“Nope.” He chuckled, “Just a missed bonus.”

“Alright enough, you know what? Only because I want to see the look on your face when you realize how dumb you sound, I’ll make a bet with you.”

This got Scott’s attention as he turned to his contemporary playfully, “Go on.”

“Since I know I’ll win, I’m going to make this work for me.” Q reinstated, “If somehow you *actually* change tonight, fur and all, then you have to come to my house, in that form. But if you’re a no show, or I don’t hear of some *animal attack* on the news, then you lose. I bet you one hundre-no, two hundred dollars that you’re a no show and the loser has to tweet about how smart and correct the other person was on twitter.”

“You’re only giving me two hundred bucks for changing species? Go four hundred.” Scott grinned.

“Four hundred dollars!? You ain’t got that kind of money.”

“Don’t need to when I know I won’t lose.” He shrugged.

“Are you serious?” Q said amazed.

Scott answered by putting his hand out, a symbol that he agreed to the terms. “I already did the research, I know I won’t be wrong.”

“You are out of your mind.” Q laughed and shook his hand.

As if on queue, the bell that signaled the end of lunch echoed throughout the busy cafeteria and the two friends went their separate ways. For the latter half of the day, Scott couldn’t focus on any of his classwork as he pondered on the metamorphoses to come while doing a slight introspection. He anxiously fidgeted in his seat and spent most of the time looking out the window at the late summer’s warm afternoon weather, thinking about a future life as a lycan. More than anything he questioned what the transformation was going to be like: was it going to be excruciating and the worst thing he’d ever experience in his life, was it to be the exact opposite and be the most pleasurable experience, would he lose his mind entirely and turn into a bloodthirsty killer or would he stay in control the entire time, would he be in control of his transformations overtime or would he always be a victim to the full moons presence, and did it always have to be a full moon for him to transform? The uncertainty sent anxiety through his mind but within it was a since of eagerness that he wouldn’t have been able to explain if he were ever forced to. The longing to change into a different creature sent his mind racing with urges, which ended up making him pitch a noticeable tent in his jeans. Thankfully he was sitting down and in a desk so

no one took notice of his arousal, but he still shifted nervously as it jumped with excitement.

The minutes dragged on and on and soon Scott was beginning to think class would never end. It didn't help when half way through he received a text message from Q, '*Thinking about what I'm gonna spend the \$400 on, don't you even think about backing out either ;)*' Scott leaned back in his chair and let out a long sigh when his frustration over the time was finally greeted by the sound of the bell that signaled the end of the day and class for the week. Without a moments hesitation he quickly darted out of the room, much to everyone's surprise.

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Upon his arrival home he discovered his parents had already head out of town, leaving him a sincere note and a warning for him to not throw any house parties while they were away. He paced around the house, in relief that he was finally home but only for a moment after he made sure everything was clear. He grabbed the house phone and dialed in Peter's number and after the phone rang four times before he got a familiar singer's voice,

"Hey, it's me. Leave a message--"

"Not falling for that this time." Scott retorted.

After a brief pause the voice spoke again, "You're the only one that doesn't work on." Scott could hear him laughing on the other side.

"How was the trip down?"

"About as good as you could expect a five hour lay over to be. Ah, the peach state, home of the best music, the new Hollywood, and the worst traffic in the world." He sighs, "I'm sure your day at school was much more entertaining than my 'being next to a snoring old lady in the airport all day'."

"Not by much unfortunately, kind of zoned out the last half of it." He paused for a moment, "But there was one thing I wanted to ask you, are you doing anything now?"

"Uh, no not right now. Just in my hotel room while my parents argue about what restaurant they want to go to on the other side. They're thinking between 'The Tiny Bistro' or 'The Capital Grill'. At 'The Capital Grill' there's a surprise in every dessert dish; spoiler alert, it's diabetes. What'd you want to ask?" Scott paused again as he tried to figure out how to word the question, "If, metaphorically, something happened to me, say tonight, that turned me into something else, would you still love me?"

"Is this about the time you and Quincy set my mom's hair on fire?" Peter asked.

"What? No."

"Oh, well then, yeah, I don't see why not. Are you hinting at something here?" He playfully asked.

"Uh." He wasn't sure how to answer that, nor was he sure Peter was taking the question seriously.

"Is this one of those cheesy swimmer love quotes like, 'I may break records but I'll never break your heart?'"

"Cheesy, yet effective, but no. I know something is going to happen tonight but I just don't know how it's going to end." There's a brief pause, which began to make Scott worried that he might have said the wrong thing as he made his way up the stairs towards his room.

"Is something going on?" Peter's voice grew with concern.

"You wouldn't believe me if I just told you so if everything goes okay I might be able to show you. Can you get on Livestream tonight around *8ish*? 10 for you." He says closing the bedroom door behind him.

"Of course. At this rate I don't think we'll be going to dinner until breakfast anyways." He jokes.

“Thanks Pete.” He sighs in relief. Knowing he’d have Peter there through the transition eased his anxious mind a bit, “I miss you.”

“Aw, I miss you too. But alas, the life of a singer calls me away. I’ll be back Sunday night.”

“Sunday night? What am I supposed to do all Sunday day?”

“Pray the gay away.”

“Oh har har.” Scott chuckled, “What am I supposed to do right now then? Boyfriend’s all alone with a hotel room to himself...complete privacy...”

“Okay Scott, I know what you’re trying to do-“

“Must be so hard not to see what naughty things he can do.” He says as he sits down on the bed, rubbing the tip of the tent that was beginning to form in his jeans as he slowly undid his zipper.

“Now wait a minute, I can’t do this with my parents in the next-“

“So hard...” He repeats.

“I’ve got ten minutes.” Peter said and Scott could hear a door closing, presumably the hotel bathroom door.

“Perfect.”

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The next few hours flew by as Scott did everything he could to try and prepare for the transformation. He hadn’t been hungry all day, which was another sign of the impending metamorphosis quite literally beyond the horizon. Unsure of how hungry he’d be, he began to cook whatever food they had. He set up his webcam and tested it to make sure that it had the perfect angle and so that the recording would be completely private as the last thing he wanted was for the video to be placed all over the web. That was when he realized the benefit of the doubt with technology served in his favor; the funny thing with werewolves being such an unbelievable concept was that even if you were to give someone hard evidence, such as a whole video recording, they would never believe and consider it to just be good special effects.

Around 7:30, before he hopped in the shower, his phone buzzed with another text message from Q, ‘Hey, when you come to your senses and realize you’re not going to be covered in fur, we should hang out. League of Legends is calling, maybe you can play as Warwick if that makes you feel better. Ha.’ Scott chuckled and replied, ‘Oh I’ll be there alright, I’ll just be a bit different looking ;)’

While the water cascaded down his body, he put a hand on the shower wall and looked down, letting the water run through his hair as he contemplated the events to come once again. It was strange; here he was now, human, but after the next forty minutes he’d be wolf. His heart beat excitedly but his legs shook with a bit of fear; what if he lost himself and accidentally ended up hurting, or even worse, killed someone? What if it changed who he was as a person and made him more cold and aggressive like an animal? He sighed again at the uncertainty and took a deep breath to regain his composure as he tried to focus on the things he did know. Being adopted; whoever his real parents were, they left him with the gene and whether it was a gift or a curse was yet to be determined. Questions he knew he wouldn’t get the answers to for some time surface in his mind: who were they, how’d they become werewolf, did they know he’d be a werewolf too and that’s why they put him up for adoption, were they killed for being werewolves? The more he thought about it the more questions arose and soon he found himself muddled by them. He

turned the nozzle off and stood for a moment with his heart beating quickly from nerves.

As he grabbed a towel and dried off he looked at himself in the bathroom mirror, staring at his reflection for a moment before taking a deep breath; trying to engrain the fact that he was a human into his head incase he'd lose himself in the transformation. Exiting the bathroom and looking at the time on his phone, 7:53, he proceeded down the hall and into his room, which he'd taken the liberties of hiding all of his valuables and mementos incase he went into a feral rage and destroyed everything in sight. It was strange, hiding things as if somehow you'd specifically go look for and destroy them just to spite yourself. Everything except the items nailed to the wall were taken down and his room had never looked so bare; the feeling of unfamiliarity only added to his sense of anxiety. He proceeded to put his boxers on, ones he didn't care much for since they'd probably be destroyed in the transition anyway, and he turned on his webcam to videochat.

Peter wasn't on just yet, so it gave him one final moment to reflect as he stared at the large full moon cascading its glow into his room like a florescent light bulb. He stared at it for a moment as he sat on his bed brooding over how the situation could take a turn for the worse quickly. It wasn't until Peter's familiar melody rang out in the room that a smile came across his face, "Hey, it's me."

Scott quickly got up and went over to the monitor, "Hey, you made it."

"Of course, you doubt my punctuality? Like I'd miss you in those briefs." He joked but noticed something was wrong immediately as Scott was too conflicted to react. "Hey, what's been eating you?"

Those words seemed to be ironic as he thought very soon he may be the one eating someone, "There's no way for me to tell you this without me sounding crazy but I discovered recently that I'm a werewolf."

The pause that came made Scott tense before Peter let out a laugh, "A werewolf? When did this happen?"

"Last month, it's a long story." Scott sighed, there was truly no way of telling someone and having them believe you, "I wanted you here because...well..."

"You're scared." Peter stated.

"...More like trepidation..." He didn't know what else to say as he sat down on the edge of his bed, he knew Peter probably thought he was insane.

"Oh, I wish I could be there to give you a big hug." Scott couldn't help but smile at this, "This is actually really adorable, you invited me to your *first change* because you were afraid."

"Well, yeah, I don't want to turn into some psycho wolf..." Scott said as he looked at the moon again as if he were checking to see if it were doing anything strange.

"Heh, well hey, I'm open minded to anything and I'm glad it's this over the other thing I thought it was."

"And that was?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Hardcore drugs with friends or something."

"What?" Scott laughed, soothing his nerves a little.

"Well when you said, 'turn into something else' I didn't think you meant literally." He chuckled at first but then went back to a more serious yet soothing tone, "Hey, to answer your earlier question more appropriately; as bizarre as it may seem it's actually very nice of you to trust me enough to be here and whether you change or not won't change the way I feel about you. I'll be by with you whether you're on four legs or two, though I prefer two." He smiles.

Scott smiled as warmth came over him, not from any biological changes, but the feeling from the feeling of being loved. "Thanks Pete."

“And besides, you in those briefs is a serious turn on werewolf or not, and since *my* parents are asleep in the other room, you stay right there while I go get out of these designer, don’t know how to fashion comfortable material, clothes and put on something a bit more suitable so we can talk. Brb.” He winks and gets up from his chair, leaving the screen for a moment before returning back quickly for a moment, “You’re not changing right now are you?” He jokes.

“Not yet.”

“Good, stay that way till I get back.” He smiles and walks off of the monitors view.

With a sigh of relief he laid back on his bed with his hands behind his head while letting his toes playfully poke at the edge of the wooden bedframe in rhythm as he thought to himself of how much easier Peter made the situation seem. The anxiety he had about the worst possible outcomes seemed to be suppressed with the satisfaction of knowing he had Peter’s reassurance. Though he still didn’t believe, it was nice just to have him here for it. For the first time all day, he relaxed.

It was after a brief moment of being in that relaxed state that he felt a strong jolt shoot throughout his body, making it convulse involuntarily. Literally shaken out of his train of thought, he looked around for a moment, startled, before another surge shot through him, forcing him back down to his bed as his muscles began to feel like tight clothing was constricting them. He let out a sudden yelp as his entire body began to have minor spasms and cramps, forcing teeth to clench shut and his toes to curl. It wasn’t until a few seconds after the cramps had started that he realized that the change was happening and his heart raced quickly as his mind filled with panic. He’d been anticipating the transition with fascination all day but to actually have it happening now put him in a foreboding mind frame because in the first ten seconds he was already in pain.

“Pet-Peter!” He yelled in alarm at his monitor, praying that he heard him. After a second with no answer he tried to yell his name again but instead let out a grunt of pain as he heard small popping emitting from his shoulders. It sounded as if his bones were creaking by themselves and his breathing began to quicken from his panicked state. His heart was beating quickly enough to raise his temperature; not only speeding up the metamorphosis but it also started to make him sweat. Finding himself unable to move as if he were locked into place by his own transforming muscle structure, all he could do was watch as the shadow of the moonlight that cascaded across his the ends of his muscles seemed to ever so slowly increase. He would have never noticed it if he hadn’t been looking right at them, but his muscles were beginning to very slowly increase in size as they tightened and cramped before relaxing for a moment to repeat the process.

He groaned as the feeling of having his muscles tighten and relax involuntarily sent jolts of pleasure through his mind and though he tried to channel the thoughts out, to keep a clear and relaxed mind, he couldn’t help but eventually give in and subsequently watch in both shock as his boxers slowly rose upwards, forcing the fabric to stretch a bit. His toes curled in response and pressed against the frame of his bed, unknown to him that they were already a few centimeters above from where they were twenty seconds ago. “Ou...” He moaned as his body began to have an inner conflict with both pain and pleasure and as a result it wasn’t long before he had a full on erection pushing against the fabric of his briefs in defiance.

“Ah!” He yelped as a loud crunch was heard from behind him, which in turn made his cock flex in excitement. He fidgeted briefly, breathing heavier and another loud crunch radiated from his spine. The top soles of his feet pressed against the bed’s framing and began to crackle loudly, twitching involuntarily every other second. Scott turned his head as his body convulsed again in a pleasant heat and pain and every moment that passed he found it harder and harder to concentrate on anything other than what he was feeling. His mind couldn’t discern whether he should be alarmed from the pain or in a euphoric state from the pleasure, which in turn mixed the two into a sensation that nearly doubled the intensity of each. “Oh...oh god.” He grunted and shut his eyes as he felt his arms moving across the comforter of his bed. His stiff muscles cramped as they bulged and swelled outwards while leaving his natural scent across them; a scent that was beginning to fill his nostrils as his nose began to emit a loud crunch as if someone were crunching potato chips right in front of him. He stared wide-eyed in awe as it lurched outwards because with every millimeter of growth his sense of smell was enhanced dramatically, and soon he was getting whiffs of the pre forming on the tip of his boxers, which in turn just created more pre from his excitement as if it were a constant cycle of lust.

“Peter...” He grunted in a voice that was already deeper and raspy as his ears stretched and grew along the cotton of his pillowcase that was beginning to sink further towards the mattress because of his increased weight. A sharp ringing pierced his eardrums, completely muffling the sounds of his cracking bones. At this point he was breathing heavily and as his heart rate increased further to keep up with his growing size. His skin shined from the moon’s light as his body sweated, filling his nose with his musk, still fresh from the shower he’d taken.

Though he was unable to hear it, his bed began to creak loudly from his sudden increase in weight and it wasn’t until his head began to press against the back of his bedframe that he realized how large he was getting. His feet, now a whole three inches longer, pressed hard against the wood, causing it to creak under the amount of force exerted against it. “Ouuu.” He moaned as he felt his face began to tighten and though he could technically be considered deaf since his ear drums were still transforming, he could still hear the loud pop come from the inside of his skull as his face lurched outwards a little, not only increasing his sense of smell further to the point where he could smell the food from downstairs, but it was also beginning to erase his human appearance.

As he shut his eyes once again, becoming lost in his sense of smell and in his own pleasure as his cock leaked pre down his shaft on onto his thigh, he forced his arms to move downwards, unable to resist the urge any longer, and pull his boxers down, smearing the pre across its fabric and freeing his throbbing member from its bonds. Only going off the impulse from the sensations, he moaned as he brought one transforming hand to his cock and began to stroke slowly up and down. His whole body felt like it was very fatigued as if he’d done an extreme workout the day before, but this didn’t inhibit his movement as he slowly began to masturbate to the sensations. The wood cracked very loudly, though he still couldn’t hear it, and his body felt the pain of constriction once more as he was growing against the bed’s wooden frames. In a desperate attempt for relief from the constriction, he moved one large foot and placed it on top of the bed’s frame, allowing it to grow freely, however his entire body cramped once again, causing his toes to curl as his other large foot, now swelling at the toe mounds over the wooden frame, pressed



very hard into it.

It was in this cramping the he let out a bestial groan as hair follicles began to sprout along his chest and down his sternum, meeting with his 'happy trail'. The sensation from the hair growth could be described as a pleasant pain as his Eccrine sweat glands, that had been actively working to cool him off, were shut down and were replaced with Apocrine sweat glands, which did next to nothing for him in this situation but make his fur slightly damp. As his body temperature increased as a result, he groaned as he felt the tips of his toes tingling with pins and needles as if that part of the skin had fallen asleep. He splayed his toes but only assisted in helping them transform because immediately after, his nails began to push away like they were trying to escape from their proper place. Some split directly in half, which caused him to give another bestial groan as golden yellow, razor sharp claws slowly sprouted from underneath and dug into the wood of the bedframe. His foot slowly pushed upwards from the breaking wood as he felt the same 'pins and needles' feeling on the tops of his soles and the tips of his toes as they swelled outwards into a thick and sandpaper like texture while forming new Eccrine sweat glands. His foot, not yet a paw but dampened with sweat, slid upwards and stopped at its arches as his toes curled for dear life. The wood began to crack and it splintered in quick sequence; no longer able to contain his growth.

As he stroked his throbbing cock in sheer bliss, thick gray fur began to grow in different spots on his sweaty, large, and muscular body as more of his warm pre ran down the thick shaft and over his hand. His breaths were becoming heavier and with every exhalation he gave a low growl like a beast lost on in his own lust because his lungs were now inadequate to properly support his growing structure. He groaned loudly when the cracking of his bones got louder and soon his hand cramped violently, causing it to release its grip on his shaft and splay its fingers outwards with his pre in a gooey white strand between his fingers as they elongated. He stared with a hazy and blurred vision as his eyesight began to shift; he couldn't witness the large yellow claws shoot through his nails quickly, but he sure felt it as he blurted out a mix of a roar and a yell. His knuckles cracked and snapped with new tendons crawling through, causing his fingers to move in painfully awkward ways before going back in unison. He gripped his other fur covered hand into the comforter as a way to brace the pain and pleasure the sensations brought, but instead found himself destroying that section of the bed as his claws shredded through the fabric of the entire mattress when that hand transformed as well.

His cock flexed once again, forcing him to moan deeply as his sense of smell enhanced dramatically when the same Eccrine sweat glands filled the inner nerves of his nose, giving it a dark and wet appearance, as well as a thick texture. He could smell not only everything in the house, but everything he'd done today; the smell of the shower, his new pawpads and natural musk, the food downstairs, and even the residue left from he and Peter's last session hours earlier. It sent him over the edge and his pelvis jerked upwards, rising off the mattress as he let out a mix of a yell and a roar with his cock throbbing vehemently while his feet pushed against the bed frame so hard that the wood broke in two, sending it crashing into the ground. His cock emitted a faint crackling sound as its inner muscle structure began to transform and the veins in them began to visibly shift. He was so overcome by the sensations that he didn't stop growling through his clenched teeth that had subtly sharpened into fangs throughout the transition, and he gripped the mattress for dear life as the baculum bone began to grow inside his stiff and leaking cock, causing it to slowly grow in size as well as become tapered at its throbbing tip, forming a point similar to a canids. All

the while his cock leaked profusely as it spurted out whatever vestige of his old self was left in his growing sac as his large testicles churned and buzzed with newfound wolf cum. His muscles cramped violently as the new testosterone that flooded his body saturated it with muscle and the weight from the increase caused the rest of his bed frame to collapse on itself, flooring the mattress and cracking the floor. His cock swelled at the end of his shaft, causing him to fidget again as it formed the bulbis gland found in all canines, the knot.

The transformation sped up exponentially as a sea of gray fur began to cover his hulking figure; his hands now containing the traits of a paw, his feet much more beast like, a size and muscle structure that was impossible for any human to achieve, and his face was completely covered in fur with a dark and wet nose with long and pointy ears. He was now much more of a beast than he was a teenage boy, but he couldn't have been more oblivious to his new form as he put his handpaw back on his large canine-like shaft and let his tongue, gradually gaining length by the second, hang out as his mind flooded with new and primal instincts. The base of his spine crunched loudly as it lengthened against the mattress, causing the forming muscles to cramp, but he paid no heed because the pain no longer bothered him; his threshold for it had skyrocketed up and now it only pleased him.

He let out a deep and low moan that radiated across his room with vibrations as his chest slowly expanded outwards allowing his lungs to increase in size and give him the oxygen he needed. As he inhaled his ears continued their growth into long and large points that sat on each side of his head, though he still wasn't able to hear yet. He opened his lupine eyes for the first time and was shocked by how much clearer he could see in the dark as new cones and light rods had formed in them, but his discovery was short lived as his canine-like member stared back at him, oozing with a hot desire for release. The paws he now possessed affected his grip; they were meant for running, climbing, and hunting, not grabbing things for pleasure and they weren't doing much for him. His lust made him very desperate and he growled with nothing on his mind other than release.

He reached downwards, holding his cock forward with one paw and slowly moving his face towards it. His spinal column had changed to allow him to walk on all fours and on twos with ease, giving him lots of flexibility, however his face was just out of reach from his tip and he growled in frustration. As if on queue his face shot outwards and he roared from the pain, which caused his large member to jump and thumb his fur covered abs, smearing them in pre. He growled as his face finished pushing itself into a muzzle with loud crunches and cracking filling the room. It wasn't long before his muzzle finished growing and he ran his tongue along his sharpened canine teeth. With a growl of satisfaction he bent back over, grabbing his leaking cock with his paw and began to lap at its pre covered tip with his warm and longue werewolf tongue. His body quivered at the sensation that shot through him after the first lick, and soon he found that he couldn't stop.

Slowly, he lapped up and down the shaft of his large wolf cock, licking up his own warm spooge. The experience shot him into a drunken lustful state, so caught up in the feeling that his thoughts were cut down to wanting nothing more than to achieve satisfaction. As he licked the tip of his leaking cock, he pawed and caressed his fur covered ball sac and with every deep exhalation came a soft moan, causing his ears to perk downwards in tremendous pleasure. His cock throbbed against the texture of his tongue and

soon he found himself lusting for even more. He put his hand paws behind him and rolled onto his back, bringing his large hindpaws up in the air and having his tail droop down his back, upsidedown. The mattress was nearly flat since the foam couldn't handle his immense weight all in one spot, but it didn't heed him as he let his large wolf cock enter his muzzle. He let his tongue lick along his thick shaft as he bobbed up and down. The incredible pleasure nearly made his golden eyes roll back as he sucked his own cock, having it flex and throb multiple times in the process. The pleasing sensations were so intense that he gripped back onto the mattress with his claws and ended up tearing right through it again. After awhile his body tensed and though he shut his eyes tight, looking like he was in a feral rage, it was actually waves of extreme pleasure surging throughout his body, overloading his mind and putting it in a state where no thoughts were being processed, only feelings as he reached his climax. His paws shook as his cock flexed sharply, forcing him to utter out a deep and loud muffled moan, as he unleashed his big load of hot werewolf seed into his muzzle like a geyser spurting out warm and milky fluid. His muzzle filled up quickly and he accidentally let some of his spunk escape his mouth and run down the side of his fur before dripping onto the floor as he launched another wad of wolf cream into himself, savoring every second of the sheer bliss the ran through his body. Load after load he spurted out his splooge until the vestiges of his orgasm were all that were left as he lapped away at his cock.

He brought his hindpaws down to the floor, accidentally letting the claws rip through the wood, and breathed heavily from the incredible orgasm he just endured while staring up at the ceiling. He finally began to regain more control of himself as he came back to his senses and his ears finally began to feel unclogged. It wasn't long before he could hear more than he expected to; including everything from the outside, the sounds of his own inner workings, the sound of Peter gawking wide-eyed at the screen with his mouth covered by his hand, utterly stunned.

Scott's golden eyes quickly shot open at the realization and he sat up immediately with his claws accidentally snagging apart of the mattress, tearing a whole chunk of it off. "RAargh rer-" He clamped his muzzle shut immediately, nearly clawing himself in the process before he looked his paws over in shock and then down at his member that still stood above his sheath. Embarrassed he quickly reached back for a pillow to cover himself but, unused to his supernatural strength or the size of his new body, accidentally flung it through the window. Frantically he pulled the covers over his legs but the entire comforter flew to the other side of the room after it ripped away from his sharp claws. Desperately he grabbed his boxers that had fallen off when his tail grew, and tucked it over his crotch. He stared back at the monitor with a fearful expression, more concerned over Peter than he was with his own state of being as he finally came to. The awkward silence that followed seemed to last an eternity for Scott and he was nearly about to decide to turn the webcam off before Peter finally spoke.

"S-Scott?" Peter questioned, with his awed expression unchanging.

His ears lowered from the look he was getting, Peter seemed terrified. "Scott?" He asked more sternly.

"Rargh re." He gave a confused look as to why the heck mangled words were coming out of his muzzle.

"Reurgh ruahg." He stopped himself frustrated as he remembered reading about how canines had ten more teeth than humans. Talking in this form would take some practice. He thought quickly on how he was supposed to communicate when he realized an obvious solution. He slowly moved to the keyboard, on two's at first before he immediately fell onto all fours, and even then he stumbled over his own paws on his way there. When he got to the keyboard he still had the images of destroying everything he touched

fresh in his mind and looking behind him, a series of claw marks into the wooden floor was also a reminder. Carefully he took one claw and slowly typed out what he was trying to say, 'It's me.'

"Holy crap you can still type! He stares wide eyed. "Wow, what did I just see!?" He looks away and then looks back at four times and then smacks himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

'How much of that did you see?' Scott typed with his ears still perked down.

"I got back right around the time when you started to jerk off..." Peter stated candidly. "This is unbelievable, I can't even..." Peter shook his head, "I'm sitting here talking to my werewolf boyfriend over a webcam. Seriously, are you okay? You're not going to go all psycho wolf are you?"

Scott looked himself over, he hadn't gotten the opportunity to reflect until now.

'Fine.' He slowly gained confidence to not accidentally destroy the keyboard the more he typed, 'I can control myself.' He wanted to say more but he didn't know how to type with more than one claw. All he could do was hope that Peter wouldn't become hysterical.

"So you're not going all American Werewolf in America and start killing people? Thank god." Peter breathed a huge sigh of relief as he put two fingers on his brow crease. It was in this time Scott thought of the perfect comeback as a way to show that he was still himself.

'Want me to?' He typed.

"No!" Peter immediately retorted which made Scott chuckle, but with his changed vocal chords it came out as a snarl which made Peter jump back startled. Scott saw and his ears perked back down. Peter took a deep breathe, "Okay, I'm sorry it's just..." He says as if he were recollecting himself.

'It's okay.' Scott typed, he was afraid this would happen. Was this going to be the deal breaker in their relationship, something completely out of his control? He thought about nights in the future; Peter being afraid to be near him, every full moon steering clear from communication, putting up a wall between them that, when spoken of, would only to argument. His heart sank at the harsh reality as he looked down despairingly.

"This is just the most amazing thing I've ever seen." Scott's ears perked up as he looked at Peter's giant smile come across his face, "You're amazing, I can't even put it into words right now."

A glimmer of light shined across the golden eyes as he typed quicker, 'You're not afraid?'

Peter's face looked confused for a moment as he scowled, "What? No, it's going to take some getting used to, but no I'm not afraid." He chuckled, "My mind's just blown right now, like holy cow, you're a werewolf."

Scott would have smiled if he could have but instead his muzzle gave a sort of wolfish grin that looked like a mix of a snarl and a pant.

"I don't mean to sound like one of those cheesy female actresses in every supernatural story ever, but I know you wouldn't hurt me. I mean you're tails even wagging for me for goodness sake."

Scott turned quick to check, he hadn't been able to feel his tail swishing back and forth, it felt completely natural.

"So cute." Peter added, "And mister wolf, I've got a lot of questions that demand answers."

Scott turned back grinning but was cut short as he doubled over in pain as his stomach growled loudly causing him to whimper for a moment.

"After you go and eat something. Preferably something not human." Peter joked.

Scott didn't hesitate for a moment as he rushed downstairs and began to devour everything he'd previously cooked, stumbling every once in awhile over his new boy and leaving a trail of clumsy

destruction behind him. He figured he'd fix everything before his parents would come home, so he didn't worry too much when he accidentally ripped the refrigerator door right off its hinges.

For the next hour, Scott recanted to Peter the tale of his discovery, typing it all, and while Peter asked many general questions like, 'What's it like being a werewolf right now?' there was never any problematic tension between the two. Although Peter wasn't quite yet used to Scott's appearance, (still tensing whenever he made a grunt or growl), he was comfortable enough to watch the grey werewolf 'explore' his new features. Eventually the two made a vow to find out who Scott's real parents were and they promised to keep it a secret between them, also with Q of course.

"Hey," Peter said as the two were finishing their conversation, "I'm really glad you're alright."

'The feeling's mutual...I hope I don't lose my mind in the future though.'

"I mean, its not like you won't be able to not change at will with enough practice, you'll do good."

'You'll do well.'

"Oh, look, even as a werewolf you're still a grammar Nazi." He smiles, "Again, thanks for inviting me to your 'first change'. It was a lot more than I was expecting. Sorry if I got...flustered, this is just the most amazing thing ever, I feel like this is a dream."

'It's alright, you can make it up to me Sunday.' He types.

"You horndog." He laughs, "Speaking of...what was it like? When you were sucking your own dick like that?" Scott laughed for a moment before Peter spoke again, "Okay, no," He tried to hold back his own laughter, "Every guy, straight, bi, and gay, has thought about being able to suck his own dick at least once at one point in his life."

'Autofellatio'

"Is that what it's called? Yeah, What'd it feel like?"

Scott shrugged as he tried to think of how to word the experience, 'Like Heaven' he typed.

"Ou," He laughed, "Well let me know when you're ready for your second coming."

'Booooo.'

"I know, I know, that was bad." Peter laughed and then sighed, "Good night Scott. I wish I could talk more but the Internet here cuts out at 12 for maintenance and I'm 2 hours ahead of you."

'It's aojk, lofve you.'

"What?" He asks bewildered.

'Stupid backspace is broke. Love you.'

"Love you." He smiles, "Think of me when you howl." He says and then signs off.

Scott couldn't help but chuckle at that as his tail still wagged happily. For learning that his boyfriend was a werewolf he handled the very well and it made him think that if Peter hadn't been there, would he be in control right now or would he be in a completely different mind frame? He also began wondering on ways he could keep this a secret, even from his parents, and how he and Peter would get the funding they needed so they could start searching for where his real parents might be when another familiar thought brought a wolfish grin across his muzzle. He walked on all fours over to the open window and stood on twos before putting one footpaw out and holding onto the window ceil as he climbed out and onto to the rooftop. The feeling of the night's cool air rushed through his fur as he closed his eyes and listened to the sound of nature and civilization, drinking in his surroundings. He looked at the moon as a feeling of exhilaration emerged inside of his chest; building with every heartbeat, every breath, every second he

realized that he could experience complete freedom. He inhaled deeply and raised his muzzle into the sky and let forth an exhilarating and thundering howl that announced his arrival into the night. He grinned happily, thinking to himself how he could get used to this lifestyle. He felt energized; the night was his to enjoy however he saw fit, but first he had one stop to make, and \$400 to collect, which would be more than enough to get them started on their search for his parents. Eager and full of confidence, he leaped from his roof onto all fours on the ground and dashed off into the night, free.

**EPILOUGE: Q32:** “[@ScottM](#) is the smartest guy in the entire school. I can learn SO much from him and I should listen next time he tells me something that’s completely unbelievable...#Can’tBelieveHeWasRight”