

Head pounding, Dave slowly opened his eyes, wanting to sleep in but unable to get back to rest through the ache of his overindulgence. It took him a few moments to recall exactly what it was that led him to this result, In trying so, Dave found it difficult to swim through the haze that had clouded his mind. Normally, he didn't partake of booze to this degree, though as best as he could recall, he had been absolutely wasted. It took him a bit of time to remember even why he had drunk so much out of turn. It had made some sense, after all, with finals coming up and most of Dave's grades not being where they could be. Not to mention his place on his team was precarious at best. Stressed as he was, Dave could hardly be faulted for a night of overindulgence.

Still, Dave felt guilty for his decadence, especially due to what it had prompted. There was nothing that could justify his resulting actions, nearly blackout drunk as he was or not. It started as a stupid enough dare, something bullshit that teams did in the confines of privacy with drink. A childish prank, the kind pulled as hazing and pledge stunts the world over. In this instance, they were to head to a local bar, one used by primarily gay patrons. And, then, well...it was homophobic, Dave had to admit. And, in his defense, he didn't really want to do it. He tried to protest the action, he really did. But peer pressure, especially while one was drinking, carried a certain amount of weight with it, and in the end, Dave really didn't have the capacity to come up with an argument against going out.

Worse was the teasing that came against his own sexuality, something that happened more than once in his life and something he lamented internally each and every time. Though he was hardly the only male in his time to be referred to with homophobic slurs, David was, in fact, closeted, at least unsure about his sexuality as much as he wasn't ready to explore the topic further. He did his best not to let the teasing bother him, at least outwardly, able to place on a mask with skill and practice. But it wasn't something he relished, not an action he wished to take too often lest it crushed what little self-esteem Dave felt he still possessed.

So, with a desire for praise and acceptance from his peers in mind, Dave found himself a little buzzed, nursing a drink in one hand and texting with the other to make sure his teammates knew of his every step. He was supposed to be looking for a single guy to flirt with, but Dave hardly had the confidence. Besides, his teammates weren't in the bar with him, anyway, so it would be impossible for them to know exactly what he was doing. There was always a chance that no one would come to see him, that he would fail by proxy and not have to deal with too much ire from his teammates-

"Hey, you doing OK? No need to be nervous, especially with as cute as you are," came an unfamiliar voice, and Dave looked up to see a rather nicely built man, clean-shaven with a straight-cut shirt, the color undistinguishable in the shifting lights from the establishment. Overall, he looked rather handsome, though it was hard to tell with Dave's sensibilities whether

he truly was into the man or it was simply aesthetics. Still, he was giving Dave the time of day, and it was Dave's job to...what, exactly?

“Ha! Oh yeah, I'm doing great! Come here all the time!” Dave said, laughing from his buzz but also the absurdity of the whole scenario. It was obvious he was lying to save face, and that such an outburst should have scared away any potential suitors. But, for some reason, the other man sat down, calling over the bartender to order himself another drink as Dave took a curious sip of his own.

“No worries if you don't, but would you mind some company? I'm sure if you come here all the time, you might be waiting for someone, but, if not, I wouldn't mind joining you...” the man said, paying for his mixed drink and taking a big swig. The man's confidence was staggering, enough so that Dave was taken aback by it. In his somewhat buzzed state, it was hard to know exactly what was happening or even how to respond.

“Y-yeah, I would love some...” Dave said the conviction in his tone lost as he struggled with the reality of the scenario. It wasn't that he didn't find the man attractive. And he was supposed to bring someone out with him if he could. Be it his twinkish, athletic looks or his more innocent facade, Dave was the one they chose for this particular 'assignment'. But, even though he didn't want to embarrass someone in the way his team wanted, there was something about the man that made him want to stay around if that was the right term.

“And, what kind of company are we talking? Answer honestly, I'll know,” the man said, sniffing the air a little bit. In the dim light of the bar, Dave could hardly tell if that was the right action he was witnessing. But, again, he wasn't too worried about it, enamored by the presence of the man and curious what about himself had brought the other man's attention. Dave wanted to ask, but that wasn't the question being posed to him at the moment, was it? He had no other recourse than to answer honestly, whether it be his own feelings, his mission, or something else he didn't fully understand.

“I wanna...it's my first time with a man...and I was hoping...” Dave said, the words coming out with relative ease. He wasn't sure what prompted him to be so forward, but once the words were out of his lips, there was no taking them back.

“Well, I don't usually do this either, but you're looking so lonely and more than a little cute, so I wouldn't say no if you want to head out of here,” the man offered, and Dave felt the alarm bells ringing through the buzz in his mind. Was this how interactions between guys at the bar usually went? Dave had no basis for comparison and didn't know what else to do but to go with the flow.

“Don’t worry. I get tested regularly, you aren’t going to catch anything from me. All I’m offering is some guilt-free fun for your first time. No pressure. But if that’s what you’re looking for, then I wouldn’t mind playing with you,” the man offered.

With that, Dave really couldn’t think of a good reason to say no. Finishing his drink in one gulp, Dave got up, wobbly more from trepidation rather than the booze itself. “I’ve never really done this myself...” Dave said, though the other man had his hand around Dave’s shoulder and was guiding him towards the door. “Don’t worry, I’m not going to take you home or anything. Just some fun in one of the back alleys I know. Nothing too extreme. Ever get head from a guy?” The other man said, lower in tone so that other patrons wouldn’t overhear anything unsavory.

“Y-yeah. No, I mean, I don’t usually do this...I wouldn’t mind...I wanna go down on...” Dave said before getting shushed by his new beau. Dave felt a modicum of embarrassment at that, realizing that he had been far too loud and not wanting to make a scene.

Taking his hand, the mystery man led Dave through the door, outside into the warm evening, and through some back alleys towards their end goal. Dave had no clue where they were going and no way to text his teammates to follow. Surely, he couldn’t want to go through with this for personal reasons. But, the sudden ache in his crotch, even through the booze, told him a different story, one that he didn’t want to cope with now, but one that was creeping ever closer and closer.

The next few minutes passed as almost a blur as the man stopped, regarding Dave for a few moments before taking him in an embrace. Gently pressing their lips together, Dave’s first impulse was to pull away, to tell him to stop. But the taste of the other man’s breath, the feeling of his lips, and the warmth of his body were all enough for Dave to stop and get into the moment, kissing the man back earnestly and feeling his member rise in his pants. The contact was pleasant, though brief, just enough to spur his arousal as the mystery man pulled back. There was a grin on his face as he got down on his knees and reached up deftly to undo Dave’s belt and zipper, pulling down his pants and reaching into his underwear for the cock that was present. Dave felt himself rising even more, the blood rushing to his prick as the warm rush of evening air brushed against his member. And then...

“Got ‘em! Gotcha, fag!” Called out a familiar voice, and Dave looked up to the forms of his teammates all around, as though they had followed the duo. Worse, they had the phones out, likely getting Dave’s penis in the shot, but that was a secondary concern. Shame rushed through him from what he was doing to the man, exposing and potentially outing someone whose only crime was getting handsy with a consenting guy. Why had he agreed to do this in the first place? What the hell had he been thinking?!

The man, for his part, got up, a scowl on his face as his cheeks flushed red. He was clearly pissed from the intrusion of privacy, and Dave couldn't blame him. Yet, something else about the man's expression made him a little unnerved. Though it was understandable it would anger him, something seemed to flicker in his eyes, a snarl on his lips that almost looked...inhuman? If that was possible. A beastly growl escaped his lips, all but confirming Dave's worry. It was as though he was going to...

"Oh shit, what's wrong with him!?" One of the team members called out, and Dave looked to his would-be lover with shock, awe, and fear. Drool dripped from his maw as teeth expanded through the gums, face cracking and starting to extend a little. Eyes were glowing red at this point, ears rounded, and any humanity in the expression seemed robbed as his eyes flickered from Dave to the jeering friends, all of whom were frozen in fear.

"Oh god, he's a Were! What did you do!?" Another called out, and the realization hit Dave like a ton of bricks. Though he had never seen a Were in the flesh, so to speak, they certainly existed, though as rare as anything else that the man could have been. But there was no denying that the man was shifting, growling, and growing, changing from a gentle man into a half-man half-beast.

Frozen in terror, Dave hardly had any reaction as the beast turned to him, as though forgetting the foreign jeers of the other men and focused his ire on the being closer to him. Pants down, Dave had no chance to get away, though even had he been ready, there was likely nothing he could do when faced with the power of such a beast. Before he knew what was happening, the creature was on top of him, knocking him to the ground with a heavy thud. Wind knocked out of him, Dave's vision blurred a little as the creature looked at him, confusion in its expression. Though Dave was fully cognizant when the beast opened his mouth and reached down, biting the meaty flesh of Dave's shoulder and making him cry out in pain.

Dave's wail of agony seemed to cause the creature to blink a little, and even through the pain, Dave was able to look as the crimson eyes started to soften a little, confusion blossoming on his features. Lips trembling, they started to push inward, the bones and joints cracking back into place as the more gentle features of the man crossed his face once more. Within moments, the creature that had assailed him seemed to return to a more human visage, making Dave wonder if what he had seen was real. The pain in his bleeding shoulder all but confirmed what he had known. He had been attacked by a Were-Beast, bitten, infected, and nearly killed had the man's intellect not returned in the nick of time. And now, Dave was...he was...

The sounds of sirens were the only thing to bring him back from the brink of unconscious. Someone had surely called either the police or an ambulance or both, and the

man from before simply sat there, huddled in the corner and crying and whispering “I’m sorry” over and over. Dave couldn’t understand why; he was the one who was bitten and was in pain, after all. What would have happened if he had allowed the man to suck him off like they had planned? Did that matter?

Dave faded in and out as he was no doubt taken to the hospital, none of his teammates bothering to join in the ride. He heard words like ‘Were’ and ‘infection’ from the doctors, though wasn’t in a place to really understand what was going on. Part of him was worried about aspects of Were-creature lore that seemed to linger on the fringes of his mind, but he couldn’t bring it to the forefront. But, with his current state of being, Dave ended up passing out for an unknown amount of time.

It was soon after he came to, hungover in a hospital bed rather than his dorm room when Dave learned the repercussions of the event. The bite of a Were-Beast was very infectious, and his fading in and out was a consequence of his body trying to reject it. It was very likely that he would turn into a Were-Beast on the next full moon, though what breed was up for debate, given that he didn’t know the type his assailant was or even if that mattered when the disease was transferred. When asked what happened to the man, the doctors refused to answer, which made Dave even more afraid. There were likely harsh penalties for Weres to attack and bite non-Weres, and Dave was a little afraid to look up the punishments himself. Though the bite itself was minor, already healed, in fact, the damage had been done, and Dave’s fate was likely sealed.

As the weeks passed, more of Dave’s life started to fall apart. He was surely infected, though there was no way to know for certain until the next full moon. As such, his sports scholarship had been suspended until the severity of his exposure was discovered. With no way to pay, the school charged his tuition to his parents, who were not too pleased with the stunt that had led to such a distasteful outcome. His girlfriend, distant at the best of times, used the excuse of upcoming midterms to keep Dave at arm’s length, though Dave knew the likely truth was the fear she felt towards him. It was likely the final death spiral in their relationship, though with everything else going on, Dave could hardly muster the will to care. Dave was, very truly, alone.

All in all, the worst of his fears was what would happen on the next full moon. Would he change into a bloodthirsty beast bent on killing his friends, family, and all that stood in his way? Would he lose himself, his mind, and being to whatever animal he was to become? Would he be forced to quit school, become a pariah, living on the fringes of society? How did Weres even make it in society? He found himself not wanting to look up any information, not wanting to know the truth even as much as he needed to plan out his future. There was the very real possibility that whatever truth he discovered would be worse than anything he could imagine...

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Breathing a heavy sigh, August prepared himself, clutching his backpack and making his way up the stairs to class. Switching schools this late in the term was all but unheard of, though, over the past few weeks, he was able to catch up and keep his grades in the green. Of more concern, however, was that in this new town, he hadn't had the chance to make any friends. Missing the first few weeks of the term, people had already settled down with their new friends and study groups. It didn't help matters that August was naturally shy, even in the best circumstances, and was unable to strike up a conversation with anyone outside of purely mundane things that led to no further dialogue.

His demeanor wasn't aided by his Were heritage, being a prey species that was generally nervous, to begin with, always on the lookout for potential dangers. While he was generally proud of his lapine ancestry, he'd come to lament his disposition over the months he'd been out on his own in college life. It certainly didn't help that there weren't any other Weres on campus that he could detect, his sense of smell even in human form enough that he would know. It was something he kept to himself, Weres being a precarious subject even at the best of times. Though his own form was a rabbit, there was still the chance that someone would take offense to his status and make life more difficult for him than August already found things.

Though it was hardly a deterrent these days, August was also gay, openly so though didn't like to make a show of it. He was certainly less on the masculine side, small and very chubby, though dressed well and groomed meticulously. Not that anyone cared, mind, though it was anyone's first guess as to his sexuality. With the chance that his fluids could change another man into a Were, however, August kept himself off the dating scene, further isolating himself on campus and leaving him mostly lost in his studies with little else to do.

Then one day, he smelled it. It was a faint odor, at first, as though its source was simply in close contact with a Were, a bad run-in that persisted even after the event. Having not smelled this particular Were before, August was curious, though kept his distance, not wanting to call attention to him. Still, it was enough to confirm what he believed. The man had come into contact with a Were, a rat if that was to be believed. The perfume of Weres hung around an exposure for quite some time. Even showering and cleansing were not enough to remove it entirely. Weres could always detect other Weres, a supernatural ability as much as it was to change in the first place.

Yet, as the days went on, and August found the man who was the source, the odor changed. The Were that he had encountered was gone, and underneath the human smells August had come to know, there was something else with unique Were undertones. The only possibility was that the unfortunate student had been bitten and likely infected himself. Not something

August was familiar with but certainly possible. And not ideal, given that it was likely something the student had not wanted...

August had never talked to the man before, though he was fairly certain his name was Dave. The pair shared both art and kinesiology together, and August had to admit, he found the built young man cute. Of course, August was too shy to ever approach him, and there was equally little chance that Dave was gay or into chubby men. But August was amicable to the possibility of something with a man like that, more excited because he was a Were and could safely consummate things if they ever happened. Not that they would, of course, and he was certainly getting ahead of himself. Especially if it had been an unwilling bite, something that was both taboo in the world of Weres and illegal in human society, carrying with it harsh penalties.

With that in mind, August knew he needed to find something to broach to talk to the man, wanting to confront him about his Were status for the myriad of reasons that might be beneficial for the two of them. He wasn't stalking the man, not really, though he kept his eye on Dave for both of their classes. It was difficult; August was studying Kinesiology but was struggling with the sheer amount of memorization needed to the point that August barely passed his last test. He had no way to know Dave's grade in that class, though was aware that Dave seemed to be struggling in Art. His anatomy knowledge seemed to mostly stay in the books, as his artworks that August had looked over his shoulder for were lacking in proper anatomical structure. Could offering to help with that be his in?

August spent the next few days preparing himself for what would be inevitable. Once Dave changed in a few weeks, he would be able to smell August as well as August could smell him, and would make their first introductions far more awkward than they needed to be. So, one day after art class, August made his move. Despite having prepared the interaction in his mind for the past few days, the moment he approached Dave was the moment all of his planning was forgotten in the fear of interacting with someone new and initiating the interaction himself.

"Ummm...hi? Dave, right?" August said, trying to keep his nervousness out of his voice as best as he could.

"Yeah?" Dave said, sounding tired. August could see the fatigue in his eyes, dark circles of a man that didn't sleep. He didn't know the man's story, not at all, but he had to imagine that waiting for one's first change was not something to be taken lightly. August knew his was coming at puberty and had been nervous as hell, even knowing that a bunny's instincts were hardly as overwhelming as other Weres.

"I'm August...I...umm...noticed that your art is having some issues with anatomy...and I...fuck, I know you were bitten by a Were!" August said, everything else sounding dumb, and

August not sure how to address the issue without biting the bullet. Still, he had said things a little too loudly, and Dave had the sense to shush him, not wanting his incident to get out. Though it was something enough that anyone on campus might have heard about, especially through his team. Still, he was not expecting someone to be so brazen about it, and given his history with his former friends, Dave immediately figured there was something up.

“Yeah, and who put you up talking to me? Piss off,” Dave said, and August felt his heart sink. He had no way to know that the man would be so hostile toward him and chastised himself for not thinking about it sooner.

Still, despite his fear, August was sure that if he backed down now, Dave wouldn't give him the time of day again, so now was the time to push his advantage. “Ok, OK, sorry, sorry. I'm a Were, too, a rabbit. I could smell it on you, and I wanted to let you know that-”

“Wait, what?” Dave said, shocked at the revelation. Though he had no way to know if someone was a Were, there seemed to be little reason one would approach him. Of course, there was always the chance he was being trolled once more, and Dave still felt some hostility towards the other man. But, for now, he would play ball, as it were.

“I'm a Were, a rabbit. Here, let's go somewhere more private to talk,” August said, doing his best to keep his composure. It was hard for him to do so in the circumstance, but he tried his best, determined now.

“What, so you can embarrass me again? One accidental Were meeting was enough,” Dave said curtly. Though part of him hoped it wasn't the man's intention, he had been burned badly and didn't want to risk it. This smaller, chubby man seemed hardly to be the type, but there was still an air of caution in Dave's mind that made it hard for him to trust.

“No, no, I could never!” August said, the idea quite literally making him ill. “Besides, I don't know what happened to you, but you're the first Were at the school I've met. And, well, you didn't know, did you?” August said, seeing the look of worry combined with fear on the man's face.

Dave was stunned for a moment, figuring it was likely but not wanting a confirmation. The hospital had given him some resources, but he had been too ashamed to look into them beyond that. In truth, Dave didn't want anyone to know and didn't want to admit the possibility that his very life was to change forever. And now this fellow student was telling him...did he even know for sure? Then why else had he come up to talk if not to heckle him...?

“I-I was bitten, yeah...” Dave said, feeling shy. At least there wasn’t anyone else left in the class to overhear them, though that was a small reprieve since both knew someone in the hall could walk by at any time. August’s acute hearing would make sure they didn’t, though Dave was more cautious, not aware of Were abilities.

“Oh, shit, I’m so sorry! I’ve heard that happens, but that must have been awful!” August said, wanting to put his hand on the other man’s shoulders though figured such a gesture would seem inappropriate. Weres were more into physical contact than regular humans, at least from what August had observed from his years mingling with true humans. So he resisted, instead sitting back down before Dave reluctantly joined him.

“Yeah, I mean, I kinda had it coming...” Dave started, though stopped at the moment he figured he was going too far. He didn’t know this man and had no reason to trust him still. Though if what August was saying was true, then there was every chance his worst fears would come to pass and Dave was to become a Were. Not something he could really imagine but something that he could not deny was close to being his reality.

“Had it coming? Did you antagonize a Were?!” August said, taken aback. Though Weres had amazing regenerative abilities, a rabbit like him was still weaker than most if not all other Weres. He was always told to be careful around the larger predators. They certainly weren’t bloodthirsty, for the most part, but lapine instincts could never be fully subdued.

“Yeah...I mean, I didn’t know, but I shouldn’t have done it...fuck, it was so stupid!” Dave said, resisting the urge to slam his fist on the desk. He felt powerful shame at the moment, remembering what he tried to repress what had happened that night, the first night of the rest of his life, for whatever change that would bring.

August desperately wanted to comfort the man, though resisted the urge. Instead, he managed to squeak out a “Go on?” wanting to know the story and eager to get to know this soon-to-be fellow Were, whether Dave wanted to or not.

“Fuck. It was a stupid dare. I had to go flirt with a guy at the bar, the guys on my team came to get a picture, and he changed...and he bit me...” Dave said, trying to hold back the tears in his eyes. He couldn’t imagine crying in front of this guy he’d never met before, but there was something about the presence of the man that made him relax enough he felt he could.

“Oh, I see. I didn’t know Were rats were so aggressive...I’ve never known them to be...was it around the full moon?” August asked, knowing that the full moon had effects of that sort on Weres. Especially bringing emotions high, like lust or rage, to the forefront. Rage might have taken over, even in a rat, for what was done to him...August found himself feeling bad for

both of them. Though he didn't really know the man, he wanted to, thinking that the circumstances were not all Dave's fault, and he might be a decent guy after all.

“Were...rat? I'm going to be a Were...rat?” Dave said as though that was the most surprising thing about the whole encounter. August could hardly blame him when thinking about it. Surely, if one were to find out they were to be a Were, part animal for a few times a month, there would be other animals they would want to be. August, himself, was more fond of rats, having met a couple and finding himself more comfortable around them rather than the more predatory Weres. He could see from an outside perspective how that might not be the most appealing. It seemed August had a lot to teach him, indeed. He never had to explain his condition to anyone outside his family, and was a little apprehensive about doing so. But, he felt bad for the young man, who had no one else to turn to. And, besides, the guy was cute, though August was too shy to let that dictate his actions.

“Y-Yeah, I can smell the rat on you...I can identify most Were species with just my nose, so long as I've met one before, even before your first change...” August said, trying not to be nonchalant about his abilities. Though it was something he was used to, August was well aware that not all people had the same experiences as him and made sure not to sound condescending. Fuck, why was he so nervous!? Was it just because he was dealing with a newly bitten Were, or did it have to do with how cute he found the guy?

“Oh...” Dave said, not really sure how to respond to such things. Of all the creatures he could become, a *rat*?! Then again, this man was apparently a rabbit, so stranger things were possible. And there was something about the presence of the man being a meeker Were that sat well with him. It wasn't like he was dealing with a wolf or the like, at least. As a soon-to-be rat, that might have been *too* much!

“Yeah...I'm really sorry...I mean, I like rats. Well, most Weres are can be aggressive and mean, but rats are really chill, easier to fit in, fewer changes to your overall life...” August added, trying to word it in a way that Dave might find appealing. And, he had to admit, the look on Dave's face seemed to lighten slightly, giving him an in.

“Fewer changes? What do I have to...what am I looking at?” Dave asked, more curious than disgusted at the moment.

Eagerly now, August continued, mustering every bit of information he thought might be relevant. “I mean, I've been a Were all my life, so it's not too different for me. But, your senses will be enhanced for sure, especially smell and hearing. You won't lose any sight or anything, it's just not any better. That goes for most Weres, but rats have a really good sense of smell, even better than mine. You'll be a little stronger, too, though not as much as some of the other Weres.

And you heal faster, not crazy fast like the movies, but a lot faster than humans. Normal people, I mean. And you don't get sick like ever. Your immune system is super good. I always got perfect attendance in school," August said with a little bit of a chuckle.

Dave had to admit surprise, not thinking being a Were would be all sunshine and roses. Though that couldn't be the case, otherwise, everyone would be clamoring for a bite. Add the fact his assailant had come after him with a vicious bite, surely there was some cause for concern about his mental facilities.

"You said rats are more peaceful...but this guy...well, it's kind of obvious, isn't it?" Dave said, trying to keep the bitterness out of his tone.

"Oh, yeah! I was getting to that part. Sorry, I'm such a scatterbrain," August said, blushing a little. "If it's around the full moon, and you're drunk, like this guy probably was, then it makes more sense for him to attack. Might have just been one of those personalities, too, I guess. Rats can be mean when cornered, but usually, they are really chill. I'm really sorry it happened..." August said and left it in the air.

"So, what happens next? When the moon gets full, I'll change?" Dave asked, still in disbelief over the whole thing.

"Well, yes, and no. I mean, you'll change for the first time a month after the bite, which will be around the full moon. It's not tied to the moon, so to speak. But like you feel really compelled to change when the moon is out. Something about being easier to hunt around, I think. It's not that the moon changes you. You just really want to change around it. We Weres can change any time, actually. It's really neat, but I've never shown anyone who's not a Were, of course," he said, feeling a little shy about it.

"Is there anything else I should know? This is a lot to take in. Sorry for asking..." Dave said, feeling a little shy himself.

"There is, but...it should be OK, I think..." August said, a little self-conscious that he wasn't more confident in the answer. Truth be told, there was something that August figured he should tell the man, though didn't want to embarrass himself. Weres, rabbits especially but only just a little more than most Weres, had overactive libidos. It was even worse around the full moon, and August was guilty of masturbating some ten times a day without chaffing on those days, much to the chagrin of his waste basket. He was far too shy to articulate that to the other man, at least for now! Especially since...

“Hey, do you mind...would you be OK to tell me more? I mean, you don’t have to tell me about it now. Honestly, it’s a lot to take in...” Dave said, and August nodded, still resisting the urges to touch him. He figured Dave wouldn’t be receptive, and besides, they hardly knew each other.

“Y-yeah, of course! Honestly, I don’t know many other Weres, none around here, anyway. My family’s in another city. It would be nice to, well, I know you aren’t technically a Were yet, but I would love to chat with you more...” August said, not really sure about how to articulate how he was feeling. God, why was he so bad at this!?

“Ohh, I can help you with anatomy, too! I mean art. Art! Sorry...” August said, again worried he was being too forward.

“Yeah, I would like that! I mean, if you're offering...” Dave said, not wanting to seem like he was taking advantage of the other man’s generosity. But, then again, what choice did he have? Already he had learned more about Weres than google could provide. And friendship seemed like an honest enough motive. Why had Dave been such a dick to him at first?! It was a wonder August hadn’t gotten up and left after being accused of harassing him. Dave really was glad the man had stayed...

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With that, the two of them started meeting regularly, at first having August talk about what it was like to be a Were and helping him get the basics down for his anatomy. August once offered to be the naked subject, but both men quickly felt embarrassed by the offer, Dave not knowing his new friend well enough and August from his brazenness. After all, he was growing a crush on the other man, so it would be impossible for him not to pop a boner! Though feeling guilty at first about taking so much of the man’s time, Dave soon learned that August had been struggling with kinesiology, something that he excelled at, and the two struck up a deal of sorts, tutoring each other in their struggling courses. Dave even offered to help August eat better, though August laughed him off at first. Still, August lamented the comment in private, worried that Dave found him too fat and wondered if maybe he should cut out the junk food. August wasn't sure why; after all, the other man had a girlfriend, and had to be straight, right? In truth, August had taken that revelation a little harder than he’d wanted to.

One day, while the pair were studying anatomy, the offer for him to strip came up again, August being more amicable and Dave still being shy. A thought came to August then, something that he had not yet shown Dave. Surely, Dave would like to see a change firsthand, especially with his own changes on the horizon. It was getting closer and closer to the full moon, a month since the attack, and Dave’s time to change for the first time.

Dave, for his part, was nervous as hell about seeing a Were shift, but he had to admit, he'd been curious. And, it was something he would have to get over once he started to shift for the first time, and regularly, right? So, reluctantly, Dave agreed, watching August strip in front of him with a queer sort of interest. He needed to see the man naked, but why did it come with a twinge of excitement? It was almost as though...

Mistaking his blush for something else, August stripped down to his underwear, still caring that he was already getting a half-chub from the action. It was not the first time he'd been hard in front of another Were, after all, and he had braced himself for this reality. It was something that Dave would have to come to terms with, and this was as good an introduction as much as August could verbally prepare him for.

Feeling a little confident as he pulled off his pants and exposed his rather impressive member, August decided he was in a position to lecture. "Nudity is pretty normal for Weres. We don't get bothered by it as much as normal people, as much as I understand, anyways. We usually get naked when we change, after all, and clothes against fur are really uncomfortable!"

Dave nodded, figuring that made sense but not really sure what to say about it. Yet, it was the sight of the man's erection that soon had his focus. It looked like the notion of being naked was getting him excited. Dave found his gaze unable to move from the shaft, being rather impressive for the man's short stature. More than impressive, as it seemed that he had some more growing to do. Were all Weres that hung? Dave couldn't deny that he wanted to ask such a question, though he certainly couldn't dare to, could he?

"Like what you see?" August said, a little teasingly. He normally wouldn't be so brash, but he had the advantage over the other man, being in his element. Besides, the man was straight, right? So he had nothing to lose!

"No-no, just curious. Sorry, I don't mean to objectify..." Dave said, the words breaking him out of his trance. He was thankful for the call-out, given that he was starting to get aroused in his own right. He couldn't like the sight of a naked man, could he? Yet, his thoughts briefly drifted to the Were rat that night and how the attention had drawn him in and made him question his sexuality. He had a girlfriend and had loved spending time with her before college, right? Maybe he really was Bi? His reactions seemed to indicate as much!

"Are you ready?" August offered, and he closed his eyes, preparing to change. Though the process could be rather brief, he wanted to take his time and show off his form to his friend, to really allow him to drink in the changes. August could stretch it out to last a few minutes,

though that ran the risk of needing to nut. Still, he did his best not to focus on the hot guy and his crush, even if his nose was well aware of the effect it was having on his buddy!

Changing at least once a month since he was in his teens, August was well aware of the sensations of transformation. The itching of brown and white hair started peppering his body, taking away his expensive chest hair in a flurry of rabbit fur. It spread in a slow wave over his form, running over areas that were not too covered in human hair. It seemed to run all over his arms, his scraggy beard even spreading out into a coat of rabbit fur. The hair atop his head, to Dave's surprise, seemed to stay mostly the same, though changed in color and tone, if not retaining its overall length.

As August turned around, Dave's eyes tried to avert from August's ass, though a twitching under the skin could not be ignored. Dave watched with rapt attention as a bulge started to poke out of the furry skin, the lump moving upward and starting to beat up and down in eagerness at being able to do so. The bare skin soon erupted into a flurry of shades of rabbit fur, wagging back and forth as the stub of a tail marked August into rabbithood.

What was most impressive about the display, not just the changes themselves, was the level of control that August seemed to have over them. The fact that he could make his hair grow, the tail pop out, and now his hands and feet, was rather impressive. Was that something Dave would learn to do as time went on? Would he even *want* to? Or was it something that he should learn to accept now that it was a part of him now?

To Dave's surprise, or perhaps delight, August's fingers did not seem to change much, save the blunt nails each digit soon possessed. He wasn't sure what rabbit paws looked like, though he figured it made some sense to have thickened nails for gripping the dirt while running. Though the hands looked the same even as the changes were done, his feet had many more alterations to undergo, August pitching forward uncontrolled as his heels grew impossibly long, double then triple their human length, though August didn't seem to have any trouble standing on them. The muscles within seemed stretched taut to provide amazing jumping power, like the jackrabbit his form was based on. It seemed like the toes were retracting, blunt nails forming on them as they turned into functional facsimiles of rabbit paws.

Though his body was still changing, muscle seeming to bulk up in some places, his rather chubby belly was still present, as was his smaller stature. Dave found himself giggling for a moment, thinking it was cute that while the changes could turn one into a rabbit man, they couldn't eliminate his rather sizable gut. Still, there was something almost cute about the way it matched his changing features, even as the changes started racing toward his face. Dave couldn't help but feel a glow settling over him, almost as though he felt...

Yet, the more bizarre alterations to August's form were to come next, starting with his ears, which were forced up the sides of his head. It seemed a little awkward to see their positioning, more in line with a human's view than the animal he was becoming. Dave was a little unsure about it before he realized that August wouldn't be developing a lapine skull. He maintained his own chubby cheeks even as his nose twitched between them and flattened, and he sneezed, whiskers popping out of the sides. The lapine appendage twitched further as August drank in the scents of the room. His eyes changed color, darkening to brown and looking fitter of an animal's than a human's, giving him a bizarre sort of expression.

The most comical change, however, was the thickening of his front teeth, bucked and sticking out in such a way that his changed lips could not hope to hide them. The sight was rather hilarious, Dave had to admit, and he could almost see a blush cross August's features through his fur if such a thing was possible. Though Dave hardly found them embarrassing, the more he thought about them, given that he would own his own in his changed form, they were rather quite fetching...

"Well, what do you think?" August asked, sounding a little nasally, though mostly like himself, even though he now wore the form of a chubby anthropomorphic rabbit.

Dave wasn't sure what to say at the moment, stunned by the sight of change that even Hollywood special effects could not hope to match. "It's...really cool, man," Dave eventually replied, given he really did find the form fetching. More than fetching, given the tent in his pants that was impossible to hide...

Naturally, in his rabbit form, August could smell the arousal and the scent of precum in Dave's pants. The aroma was slightly arousing on its own, and his cock rose from his groin, unable to hide in the fur any longer. It had been yet to change, and in his nervousness to show off his form, the usual erection he elicited was absent. But with the realization his new crush found him attractive, it shot to its impressive 7-inch length, large for the size of his body and generally larger than the average male, even among Weres. It was even longer in rabbit form, the head peeling back as his foreskin grew into a fuzzy sheath. The deep pink tip could not be hidden for long, 9 inches in Were form, and bobbing up and down for the pair to see.

The two of them were silent at that, unable to look away from the sights of their erections, knowing that the other was feeling the same way. Dave still had a girlfriend and was too much afraid to dig into any latent homosexuality he likely harbored. And August was too shy to make a move, not wanting his friend to turn away and knowing that if anything was to happen, Dave would have to be the one to initiate for multiple reasons. August could only hope that maybe, one day...

“I really did...enjoy seeing you change, I mean. Sorry. Thanks for showing me. It’s not...it’s not going to be so bad, is it?” Dave said, and August felt himself smile at that, not worried about holding back as much as he had been. Finally, he had the courage to reach out and put a furry hand around his friend and crush, elated that Dave felt comfortable enough to lean into it, enjoying the warmth of his furry rabbit body.

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It was a few nights before the full moon now, and Dave’s anxiety had been rising for several days, growing towards its inevitable end. For how could any man, thinking the world was ruled by science and reason, expect their form would be changed into that of a partial animal, defying all laws of nature as he understood them? Though he had seen such a change twice in the past month, it seemed impossible that it was soon to happen to him. But there was no denying the reality of those circumstances and that they would happen to him, too.

As with many nights in recent days, August was over at Dave’s dorm room, trying to persuade Dave to practice changing. At least a little, which was something he should be able to do now that the virus had marinated in his system for almost a month. Though Dave would not be able to change very much, or possibly not at all, it would practice the positions and give him some preparation for the big night.

They started out with some exercise, much to August’s dismay. Dave was in fairly decent shape and even Were stamina couldn’t keep up to the former college player. Rabbits weren’t exactly the best in terms of Were athletic abilities, August being a prime example of that. Still, Dave kept it easy for his friend to keep up, not wanting to wear him out but needing to get out the excess energy all the same. The exercise was as much for August as it was for Dave, wanting to get his friend out for more strenuous activities.

Both men sweaty, they returned to Dave’s dorm room, though August, sweaty as he was, opposed the pair having a shower. Scents were far more paramount to Weres than regular humans, and breathing in their body odors, not rank but strong, might aid in the first steps of change. Dave didn’t find the other man’s smell offensive, though was worried his own might be too strong to the rabbit. August could tell Dave was embarrassed, though did his best to articulate that such was normal for Weres.

There was another reason August was eager to get Dave sweaty, though it was hard for him to voice in a way that wouldn’t sound like a come-on. Weres generally wore less clothing for a variety of reasons. Itchiness of fur against clothes, the risk of them getting stuck and torn during changes, and greater tolerance to heat and cold in general. It was something he wanted to

prompt Dave to get used to, though not for his own selfish reasons. Not that he wouldn't mind seeing his friend in the buff, especially if Dave was amicable towards it...

Dave, for his part, didn't mind taking his shirt and pants off, standing in his underwear, and getting ready to start. Though with the rest of the evening to themselves, something else took precedence. Dave had to ask, curious as he was about the process, whether it was viral or something else. As much as he had stuck his toe into the research about Weres, the internet was muddled with information at best. So, he figured it was best to ask someone in the flesh, so to speak.

"So...how many Were species are there? I know that rabbit is probably out there, I mean, not for you. I'm sorry, I don't mean to pry or assume..." Dave said, tripping over his words.

"Well, there are tons, honestly, different species all over the world. And a lot of different breeds, too, whatever genetics can make animals can make up Weres! You know, there are tons of different animals from different cultures that have legends of Weres, and I'm pretty sure most if not all are viable Weres..." August said, before stopping, feeling like he was getting a little too much over his head.

"Oh, that's really cool!" Dave said, honestly interested in the words. There was something more exciting about getting to hear about a world, a culture that before last month was completely foreign to him.

"Yeah, and besides Weres, there are shifters, too, and technically Vampires can shapeshift when-"

"Woah, Woah, Woah, wait! *Vampires?!?*" Dave blurted out, terrified and intrigued in equal measure. It was one thing that Weres existed and that people could turn into half-animals. But undead magical beings? It didn't make any sense!

"Sorry, sorry! Just a rumor! I don't want to dump too much information on you at once!" August said, feeling a little embarrassed at oversharing. It was a lot to take in, and non-Weres had no idea about most otherworldly beings that Weres were privy to.

"Have you actually ever met a vampire? That would be too much!" Dave exclaimed, seemingly fixated on the notion that actual vampires existed.

"No! I mean, that would be scary..." August said, ashamed. It really was something he shouldn't have mentioned or maybe saved for another night!

“OK, OK, damn...” Dave said, still unsure how he felt over the whole thing. Though part of him was aware it was distracting from the task at hand, it was still too big a revolution for him to get over with a simple wave of the hand.

Now, Dave was sweaty, smelly, and standing in his underwear, waiting for his friend to instruct him on how to change in the first place. He hadn't liked that initial notion, though realized that his protestations were silly and that it would be something he would have to get used to. More to the point, when Dave really thought about it, the only reason he didn't want to be in his underwear was to hide the boner he was sure to sport. It made too much sense, especially when August assured him he might lose his clothes in the process!

“Alright, so, you just have to think about your Were-form and concentrate, and you'll start to change. It's easier when you have changed before cause I know you don't know what you'll look like in your rat form. But just thinking about rats might help you to change a little for the first time. I know that it helped me when I was in my early teens. I had some idea of what my rabbit form might look like from my parent's coat colors. So, it was easy for me to tease my changes before it was time. But it's Ok if you're not able to make anything happen right now,” August said, taking back his words and worried about making his friend too anxious to experiment any further.

Still, Dave was willing to try it, as much as he didn't believe in his abilities to do so. Thinking about rats was hardly a precursor to change, with nothing much happening no matter how he focused. Thinking about the man that assaulted him brought up more fear and revulsion than anything. That left only the sight of his friend changing, and that led to some unwanted thoughts, at least not ones he wanted to show in front of his friend. But the more he focused on August's rabbit form, changing in front of him and showing off his impressive cock, the more it was impossible to keep his erection down, or hidden from the other man, especially when he was clad in only his underwear...

“Sorry, sorry, I don't mean...I can't get my mind off my girlfriend, you know?” Dave tried to cover the obvious boner tenting in his underwear, though something he knew was impossible to hide from his friend, whose attention was clearly on Dave's form. It was all he could do not to remain red in the face.

“Have you told her? About your condition? I mean, I know I was the one who told you for sure, but still...” August started, feeling a little abashed as he did so. Had he not said anything, then maybe in the short term, Dave would be able to take things better.

“No, we’ve been on the outs, honestly,” Dave said, surprised at the words as soon as they came out of his mouth. He hadn't said anything to the like before to August, even with as much as they’d shared in the past few weeks.

“What about family?” August asked, unable to stop himself. He hadn’t wanted to pry, but part of him had been wondering, and he couldn’t help himself in the moment.

“Yeah, we've been on the outs, too. They were always more conservative, and the idea of Weres in general, not to mention drinking with the team and trying to hook up with a dude... I mean, I’m not gay, but the whole story came out about the Were thing...yeah, I mean, it’s no loss, right?” Dave said, trying not to sound too depressed about the whole affair. Though it naturally hurt, he wasn’t the only one to have to go through such things, right?

“What about your family?” Dave asked, trying to change the subject as fast as he could.

“Oh, they are really liberal. Most Weres are. They don’t mind that I’m gay, and they don’t mind meeting the boys I bring home. Not that I ever bring boys home!” August replied, not wanting to make it sound like he was some kind of man whore.

“Oh, you’re...” Dave said, figuring it was the case but not really connecting the dots before now. Not that he had thought anything of it, and the moment the words were out of his mouth, he regretted them. He didn’t want to make his friend feel awkward and was worried he ruined such things with a simply uninformed outburst.

“Whoops, is that an issue?” August said, quite taken aback. Not that he expressed his interest in the other man, not directly. But the sexual tension between the two could be cut by a knife, and August had just assumed Dave knew he was gay. As much as Dave insisted he had a girlfriend, there was an obvious attraction between the two of them, one that could not be denied. Then why did he seem so reluctant?

“No, it’s just...” Dave tried to explain, though he wasn't sure where to go with the thought. Should he admit his latent feelings of homosexuality? Surely, his friend would accept that but...he had a girlfriend, right? Didn't that mean...?

“It's ok, you don't have to explain,” August offered, putting his hand on the soon-to-be Wererat's shoulder. He knew how Dave felt, or at least understood the conflict. Though it had not been difficult for him, given the proclivities of Weres in general and the acceptance of homosexuality in particular, he knew that others did not have things so easy. And harder in particular for those discovering themselves in college without the support of family.

More so than that were the notes of arousal he detected on his friend's scent. His cock wasn't erect, at least not yet. But it likely would be with how arousing the change was. And the silence between the two of them spoke volumes. Though now was not the time to bring such things up. Rather it was Dave that needed to give a more concrete in. Nothing August could do carried no risk of ruining any potential future for the two of them. If it was meant to be, it would happen in its own time, he reasoned.

“Thanks, August,” Dave said, putting his hands on August's own. It was a moment of reassurance between the pair that lasted longer than either would normally have been comfortable with. Yet, Dave didn't seem to mind the closeness and intimacy they'd shared in such a short amount of time that made things not only comfortable but welcome.

“Want to get started before it gets too late?” August eventually said, breaking the contact before he got too hard.

“Y-yeah, I'm ready,” Dave said, trembling voice indicative of anything but.

Still, he readied himself, concentrating on the man that had assailed him, just as August had suggested he do. Having never seen another Were rat, there was little choice but to do so, even if the memory was a little traumatic. And it truly was, the fear and shame making it impossible to focus on anything tangible within the shape that had attacked him. With that, there was little chance of him readying a change, no opportunity to initiate and practice the act within his new life.

Instead, his focus seemed to hone in on his friend, August's face as he had changed a week before. How cute his rabbit features had been, how easily he controlled the shift, how much he seemed to love his Were rabbit form...

“Dude, you're doing it!” August declared, stunning Dave out of his stupor. Eyes closed, Dave hadn't allowed himself to see the changes. In truth, he was a little afraid to open them and see what alterations he had wrought upon himself. Eventually, reaching out his hand to take August's, he did, the Were rabbit taking his hand with little hesitation.

“Open your eyes, silly! Gotta watch those new claws!” August said with a laugh, and Dave felt himself blush as he did so. Looking down, he saw the hand holding August's own had something new, the nails pointed and nearly pricking his friend's hand. It was shocking to see such gnarled nails on his own hand, even more that they were growing from both!

That was not the only change, as August pointed toward the mirror in the room with a little giggle. Dave was shocked to see that pinpricks of whiskers had poked out of his cheeks, so

subtle he hadn't even felt them. Stranger still, his nose twitched, its pink shade lighter than his skin, and slits up the sides that made him feel a little silly. He almost looked like August's rabbit form!

One more change made itself known as Dave leaned back on the bed, yelping from the sensation of something being crushed under his backside. Reaching back, he was surprised to feel the growth of what could only be a lump, more than an inch. It wasn't moving, even after his efforts to twitch such a thing. But there was no denying he had something akin to a tail growing from his backside. How had he not noticed?! It was above his underwear, at least, not prompting him to lower them down. It was for the best, given that he had a boner, not something he wanted August to see despite his understandable reason for it.

“Fuck...I have a ...tail?” Dave said, a little more curious than afraid by his tone. “What’s it like to have a tail?”

“I can show you again!” August said, excitedly. Before Dave realized what was happened, August had his pants down and was showing off his ass, or, rather, the lapine welt growing from his tailbone that started to wag back and forth. Dave laughed at that, reaching out to touch the fur-covered appendage, August wagging it excitedly from the contact.

“Was it scary, your first time?” Dave said once he had willed his rodent features away. They left easier than they'd come on, and both men agreed that any progress was good, and that was enough for today to get Dave ready for the big night.

“Not really. I was more excited than anything. I knew it was coming, though, and I couldn't wait long enough for my first shift!” August replied, realizing his situation was entirely different than his friend's. “But I can't imagine how scary it was to be attacked like that. How are you holding up?” August said, reaching out to rub Dave's bare leg.

For once, Dave decided to answer honestly, feeling a kinship with the other man, who had gone so far out of his way to help Dave in such a difficult time. “It's a lot, honestly. But I'm so glad I have you here now,” he said, moving a little closer to his friend without thinking about it. August moved in too, and the two of them shared a moment in silence, just enjoying each other's company.

It was at that moment the realization hit Dave like a ton of bricks. Though he was unsure what it meant about himself, there was no denying how he felt toward his friend. There were feelings there, ones stronger than just friendship. Something he would have to reflect on further, the more time he spent with his new, close friend...

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Over the next week, the two of them spent almost every spare moment together, more so than simply getting ready for the big night. School clubs, friend hangouts, shared interests in sports, TV, books, classes, and anything else relevant were among their topics of discussion. Though they had hardly known each other for a month, it felt as though they had been friends for years, finding dozens of things in common and even interested in experiencing the interests of the other. Dave really hoped the two of them would continue to hang out, even after his first night of change.

To Dave's embarrassment, a lot of the topics at hand were focused on him alone. His first change and all it would entail was at the forefront of their discussions. But there were other issues in his life, too, ones that August seemed eager to listen to, though ones that Dave felt some shame over. The loss of his scholarship, trying to find methods to apply for loans so he could stay in school, the rocky relationship with his parents, and most of all, his girlfriend. Bethany hadn't said much to him in several weeks, and Dave's few attempts to contact her were met with ignored messages. Though he was sure of August's sincerity in his willingness to listen, Dave still felt deep shame in the fact he didn't have his shit together and needed to vent so much. It was almost like August understood, giving him the time and attention Dave needed to get the extra boost to deal with his problems.

Finally, he was given the chance to get things in order when Bethany did reach out, telling him they should try and get together, midterms out of the way. Dave went into the event with more than a little trepidation, not really sure how to approach it. He was more nervous about the date than the first time they had met, though she had planned what should have been a romantic dinner and some intimacy afterward. It had been over a month since they had met for anything of the kind, and part of Dave was sure this was a final shot of sorts. Still, come hell or high water, they needed to do this, or else their relationship was as good as dead.

The dinner itself went fine, something that Bethany had cooked for the pair, far better than the typical meal hall fare that he had become accustomed to on college campus. Their dinner conversation was general, keeping to school affairs and the like. Dave avoided discussing the elephant in the room, not wanting to bring attention to the rat or what would happen to him in a few nights. And for some reason, Dave was reluctant to bring up his new friend, thinking the topic was taboo. So, with his real-life situation off the table, there was little he could do but listen to her day and her classes or give one-word answers to her queries that left the awkwardness in the room to keep growing.

Eventually, once the table was clear, Bethany offered to take him to the bedroom, in a way that might have gotten Dave in the mood once but was now incredibly nervous about being

able to perform. He hardly felt a twinge of arousal but didn't want to admit that to his lover. With that, it was all he could do to think of recent porn, past sexual experiences, and anything else he could come up with to bring his penis to bear. Nothing seemed to work, and Bethany was getting impatient. Yet, eventually, his thoughts shifted to August, his transformation, and the latent feeling that had been growing for the other man. That seemed to be doing the trick on his prick!

It was her scream of terror at his approaching that made Dave do a double take. His face had been warm all evening, especially since he had been feeling nervous about sex. But in his self-reverie, Dave hadn't noticed the changes to his features, or that they had gone far enough to be noticeable. Yet, now, it was obvious against the reflection in the mirror that he had lost some of his humanity, a partial change that showed his girlfriend his inevitable future. And he hadn't even had any control over it!

Despite the scream and slamming of the door, followed by yells for him to get out, Dave was stunned, still looking in the mirror at the rodent features he possessed. The nose and whiskers were there, of course, but those were only semi-shocking. Even the extra hair and the enlarged ears he now possessed could be played off, though were certainly questionable. But it was a set of massive beady rodent eyes, able to pierce an objectively dark hallway that really was the stuff of nightmares. He looked like a horror movie monster, a giant rodent man who he was not surprised his likely former girlfriend would be frightened of. And, to his dismay, he was a little fearful of his visage, despite the fact he was still very much himself inside. Though one thought came to his mind as he gathered his things and left the apartment, likely for the last time. August wouldn't be scared of his changes...right? In fact, he might even find them cute instead...

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"Yeah, that's it..." Dave said, trying not to cry or to put his head down. "We're 'taking a break', whatever that means. I think you know what it means..."

"I'm so sorry, hun," August said, putting his hand on his friend's shoulder but not really sure if he should go further. He didn't want to say what he truly thought, how the two of them were incompatible, and this was likely for the best in the long term. And, of course, there was the selfish notion that if Dave was now single...but no. he would never attempt to broach such a thing, especially not in his friend's current state.

"Have you ever done it before? Shifted like that?" Dave asked, unable to keep the tears out of his eyes this time.

“Stress shifted? Oh yeah, fear can do it, same with stress...it makes sense, hun,” August said, giving Dave a hug. “It's likely what happened to the guy that bit you. I'm sorry. It does get easier once you practice. We'll work on it so it won't happen anymore!” August said, seeing the tears running down Dave's face now.

“How am I supposed to date now...if I shift like that...doesn't that make me infectious if I get intimate while a Were?” Dave said, blowing his nose after his short cry. He had to admit, he did feel a little better, and August didn't judge him, only kept getting closer for physical support.

“Well, a lot of Weres date other Weres...” August said, choosing his next words carefully. “It's probably better that way. I mean I don't want to limit you, but at least if you stress shift, you won't worry about unwanted infections. And the other person would be more open to your form, there's not a lot of judgment with species, well, except for prey species like me, haha...” August said, a little shyly.

“I see...” Dave said though he wasn't really sure what to make of the whole thing. How was he supposed to meet another Were? More to the point, did he want to meet any Weres other than...August? He was so confused, not sure how to proceed. Everything was so new, so scary...all he could do was let things happen as they would.

“Oh, there are some clubs that are mostly frequented by Weres. In the bigger cities, like mine. I can take you there sometime. It's pretty easy to pick out the scents of other Weres even in a crowd. I'm sure there are a lot of Were women I could introduce you to. When you're ready, of course. I know you have a lot going on right now,” August said, hoping the offer would cheer up his friend.

“I'm not sure...about women...” Dave said, as though thinking out loud.

“Women?” August said, trying to keep the hope out of his voice. Did that mean that Dave was thinking about...?

“I mean, at all...” Dave said, sheepishly, not realizing what had come out of his mouth. He didn't want August to think...but August was...it was all too much!

“So, does it happen often before the first time? Stress shifting, I mean? I'm worried about happening again...” Dave admitted, thankful it was simply in front of his ex-girlfriend in a private place rather than in class or somewhere else public.

“No, but it happens. It’s Ok, it’s normal this close to the first time, especially since you know it’s coming. It will get easier with time, trust me. It almost never happens to me anymore!” August said, rubbing his friend’s leg to comfort him.

“It's soon, isn't it?” Dave said, unable to keep the nervousness out of his voice.

“I’ll be there for you,” August said, reaching out and taking his hand in Dave’s own. To August’s surprise, Dave took it, feeling the closeness between them.

Though neither said anything out loud, their thoughts were racing at the implication of what was to come. August was still too shy to voice it, but hopeful that the subtle hints he was picking up, as well as the scents of arousal from his friend and crush, might lead to something more. Dave simply couldn’t imagine being away from August, couldn’t get the Were rabbit out of his mind when they were apart. Wasn’t that what love felt like? Did he love this man? And, was he starting to become OK with that part of himself that could love another man...?

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Tonight was the night.

By this point, the pair saw the evening as a celebration more than anything, even going as far as to go to dinner, as much as college students could afford. Dave didn’t even chastise August for eating too much, or unhealthy, and was still a little surprised at the chubby rabbit man who didn’t eat any veggies. August chastised him for the stereotype but relented that he didn’t like to stomach processed foods while changed, hence why he didn’t eat much until he changed back. Most Weres needed to eat a ton after changing, bunnies no exception, but he didn’t crave raw meat like most! Naturally, Dave had reflected on dietary changes for being a rat, but even those food toxic to rodents would do no harm to his physiology, as much as August was aware. He’d have to ask some of his relatives to be certain.

Then they made it back to August’s house, where it would be private, his own parents out for the evening for their own changes. Surprisingly, August had no siblings, though Dave reserved the right to make jokes about them breeding like rabbits. Thankfully the weekend was long, and the pair could make the several-hour bus trip back to where would be a safe place. Dorm rooms would not do for this type of change, into any Were, really. Some Weres, especially bitten ones, opted to cage themselves or otherwise restrain themselves for their first time. But August assured Dave that would not be necessary and given his demeanor towards the Were rabbit over the last few weeks, there was little chance of either coming to any harm.

“At least I know you won’t try to eat me!” August laughed, and Dave grinned a little sheepishly at that. Not for the first time, he didn’t regret the fact that of all the Weres he could have been bitten by, it ended up being a rat.

“I’m glad I won’t want to eat you,” Dave said, trying to sound endearing but realizing how silly it was once the words were out of his mouth. Yet, instead of laughing, August simply smiled, looking at this friend with excitement and anticipation. He wanted to see how handsome the other man was in his Were form, even if it was impossible to keep the truth of his feelings out of his pheromones. Whatever would happen would happen, he knew.

Stripping down and getting naked, not ashamed by his boner this time, August let himself go, always finding it easier to change near the full moon. Not able to go a bit at a time, August felt the itching of fur covering him, buck teeth poking out of a quivering jaw, his bunny’s tail poking from his spine, and his stance shifting as his feet became lapine. The last thing to happen was his shifting ears, twitching as they grew to the top of his head with their new ability to do so.

“Your turn, hun!” August said, smelling the rat on him and seeing that Dave was twitching as though getting ready for his own changes to happen at any moment.

Remembering all that he had practiced in the past few days and weeks, Dave let his thoughts go, staring at the sexy Were rabbit before him as inspiration. Except with his eyes open, he was able to see the changes he was feeling to his form, less afraid of the rat he was to become with the presence of the rabbit he held in so much reverence. There was no way the changes would be partial, not with the moon in the sky a trigger for the virus in his veins. He would be a Were rat in full this time, yet, rather than being afraid, he looked forward to his new form with enthusiasm. With August so eager, he wanted to see what he would look like in front of someone who would accept him for who he was.

Despite himself, Dave could feel himself pounding erect, harder than at any time he could recall. Yet, it was soon to be more than that, his penis getting longer than it ever had been. It was akin to watching August’s penis changing, something that Dave couldn’t quite take his eyes off. The foreskin quickly peeled down, exposing a pinkish shaft that, though thinner than his fat cock, was a few inches longer, pointed at the tip, and looking impressive on his frame. Even the tickling of brownish fur over his pubic hair and new sheath was not enough to deter him. Dave was impressed, indeed!

Though there was a little shame in being hard in front of his friend, August was quick to allay his fears. “It’s totally normal to get hard from the change. Especially the first. It’s arousing, not scary like in the movies. I didn’t want to say in case you got too embarrassed but...the cat’s out of the bag now...” August said a little sheepishly.

Yet, the changes were coming too fast for Dave to focus on his penis for too long. It started in his ears next, something that Dave was able to see in the provided mirror first before feeling the expected tingling in the cartilage. His ears were expanding outward instead of upward rather than August's own. He could almost feel the veins pumping blood through them, thinning and expanding to half the size of his human head each. To his delight, the muscles under the skin at their base could twitch, allowing him to move them back on his frame. Dave was overjoyed!

Yet, before he could explore their new auditory inputs, tingling in the base of his spine prompted Dave to get up. He looked in the mirror to be greeted by a lump pushing its way out of his spine, getting longer even as rat fur started spreading from its base and up his naked back. The itching was hardly a deterrent to enjoying the naked appendage as it stretched out toward its new length, almost touching the back of his legs with its size. Best yet was the sensation of the base starting to twitch, allowing the tail to finally *move*. Dave was ecstatic, wanting to play with an appendage that no human should own, but that was clearly a part of him now.

"Wow, it's fully formed this time!" Dave exclaimed, and August smiled, turning around to show off his ass and wagging his own tail. The two of them turned it into a game of sorts, enjoying the biological gifts their new anatomies granted them by twitching them as far as their new mobility allowed them.

Even through the itching of fur and the enjoyment of the changes, Dave was aware that his mind was intact as much as any other time he had experienced partial shifts. Though he had been told as much by his friend, he was still surprised that he was not losing himself as much as the man had before biting him. Perhaps the man had been drunk, panic shifting and attacking out of fear. But in this time of excitement and promise, there seemed to be no chance of him losing himself to a beast, and he was free to enjoy his body and all it had to offer. In fact, to his surprise and delight, he found the whole, gradual process to be...fun?

Another feeling pervaded his mind as he enjoyed playing with his tail or running his hands up his firm belly as brown rat fur started to play over it, moving towards his chest. His cock was still powerfully erect, starting to leak at the tip from the powerful arousal of the change. He couldn't help but stare down at it, three inches longer than his human equivalent and far more sensitive. It was taking everything he had not to stroke himself off right then and there. He couldn't do that in front of his friend. But then, why not? After all, he couldn't help but see that his friend was boned as hell. Maybe they could...but then, he couldn't ask, could he...? And more to the point, what would he say if August asked him...?

Even with his conflicting thoughts running through his mind, the ache in his cock kept welling to the forefront. Despite himself, Dave couldn't help but stroke his member, the

sensations simply too good to avoid. He was so horny, so pent up, rat penis throbbing with need. August hadn't told him it would feel this good, but in hindsight, how could he? It would have been so embarrassing to be told about it before experiencing it firsthand. Now Dave understood and wasn't able to hold back against the sensations. He needed to get off, and he needed it *now*.

“Go ahead hun, it's natural. Every Were feels it when we change, and I won't judge...” August said, though he resisted touching himself for the moment. He wanted this to be about Dave and didn't want to initiate anything that Dave might regret after the change. But in the heat of the moment, sex did often happen, even if he didn't want it to be a one-night stand with his crush...

With the words of permission, Dave couldn't help but reach down with his coarse hands and start to stroke himself. The skin on his palms seemed to be thickening, swelling slightly as though forming the semblance of pads. The desire to look at the other hand persisted in his mind, though he was currently enraptured by the pleasurable sensations coming from his cock. He was careful of the prickling growth of claws, longer and sharper than the ones he had formed with his first experimental shift. There were thick, pointed, and translucent, and Dave was aware similar ones were forming on his toes, Dave flexing them to avoid the tingling discomfort. Dave was a little surprised his feet retained five toes, and that the skin of his feet was largely void of rat fur, though was a little jarred by the sudden lengthening of his heels. Still, he was able to maintain his stance, a rat's posture closer to a human's than most Were species.

More sensitive than at any point in his life, Dave felt himself leaking already, letting out a distinctively rodent-like squeak as he stroked off. There was no time for embarrassment when his face started pressing forward, jaw cracking painlessly as he slowly developed his hybrid muzzle. It continued to press forward, the first time it had done so since he'd been infected. His nose and whiskers went, too, the twitching nose drinking in potent musk from their sweaty bodies. His cock bobbed from the aroma, making him leak into his paw hand as more and more of his body gave way to the rat.

Perhaps the most bizarre change thus far was the thickening of his front teeth, rodent-sized dentures that mirrored the one that his lapine friend possessed. His own teeth started to change to some sort of hybrid state, leaving spacing as his muzzle grew to its final length. The more it changed, the more his skull started to bleed into it, compressing tightly on his eyes. The clarity of the room shifted a little, though not as much as he expected it would for a true rat. Still, he was aware his eyes were shifting to that reddish shade that had greeted his reflection in his ex-girlfriend's mirror. Instead of being afraid of it as he had been, he rather reveled in his appearance, sure that his friend thought him handsome if the sight of his erection was any indication!

With the sexy rat visage in the mirror, there was little ability to hold back against the pleasure, and Dave felt his balls swell with semen. They were so large compared with his anatomy, hanging almost heavily on his groin as they filled with rodent seed. Another squeak of pleasure escaped his lips as his cock went into orgasm, with no ability to hold back. Not even thinking of asking his friend for a tissue or a towel, August seemed not deterred by the mess his friend was about to make as his cock spasmed and he shot an impressive bolt all over his hand and the hardwood floor he was standing on. The sensations of orgasm were more than he could bear, and Dave almost whited out in pleasure.

Not expecting the contact, the feeling of a tongue on his cocktip made him open his eyes, looking into the enraptured expression of his rabbit friend. To his shock, August's tongue was out, and he was licking the cum from the tip of his penis. All the while, he was jerking himself off, massive rabbit foot uncontrollably thumping in rhythm against the floor. The sight, rather than turning him off, was hot as hell, as though August was so horny he couldn't help himself. In fact, the more Dave thought about it, the more he didn't want it to stop...

A light moan escaped his lips as his cock, which should have been overly sensitive from cumming so quickly, did not retreat all the way into his new sheath like the partial animal he was. Rather, it only seemed to diminish slightly before getting hard again, springing up to full length as August continued to lick the tip. He'd only had a few brief moments before the attention brought him to full arousal, his balls heavy enough and full that he felt he could cum again!

Finished cleaning his buddy far too fast for Dave's liking, August got up, looking at his friend with wide eyes. "That's Were stamina for you. You can go again, several times in a row if you want. Especially for species like rabbits and rats, you know what they say about..." August started, though paused for a moment. He didn't want to be too forward, but there was no denying his needs. And, maybe Dave felt the same way...?

Dave, for his part, moved slowly towards his friend, teetering on the edge of reason and desire. Though his attraction were there, to be certain, he was sure Were stamina would prompt him to fuck anything with a heartbeat. But there were the feelings he had for the man, making him wish that August felt the same way and wasn't giving into his own feelings of lust and not personal attraction. But, if August was having the same feelings as him, then he felt he might just say yes if...

Before he knew what was happening, the Were rabbit's muzzle was on his own lips, taking him in a passionate kiss. August was pulling his friend closer, rubbing the Were rat's back as though encouraging the rest of his rat fur to grow in. Though Dave was barely aware of it, his muzzle was stretching, whiskers growing out to their full length and cementing his face as a

rodent's. Though he could hardly care, excited for his rodent visage and happy that his friend seemed to love it just as much!

What Dave did notice was the sensation of a cock as large as his own animalistic one bobbing against his and then a firm hand pushing the two of them together. The thought of what was touching his penis made Dave hard all over again, and he leaned into the kiss, making out with his friend and perhaps crush. No, crush was the right term. And free from his relationship as he likely was, he had all the time and opportunity in the world to see where the night went.

"I know this is a little too much for a first date, but...fuck me?" August said, wagging his tail cutely in desperation. It was not the first time he'd engaged in anal, but with the feelings he had for the other man, he was sure it would be better than his past exploration.

Dave was taken aback by the offer, not really sure what to say. He'd never had sex with a man before, and anal was a big step. "I mean, I want to...but I don't want to fuck it up, you know?" Dave said, not really sure what to make of it. All he knew was that his cock was hard as hell, excited even more by the offer at hand!

"Don't worry, you won't hurt me! Just use your precum to lube me up a little, I cleaned myself out already, and you don't have to use a condom. Weres can't spread any other conditions, so it's safe! Fuck me!" August said, no longer shy with his rabbit inclinations in full control of his body. August always got that way when he was changed, horny, and thumping his leg against the floor, needing the penetration.

Lost in the lust he was, Dave pushed himself in, needing it as much as his friend did. His cock went in easily, as though August was open and ready, or as though a puzzle piece that fit in perfectly. "Oh, Yes!" August called out, and Dave pushed his rat prick inside to the hilt, holding it in place for a moment as he became used to the sensations.

"Fuck, so tight!"

"Fuck me, Dave!"

With that, Dave started to pound him, massive rat balls slapping against his friend's rabbit rear. Cock leaking like a fountain, there was little chance of him holding back, and feeling his end started to near, he slowed down, not wanting to make their first time so quick.

As though reading his mind, August quickly called out, "Fuck me! Cum in me! Don't hold back!" He called out, and his words of encouragement pushed Dave to the breaking point, holding his cock stiff inside his friend and unloading his thick semen into August's tight boy

hole. A bestial squeak escaped his lips as he did so, and the same type of cry escaped his lover as the tightness pushed his cock out in a rush of semen. The thick musk of jism made him sure that his lover had cum as well, very excited to know the two of them had finished together.

Seed thick on his lover's rear, Dave's rodent nose became attracted to the scent of his own semen, and he reached down with his rat tongue and started to rim his friend, hungry for a taste. August giggled a little from the contact, and when Dave was done, pulled him into a quick kiss.

"Sorry about that...I couldn't hold it..." Dave said, sounding sheepish.

At that, August laughed. "No worries, hun! Weres can go all night! No need to hold back! It's super hot! And, you know what they say about rats and rabbits!" August laughed again, and Dave felt his retreating cock perk up as though it was ready to go again in a few moments.

"Hey, next time...can you fuck me?" Dave asked, wondering what it felt like to get direct prostate stimulation.

"That's an advanced move! You sure?" August said though it was more in a teasing tone than any real concern.

"I'm more than ready!" Dave said, taking the other man in a kiss.

Feelings flooding his system, from the sex, musk, and latent thoughts toward his friend made the next words out of his mouth come out without a second thought. "I love you," Dave admitted, immediately feeling shame at going so fast. How could he be so foolish? Sure, August had called it a 'date', the wording not lost on him. But that was too much!

And yet...

"It's OK...I love you too..."

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Standing in the line with their empty lunch trays, Dave was a little surprised to feel his boyfriend's hand touching his own, and was almost prompted to pull back. It wasn't something he had done with his ex, though there were the natural inhibitions that heteronormative people felt in public. He knew their parting was for the best, and he truly loved August, but there was something about showing public displays of affection that made him a little nervous, at least in the first few weeks of their relationship.

Still, nervous as he was about hand holding, he didn't want to make his new beau feel bad about showing him love and affection. So, feeling emboldened, Dave moved in to give his boyfriend a quick peck on the lips, one that even August was surprised about.

"It's ok, it's a pretty accepting school, right?" Dave said, though felt a little nervous with the words out of his mouth. It was an accepting school, right? Surely, two men sharing a kiss in public would hardly be met with any backlash.

And speaking of accepting, the pair of them had another meeting coming up, one that made him even more nervous. Yet, like clockwork, it seemed as though his new boyfriend could read his thoughts. "It is, honey. And my parents will accept you too, you'll see. They did always insist I started dating a Were, and we like rats!" He said, keeping his voice down. The school was accepting of LGBTQ+ people, but Weres were another thing altogether!

Not everything was sunshine and roses, of course, but August was there to help Dave every step of the way. His scholarship situation was shitty, to say the least. But there were government programs to help Weres get into schools, treating it like a 'disability'. Though he could no longer participate in sports, it was for the best, his former teammates hardly the friends he thought them to be. His parents had disowned him, but August assured him that his own parents were ready to accept him like a second son. His girlfriend had left him, but it was obvious to anyone who knew them that Dave had found someone far better, far more suited to him. With all that in his future, Dave found things bright and hopeful for the first time since he had started college, perhaps in forever.

So, it was no surprise when his feelings for his boyfriend rose to the point where he could not hold back his affection for his lover, even in a public space. Not caring that he was putting on a public display of affection, he learned in, taking the Were rabbit in a passionate embrace, one that which August could not help but return in spades. Rather than boos or jeers from anyone around them, hoots and cheers and claps erupted from the few people that saw, fully in support of their expression of love. It was the most special moment Dave had felt in recent memory, and he had a wonderful new boyfriend to share it with. With that, the two of them took each other's hand and made their way through the halls, a skip in their steps as they did so, making their way to their next class, and all the promise of what a new day had to offer.