

Feeling the chains being lifted from his arms for what was likely to be the last time, Scott rubbed his arms, liking the notion of freedom he was being provided. Prison was not all it was cracked up to be, of course, but he could do without the dehumanization of being shackled. Even after several years behind bars, he was still considered dangerous and a flight risk, most recently having attacked some guards during a prison riot. He still had the scars from a knife wound inflicted that day, though wore them with a badge of pride of sorts. It was almost a shame that once the changes started over him, Scott would no longer carry the scars. Oh well.

Scott, and the other man beside him, Lou, were sentenced to a unique form of prisoner reform, a sort of pilot program that they and several men around the world were being forced to undergo. Such was largely considered controversial, though, with overcrowding in the jail system running rampant, and little hope of prisoner reform for a significant number of those sentenced, there was little to be done for it. With no means to deal with excess prisoners, save for execution, the system had come up with a more unique way for inmates to give back to society. In this case, it was humanity and the planet as a whole, though a moot point, given they had no choice in the matter, save for the chair, which always was an option should they choose not to partake.

The advent of advanced biological engineering should have had a plethora of advantages to society, and it did, though applied mainly to only the richest of people. Regardless, one of the applications of the technology was to change one in body into a hybrid form, one that incorporated the DNA of another target into the host's DNA. In fact, after some trial and error, an almost perfect hybrid could be created between two different species. With primates, humans, in particular, the process was largely without risk, albeit permanent.

Without much use for the creation of animal-human hybrids, save for in the military, the technology stagnated. That was until someone came up with a twofold plan to restore the planet's macrofauna and empty prisons of unwanted inmates in a way seen as more 'humane' than simply throwing them to the wolves. Subjects would be taken into the wilderness, places thousands of miles from human civilization where they could not harm their former contemporaries. Rather than needing to be given supplies or a death sentence, they would be expected to persist with animalistic forms and instincts, living as the beasts they were transformed into.

There was another side effect of the changes, one that made the process ideal for long-term rehabilitation. Though the transformation did not directly erase the mental prowess of the subject, the instincts of the target animal were present in droves. And one of them, the need to mate, remained at the forefront of the subject's thoughts. Several times a day, regardless of the species, was the norm, and sexual orientation was largely a non-factor in sexual desire. With that in mind, pairs were placed in these programs, and always of the same sex. For now, all those pairs were male/male, leaving no chance of unwanted reproduction. While the changed anthros

could not mate with their feral counterparts, their sperm was viable with a female of the species for artificial insemination, creating a natural creature with no trace of the hybrid DNA. And so, as part of their rehabilitation, if the participants provided regular sperm samples, something simple enough for their new forms and predispositions, they would be given creature comforts as rewards.

To their chagrin, prisoners were not able to choose the forms they were to become, though most of them were mammalian megafauna, with some birds and reptiles in the works and plans to make more aquatic species as well. Scott and Lou were to become hybrid maned wolves, a species almost extinct in Uruguay. Neither had visited there, and neither had much interest in the other. It certainly wasn't the right formula for them to spend the rest of their lives together as functional mates! Still, that was to be their fate, and there was nothing to be done for it now that their futures were sealed.

With that, they were left in the middle of some woods, with a station set up where they could drop off their collected sperm. Their chains were released once the helicopter was in the air, leaving them no chance to escape. They were left there naked and alone, with only the serum in their veins to keep them alive. At least the temperature was tolerable, for now.

“At least it's a cool animal, I guess,” Lou said after some minutes, breaking the silence between them. He, for one, couldn't fathom the reality that he was to be an animal, least of all a gay one with this man with who he had never really interacted before. Sex with men wasn't out of the question, given his stint in prison. But with this guy? He didn't have to, of course. They could go their separate ways and live respective lives, but that would be lonely, wouldn't it? Wouldn't it be better for them to at least try to be amicable with each other, be friends if not sex partners? He hoped it would work out, though decided it was best to live in the moment and see where things took them.

“Yeah...” Scott replied, though was busy rubbing the spot where he had been injected. All he knew was that the changes would not be instantaneous, but they were given so little information. Other than the fact their instincts would take over, it largely seemed the people at the top didn't care what happened to them. Par for the course, given their crimes. But was he really so disposable?

“How long does it take to start, anyway?” Scott asked, feeling nervous. He wasn't scared of being in the woods, unlikely to draw the ire of predators. Maned wolves could be the victims of jaguars, though it was unlikely one would prey upon an anthropomorphic being. Even though he was told their new bodies would be ‘perfectly adapted’ to their surroundings, it certainly didn't feel that way right now, naked and ashamed as he was.

“No clue...” Lou asked, rubbing his hands up and down his body. He, too, wanted to get the changes over with. Lou didn’t like the notion of losing his face, his body, and his humanity for the rest of his life. But it was a moot point now and would happen, no matter what he felt about it. Was this limited freedom better than a life in prison or the chair? He had no way to know.

Lost in thought, Scott was hardly aware that minute reddish brown hairs were sprouting up around the injection site, nor the itching running down towards his arm, darker the closer it got to his hand. It wasn’t until his fingers detected the coarse texture that he looked down, a little afraid of what he would find. Scott had to look even though the sight of hair growing left him nervous. But the texture was rather nice, and besides, he didn’t want to be naked, right?

“Damn, finally...” Scott said, rubbing his arms as though encouraging them to grow. The reddish shade continued to spread over his arms and the backs of his hands, soon making it hard to see the skin in some places. It was hard to believe he would soon be covered with it from head to toe!

“Yeah, and your nose...” Lou said, and Scott reached up to a moist texture he wasn’t expecting. He didn’t have a mirror, but all he needed to do was look at his cohort, seeing the same blackening shade crossing his nostril. Slits were sliding up the sides of them, and the persistent tingling ensured him that his own were doing the same.

Breathing in, Scott was suddenly aware the odors of the forest, not something he was aware of before, were more present in his nostrils. Was his sense of smell getting better already? How long would the changes take before they were done? They were happening so fast!

Scott seemed to notice the intensity with that Lou was staring at him, curious more so than annoyed. “Is mine changing, too?” Scott asked, reaching up to touch it himself. A coarse, moist texture met his contact, and a confused expression crossed his features, obviously not used to it.

“Yeah, and not just that. Check your ears...” Lous said, curious that the changes were happening at the same pace for the two of them. Both men reached up to feel a light dusting of hair over their ears, and the slightly pointed shape at the tip left them to rub them. The sensation of hands on them prompted their ears to twitch in tandem, leaving both confused until their relaxed muscles allowed them mobility. It was bizarre to play over the growths, though a little shocking that they stayed relatively on the same spot on their heads. Shouldn’t they be at the top? The pair was soon to find out, given the rate of change!

Over the course of the next few hours, the two of them found a place to sit down to survey the changes to their forms. They weren't hungry or thirsty yet, but new noses and ears could detect running water, and they were assured their new physiologies would account for any water-borne pathogens. So long as it was running water, they would be fine, making their only worries finding food. Neither was keen on killing and eating animals, but it would have to be something they got over before they risked starving to death. Thankfully, a large part of their diets could be fruit as well, making the idea of hunting moot for now.

By this point, fur covered most of their bodies, black along their wrists and ankles, and reddish everywhere else. Human hairs had lanced out into the beginnings of a maned wolf's coat, the sparse patches of skin slowly filled in with fur. Their growing coats were soft, and each man rubbed them down with some reverence, enjoying the texture. It was far better than being naked, even though the temperatures were temperate and hardly an inconvenience. It was tempting to rub each other's new coats, something both men realized about the same time. But, in their embarrassment, they decided to hold off on such things, not wanting to give into eventual instincts if they could help them.

That was hardly the most bizarre change, even after their bodies finished growing their luscious wolf fur. Spines aching, both reached down to discover the beginnings of nubs growing, what had to be the starts of canine tails. It was a little unnerving, making the change real for both of them, knowing they were to be animal men and would soon possess an appendage to mark their descent into beasthood.

It was about that time that the itching of wolf fur started playing over their most private of places, an area as of yet untouched. It began on their testicles, sparse wiry human hair lancing out in a coat of wolf fur before the rest of their surface was peppered with reddish minute hairs. The wiry hair of formerly shaven groins was soon to sprout a soft pelt enough that their cocks were brought to arousal as well. Though both knew it was coming, a sense of shame ran through them, not knowing how to approach the subject.

"So...did you want to?" Lou finally asked, breaking the silence. As the minutes passed, it seemed obvious their potent erections were not about to go down. Be it the changes themselves or some unknown musk in the air they were detecting, both couldn't deny the effect on their still-erect genitalia.

"No, but we are going to, right? Regardless?" Scott asked, stating the obvious. At the moment, he was powerfully conflicted. Sure, he could just touch himself to alleviate the aches in his loins. But there was something about the other man that left him confused. Again, no stranger to sex with men, he still wasn't sure what any actions would lead to. He couldn't fathom what a future with this other man might be. Then again, did it matter? They would be alone out here,

after all. There was no reason for them not to get to know each other, at least physically. There was time enough for everything else later.

“Yeah...we might as well, right?” Lou asked, not as interested in men as his new contemporary. But the needs in his cock were starting to get insistent and there was a precedent for them to give in to the urges together. Out in the middle of the woods, changing into animal men, certain social norms could be thrown out the window for their urgent needs.

With that, both men reached out with their still-human hands, touching each other gingerly as though still shy. The warmth from their bodies and the softness of fur brought both of them pleasure, almost as good as touching themselves. Arms, shoulders, and chests were pleasantly muscled and coated with reddish-brown fur, pleasant to the touch. It felt a little awkward to be so tepid with each other, but with the strangeness of the situation, neither knew how to proceed.

“Oh, fuck it,” Scott eventually said, moving into Lou’s still-human lips and taking them into a kiss. Lou, though a little shocked by the contact, eventually allowed himself to get into it, not really sure why he had held back in the first place. It was doing more for him than he might have expected, and Lou found himself rubbing down the other man as they closed their eyes to get into the moment.

Soon, the pair of changing wolf men were grinding their cocks together, reaching down with furry hands to grip them. The scents of their erections leaking and the musky canine odors changing nostrils were detecting brought their arousal to new heights. Never before had the touch of a man brought such elation. By now, fluids were running all the way down their legs and getting into their fur. With such tension in their furry balls and the ache in their rods, it took no time for their fun to come to a close, and neither man pulled back, grinding their hips even closer together as their furry balls spilled their burdens.

“Fuck...aaagghhh!” Scott called out, Lou not far behind him as their cocks ejaculated all over each other and the fur of their lean bellies. It was a little discomforting to feel the sticky fluids clinging to them, though otherwise rode the waves of release. Grins crossed their still human features, and when Lou reached in to kiss Scott once more, he accepted, enjoying the closeness and exploring their new bodies.

Yet, the tingling of post-orgasmic pleasure rolling over them became such that it was more than just the sex that could be equated to the cause. Looking down, both men became enraptured at the sights of their members coming to erection once more, starting to slowly redden toward their eventual shapes. Tips pointing, both men were a little shocked by the sight of them, given their inexperience with canine forms. It was a little jarring to watch as their foreskins peel

down, merging with the skin of their groins as longer fur peppered the formation of what had to be sheaths. Even with having already cum in short order, the sensual process was enough to bring them to half-mast. The swelling of larger male hoods was impressive, more so with the bulges at the base and the stiffening of what they perceived to be from a bone within, though it was hard to say without bringing themselves all the way. The alien shape of them, little human left, was a little disconcerting, leaving them to stifle the urges to explore them for now.

After what they had done, there was no reason for them not to sleep side by side that night, the warmth of their bodies comforting in the setting sun. There was some camaraderie in being physically closer to each other, with as much as they had already shared. Their mutual scents wafted into their new nostrils, relaxing them into sleep in a way the pair would not have expected, being in the middle of the woods as they were. Best of all, becoming predators in their habitats, there was no need to find shelter for hiding sake, able to lie out in the open without fear of predation.

The aches of change played over them during rest, though it was insufficient to rouse them fully. But the results were obvious the moment the two of them awoke, going their separate ways to urinate and realizing their arms and legs were disproportionate to their bodies. Thinner, too, having lost mass over their forms and giving them the lanky proportions their maned wolf heritage granted. While a little disconcerting, it took a little walking around to get used to longer legs and arms, though, after some time, they managed. The almost twinkly statures they possessed were rather fetching, especially to their altered mentalities.

It was not the only change to have overcome them while they slept, though it was the sight of the other that really confirmed their new alterations. Faces had pressed out somewhat, noes widened and dark, and sat just above lips that were black and gummy. Teeth were a little more pointed, and if both men squinted, they realized they could see the blunted muzzles out of the edge of their peripheries. It was a little disconcerting, but like all the changes, something they knew they would have to grow accustomed to before the process was done.

Changes in their mouths and dentations came with them another slew of benefits, ones that rumbling tummies were happy for. The idea of catching their own prey, rabbits and small mammals, though necessary, was not the most palatable notion for now. But, thankfully, it was not immediately necessary, maned wolves being omniverous and enjoying surgery treats like fruit just as much. Finding something that sat well with their diets was not hard, 'wolf apples' growing rather frequently in the area they had been left in. The flavor, though bitter, was rather enjoyable the more they ate, and it was of some relief to know they could eat like this for much of their diet, not wanting to hunt and kill until the remaining changes, and instincts with them, came to fruition. At the notion of filling their bellies, the duo felt twin growths wagging behind them, not realizing their nubs had matured in the interim and that they now possessed the ability.

Before they could explore their new additions further, the surprising sound of a helicopter brought their attention from their breakfast upward, not expecting the machine to come back for them so soon. The landing site, by this point, was some distance away but close enough the pair could make their way back. Cautiously they watched the bird land, then two more naked inmates being pushed out and left to the whims of nature.

“They can’t be more maned wolves, right?” Scott asked, Lou looking just as confused. There were likely only so many such sites out there to drop inmates, but it seemed a little odd that two more would be brought to their location so quickly. The pair decided it was prudent to watch, not wanting to make their presence known until they had more information.

It did not take them too long to discover the fate of their fellow inmates. Even if they couldn’t see the reddish fur, black on their wrists and ankles, the nubs of tails, and the pointed ears and noses, the scents wafting from downwind revealed the pair were also slated to become maned wolves. Whether purposeful or accidental, Scott and Lou were getting a pack of their own. Maned wolves, they had been told, were solitary. But the idea of adding to their number was not an unwelcome one, especially with the notion of what their wolf cocks would feel like!

Seeming nervous, Scott and Lou approached cautiously, not wanting to startle the pair. Eventually, they were spotted, and with that, they introduced themselves, trying to present themselves as much as the well-adjusted beasts as they would eventually be. And, it was largely true, already getting into their new lives and not so much minding the trials of animalistic lives. Even their dicks sliding from their sheaths were not hidden, the men surely told about the hypersexuality of their new forms. And, even if they were ashamed of it at first, surely they would get into it in time. Like Scott and Lou were starting to feel...

The pair introduced themselves as Harry and Decon, though left it there. Matters of the human world and its penal system were moot to the animals they were becoming. There was no need to discuss the circumstances of what had brought them here in the place. In prison, everyone had a story, after all, and when the punishment was being turned into partial animals and forced to live in the wilderness, there was no need to focus on the past. All that mattered was the present and how handsome the two newest wolves were starting to look with their fur growing in...

Both Scott and Lou were a little confused with what was happening to their mentalities, even as they reached out to rub the new men’s chests and encouraged the reddish hair to grow in. They were still coming to terms with their own sexualities, of course, having played with each other for a little bit the night before. Be it a subset left over from their prison days where power

equaled rule, or simply an acceptance of the lives they had now, the pair gave into their new sexualities and encouraged their contemporaries to do the same.

All the while, Scott and Lou felt their muscles shifting, tails lengthening and faces aching with alteration. They had no idea when the changes would stop, though they had to be close to completion. Heads still had to condense into more canine skulls, and muzzles needed to stretch into proper shapes. But it was clear by the end of the day the changes would complete, and they would achieve the new bodies they would likely wear for the rest of their lives.

Soon, the pair of new inductees were making out, needing much less encouragement than their contemporaries as they rubbed their nubs together and played over the fur still encroaching on their forms. Scott and Lou, already horny from helping the other two men along, thought it prudent to play with each other as well. Kissing with a muzzle was a little challenging, though they managed to find a method to raise their heat. Especially when tongues reached out to intertwine, a messy sort of kiss that was as suitable to their new forms as anything else.

Their red rockets had naturally slid out of their sheaths by this point. The pair considered frothing their cocks together and cumming like they had before. They were certainly horny and needed to get off as soon as possible. As good as frothing had been, however, there was a notion in both of their minds about trying something else with each other. Lou had bottomed for men in prison, and the sensation in his ass was crying out to him, loving the canine shape of his lover and wondering what it would feel like to have it in him. As soon as the idea was implanted in his head, it seemed stuck there, no matter how much Lou wondered if he should...

Both of their changed noses, far too sensitive at this stage, spoke of their arousal and the strength of their need. Without thinking, hands were on their dicks, stroking with reverence at the aching rods each possessed. The grip started to grow more intent, as though the skin was groaning coarse, swelling outward. Only the persistent changes to their hands prompted them to stop their self-exploration and look at the new alterations. They were in time to see pads forming on the tips of fingers and palms, swelling for their jungle existence. It was topped off with an ache from their nails, thickening into the beginnings of what seemed to be blunt canine claws. They would certainly have to be careful playing with each other's pricks if they were to continue on their way to release!

With their arousal at its apex, there was no notion of holding back, needing release regardless of the forms they were acquiring. Certainly, blunt claws were not a detriment to masturbation, but the needs in their loins and the lust for each other were such that both were contemplating other ways to achieve orgasm. As much as they were shy about their new lives, both soon came to the conclusion they wanted more, to explore the level of sexuality their forms possessed.

“Do you want to fuck?” Lou eventually asked, bringing to the forefront what Scott was thinking the entire time. Of course, he did, but the notion was a little daunting. Being animals, changing the rest of the way, and allowing them to fuck and rut like beasts. That was to be their lives now. And, with every sensation so present, so visceral, then why was there any need to hold back? Even if he worried there would be some repercussion at the end that needed to be resisted...why? The more Scott contemplated their situation, the more the number of reasons not to seem to disappear from his mind.

And then, they could always simply jerk off, maybe even in the collection tubes given to them. The viability of such sperm was dubious at best, given they had no way to store them. But that mattered little with how sexual they seemed to be. The need to get off and cum was almost maddening, especially which such sexy males in their ranks. Deacon and Harry were getting it on, one bending over for the other already with still human cocks. That gave them the idea...

“I want to fuck you,” Scott said, certainty in his voice. There was no need to hold back, no strings attaching them to their former lives. All that existed at the moment was to pleasure themselves and give in to what delights their forms would grant. For better or for worse, this was their lives now, and there was no reason not to enjoy them to the fullest.

Still, part of Scott worried that Lou would say no. He had no idea if the other man liked bottoming or had even done it before. Still, there was precedent to ask, and the worst he could say was no. Then, they could engage in some other effort to get the release the two of them so desperately craved...

“You do...?” Lou asked before getting down on his hands and knees, looking up with an expanding expression on his canine features. Raising his tail, Lou reached back to pull his ass cheeks apart for his lover’s inspection, though it was hardly necessary with their new physiologies. His pink pucker was on full display, ready to take Scott’s eager canine cock!

Wasting no time, Scott got into position, rubbing his leaking cock all over Lou’s pucker. The changing wolf man moaned, loving the attention he was getting before inevitably calling out “Put it in me!” Scott was happy to oblige him, lining up his canine member to Lou’s fuck hole and pushing in. Lou seemed to open enough to take him eagerly, and Scott was soon up to the knot in him, waiting a moment before starting his eager thrusts.

As they rutted, Lou reaching down to stroke his cock off in tandem with Scott’s thrusts, Scott felt himself pitch forward as though his feet were changing. It was a little awkward, as though heels were getting longer, raising him up on the balls of his feet and forcing him to plant his cock further into his lover’s bowels. Toes lost their ability to move, different than his

still-humanoid hands, though their padded bottoms would be better against the forest floor. It was a small price to pay for the pleasure of being embedded in the bowels of his buddy, still eager to thrust as he regained his balance.

It seemed the changes were accelerating with the sexual acts, but it was becoming of little concern between the pair. They were both tall and lanky and fully desired to be given the forms they would possess for the rest of their lives. Not a word needed to be spoken between them as Scott continued to thrust, even reaching down to tease his lover's balls and making the other wolf man whine in a canine cadence. He loved being the dom and loved the sexual pleasure his actions were providing!

"More! All the way inside!" Lou called out, feeling the expanding knot pressing precariously against his opening.

Scott wasn't sure the other maned wolf could take it, but he certainly wasn't planning on holding back. Pushing as hard as he could, a wet *pop* echoed in their changed ears as Scott successfully knotted his buddy. With the force against his own balls, Scott could hardly be faulted for being unable to hold back as he let loose with a torrent of canine jism deep inside Lou's rectum. The pleasure was immeasurable, leaving his vision to white out for a second as he came without regard for anything else.

"Ahhh...yeah...!" Lou managed to call out, evidently being pained from the intrusion but not at all inconvenienced by it as he stroked faster and faster. Scott still possessed the wherewithal to tease his friend's testicles, gently tracing their contours as he felt them swell in preparation to blow their load. With that, Lou came with a decent flood of juice, spilling onto his hand and the ground as his tightening rectum coaxed a few more spurts of cum from Scott's loins.

Hearing the sounds of their new packmates reaching their own orgasms, Scott looked out with some excitement for the lanky, twinkly forms they would soon possess. He and Lou were almost done changing, as best they could tell. And, though it might not have been their first choice if they were given one, both now loved the mane wolf forms they were given, sexy as they were. At least, it was something they could all see themselves getting used to...

A few weeks had passed since the four of them had been left to the whims of the wilderness and their new forms. Though it took some time for the four of them to get used to, they seemed to acclimate rather well, forming a small pack of sorts the likes of which defied the instincts of their benefactor animal. Not that they needed for much in their new forms,

herbivorous diets supplemented by a few small animals eaten raw, something they would have thought distasteful but were rather palatable after the first few times. But, of course, it was the sexual aspects of their existence that marked their tenure as animalistic beings. They were hardly monogamous, playing with each other individually and as groups depending on how the mood took them. Several times a day was the norm for the small pack of them, and the life of animalistic simplicity was becoming rather enjoyable and fulfilling.

Though they were supposed to be visited by a helicopter to bring them offerings for their seminal secretions, the four of them found themselves wondering what they could possibly need in exchange. They figured they might as well give the men what they wanted when they could keep their ejaculate in a container and not blow it in rectums or wolf fur.

The idea was for the exchange to be zero contact, and though they left their sample vials in the clearing for the helicopter, the four maned wolves watched with some curiosity. It seemed the men, three in all, were leaving some kind of device for them, but it was hard to be sure at this distance. Likely some sort of entertainment system, but it was a moot point with their enjoyment of human things already absent. The thing that did catch their attention, however, was the obvious aroma coming off the trio of men, wafting their way and causing a familiar stirring in their loins. Were even the scents of normal male humans doing it for them?

Scott, the de facto leader, decided to move first, motioning for his packmates to follow shortly behind. The notion of taking one of the men by force should have been abhorrent to human sensibilities, but there was simply something about the scent that did it for him. Scott could no more resist the urge to take one of the pilots as much as he could with his own packmates. And it seemed his pack was in agreement with the sentiment as they followed wordlessly behind.

The pilots, seeming unsuspecting of any danger, were blinded by the lean beast Scott had become, and his ability to sneak in and get his jaws around the other man was near flawless. He didn't bite any harder than necessary to break the skin, however, though his jaw was ill-equipped to do so regardless. Rather, he licked the blood from the wound before letting go, feeling his purpose was done. What that was, Scott had difficulty understanding in his moment of instinct. All he knew was that he needed to wait just a few minutes for his plan to come to fruition.

And a moment was all it took for the man to start scratching his skin, pulling off his clothes to reveal that now familiar reddish brown maned wolf pelt. The changes seemed to be coming much faster from the direct bite, the fur spreading more rapidly and ears reaching to the tops of heads. But it was obvious what the endgame would be as his cock started to come to an obvious tent in his pants, leaking as a canine-like moan escaped his lips.

The man's cohorts had little time to help him out when Deacon and Lou were on them, giving them that almost loving bite signaling they wished to initiate the changes on them. They had no way to know it was infectious, of course. But the results were plain as day as each of the pilots, in turn, was bitten, starting to change with canine erections tapering from their loins. Scott was especially elated at the reality they would be adding to their pack numbers. It was nice having three other males to play with, each as horny and as curious about their new sexuality as the next, an exhilarating prospect. And this was only the beginning!

With that in mind, Scott's mind began racing with the possibilities of what this newfound knowledge and freedom would bring. Naturally, there was some precedent for vengeance against those that had changed them, though he found it hard to think of his current state as a punishment. Still, surely some other men around would make suitable packmates. None of the four knew how to operate a helicopter, though their new packmates would help with that after the change hit them. Then they could go almost anywhere to continue their new pack...

"Hey, check this out!" Deacon called out, pulling out a large sheet of pape from the back of the seat. Unfurling it, he and Scott noticed it was a map of the local area. He wanted to call over the others, but they were currently engaged in an orgy of changing reddish fur, one Scott wished soon to partake in. But they could wait a minute.

It seemed as though their current location was only some miles from the city of Montevideo, a fact that made Scott grin. There would be plenty of victims out there, in particular some of the crime mobs and men they employed that would be out in the open. With them in hand, it would take only a matter of time for them to take the city and create a sizable pack to enjoy...