

Today was the day

Andie awoke with a start, craning his head to look at the clock. 9:45. He'd overslept. Shit. He'd be late for this morning's meeting, though he found himself caring very little about being tardy in this instance. This wasn't a work-related meeting, or even something as benign as a doctor's visit. It was something far worse, further punishment for the horrible attack he'd suffered just under a month ago. It gave a sense of finality to his situation. He could no longer dismiss the events of that night like a bad dream.

Time to get it over with, he thought, as he struggled out of bed. He forced himself not to focus too much on the details of the room. It would be easier that way, he reasoned. It was very likely he wouldn't be able to come back to his belongings and apartment anytime soon. It was far too common for people in his situation not to return to their former lives after... well, that first full moon after the exposure.

Though Andie had little time to go through his morning routine, his reflection in the mirror gave him pause. His face carried a weathered, haggard look. Two weeks of poor sleep would do that to a man. He hadn't slept well at all since his discharge from the hospital. The past few weeks had floated by, as though in a dream. He barely recalled getting his affairs in order, though, mercifully, that had been a relatively simple task. He noted that the scars that had covered his chest were completely healed over, though the injury still itched from time to time, particularly over the past couple of nights. He stared at himself for a few minutes, wondering if he'd see any signs, any changes since tonight was the night. Nothing. Well, nothing that couldn't be chalked up to sleep deprivation, at any rate.

The dreams had gotten progressively more vivid as of late, contributing to his sleepless nights. At first, they'd been nightmares, dim reflections of an attack he barely remembered. There were bits and pieces, the cold of night, the chilling dark, a flash of fur, a stab of pain, being covered in his own blood. Images of running to escape a beast he knew had already caught him. A common symptom of a traumatic event, the doctors had told him.

What really worried him were the more recent dreams. Running under a bright moon, on all fours, the sounds of the wilderness alive all around him, closing in on one particular sound or scent. The rush of the hunt, the heat of movement, the feeling of teeth and claws tearing through flesh, savoring the warm blood and viscera. Those dreams scared him more than the attack ever would. They simply confirmed what he'd been most afraid of; the day was drawing closer when he would be doomed to become the mindless beast that nearly killed him. That he'd be compelled to inflict the same fate on another. Or worse. And those risks would happen once a month.

He lingered a bit longer in the shower than usual, the scalding water leaving his skin a deep crimson. He'd been briefed on how this would go before they'd discharged him from the hospital. He'd have to go live in a secluded town for people with his "condition" and monitored closely during his first change. Assuming he didn't lose his mind in the process, which from all accounts was a very real possibility. It was the last thing he'd wanted, but given the media attention his "incident" received, there wasn't a company in the city that would give his resume a second glance. Sure, someday there'd be laws that disallowed workplace discrimination against people like him, but that was neither here nor there.

The simple truth was he had nowhere else to turn, and quite frankly, the thought of doing this alone terrified him. At least this way he'd be given a guide, someone to stay with him during the first night, who shared the same affliction that he did. It was that guide he was on his way to meet, and that reason he was not in a hurry to get to the appointment.

He got dressed quickly, his minimal effort doing little to make up for his already disheveled appearance. He gave one last glance over his apartment before leaving. He'd lived here several years alone; though it was only a living space, it still carried a lot of precious memories, and he hated the thought of being evicted for a disease that he had no control over. He hoped he'd be well enough to come back to retrieve his meager belongings for his new lodging. He couldn't be sure how the night would end, and the notion terrified him deeply.

The coffee shop was only a few blocks from his apartment, but even so, he arrived a full forty-five minutes late. The shop was eerily quiet, that awkward period too late for the morning crowd but too early for lunch. It wasn't hard to spot his contact; he was the only man sitting alone, briefcase open with scattered papers at his table. Dress shirt, khakis, clean-shaven. Hair a bit on the long side, but well kept. Hardly the wildman type he'd envisioned for one inflicted with the same disease as he had been.

Andie approached cautiously, not sure what to expect from this man he was meeting. The man looked up suddenly, glancing over in Andie's direction and giving him a once over before extending his hand and a smile.

"Mr. Harris? I'm Wynn Rodgers. It's nice to finally meet you in person! Care to have a seat? "

Andie nodded and pulled out the chair opposite him. Fuck, why hadn't he taken a little more pride in his appearance this morning? Compared to Wynn, he was a total slob. And

why was that thought at the forefront of his mind? He normally didn't give a damn about how others viewed his appearance, let alone another guy.

"Thanks," he muttered, taking the seat across from him. This man, Wynn, wasn't much bigger than him, he noticed. Though maybe a bit hairier. And then there were his eyes. They were piercing blue, much more vibrant than any other person's he could recall. Certainly enough to stand out in his mind. He wondered if they'd always been like that or if it was the product of his condition. He never met another infected person before, or at least not to his knowledge. He didn't buy into the propaganda about what physical signs made victims of the affliction more recognizable. So far, he hadn't noticed any drastic changes in himself. At least for now.

"Sorry I'm late" Andie replied, just now realizing he'd been lost in thought and that the man across from him had been awaiting a response.

"I've just been reviewing your case file, no worries," Wynn replied with a smile. "So let's get down to it, shall we? I'm not sure how well informed you've been of the situation, so naturally, you have questions. That's always as good a place to start as any. "

"I... umm..." Andie stuttered, not sure where to begin. In truth, his mind had been racing with questions, but he had no idea what to ask. What was typical in this situation, anyway?

Taking a moment to compose himself, he continued. "Do you get many case files like this? " He stammered. Pathetic. It was as bad as "you come here often? " Why was he so worried about what this guy thought?

Smiling, Wynn shook his head. "Despite what the media would have you believe, this kind of event is very rare. Attacks are isolated incidents perpetrated by individuals without the training or experience that Sanctuary provides. Unfortunately, those are the ones you'd be most likely to hear about. " He sighed. "Doesn't really help matters too much. Tensions are high enough as it is. That's part of the reason I'm here. It's my job to make your transition as smooth as possible. "

"I'm sure you have at least some knowledge of what is happening to you, but allow me to fill in the gaps somewhat. Extremist right-wing propaganda can lead to certain misconceptions, after all. After our meeting this morning, I'll take you to your new home. We've got accommodations all set up for you in Sanctuary. That's what we call our home, our town, by the way. The name doesn't get used in the news too much. "

"You'll be expected to stay for at least a brief period. It hasn't been written into law, officially, for a newly bitten person such as yourself, but it might as well be. Personally, I think it's a serious form of discrimination. We've still got a long way to go with normal humans of different skin color or sexual orientation, let alone people that turn into wolves. It's certainly much safer in Sanctuary, at least. Known werewolves outside Sanctuary are about 80% more likely to be the victims of hate crimes. "

Andie nodded, smiling slightly at the casualness of the man's tone. He hadn't known what to expect when he woke up this morning, but it wasn't this. This man seemed so normal, if not a bit stiff. Was it possible that everything would work out?

Gathering his courage, he spoke. "What's it like, being a... is werewolf the right term? Is there a better word you like to use? How long were you one? Do you remember yourself when... you're changed?" He paused, realized he'd run on with his questions. "Sorry. " He said, lowering his head slightly.

"It's alright. Let's go somewhere a little less public, yes? I'll do my best to cover everything, and you can ask me specifics as we go. Grab yourself a coffee", he added, passing over a five. "On me. "

They left the shop, stepping into the bright summer morning. Andie suggested a nearby park; other than the occasional jogger or maintenance worker they'd be relatively alone at this time of day. Wynn assured him that, although not ashamed of his condition, it was best not to bring it to public knowledge, as best he could. No need to flaunt it, as he phrased it.

"Let's see, I'll try and cover all the basics as best I can. OK. There are really two types of... well werewolf is technically correct, but we try to avoid that term. Too much affiliated with Hollywood, you see. And Lycanthrope isn't technically accurate either since that's also used to describe mental illness, and I can assure you most of us are in fine mental health, other than the normal human conditions. We generally call ourselves wolves within our own circles. "

"Now, there are two types of wolves, born and bitten. I'm the former. Any child of two wolves is gonna be a wolf themselves. It doesn't skip generations. Generally starts around puberty, less of an issue than you'd think. We get lots of prep for what to expect as children. And before you ask, both parents would definitely have to be wolves. They couldn't ah... couple, otherwise. It's pretty infectious, this condition. I don't like to think of it as a virus, although given the way it spreads, I suppose that's more accurate, biologically speaking. "

"I digress. For bitten wolves, it's a bit worse. They seldom get the chance for the guidance and training we get. There's something to be said for a child who knows they're gonna grow up and sometimes be a wolf, and an adult who didn't even know to be a wolf was a thing till we were ousted a few years ago. It's why we try to avoid biting a normal, or non-wolf, as much as possible. There's a market for it, though we try not to buy into it. "

"There are exceptions, couples wishing to bring their partners into the fold, that sort of thing. But these are carefully analyzed decisions. We don't condone unsanctioned spreading. "

"I won't lie, it might not be easy for you to go through that first change. I'll be doing my best to guide you through it. It's really the instincts that might get you, especially the first time. No, you won't turn into a ravenous beast intent on killing any human you see. That's not really a trait you see in actual wolves too often either. But you might get overwhelmed by scents, sounds, the urge to hunt, to chase something running. That sort of thing. It's hard to describe to someone who's only ever had human senses. But it will all make sense once you've experienced it. "

"Before I get you too worried, I should also mention the perks. As you've already seen, you heal extremely quickly. Burns, cuts, scars, etc. You won't get sick, well generally anyways. The condition is pretty efficient in dealing with most human illnesses. There are exceptions. It seems to afford the host an allergy to certain metals, silver in particular. Cliche, I know. You'll heal from it, but a lot more slowly. We prefer that one not getting out so much. For obvious reasons. Also, you'll likely live a lot longer. We've got folks well over 150 who don't look like they are pushing more than 50. "

"You've also got a much higher metabolism. Changing shape completely drains a lot of calories really quick. Hence the cravings for meat, and lots of it. Unfortunately, you'll really need to rely on meat. There are certainly ways around it with vegetables and the like that contain what you need, but in the long run, a wolf is healthiest and happiest with a heavy meat diet. I am sorry if by chance you were a vegan before this," he added hesitantly. "Sorry. I know it's a lot to take in, but a lot of this will make more sense as we go. "

Andie was listening with rapt attention. The way Wynn described it, he really appeared to enjoy being a werewolf... a wolf. It seemed... almost normal. It was far from the image of a mindless beast he'd had before today. He found himself thinking of the coming evening with less fear and more... anticipation? Sure there was the odd occasion when someone wasn't able to fully adjust, but... that wasn't often, right? Maybe he would be okay.

"So, do you live in packs, like with an alpha and stuff? " Andie asked. He'd done a basic review on wolves, the four-legged variety, coupled with what he'd heard growing up. Nothing to perpetuate the mindless beast stereotype, but he knew first hand the distinction between natural wolves and the hybrid beast that had attacked him.

"Oh no, that's another common myth. Actual wolf packs are made up of a single breeding pair and their offspring. By that definition, any partners or parents in our community are their own separate packs, but we don't categorize it as such. The model looks more normal, with a tight-knit community that looks after each other, a local government, and such, but no leader per se. A town council makes most of the calls about the town and about wolf issues that crop up. "

Caught up in the discussion, he'd almost forgotten the other question he'd been dreading to ask. "Does, well, does it hurt? The change, I mean? " He asked, figuring it was best to bite the bullet.

Wynn flashed him a knowing smile. "Well, it is one of those things that will be easier to understand once you've gone through it, but I can say, generally, that when you are ready for it the change is... more welcome than not. It can be uncomfortable, maybe to the point of causing pain, when you resist it. But I'm hoping I can help you with that," he added, a sly grin on his face.

Andie felt a bit confused but was too nervous to press the point further. "So, what happens now? " He asked, attempting to change the subject, trying to keep the nervousness out of his voice. Wynn just smiled again, that broad, warm smile that made Andie feel comfortable, almost safe. He wasn't sure why, but something about this man-made him feel as though he could trust him. Whatever Wynn had in mind, everything would work out.

"Well, let's get some lunch. You'll need it, trust me. Then we have a bit of a drive ahead of us. I have a spot picked out for tonight. It's within the limits of Sanctuary but enough out of the way that it will just be the two of us. I think that's best for now, for your first night. We'll head into town in the morning, get you set up, meet some people, that sort of thing. Sound alright? "

Andie nodded. He wanted to know more about the specifics of tonight but still felt a little shy to ask. He would find out soon enough, at any rate.

The drive was mostly uneventful. Nobody stopped them, called them monsters, threatened to come after them with pitchforks, or any of the other foolish thoughts that Andie entertained. The entire drive felt really normal, almost relaxing. Wynn started asking Andie a bit more about himself, but instead of being uncomfortable, it felt pleasant, like chatting with an old acquaintance he hadn't seen in some time. Andie felt really able to open up about his family, friends, or his past. Stuff that didn't come easy. He hadn't had the best childhood. Ok, that was an understatement. He hadn't spoken to either side of his family in years. Failing to get in contact with him after a werewolf attack was very likely the final nail in a well-sealed coffin.

Wynn listened, seemingly genuinely interested in learning as much of his new charge as possible. Andie was thankful for that. It eased his nerves, kept his mind off his worries and troubles. He avoided discussing his hopes and dreams; his future was too much up in the air to make any assumptions. Andie kept staring as the man drove, something about him and his presence that made him interested beyond a mere traveling companion or a guide. Andie was downright fascinated by the man, in a way that he wouldn't have expected. He didn't think he was interested in men, not like that, but he couldn't keep thoughts of interest out of his mind completely. It didn't help that Wynn was handsome.

For his part, Wynn discussed the town in great detail, as though trying to sell Andie on the idea, which was working, all things considered. How it had all the amenities, decent-paying jobs, a tight-knit community that helped each other out, especially new additions. Wynn talked very little about his own childhood, through his expressions at listening to Andie's own past spoke volumes. He had obviously been through some shit himself. Andie saw bits of himself reflected in that comforting face and felt a kinship with this man. He didn't want to pry, not quite yet. The man was obviously more concerned about Andie's immediate situation and well-being, a feeling Andie found almost alien but refreshing all the same.

The sky was cloudless, and Andie could make out the silhouette of the coming moon as the sun slowly began sinking on the horizon. It filled him with anticipation and made him almost uncomfortable in his seat. Noticing this, Wynn added a quick, "Almost there, down boy! ", with a laugh that Andie felt charming. It felt more like he was a kid on the way to a carnival than a man about to have his life changed forever. Andie relished in the nostalgic sensation.

Some time later, they'd turned off the highway, down a dirt road riddled with warning signs: private property, trespassers will be persecuted, and the like. The road stretched on for what felt like an eternity. Finally, Wynn pulled the car over to an incline at the side of the road. They were miles away from the highway; Wynn assured them there was little chance of encountering anyone else out there. At that, Andie felt a stab of guilt, to which Wynn quickly

replied, "More for our safety than theirs. You won't be driven to hurt anyone, against your will anyway. "

Andie took pause to wonder how he'd kept doing that, knowing what he was thinking before he'd said anything. Was he psychic? Or were his expressions just that painfully obvious? All of his musings were forgotten the moment Wynn opened the car door. Andie was immediately bombarded with the sounds and odors of the woods around him. The faint breeze rustling through the trees, the birds and insects with their chorus of chatter from the trees, the way the sunset glowed on the trees as it slowly sank over the horizon. Everything was simply... beautiful. Andie eagerly opened his own door, ready to drink in the sounds and sights surrounding him. He'd never felt contentment like this in all his life. It was as though he'd come home.

He was suddenly aware of so much more than he'd thought possible. It was as though his senses had been turned up to 11. Was this the beginning of his change? He hadn't really noticed much in the car, but now, out here...

Scents burned in his nostrils, unlike anything he'd experienced before. Something sharp aroused hunger, maybe some sort of animal? A rabbit, perhaps? It had been here recently. How had he known that? Deep down, it excited him. There were other scents, so many others he'd barely had time to process them. One other stood out, both familiar yet confusing at the same time. Like something he'd been smelling all day but had only just now become aware of it. It excited him, too, only...

Embarrassed, he stopped, realizing that this entire time he'd been caught up in the moment like some sort of crazed lunatic. He was even more ashamed to notice a distinctive bugle tenting his pants. He looked up at Wynn, who was simply chuckling. He flashed that now-familiar knowing smile, and Andie finally realized where that arousing scent was coming from and why he'd been having those intrusive thoughts all day.

Andie blushed furiously, the implications settling into his mind. He'd never really been interested in men before, at least, not that he'd been aware of. It wasn't that he'd ever found the notion repulsive. Rather, he'd never seen any man as particularly attractive.

His experience with women had been relatively limited as well, though it had been his choice. Andie had always been more focused on career than relationships, and no one in his work circle really clicked with him. He'd wanted physical intimacy but had left it on the back burner until... maybe now.



Gazing into his new friend's blue eyes, the idea of where the night could take him played eagerly into his thoughts. The idea of playing with a man, *this* man, was powerfully exciting. His cock leaked a little in his pants, and Andie blushed again before realizing that it was Wynn's scent that aroused him. Surely, Wynn was aware of it!

"Finally figured it out, eh? That's the part I wanted to wait on telling you, didn't want to scare you off. The change almost always increases libido. We like to change together when we can since it makes the whole process easier and much more enjoyable. And it helps when we're changing with someone who is pretty cute," he added with a wink. Andie had to look; the man before him was sporting a similar bulge in his own shorts. Was he as turned on as Andie was? Andie had never been with a man before, but the more he thought about it, the more he found the notion welcoming, especially if it would ease him into the change. The idea of changing with sexual energy rather than animal ferality was far more appealing.

Awash in sensations, Andie was ready to shed his inhibitions and jump the man, right then and there. He did his best to compose himself. Andie liked this man and would have preferred to take it a bit more slowly, though his body desperately desired him, and Wynn smelled and looked as though he wanted Andie as well. Wynn made no move; he continued to watch Andie, allowing him to set the pace, respecting how overwhelming Andie's situation was. Andie made up his mind: Fuck it. He stepped up to Wynn and quickly took the slightly taller man's lips on his own.

They embraced, locking lips as their hands began exploring each other's bodies. The sensation was electric; Andie couldn't remember being so turned on in his entire life. After a few moments, Wynn broke off the kiss, smiling down at the smaller man as he began to tug off his shirt. "You'll want these off", Wynn said, taking off his own shirt and shorts. "For more than one reason," he added with a chuckle. Andie followed suit and removed his own clothes, excited by Wynn's eagerness to see his own body...

They resumed their attentions, Andie enjoying the feeling of his new friend's cock against his own through the fabric of their underwear. The masculine scents wafting from both their bodies was intoxicating; Andie's skin was on fire, every sensation was making him crave more. He moved his hands down Wynn's back, stopping to cup his ample buttocks. So engrossed was Andie with his new mate that he scarcely noticed the itching sensation centering in his groin and cascading outwards, filling him with warm comfort.

Wynn paused them once again, drawing Andie's attention to the increasingly thickening treasure trail forming down Andie's chest. Andie felt elated; he thought of the form of the beast he was becoming and rejoiced for the first time since he'd been bitten weeks ago.

Wynn moved his hands over Andie's chest, feeling the new hair growth as it slowly thickened up Andie's stomach and chest. He paused over Andie's nipples and gave them special attention, eliciting a small moan from the transforming man.

Andie looked back at Wynn, and although otherwise unchanged, his brilliant icy eyes seemed to glow more brightly in the early twilight. Noticing the puzzled expression, Wynn replied, "I have better control, years of practice, and all that. Tonight's all about you, bud. Just sit back and enjoy it. "

An audible crack brought both their attentions back to Andie's changing form. Andie gasped at the sudden unexpected surge of pain, tipping forward. "Don't worry, I've got just the thing. Just relax and let it happen," Wynn said, getting down on his knees. Swiftly, Wynn took Andie's semi-erect member in his mouth, using his free hand to work the base of the shaft and bring Andie to full attention. The feeling of warmth enveloping his dick was amazing; Andie had never felt anything like this in his life. Wynn moved his hand underneath Andie's balls, stimulating a sweet spot in his perineal region Andie hadn't known he'd had.

The pleasure of his friend's mouth moving up and down his cock helped cancel out the stabs of pain he felt emanating over his back and chest. He felt muscle tearing, bones cracking and reforming, making him into something else. But he hardly paid it any mind. Wynn worked him over expertly, depththroating him, moving in time with Andie's sudden jerks and spasms. Andie allowed himself to be lost in pleasure, floating above himself, awash in sensation. A violent, sharp-shooting pain erupted from his backside and forced him over the edge, spurting powerfully into his mate's mouth. His vision went white from the mind blanketing orgasm.

Drowning momentarily in a sea of sensation, Andie became aware of how much the scent of his mate still burned in his nostrils. All the sounds and smells of the world around him came a distant second to the being before him. He needed to fuck this man. It was a primal need, as necessary as breathing or water. Though he'd cum only moments before, his member quickly pounded erect once again. He was overcome with lust, to take his mate before him and claim him as his own. He felt a brief moment of shame from the intensity of the desire, but even that was swept away with animalistic lust.

Without a word, Wynn removed the last vestiges of his clothing and allowed himself to give in to his own onset of changes. He'd been struggling to hold back his own transformation for his friend, but now it was time for him to cast off his own humanity and give in to the sensations of his newly formed flesh. The male musk was heavy in the air; it was impossible not to be turned on by the display of this newly-changing werewolf. He got down on

all fours and raised his ass up to the air, invitingly. It was not the first time he'd been taken that way, and it excited him. He allowed the changes to flow through him, taking hold as fur burst through his sweat-soaked skin, muscles popping, and bones cracking much faster than in his counterpart.

At the sight of his partner on all fours, Andie could hold back no longer. He growled as he forced himself upon his lover, wanting desperately to find his fuckhole. It took him several attempts, but eventually, Andie struck home, a low whimper of relief escaping his lips. The feeling was like nothing he'd ever imagined.

He was dimly aware of the changes in his body as they surged forth uncontrollably, and he relished the sensation of becoming complete, becoming whole. He felt his hands melt against the back of his lover, as fingers puffed out, nails busting against the skin and thickened, the feel of flesh dissolving under a layer of fur felt though calloused palms.

The growth of Wynn's tail underneath Andie gave him a shock, but he quickly came to enjoy the sensation of the fluffy appendage against the fur-covered skin of his belly. He became aware of his own tail, which had grown moments before, and he wagged it in joy. Andie was so much bigger, so much stronger, so much more. His skull cracked, he felt his lips spread apart, and his teeth ache as they grew in his mouth. He was overcome with the urge to bite his mate's shoulder, claiming him, but his muzzle wasn't there yet. Almost, almost... He strained his lips, and at last, he was able to clamp his jaw down on his partner's flesh. Wynn let out a yelp of pain but otherwise made no protest at the gesture.

Wynn's changes had sped past his partner's; he was eager to experience Andie's attentions as his full werewolf self. His body completed the last rounds of bulking up, his muzzle stretching to its full length, cold damp nose scenting the male musk in the night air. He was more than strong enough to take the weight of the new wolf on his back. He liked his sex a bit rough; the sharp fangs clenched into his shoulder, and the abuse of his partner's cock against his prostate served to turn him on all the more. He wouldn't be able to hold out against his new friend's aggression much longer.

Andie continued thrusting, barely aware of the changes in his body. He felt an unfamiliar resistance to his intrusions but kept pushing until, at last, he broke through and found himself tightly bound to his lover. He continued to thrust, the now-familiar build up in his testicles signaling his upcoming sweet release. His claws left long gashes down his lover's hairy hide, though they repaired themselves in seconds. He released his maw from Wynn's shoulder, muzzle hanging open, long tongue panting to expel the stifling heat from his intense fucking.

Suddenly his mate howled beneath him, rectal walls clamping as the ecstasy built to a crescendo, and he was forced over the edge, spurting copiously over the forest floor. That was too much for Andie; the pleasure against his cock sent him into his own reflective climax, unloading several more loads deep into his partner's bowels. Wynn collapsed on the ground, the wolf tied to him falling on top of him in a heap.

After several minutes of panting, Wynn finally managed to ask, "How was your first time?" to the wolf half asleep on his back. Andie was barely able to mumble a reply and was vaguely aware of how deep his new voice sounded now. Instead, he lay comfortably across his mate's back, enjoying the feeling of warmth between them against the cool evening air.

Slowly, Andie felt himself come back to reality, to awareness of himself and the world around him. He'd been so afraid of losing himself to animal instincts, he'd never imagined how wonderful, how freeing it could feel, how much he craved the sensation again. Various scents and sounds surrounded him once more, bringing on the now-familiar desires: to run, to hunt, to howl. Somehow, he felt more present in the sensations, as if this time he was in the passenger's seat rather than floating above the car. He wanted to explore them all, immerse himself in the world as it truly was, a newly awakened wolf.

For the time being, he was very much stuck to the prone form of the wolf beneath him. For the first time, he was able to appreciate how beautiful Wynn was in his changed body. The dark grey fur ruffled around his neck, the way the muscle flowed under the skin, his gorgeous blue eyes. The way his chest rose and fell with each breath and the gentle beating of his powerful heart. Andie had fallen hard for the Wynn, and being with him like this made him all the more excited for his new life.

Andie and Wynn enjoyed each other's company in silence, relished the sensory inputs from around them and from their own bodies. Slowly, Andie's knot deflated, and Andie was able to pull out, finally raising himself awkwardly up on two feet. He knew he'd be just as comfortable on all fours, though. The night was fresh with new possibilities, an entirely new world for him to explore. However, of all the pleasures of the night, there was one still at the forefront of his mind.

Wynn looked back at him with his brilliant blue eyes and flashed that same knowing smile, somehow making it look almost normal through his muzzle. Andie had a lot to learn. He was more than ready to get started.

"Wanna go again? " Wynn asked as if reading Andie's mind once more. Andie growled in approval as he moved his new muzzle against Wynn's own, his cock rising for the third time, and perhaps not even the last time that night.