

Like an ominous reminder, the setting sun cast shadows over the spiral tower and covered the underlying 300-year-old city in darkness. Sinking slowly below the skyline, it served as a countdown for the trio to reach their eventual goal. Although there was still plenty of time, a certain urgency in their steps preceded the echo of the trio's footfalls against the cobblestone as they made their way toward the basement where two of them would spend the evening. At least the streets of the elven district were deserted for the evening, most of its residents have gone home already. But it was the beckoning orb in the sky coming up over the horizon that led them to hurry their pace, sure they had time but never feeling entirely safe. The moon spoke to them of danger, of despair, and something that could capture their minds if they allowed themselves a moment's reprieve.

Sat imposing amidst the Renaissance-era buildings was the imposing spiral tower of the College of Rovenshire where Cirdan Samara worked as captain of the guard. He was well respected by those in his command, despite the absurdity of the problems he had to tend to. The school specialized in practitioners of magic, after all, and there was a multitude of experiments that often literally blew up in the student's faces. Many of the staff were trained as mages for that purpose, healers for the students as well as in case of an attack for medical triage. A variety of species were employed within the halls, humans, mostly, but also dwarfs, elves, half-elves, and even half-orcs. Some of them would even be stationed underground, those few privy of the knowledge where their captain sent full moon nights.

It was the basement of the college the three of them, Cirdan with his new partner Mairon Ched'ai, as well as their 13-year-old ward Aiden, were on their way to. It was a ritual their little family had to partake in each month at this time, and something they had steadily grown accustomed to as a group. Their house was close enough to the college, after all, Cirdan's job came with that perk. But both were overly cautious as of recent events and if something were to happen, a mandatory curfew would likely be put in place to make things even harder for the struggling household. It was a wonder they were allowed their freedom to come and go as it was, much less they were left free to their own devices without harm from the city authorities.

Using his own keys to open the path to the dungeon, Cirdan nodded to his guard as they stood up and quickly saluted their captain. Normally Cirdan was used to the treatment, being part of his position. But on nights of the full moon, it always felt off to him, like perhaps he wasn't himself and shouldn't be treated as such. But protocol was protocol, and he reluctantly accepted it and allowed himself to be led down the stairs to the dungeons where he and Adien would spend the night.

No stranger to this part of the castle, the unpleasant smells hit his nose rather strongly at this time of the month. Cirdan no longer allowed himself to be bothered by them as the gate was

opened and they were allowed to enter. Though it was someplace he was intimately familiar with as part of his rounds, this time of the month, it meant something more, his own personal hell for the next ten hours. Many of the cells were already filled, people either praying or weeping or silent, depending on how they dealt with their condition. It was a private wing of the prison, one used only for this purpose. Its bars were lined with silver, almost impenetrable to their eventual forms as the moon took them and reshaped them. A more enlightened response to lycanthropes than many of the outlining territories, to be certain, and something Cirdan was eternally thankful for.

Aiden made his way to a cell as far out of the way as possible from the other occupants. He was mute, and still a little shy around civilization, much less around other lycanthropes. He had joined the pair recently, having been picked up in a town called Londin, when he'd been rescued from a group of werewolf hunters that had been dispatched by Cirdan's adventuring party. His lycanthropy had been a secret before then, and the party had been rather shocked when not only one, but two werewolves came to their aid in that skirmish. Still, rather than dispatching the two of them, they were taken back to town, and Aiden was given a choice. Join them in the city and receive training to control his condition or be left to fend for himself against the hunters. Aiden chose the former. And, after some time of following Cirdan around like a lost puppy, Cirdan decided to make it official and take Aiden on as his ward.

Calming himself, Cirdan walked toward the end of the cell block to his preferred cell. Turning back to his lover, Cirdan gave him a kiss, short so as not to make a spectacle of it but enough to make sure his feelings came through. Mairon returned the kiss, the newness of their relationship and being seen in front of the other lycanthropes and guards making it a little unnerving. Still, he wanted to be there for his love through what had to be a more trying experience than he could ever imagine.

"I'll see you in the morning," Cirdan said, trying to keep the sadness or the worry out of his tone, though failing miserably.

With that, Marion turned away, moving up the stairs and closing the heavy metal door. He would have stayed if asked, but he knew it was dangerous, and he hated to see both his lover and their ward going through such an agonizing process. He was left to suffer his own internal struggle alone, not wanting either of them to know how much it hurt him. They knew, of course, but it largely went unsaid at this stage of the relationship. One of those special things that no longer needed saying, each knowing what the other was feeling without words. The sign of a strong bond, one relatively new but that held much promise.

Though it pained Cirdan to see his lover go, he knew it was for the best, not wanting Mairon to view him in such a state. Naturally, it had been the case in the past, and Cirdan hated

to see the pained expression in his lover's eyes before the wolf took over. He was sure that Marion would stay if he asked, but the pain of being seen in such a state was too much, and so they agreed to always part before the change overtook him. Still, a tear rolled down his cheek, something he kept hidden from the other elf as he prepared for the full moon to take hold of his body.

Stripping down, Cirdan removed his robes, never wearing the proper protection anyway, hating the feeling of armor on his form, as much as it was standard attire for his position. He took a moment to enjoy his naked body, something that he had under good authority that Mairon held with some reverence. He was harrier than almost any other elf, a sign of his lycanthropic heritage, though nowhere near the levels of many humans. Thankfully, it was not enough to cover his myriad of tattoos, the tree with blooming green and gold orchids sown his back, the black rose on his left forearm, a sign of rebirth, and a crimson sun containing a golden eagle sat over his heart. He played his hands over them, knowing they would soon be taken from him as the shift hit him.

No sooner did he pile the rest of his clothing to the side than the shift hit him, filling his body with a familiar heat to be followed by unending agony. Though he was used to stifling his pain, the sounds of anguished cries coming from the other cells were enough to trigger his own response, and he failed to prevent his own scream from his lips. It was as though every bone in his body was cracking and tearing at the muscles within all at once, an apt expectation given the changes to come over his body. He was sweating profusely, shivering as he stood there, trying his best not to fall over. The change was worse if he was to sit down, as he knew from personal experience. It was better for him to stand and let the change take him as it would. Hardly a deterrent for the pain, it was better than nothing and prevented the rest of the changes from getting any worse.

Arguably one of the worse parts of the change, his hands started to seize up, claws bursting forth in a spray of blood. It was one of the reasons he opted to stay in the same cage each and every night, the scents of his own blood impossible to keep out of the cell even a month later. It eased the wolf in his mind somewhat, and it was commonplace for all the other wolves to take place in their familiar cells as well. Still, it was little consolation at the moment as his hands ached, claws pushing out to the point they were as thick from the base as the tips of his fingers. Blood ran down his hands in rivulets as they took shape on each of his fingers and thumbs, the aches of their presence still resonating through his hands. Yet, the pain against his hands was soon deterred with the same ache erupting from his feet, each toe bursting from the force of their own nails growing. Save his little toes, though they would soon possess their own blunt equivalents as the changes proceeded to rob him of his human form.

The aches continued up his fingers as they cracked almost violently, elongating and thickening into a size that was able to support the claws that he now possessed. Palms swelled as well, double their meek elven stature as the muscles of his lower arms bulged almost painfully against the skin. Tingling against his palms was enough for him to know he was gaining the padded digits of the wolf, blackness coating the surface as well as the tips of his fingers. Though his hands were massive, they still retained some level of human flexibility. Not that the beast he was becoming could ever use them in such a way. He would be a hybrid being, something unnatural and a curse he would likely never be free of.

Worse was the sensation of his toes contracting, pulling into widening bases as they swelled and changed into a facsimile of canine paws. There would be nothing of the human toes left as they changed, claws bloodily bursting forth and clenching for the moment they still possessed the ability to do so. The same pads formed the bottom of them in a canine configuration, though he felt no compulsion to lift them up to look at them. It was everything he had to keep his composure through the changes, and looking at the individual intricacies was a luxury he did not have.

Though he tried his best to stifle his pained cries, it was agonizing to feel the muscles in his arms and legs bulging, pushing against the skin to the point he was sure it would burst through. His belly was contracting, ribs cracking and breaking before reforming into a more hybrid configuration. It was excruciating to the point he could barely stand it, even though he was used to it for the months and years since he'd been cursed. There was no acclimating to the literal ripping apart of his body to become that of an entirely different entity.

Perhaps most disconcerting was an aching against his tailbone to the point Cirdan was sure he was growing a new appendage, one he possessed only in lupine form. It pained him terribly to feel it wrenching from his tailbone, pushing outward and wagging in pain from having been birthed prematurely. Cirdan loathed the thing, something that only a beast possessed, but it was something he'd come to live with and something that he would ignore as well as the rest of the changes as best he could. It continued to push its way out of his backside, itching with the growth of fur as it reached its inevitable length.

Perhaps the most embarrassing aspect was the persistent erection he had throughout, taking all he had not to touch it at the moment. The fact that he was surrounded by other changing wolf men was not a deterrent for him to touch himself. Cirdan relished the sensation of masturbation as the only reprieve from the ache of the changes. At first, he'd been scared that it would bring the wolf out faster, but he had learned to find a balance between the two, resisting touching himself for the moment.

With that in mind, it was his cock that was to change next, always beginning with the formation of his sheath, the skin within pulling downward to expose a thicker, veiny rod. It was always powerfully embarrassing to feel this part, but there was little Cirdan could do, a part of the change as anything else. The skin merged with his groin, hitching up his cock toward his thinning belly and almost wide enough to subsume it. But with the potency of his erection and the lust the changes seemed to play over him, there was little chance of it being hidden away for very long as it bobbed up and down, still remaining in a human state for however long that was to last. Its turgidness was somehow greater, if that was possible, and Cirdan was always sure a collection of calcium formed a bone within his member, something he could almost feel when he stroked himself off.

Itching playing over his pubic hair drew his attention next as it started to lance upward, covered with sweat and spreading the scent of lupine musk in the air. Cirdan hated how much the scent turned him on, though not from the maleness himself, fine with his homosexuality as he was. It was the moments he didn't want to admit that while the changes caused immense agony, they felt rather pleasurable to the point that he would have no reprieve but to rut into the air and cum. Worse was the itching that covered his groin, moving up his treasure trail and armpits, and down his hairy legs as each individual hair warped into their lupine equivalent. Though most elves were bare in that regard, the lycanthrope curse altered one's appearance in their natural form as well, and that hair was always the first to turn as the shift overtook him. By the time it was done, his pits were thick and filled his nose with a heat male stink that only served to spur on his arousal to the point it was maddening

With the changes coming over him, Cirdan could hardly resist touching himself, and he knew the changes to his already impressive 9.5-inch cock, elves being more well endowed as far as he understood. It rose even longer from his groin, bobbing up and down and giving him endowment beyond anything he could fathom. It soon turned red, pointed at the tip as the head grew bulbous. Thickening in circumference as well, it was almost heavy on his groin, touching his belly and leaking stringy fluids over the still spreading fur. The most pleasing aspect was when the base of his penis swelled even beyond its own wolvern member, reaching the contours of a lupine knot. Not something he'd ever embedded in another male while in lupine form, but in his contrasting waves of pain and pleasure, it was something he'd considered on more than one occasion. It did pull his sheath down even further, almost to the point of causing it to ache, though only served to amplify his pleasure to a point where he could not resist touching himself.

With that, Cirdan was wracked with waves of lancing flames, the bones and muscles in his back and chest snapping violently. He was literally being torn apart from the insides, bones warping through muscle and organs to the point that it should have ended his life over and over. It was an impossible process, a far cry from the fluid transformations of druid wild shapes and sorcerors spells of transfiguration. Such magic allowed planes of magic to influence their shapes,

multiple dimensions that did not influence pain. But this was far removed from that, waves of agony spurred by a curse of the full moon that defied all natural laws of man or magic. Organs were gradually swelling, blood spilling on his insides, and being reabsorbed to prevent any lasting injury. And he was kept alive, body awash in hormones the only thing that allowed him to manage through till the end of the change.

Without any other reprieve from the pain, and lust at the forefront of his thoughts, Cirdan could resist the urge to touch himself no longer. Though his hands were in a hybrid state, he was still able to grip his penis, feeling the firm grip of his pads on his member. The pressure was sublime, Cirdan able to barely work his way up and down his rod to the point he was already leaking. For whatever reason, he was never able to make it to climax until the changes were done, be it a facet of the curse or the fact that his physiology. But the simple touch was enough to ebb the agony from the changes to the point he was able to ride them through to their conclusions.

Normally, such would have been embarrassing, given that he was not only being witnessed by guards with silver weapons but a cavern full of other lycanthropes, each with an acute sense of smell, there was no hiding what he was doing. That would be a concern if not for the fact that everyone else changing in the room was undergoing the same thing. The lust seemed to burn into their minds as part of the change, and even those who wanted to resist felt the call of the beast to the point they no longer could. And when their minds succumbed to the wolf, the beast usually took over and finished the job, so to speak. Cirdan had long since learned to allow such social conventions to fade and to do what it took to ride through the change.

Cracks and pops were still running through his chest as it barreled, lungs more expansive, digestive system meant for meat, layer upon layer of muscle bulking up his form well beyond the point an elf could manage. Though Cirdan was muscled already, the bulk his wolf form possessed was far more than anything his biology could amass. It added another foot to his height, in conjunction with the added size from stretched legs. He could manage to stand erect in the cell should he choose to, but at this stage of the change, he felt it best to sit, finding the position easier to mediate his way through the onslaught of lupine instincts.

By this point, all the hairs over his body, save for his head, had been converted to lupine ruff. Now it was the bare patches of skin that were to erupt with fur, itching all over and making Cirdan long to scratch. His claws would rend his skin, however, something Cirdan had learned from personal experience. His lycanthrope self could heal easily but not so much from either silver or the bites of his own kind. So he was forced to feel the irritation of his fur starting up his feet and legs, spreading from his covered groin and across his bare tail. Expanding outward from his treasure trail, it moved up his back in a black wave, coating him all the way up to his neck

with his coat of lupine fur. It was itchy, though at least the irritation subsided to a degree as it took hold over his skin.

Next was arguably the worst part of the change, something that Cirdan loathed but had to work his way through in order to keep a semblance of his sanity. It was just his face left to change, everywhere below the neck taken over by the wolf. All he could do was to stroke himself off, pre-cum leaking from his shaft and sticking up his paw as he continued to revel in the pleasure. First to alter was his elven facial hair, something he kept shaved so as to not expose his lycanthrope condition to those who did not know. It returned with a vengeance, lancing outward and spreading across his features. Soon, his chin, his bread, and his sideburns were covered with black, shaggy fur to the point only his nose and the areas around his eyes were devoid of it. His shoulder-length red hair soon retracted to match the fur up his back, bristling down as though agitated. Given the presence of the other wolves in the dungeon with him, he felt the urge to assert dominance, though he was able to restrain it, given the sturdiness of the cages between them. The ruff itself was black like the rest of his or, though traces of reddish hue remained of his elven heritage.

No amount of masturbation could detract from the force of his face violently pushing forward, cracking and popping as it took his lips, gums, teeth, and even nose into view of his eyes. It hurt like hell, leaving Cirdan panting with a tongue that was steadily flattening and thinning and curving around still-human teeth. Perhaps the most painful part was his teeth sharpening, shearing the insides of his gums, and filling his mouth with the coppery taste of blood. He swallowed it quickly, awakening his hunger and making his stomach growl for meat. Raw, juicy flesh from a kill that he cared not about its source be it animal or man.

Lips quivered as they turned black and gummy, shorter whiskers peppering around them as his nostrils flared and expanded, moisture and slits drawing in scent molecules more acutely than even forest beasts. He knew the profiles of every lycanthrope in the dungeon, the guards, and every being that had been in there over the past few days. Mostly, he scented Mairon, and his lust grew to the tipping point, almost enough to blow from the thought of his lover alone. Oh, the things he wanted to do with that elf as soon as Mairon was ready...

As his ears started to twitch, their contours were covered with hairs, and their canals sprouted longer hairs, more sensitive to vibrations than anything even his elven equivalents could manage. He could hear every grunt, every whine, every crack of bone, and the tearing of muscles as all the other lycanthropes changed in tandem. Most of all, he could hear the sounds of those stroking themselves off, moaning their pleasure in contrast to the pain of change. It was enough to make him wish to be deaf, not wanting to know what was happening to each and every one. It was almost mind-numbing to the point he was drowning in the cacophony of lupine being.

The worse was yet to come, however, as his skull started to compress, pushing inward and straining his brain as the wolf within tried to gain control. It was at this moment that the inner wolves took over, and the beings they were lost themselves to the beasts. It took Cirdan all he had to ride out the storm, years of mental training to maintain a semblance of himself. And as his skull reshaped itself in the final throes of the change, Cirdan stroked himself off faster, prepping to give the wolf what it wanted at the moment it took hold. That was enough of a distraction for him to keep a semblance of himself in the sea of storms that was bestial instincts.

One final change moved over him, centering in his eyes as he was sure the green of his elven heritage was shifting to amber, a lupine gaze that burned into the low light of the prison. He hated the reflection of his lycanthrope self, glad that while within the prison he had no chance to see it. The eyesight was different, more focused than that of a predator, though there was little for him to focus on that his wolf would consider prey. Other wolves did not meet that criterion, and even the wolf was cautious about armed guards, their armor and weapons slier for maximum damage should they need to use them. There were very few instances where that was necessary, and the prison and staff were well prepared for the safe incarceration of lycanthropes.

It was hard for Cirdan to focus on anything but the impending release as he stroked himself to completion, wanting nothing more than that reprieve. With the onset of orgasm, Cirdan was unable to keep the howl from his voice as he let loose with what felt like a torrent of pent-up seed over his paw, running down his cock, and even spraying the warm, sticky fluid over his chest. The stench was rank, filling as waves of pleasure rocked his form to the point he almost whited out. Yet, the wolf within took the brunt of it, a beast of pleasure and reveling in the power of its body. With that, Cirdan was able to draw all his psyche and training to maintain himself, riding the waves of pleasure with more sensitivity than his elven form could ever provide. He was one with his beast in the enjoyment of the moment, even if it disgusted him to have this side of him so dominant for the time it took him to take hold once more.

Not everyone else was so lucky. The howls of release and roars of rage and being confined resonated throughout the prison, crashes of bodies against the bars as well as those achieving orgasmic release. As best as Cirdan could tell, he was one of a few if not the only one who could control his wolf to this degree. It was both a blessing and a curse, a point of pride for Cirdan yet something that did not make the night pass well. It was the way of things, and there was nothing else for it as he sat down, cross-legged to mediate and maintain himself.

The night passed slowly, not only with there being nothing to do but with the constant sounds of the other lycanthropes banging against their cells, snarling, rutting into their paws, and a myriad of distracting endeavors that threatened to draw out his own wolf. It was all he could do to keep himself from being overrun, Cirdan unable to perform any other task while the threat of the wolf loomed in his mind. He did appreciate when food was brought, the meat raw but perfect



for his new tastes. He recognized the guard coming to feed them as one of his own, and he was tempted to try to talk to him, though he could hardly be understood in lupine form. He was sure his guard knew Cirdan was the only one that maintained cognizance, though they did not discuss such things while on duty.

It seemed like the morning could not come fast enough, and even his meditation did not fully keep his mind in control the entire night. It was something he was working on, and perhaps someday, Cirdan was sure he would get there. Never enough to keep him from needing to be confined, of course. There were so many outside stimulations that would trigger the wolf and remove his ability to control it, and above all, he didn't want to risk hurting his love. Though it pained them both to be away from each other on full moon nights, it was something the two of them had learned to live with in the short amount of time they had been together.

Eventually, the sound of the gates opening caught Cirdan's attention, and he momentarily felt a bit of shame at not having his clothes on. But it was always Mairon that came first in the morning to collect his love and their ward, and Cirdan had all the time to get his robes on before the gate was open. A small embrace was all they needed at the moment before they gathered Aiden and headed back to their home.

Cirdan always had a bit of a limp the night after the change, something that didn't seem to bother Aiden so much, perhaps with his younger age. Still, Mairon was there to help him back to their home, leaving Aiden to head to his quarters to rest and recuperate in his own way. He preferred it that way, given his age, and both of his adopted fathers were fine to allow him that, given the horrors of the change and the toll they took on his mentality. As soon as they were alone, Mairon helped him draw a hot bath, guiding him in and allowing him to soak.

"How was it?" Mairon asked, addressing the elephant in the room.

"No better or worse than the previous months, my love," Cirdan said, with some bit of a sigh. "I was able to keep the beast's mind at bay all through the time, but it is...trying. Mentally fatiguing. I'm sure that most other races could not manage. Not to sound superior, but-"

"I think you're superior regardless," Mairon said, moving in to give him a peck on the lips. Cirdan would have blushed at that if he could have. He did love how forward the man had been, which left him more excited to think about how their relationship would progress.

The two chatted causally after that, mostly about their pasts and hobbies. Cirdan did discuss further how he managed the curse alone, how he had managed to fight against the beast's mind until he was eventually able to resist while changed. Though it was still far too dangerous to be around others unless absolutely necessary, the curse highly virulent, it was still better than

nothing in his opinion. He did not discuss the circumstances of his infection, which was a taboo topic for the time being. All in good time, Mairon figured.

More mundane topics came up soon after, turning to hobbies and more pleasurable pursuits. An avid baker, Mairon discussed his latest attempts to cook elven pastries from their home city, something they could not procure even from the elven district within Rovenshire. It made Cirdan excited to hear how much his new love used baking as a love language, something he certainly appreciated the morning after the full moon. Another interest of Marion's was song, Cirdan finding his voice beautiful and asking him to sing a few well-known songs in elvish. Cirdan was *not* a talented singer, and even Mairon's attempts to coax him into it were unsuccessful. Cirdan assured him it was awful, and he would have to be under the influence of drink in order for him to try, and even then, Mairon would be likely to leave him right then and there!

Their combat prowess, though something the two of them had shared often, was a point of shared experience as well. Cirdan had some interest in Mairon's combat magic, something he'd seen in person but was impressed with nonetheless. Like all elves, Cirdan possessed a modicum of magic, but his training had moved toward the way of the sword as well as unarmed combat. Still, both of them were experts with the blade, and it was often fun for them to spar, teasing each other with domestic chores for the loser.

Soon, their topics of conversation even turned to bedroom affairs, though not directly, at first. Both being pure elves, the level of body hair covering Cirdan's body was a point of excitement for Mairon, something that he could only experience with another race but preferred to be with another elf and Cirdan in particular. Though Cirdan kept his beard shaved, something he possessed in contrast to his elven heritage, Mairon insisted he keep the rest of the body hair, something he could hide from the rest of the world. Though they had not engaged in penetrative sex, Marion did like to play with the hair, licking down his treasure trail, sniffing his armpit hair, and rubbing the hair over Cirdan's groin, something that always brought the other elf to erection. And this morning was no different, Marion teaching his lithe fingers over it was some reverence.

“So, I've been thinking...” Marion asked, though let his voice trail off.

“Oh?” Cirdan asked, getting out of the bath and drying himself off. He was powerfully aroused, sure that his 9.5 prick didn't evade his lover's gaze. He had told Marion as much that even after the exhaustion that came from the change, the arousal and lust were still ever present. Though they had never done anything intimate the morning after a change, Cirdan always saw Mairon sneaking glances at him and had it under good authority he might want to take things further. Likely shy about asking after one of Cirdan's full moon nights, he reasoned.

Still, even under his robes, Cirdan's enhanced sense of smell could tell that Mairon was erect and leaking, his own 9.5-inch member not at full erection, though not needing so much coaxing. With that, he allowed his towel to fall to the floor and moved down on his knees toward what he assumed would be a throbbing erection. Any hesitation Marion might have had was forgotten as he came to full length, parting his robes and allowing them to fall to the ground. With skill and precision, Cirdan took Mairon's rod in his mouth, deep-throating in a way that spoke to his experience.

"Oh...Cirdan..." Mairon moaned, feeling himself start to leak already. Not the first time they had performed oral, it was wonderful seeing how wild he could be under the full moon's influence, even during the morning after. He always found the man handsome, and the sight of him, his scent, and his attention to Marion's needs had him more turned on than anything he could recall. He was tender, and gentle, playing over his rode with care and reverence. Something that brought Mairon's lust to its peak, and sure he would not last long under such attention.

Reaching down to rub his lover's reddish, shoulder-length hair, Marion moaned, encouraging his friend to pleasure his rod. He loved oral, both giving and receiving, and he would be sure to return the favor once he came in his lover's mouth. But then again...he'd been thinking about it for some time, now. With the newness of their relationship, and everything going on, he had no time to discuss going further. He had been nervous, being his first time with another man in such a way, and although Cirdan's body turned him on like nothing else, there was something about the experience he wanted to be...special. Though in a moment of lust, there was no reason not to make now the time.

Smile on his face, Mairon eventually guided his elven lover to stand up, Cirdan carrying a look equal parts confusion and anticipation. Surely, Mairon would not want to end their fun without a reason. And that was to be the case, Mairon taking his hand and drawing him into a gentle kiss.

"I want to go further...to try...I want you inside me," Mairon confessed, blushing the moment the words were out of his mouth. Yet, the sentiment was out there, and Mairon didn't want to return it, thinking he needed it as much as anything.

With that, Cirdan brought out his materials for proper preparation, Mairon struggling a little with his inexperience but thankful all the same. The anticipation was all he needed to keep erect, and he was eager to experience what it would be like to have Cirdan inside him. Having experienced being on top and doing the leg work, Cirdan was more than eager to partake, having eagerly waited for Mairon to ask. He was sure it would happen sooner or later and didn't want to push things. But now...

The two of them kissed tenderly, Mairon tracing his hands over the integrated tattoos that adorned his lover's form. Eventually, his hands touched the bite scar on his right shoulder, the only thing on his pristine skin that would not easily heal. The spot where he'd been bitten by the one that had cursed him. Mairon still didn't know the entire story and didn't want to ask, not yet. Someday, perhaps. But the thought of it was certainly ruining their fun at the moment...

Eventually, Mairon broke the kiss, moving toward the bed and getting on his back with his legs raised. Both elves being of similar stature, it was easy for Cirdan to get into position, lining up his eager rod with Marion's prepared entrance. Rubbing it gently around the rim of his pucker, Cirdan could feel his rectal muscles tensing before he pushed inside, almost pulled in as though Mairon was welcoming him. A low moan escaped Mairon's lips, obviously not used to taking something inside of him but not wanting to make a show of that, either. "You OK?" Cirdan asked, and Mairon simply nodded, eager for the pleasure that could come.

With that, Cirdan took a moment to find his place in his love before starting to thrust, gently, tenderly with care for his lover's comfort. Mairon felt some discomfort from the action, though soon a pressure started to play over his prostate, something he had never experienced directly and something he held with great regard. It felt amazing, making him leak as Mairon gently stroked himself off, not wanting to move too much lest he bring himself too quickly. And with Cirdan's skill, that was certainly a likely outcome!

All the while, Cirdan kept up a steady pace, wanting it to be as gentle and passionate as possible. Looking down into his lover's eyes with love and compassion, Cirdan moaned, feeling some of the wolf returning after his full moon night. Though he was able to keep it at bay to a degree, the more he rutted into his love, the more uncontrolled his hips continued to gyrate to the point they started moving uncontrolled.

By this time, however, Mairon was already used to the size of his lover's maleness and felt only pleasure as he was taken, used, and bred. The primal temperament his lover was taking on was not appealing in and of itself. But he trusted Cirdan completely, and with his own pleasure growing, it took little time for him to reach his end, holding back until his lover finished so that the two of them could enjoy their burdens together.

Cirdan did his best to keep his end as tender and passionate as possible, though could do little in the face of the beast that was making its presence in his mind known once more. With his orgasm on the brink of release, the compulsion to take his mate crept into the forefront of his psyche to the point he could no longer resist. Reaching down toward his lover's neck, blunt elven teeth bite down on the flesh of Mairon's neck. It was not enough to break the skin, though would

certainly leave a mark. Mairon was sure he saw his lover's eyes flash amber for a moment, though with the onset of orgasm, there was little time to reflect on it.

The action was enough to send Cirdan over the edge, moaning out as he came into his lover's fuck hole, quivering from release. Feeling his lover come to his end, Mairon moaned out as well, letting his own release spill over their chests. Both elves panted, feeling the release washing over them for the first time from penetrative sex. For Mairon, it was amazing, even if his lover had been rough at the end, likely a holdover from his wolveren form. For Cirdan, it was heaven, giving into the beast and enjoying the pleasure of making love with his partner at the same time.

No worrying about making a mess, Cirdan moved to pull out of his lover, trailing a little cum as he did so. They could clean up later, he reasoned, wanting to spoon his lover in the afterglow of amazing sex. Marion, only slightly shorter, leaned into his hairy lover, enjoying the scent of their musk and the tremors of orgasm from his cock. It had been amazing, and his only regret was that he'd waited until now to enjoy things in such an intimate way. But that was fine. They had all the time they needed to explore the newness of their relationship and explore their bodies and sexuality with each other.

A sound resonated in their heads just then, that of their ward. Though Aiden was mute, he had learned enough somatic spells that allowed him to communicate. And in this instance, both elves perhaps wished he was not so proficient. <It's times like this I wish my sense of smell wasn't so acute at the time of the full moon...> he muttered, though neither elf was sure if he intended to broadcast those thoughts. Both elves felt a sense of embarrassment at that. Though they were adults, they didn't need to broadcast their bedroom affairs. Still, eventually, Cirdan smiled, the blush on Mairon's face adorable.

"I think this is something he's going to have to get used to," Cirdan said, trying to stifle a giggle. Not that he wanted to assume such things, but he could hope Mairon felt the same way...

"I think he just might," Mairon whispered, moving in to take his lover in a gentle kiss. They were certainly in an unconventional situation, both in their relationship and Cirdan's curse. But in Mairon's mind, especially in the afterglow of an amazing orgasm, he would have things no other way...