

Stroll Through the Moonlight

By Dragonien

An ominous roll of thunder in the distance gave voice to the threat of rain and storms. A faint crackle of blue sparked across the distant sky as if Mother Nature were flashing her high beams in warning. It was the kind of weather that made people seal up their homes and curl up under a thick blanket as the heavy patter of rain drummed against the rooftops. It certainly was not weather anyone would wish to be caught out in the open when it arrived.

Which is why Elio was so happy that the storm was moving in the opposite direction.

The blue dragon sighed happily as he sucked in a deep lung full of the early night air; still rich with the humidity of the passing storm. His hands were nestled in the front pockets of his grey hoodie as he strolled his way down the street. Evening walks like this always put Elio in a good mood. The freedom, the quiet, along with the open spaces sometimes let him imagine he was the only person in the world and that the splendor of nature was all his own. Or at least what natural splendor could be found in the suburbs.

Unfortunately, it wasn't the most well-kept suburb. Several of the street lights were dark; their light bulbs in need of being replaced for weeks. There was at least enough light to make it from one functional street lamp to another but not enough to get much of a look at anything in between. It didn't bother Elio that much. He just wanted to bask in the solitary night air to unwind after a long afternoon of socialization. If he had been more attentive to his calendar, he could have avoided what was coming next.

As the last bits of cloud finally rolled themselves away, moonlight washed across the suburb. It brought a smile to the blue dragon's face not just from his surroundings brightening but from the pleasant tingle that the moonlight left on his skin. That gentle, soothing tickle built until it became an insistent itch. His happy smile faded into a frown of discomfort as he reached up to scratch one arm with the other. But the itch only got worse. It wasn't until Elio heard the sharp rip of fabric and looked down to see his claws, now more than twice as long

and having sliced through the fabric of his sleeve like it were tissue paper, that he realized he had made an idiotic mistake.

“Oh fuck. It’s the twelfth.”

As he cursed Elio turned his head towards the sky and confirmed his fear. Just as expected the night sky was brilliantly lit by a glowing white orb in the sky... A full moon.

As if responding to his recognition his body shuttered violently as it greedily drunk up whatever immaterial energy the moon projected to people like him. In an instant his other hand sprouted claws matching the first and a pair of sharp rips I told him that the claws on his toes had similarly transformed and torn through the front of his shoes. Frantically, the dragon looked around as if trying to find some safe place to go. But his house was miles away and he was in the middle of a mostly-sleeping suburb with nothing but residential houses all around him.

The worst place for a Weredragon to be on the full moon.

Sharp, fleshy pops cracked through the evening air like whips as his limbs and joints shifted and elongated unnaturally. His legs surged upwards and stretched him a good three or four inches taller in the span of a couple of seconds. His arms similarly stretched out to match his legs; giving him a momentarily disproportionate shape until his entire torso seemed to inflate to fill in the difference. Then it just kept on inflating.

His normally modest but athletic body swelled like a balloon with pound after pound of newfound muscle mass appearing out of thin air. Lean, well-defined pectorals surged outwards into massive slabs of beef that would have shamed dinner plates in size. His abs, partially exposed by his body's abrupt elongation, bulged and thickened into a rock-hard washboard of muscle. His shoulders broadened as his chest inflated to the point that the front of his hoodie began to tear open in a large V-shaped ripped down the middle. Inch after inch of deep pectoral cleavage exposed itself as they continued to growing larger and larger until his monstrous chest jet it out farther than his own muzzle!

“Oh fuck... Oh shit oh fuck.” Elio growled in a deepening and increasingly feral tone of voice that was changing alongside the rest of his body.

Even as his body was transforming his mind was trying to reshape itself as well. Primal instincts and urges normally repressed or restrained by his higher consciousness reared up like wild animals smashing against their cage doors as each impact bent the bars a little bit more. He could feel his bestial nature trying to assert itself even as he desperately struggled to repress it on reflex. It was a mighty task both from the actual difficulty of trying to repress his growing animal side and from the fact that the change just felt so god damn good it was hard to WANT to resist it.

Endorphins flooded his body like a numbing agent; certainly intended to cover up what otherwise would have been painful transformations for his body to undergo in a matter of seconds. The actual reason didn't make it any less blissful of a sensation though. It was like his whole body was spasming in orgasmic bliss and tingling from that satisfying post workout burn at the same time. And as his grip on his bestial nature lessened, he found himself wanting more.

His thighs bulged from impressive runner's legs into monstrous pillars of stone that split his jeans open at the seams. His feet nearly doubled in size and tore the top half of his shoes entirely off of the soles and letting their remains slide off the edge of his feet in a pile of torn fabric. His arms reached up to grab handfuls of the front of his partially torn shirt and hoodie, claws tearing through the fabric like it was wet toilet paper.

As he looked down at his own monstrous changes a black streaks swirled its way through the sclera of his eyes until they had turned completely black. As they did his vision sharpened and came into focus, suddenly drastically improved in the low light. His other senses similarly ramped up as well a moment later. He could hear the soft patter of a cat's paws in the bush thirty yards away. He could taste the rain still in the air and feel the tiniest shift of wind direction as it blew across his bare flesh. He could smell the entire world around him like a road map of scents so vivid that he could have closed his eyes and still created a

perfect mental picture of his surroundings from smell alone. But above all of the other natural scents around him, the one most prevalent was his own.

His arms tore at the front of his shirt and shredded the remains of his hoodie before throwing the useless rags to either side of him. With his upper body now fully exposed the natural musk radiating off of him that had magnified itself tenfold through his changes permeated the air. The normally light tufts of hair that peppered his chest and under his arms thickened into a lush mane of fur that radiated a powerful masculine musk so intense its effects would have been borderline an aphrodisiac to anyone brave enough to get close and smell it.

Even knowing it was his own scent the smell still sent a shiver of bliss down Elio's spine. More importantly, it sent a surge of blood down to his waist as his already naturally impressive cock and balls joined the rest of his body in its explosive expansion. In a matter of seconds his balls had more than doubled in size until they hung so low and heavy they dragged his underwear down away from his waistline. His cock bulged with inch after inch of newfound flesh until it simply flopped over the sagging waistband of his tearing underwear before beginning to harden. A moment later it had gained enough blood pressure to support its own weight and flopped itself upwards to slap against the herculean Weredragon's chest and leave a small splotch of the pre it was already leaking on the bottom of his pectorals.

Deeper and deeper his mind fell into the chasm of ferocity until he simply forgot why he was resisting anymore. The changes felt so good; his body felt so powerful. He could do anything he wanted and no one could stop him! With that thought any semblance of his rational mind was buried beneath the beast.

As the changes slowed to a stop his breath came out in hot pants that made the humid air steam in front of him. The monstrous Weredragon, half again his normal size and four times as muscular, curled his toes and let his claws dig deep gouges into the concrete below as he experimentally shifted his weight from one leg to the other. His massive tail slammed down behind him hard enough to crack the sidewalk panel in two with an impact that sounded like a gunshot. Yet there was no worry of being discovered, no concern of any of the prey around him noticing his presence. He had nothing to fear. He was the apex predator.

And yet even in that beastly state slivers of his sentience peeked through. Not any sense of control or modesty or concern but rather admiration. Without even thinking the hulking werebeast lifted one of his arms and flexed the watermelon sized bicep straining the skin and scales of his arm. The feeling of the muscle fighting against his own flesh for space made Elio let out a snarl of hungry lust and sent a fresh splatter of pre shooting from the tip of his cock like an isolated cumshot. He wasn't aware enough anymore to hold himself back; to think or plan as to what he should do. The only thing he was aware enough to know was that he was a monster. And that he loved it.

The moonlight caught his eye as he admired his own bicep with that tiny speck of sentience that had surfaced. His lips curled back in a feral snarl that showed off teeth as sharp as knives lining a jaw strong enough to bite through steel. Even though his transformation was over he could still feel that tingle on his skin. He unconsciously recognized it as the power of the moon that was still flooding him with that let him maintain his form. His head tipped back and his arms extended to his side with his claws spread wide as if in a show of both demonstration and challenge as he roared up into the night sky. The sound boomed through the air, the rival of any thunderclap nature could produce. Nearby windows rattled and even those that didn't rapidly began to fill with light as those nearby began waking to the strange sound outside. But none of that mattered to Elio.

Turning his attention away from his celestial benefactor in the sky the dragon swung his head around as his nostrils flared to scan the area. Suddenly he perked up, lips spreading into an unconscious grin as he caught a whiff of something interesting. Without hesitation the beast turned and dashed towards his prey. May god have mercy on whatever it may be. And if he is truly merciful maybe this time Elio will wake up in the morning somewhere that doesn't have a crowd of people staring at his naked ass once he transforms back. But that would be a concern for the morning. For tonight...

He hunts