

I had finished up, and began to dry my jet black hair. I looked at myself in the mirror for a long time after that, just gazing upon my thin frame, unconfident stance, and less than admirable member. I just wanted Michael to know so bad... but I couldn't.. I just couldn't.

"I've figured it out Jeremy; I can make your dream come true."

I remembered it again, though this time, I grasped it. Before, it had simply been another mysterious thing that Michael had said, but now, it truly had meaning... and I asked myself... what did he mean? I had a lot of "dreams" per-se...

But I really didn't have time to think about it for long, because it was already 7. I would usually always drive over to Michaels around 7 every day to chill... today would be no exception, I figured... especially with this, perhaps, too captivating thing he had said.

I pulled my girly Kelly green shirt over my head, and down over my tight chest, then pulled on my especially tight girl jeans, and tucked my member down into it. My member was always noticeable, even for its size, because of my tight jeans. I grabbed my keys, and got into my little 87' Nissan Z, pressed the clutch, and turned the key.

The drive to Michaels is heavily wooded on both sides of the road, mostly with pine, and all of which were very tall trees. The sun had already set, and my headlights weren't enough to break the darkness that lay between the thick pines in this beautiful forest. I couldn't help imagine myself dashing between them, my eyes made for the darkness, as my grey fur flowed in the cool night air. I flowed between them like water, as I would have done every night of my life; my beautifully toned haunches and paws were made for dashing.

I pulled into Michaels gravel driveway, and parked along the side, as I always did. I got out of my car, and noticed that when I stood up, my tight shirt had receded up; too small, as I typically sported. I pulled it down to my waistline, though I knew it would only sneak back up, revealing my penis lines (you know, those sexy lines that start at your hips, and go down to your inner legs?).

Michael had the door wide open, and he was leaning on it. It was pretty cold... I was surprised he wasn't shivering like I was.... But maybe it wasn't the cold... I started to get nervous... what did Michael have in store for me?

"Hey."

"Hi." I stood in front of him on the porch, trying to pull my shirt down again, but I knew those sex lines were still visible.

He just stood there in the doorway looking at me with those keen eyes for a while, then asked

"So, you ready?"

"Ready for what?" I pretended not to remember, though I was defiantly very curious.

“Follow me.”

We walked down his basement steps, as he lived in the basement. His computer was off, which was defiantly unusual, and he had books lying around everywhere. I accidentally kicked one just off of the last step.

“Ah that’s the one.”

Michael picked up the book. It was a really thick black book... the spine looked old and tattered, as did the cover, which had some strange circle, with designs all around and within it. He opened it up, and I noticed the pages also looked just as old, yellowed with age, and some even falling out.

Michael slammed the book shut, and I jumped.

“The final preparations are all done.” Again, he seemed to look into my very soul with his deep eyes.

He walked over to a corner in his room, where he typically piled a mixture of books and dirty clothes... though this time, there was a curtain around the entire corner. He looked back at me, and drew the curtain aside. He motioned me to come over, and I followed.

Behind the curtain was something very strange, even for Michael. On the floor, in chalk, was a large circle, with meticulously drawn designs all about it, just as the cover of the book had. Michael tossed the book down on the ground next to this design, and reached up to the ceiling. He flicked on a light that illuminated the whole scene. He stood there for a second, and took a deep breath. He sat down on top of the circle, and I followed in suit. He sat with his legs crossed and with the now opened book in his lap, reading quickly. I crossed my legs too, as well as my arms, because it was always cold in the basement.

Without looking up, Michael asked me “Do you know what I’ve been studying for the last four years?”

“Umm...”

“It will be a surprise then. But I need you to not leave the circle.”

For some reason those words frightened me, and I began to shiver, aside the cold. Michael set the book in the middle of the circle, and looked me in the eyes.

“I need you to do this for me Jeremy... do you remember how I told you I could make your dream come true? Think about that and nothing else... and I will do the same.”

We sat there for a while, Michael with his eyes shut, and mine glued on his face. What did he mean? I tried my best... I thought about what my dream was.... Then realized that I didn’t really know what I really wanted most. I thought about Michael... I thought about being a wolf...

Then suddenly, Michael’s eyes shot open, and he grabbed my hand. He slammed my hand down on the book. I looked down at the scene, my hand flat across the seal of the book, and Michaels flat atop mine.

He was smiling.

I started to feel funny... not like funny ha-ha funny, but... just weird. I couldn't even begin to describe it.. It wasn't unpleasant, but nor was it normal. I had ceased shivering. I continued to look at Michael, and back at the seal.

Michael began to have this strange look on his face... and he began to grunt slightly. I suddenly felt myself become warmer... and I started to get hard. I covered my member with my other hand, only to feel that it most defiantly wasn't going to stop any time soon. Why did I feel so strange? The feeling was defiantly intensifying. Michael's grunts got louder, and he raised his chin up and to the side... I saw that he must not have shaven in some time.. there was a clear shadow of hair on his face.

I looked down to the book again, to find that Michaels hand had changed. His fingernails had grown dark, and long, and the hair on the back of his hand, all the way up his arm had grown in quantity and length. I started to shake... but I defiantly wasn't cold... I was sweating. But neither was I scared, I was... well, excited. I looked up at Michaels face again, but his gaze was already piercing my eyes, his warm eyes looking into my very soul. He had stopped grunting, and his beard seemed to have grown.

"I think we have the same dream."

I let out a grunt... though it didn't sound like his.. it sounded sexual. My hand started to grow hair as well.. but mine was different... grey. I suddenly realized what was happening. I looked down at my waist, to notice I wasn't covering my cock anymore, and that it was throbbing to the point of leaking pre into my jeans. I looked up at Michael with a worried look on my face. But he was looking straight up. The hair on his face had grown to the point of being fur, and his arm was completely covered. It had grown in stature as well, showing defined and growing muscles, even under the thick black fur. His hand still covered mine, pinning it completely, and even covering the book at this point, because it had grown, and the fingernails had become black claws. I looked to Michael's chest, and his muscles had become even more defined, his pecks pulsing under his thin white shirt. Hair had started to poke through his shirt, and with his growing muscles, had begun to tear it. I looked further down, to find that under his jeans, a VERY significant bulge was pulsing.

I got very horny, though my "changes" didn't seem to be taking place as quickly as his; I was still changing at an alarming rate. My arms had now begun to show unusually long grey hair. But what really caught my attention, was my belly. I looked down to find that I was breathing very hard, and that grey fur had begun to sneak its way out of my jeans, forming a thick happy trail; an unusually thick one at that. My cock had begun to get so hard, that it was pushing towards the top of my jeans, to come out just at the button. I tried to hold it down with my free hand, again looking up at Michael.

I saw that a sleek red tip had emerged from the top of his pants. Its largeness had pressed against the button hard enough to pop it off, revealing a thick, and growing sheath, the red tip just emerging. I was defiantly hornier than I had ever been in my life. I had to bite my lip to the point of bleeding to prevent myself from acting on my horniness. He was breathing just as hard as I was, and it was shaking his bulbous sheath back and forth. His very clearly canine cock began to emerge more, shining and leaking pre. I couldn't stand it anymore, and I let my cock free. It immediately burst the button, and I willingly

unzipped my fly, to reveal my now furry balls, pulsing sheath, and spreading grey hair. My pinkish cock was further out than his, and defiantly not as big.

“Heh...”

I looked up to find that Michael, with a completely wolfish face was looking at me, his eyes still dark and mysterious. He was looking directly at my cock, still thickening and extending out of its sheath. I looked at his, now halfway out, and already larger than any other cock I had ever seen. It was throbbing, and leaking pre quickly. He didn't unzip his pants, instead, his leg muscles, and his huge ball sack had ripped them off.

I couldn't stand it anymore. With my newfound claws, I tore away my tight shirt and pants, and crawled over to him. His almost fully emerged cock was right in front of my face, which I could tell, was clearly wolfish now.

I licked the tip of his awesome cock, and tasted his pre... I've wanted to for so long. I stood up slightly, and stroked the fur on his sides, leaning into him. He was at least twice my size. I leaned in, and pressed our cocks together, both fully emerged. His cock was as thick as my leg. I rubbed our cocks together, and Michael let out a moan, deep and inhuman. I lowered myself again... I had to lick it. I began to lick his knot, that I would never be able to fit my hands around. I felt his balls, big and thick. They were bulbous, absolutely filled with cum I wanted so badly to guzzle. They were so big that I couldn't even fit them in my hands. I began to suck him, unable to fit my mouth around his cock, so I just licked his tip. I felt pre leaking down my cock.

“I want you.”

I was ready... I've always been ready. He bent down to kiss me, a long deep kiss, and a kiss that I've wanted for longer than anything else. I bent away to look into his eyes, dark, and loving. I turned around, and put my hands on the ground. I moved my tail out of the way, ready for him. He placed his huge paws next to mine, and laid over me. I felt the tip of his cock press against my hole, and enter just a little. Already his pre was leaking down from my hole, onto the back of my furry balls. He pushed inside of me just a little further, and I could feel the already immenseness of his cock. He leaned over my pointy ear, and asked if I was ready. I told him I always was. He pushes inside of me, stretching my waist. I teared up, in pain, and in happiness. He wasn't even halfway inside. He knew it was just too big. He reached around to grab my cock, completely encompassing it. He stroked, and pushed in and out back and forth. I could feel my cock pouring out pre onto his furry hand, pulsing harder and harder. I could feel his doing the same, the veins even definable in my hole, leaking pre out of it. Then I couldn't hold it, and I knew Michael couldn't either, and we came at the same time: more than either of us ever had before, an unreal amount of cum. He pulled out, and lay down next to me. I lay into him.

“7 o'clock, every day, from here on out.” Michael smirked