

Greg and David were with their girlfriends, Kate and Amber, when the news of the attacks reached them. The four had been headed out to dinner at their town's Art After Dark event, when their phones lit up. Texts and news alerts flooded their feeds, before most of them suddenly stopped. Before they could make sense of what was happening, they heard the first howl in the distance.

The four ran through a small downtown area, dodging others on the sidewalks and cars that were veering off the road. Greg gripped Karen's hand tightly as they ran past a food truck and headed towards the town's main square. Dave and Amber stayed close behind, keeping an eye out for anything that may be behind them.

As they rounded the corner, past the Historical Society, they stopped in their tracks. A chorus of howls erupted from the direction of the setting sun, sending a shiver down all of their spines. Growls and screams came from the other side of the town square, as people fled in terror from the hoard of beasts that surrounded them.

They watched as men and women ran, claws raked those the beasts couldn't catch as fangs tore through flesh.

"They aren't killing them..." Karen said, watching as the beasts rampaged through the crowd. Greg grabbed her hand, pulling her in the other direction. "Why aren't they killing them?"

Her question was answered as she watched the people who were bitten or clawed begin to change. Their bodies shook as fur and claws burst from within, fangs gnashed as their yells deepened into howls.

David and Amber followed behind, running as fast as they could. They heard the yells all around them, listening as they turned into shrieks and moans of pleasure. They looked back to see newly turned men and women jumping after the still fleeing humans, adding to the chorus of noise.

They reached the Historical Society building, an old house that had been converted into a museum, and ran to the doors.

"Shit! Why are they locked?" David shrieked, shaking the doors.

"Around back!" Greg said. The four ran past the wrought iron fence that surrounded the property and to the back door. David grabbed the brass knob of the back door and felt the lock click open.

"This way!" David's voice was cut off by a howl at the edge of the yard. One of the beasts, wearing the torn remnants of a blouse and dress, stood on the other side of the fence, leering at them. The wolf seemed to smile, flexing its claws and licking its chops. It stepped over the fence, moving slowly forward. David got the feeling it was toying with them as he rushed Amber in the house.

Greg grabbed Karen's hand and pulled her towards the door. They were nearly inside when Karen screamed, arching her back. Greg looked to see the Wolf woman pulling her bloody claws back. She seemed to look directly at Greg with an evil grin, he could have sworn she was laughing as she left.

"Shit, Karen!" he said, trying to pull her inside.

"Greg ... no..." She said, pulling her hand back. Her eyes welled with tears, pleading with him as she pushed him inside and slammed the door shut. He tried to open it again, but Dave and Amber pulled him back.

"No! Let me go!" Greg struggled against them. "I have to-"

Karen yelled from the other side of the door. Greg listened as the shriek of pain turned into a howl.

"Dude, we have to move." David grabbed his shoulder, pulling him further into the building.

They found the door to the basement and quickly descended the wooden stairs. Greg and Dave blocked the door into the house, as well as the cellar hatch. After doing the best they could, the three sat in the middle of the room and listened to the noises that made their way into the damp room.

Cries of terror turned into howls of bliss as the beasts made their way through the town around them. Greg wandered to the small cellar window and looked out, catching the occasional glimpse of a passing paw or tail.

David and Amber huddled next to a wooden support post, holding each others hand.

"Greg, are you ok?" Amber asked, watching him stare out the window.

"I just...." He started, "It happened so fast."

"I'm sorry, man. I really am." David said.

They sat in silence for the next hour, Greg keeping constant vigil out the small window. An occasional paw would pass by in the yard, but the noises quickly passed.

"I'm getting thirsty." Amber said. "Is there anything down here?"

"I don't think so." David said, looking at the boxes of Christmas decorations and old clothes.

"It sounds like they're gone." Greg said. "Maybe we can see if there's something upstairs."

"I don't want to take the barricade down!" the fear was present in Amber's eyes.

"We'll move it enough for me to slip through." Greg said. "That way, if something does happen, you can slide it back."

They agreed, and moved things enough for Greg to sneak through.

The main floor of the Historical Society was filled with antique furniture and small display cases with curios from the towns past. Greg wormed his way through them, looking for a kitchen or a break room that may hold some sort of food. Luckily, a nearly full kitchen was sitting just around the corner from the basement door. Greg moved to the fridge when movement outside the window caught his eye.

Cautiously, he crept to the window above the sink and peered out. In the dimming light he saw the pink shirt Karen was wearing blowing across the yard. He sighed, and stepped to move away before he saw it.

A wolf woman padded through the yard, stopping to pick up the shirt. She sniffed it, before looking into the window and directly at Greg.

"...Karen?" He muttered. The wolf outside perked her ears and tilted her head. She sauntered to the window, placing a large paw like hand on the glass. Her big amber eyes regarded him curiously. She tried to sniff through the window, bumping her nose on the glass and leaving a wet spot. Greg smiled for a moment.

"Better get back to the basement." He told himself. The wolf watched him intently as he walked around the room.

He grabbed some bottled waters and snacks, and headed back downstairs.

"Anything out there?" Amber asked, helping push the blockade back.

"Y ... No." Greg said. "It looks like they've all moved on." He handed out the drinks and walked to the small set of steps that led to the outside cellar door. He sat in the small space, looking up at the crack between the doors, feeling the cool night air start to pour in.

A harsh light shone outside the crack, presumably for security at night, that lit the leaves in the tree above. Greg stared at the dancing leaves, when something pink fluttered into view. Karen's shirt waved back and forth over the hole, before Greg caught the sight of the brown furred wolf looking down. Her eyes seemed to look straight through the crack at him. She leaned down, sniffing and whimpering at the doors.

Greg looked at David and Amber, to see if they heard, but they were deep in a conversation of their own. Greg reached a hand up, and felt the cold nose of the wolf through the crack. She licked gently at his fingers, her long tongue wrapping around them. He pulled his hand back in and smiled. Maybe the beasts weren't so bad.

The wolf that was Karen looked down and whimpered. She tried forcing a claw through the crack, but couldn't reach him. She stood, pacing outside the door for a bit, before coming back.

For a moment, all Greg could see was a large foot paw on the edge of the crack. Her faint whines fell through the crack before she moved, coming fully into view.

Karen knelt on the doors, the wood squeaking a little under her weight, and brought her groin as close to the crack as she could. Greg moved closer, watching as a clawed finger ran gently around

the dark folds of her lower lips. The fur on her fingers grew dark and slick as she carefully probed herself. Slight growls came from her muzzle as her hand groped at her nethers, her hips pumping rhythmically. Greg could feel the heat coming off of her as her finger pumped in and out. Thick juices squelched as they spread through the fur, taking the potent, musky scent of her with them.

The smell of sex, the woods, excitement and pure feminine musk filled Greg's nose as the pungent liquid coated Karen's fur. The claws of her free hand raked across the wooden doors as her toes dug in, her pumping fingers picking up speed. Her whole body shook as she sunk her fingers as deep as she could, hips quaking in orgasmic bliss. Hot fluids poured out around Karen's fingers, splattering on the door and through the crack directly onto Greg's face.

Karen looked down, panting as a satisfied smile crept across her muzzle. Greg watched as she stood, licking her fingers as she walked from the crack. The fluids on Greg's cheek rolled down as he moved for a better look, falling into his mouth.

Greg's tongue lit up as a comfortable heat spread through him, a salty slightly sweet flavor dancing through his mouth. He licked his lips, hoping for more of the intoxicating flavor as another drop made its way down his face. His pants tented as his breath quickened, feeling almost drunk off the taste of Karen.

Fine black hairs pushed out around Greg's lips as his tongue slapped the top of his mouth. His lips shaded slightly darker while his teeth grew sharper and longer, pressing against them. Sounds grew more vivid and intense as his ears grew slight points. He heard Dave and Amber snoring lightly across the room, but more importantly, he heard Karen licking her fingers clean on the grass outside.

Fur trailed down his neck as his shirt got tighter. Greg lifted a hand to tug on it, watching with yellowing eyes as black hairs pushed out below quickly growing claws. He tore through his shirt, tossing it aside as rough pads puffed out of his hand.

The front of his shoes bulged as claws pushed through the tips of his toes. The cheap materials tore and split around his swelling feet, dark fur quickly claiming them. His toes thickened as pads pushed out along their bottoms, and on the balls of his changing feet.

His erection ground uncomfortably against the zipper of his pants, pushing against the straining fabric. He tore through them with his sharp claws, freeing his swelling erection as it bobbed in the cool air of the room. He stared, watching as it twitched along with his beating heart, growing longer and tapering at its tip.

A flurry of scents hit Greg as his nose twitched and blackened. It pushed out slightly as fur danced around it, bringing with it every scent of the small room. He smelled Karen outside, he smelled his own musk coming from his member, and he smelled Dave and Amber.

Greg's claws clicked gently on the cement floor as he padded across it on growing paws. His hips shook and clicked as the nub of a tail made its way out above his furring rear end. He neared the two humans on the floor and eyed them, curiously. He knew them, but they were wrong. He could fix them, though.

He grabbed his swelling penis with a hand, feeling the rough pads slide against its slick surface, as he gave it a gentile squeeze. He marveled at how sensitive it felt, thousands of nerve endings alive with pleasure. He stifled a growl as he pumped, feeling his legs twitch and bulge as his tail grew longer. Within moments, he felt his balls tighten as hot, sticky seed flew from his tip and landed across Amber's sleeping face.

Amber's eyes fluttered open as Greg moved behind her. She reached a hand to her face, pulling off a strand of cooling seed. She eyed it curiously as the thick liquid dropped slowly off the tips of her finger. She rubbed what remained between her thumb and her forefinger, before bringing it to her nose. She sniffed at it for a moment, before sticking her fingers in her mouth.

She reached for more, wiping it onto her fingers and quickly into her mouth as Greg moved into view. For a moment, panic crossed her eyes before the comfortable heat coursed through her. She pulled off her shirt as grey fur pushed out along her face where Greg's seed had landed. She moved a

hand down her pants and began playing with herself as her scent hit Greg's nose.

She smelled rich and sweet, but it wasn't the scent he was after. That was outside. He would have it soon.

Amber growled through growing fangs as claws burst through the tips of her fingers.

Dave was jolted awake, looking around the room in panic at the black wolf that stood over his changing girlfriend.

"Dave..." Amber moaned, grabbing his wrist with a changing hand. "Dave, I need you..."

"Amber? Greg?! No!" Dave shouted, as she pushed him to the ground. Amber climbed on top of him, pressing her soaking crotch against his pants, grinding her swelling hips as her tail burst through the back of her pants.

Greg smiled, leaving the pair to finish fixing themselves as he headed to the cellar doors. He easily removed what remained of their barricade and pushed the doors open, walking into the cool night air.

Karen laid back on the lawn, one hand in her folds as the other groped her breasts. Her toes curled in the tall grass, gouging claw marks into the dirt around them. Her scent filled his nose, pulling him to her.

He knelt above her flicking tail and pressed his nose into the fur of her crotch, inhaling her scent. This was his mate. This was the one he wanted. He licked her folds, swimming in the flavor she produced, as his member grew hard. She looked down at him, her deep amber eyes filled with lust and love as her hips bucked.

Karen sat up, grabbing his snout in her hands. She gave him a loving lick, before laying back. Greg moved to her, lined the tip of his penis up with her entrance, and gently pushed into her. Karen whimpered as he entered, feeling his member press against her sensitive walls. Greg pumped, slowly building a rhythm as they ground against the grass.

Pressure quickly built in Karen's loins as the comfortable heat intensified. She felt the base of Greg's member start to swell, filling her more as her nerves lit up with pleasure. She wrapped her long legs around his waist, locking them in place as their pace quickened.

They felt their urges build, both in their loins and their chests. Their eyes locked as they thrust against each other, feeling the pressure intensify until neither of them could take it.

Howls erupted from their muzzles as Karen's walls clamped down around Greg's spurting member. They ground and twitched against each other as their bodies exploded with pleasure, fingers and toes splaying outwards in bliss. Greg collapsed on top of Karen, panting heavily as she licked his muzzle.

They laid still for a moment, listening to the pants and howls that came from the basement. Greg gently pulled out of her before helping her to her paw feet. They turned to see two grey wolves walking out of the basement and padding across the lawn towards them.

The four friends joined each other in a massive howl before heading out to join the rest of the pack.