

The Lycanthrope, a simple man by day,
For the sun gladly hid his harshest self,
In fear of what he'd do if it had not.
The passage of time damns him to his fate,
For the moon's mercy is sorely lacking,
Especially on its fullest nights.

First grey dusk, then grey fur like needles,
Spine lengthening, tail growing, ears pointing,
Each movement, a snap and crack of bone.
Malformed nails, sharpened and curved,
Digging into the dirt beneath him,
He kneels whilst clutching his senses.

A new defense mechanism kicks in,
One more mental than physical,
To save the Lycanthrope from himself.
Humanity kept in a little box,
Pain doused in seas of new emotions,
Instincts of the wolf in control.

The Lycanthrope can only watch on,
A hulking wolf darting thoughtlessly,
To quench a thirst all beast-kind shares.
A familiar smell leads the wolf onward,
The smell of unclaimed seed depository,
And cubs to never be seen.

He could see her, female Lycanthrope,
Fur hiding the last hints of humanity,
Bipedal, more beast than man, like him.
Eye contact was all they would exchange,
For what were words to mere animals,
Who only desired brief courtship?

Soon both could see, a break from grey,
Shining red once hidden by flesh,
Built to create and built to last.
Soon found itself hidden once more,
Though now inside a different host,
Who would warm it with her presence.

An air of noises unheard by man,
Primal grunts and moans of all sorts,
Each thrust of flesh, harder and swifter.
Both on all fours, breeding like animals,
Human thoughts blissfully unaware,
Knowing it is better this way.

A pop of a knot, then a firm lock,
A womb filled with stranger's seed,
Their pups will have no human in them.
Yet there is no thought of pups tonight,
For they spend the night locked together,
Only to wake up separate, in their beds.