

Making a Mess

Written By: Skabaard

He hadn't expected it to come over him so quickly. He'd prepared, but he had taken too long. Gavin was already shaking when he staggered through the door and secured it behind him. His skin was slick with sweat; his heart was thumping fiercely against his ribs. He felt lightheaded, and a dull ache filled his skull and crept down his spine. His blood felt as though it was shot through with glowing cinders, and he groaned as he shrugged off his vest and tossed his hat onto the bed.

It had come over him almost immediately. Almost as soon as the sun touched the horizon and the full moon began to creep upward into the evening sky, he felt it lay heavily across his shoulders like some impending doom. They had warned him, but he hadn't imagined it would be so instant. He could still feel it, even through the shuttered window, the moon leering at him, mocking him. His shirt was damp, clinging to his fevered skin, and he had to peel it off. Dropping it to his feet, he left a trail of discarded clothes as he hurried to make fast his impromptu prison. He latched the shutters closed and pushed his small trunk in front of the door to further dissuade anyone from entering before dawn.

It was so hot. His mouth felt dry, and he was breathing heavily, almost panting. Kicking his trousers off of his legs, Gavin incanted the spell that would silence the room from without. Only when he felt the magic quiver through the air did he heave anything that approached a sigh of relief and summoned a dim magelight with a hissed word and vague gesture. His viola went into its case, and he laid it atop his trunk. He couldn't afford to damage it with some errant thrash, and he didn't know how much control he would be afforded during the transition.

At least he hadn't been with anyone. He wasn't going to have to explain suddenly going white as a sheet and running away. He was definitely going to have to be more aware for the months to come, though. He wasn't always going to be so lucky, but at least he had been this once. Pulling in a deep, heavy breath, he tried to find a point of calm, to focus himself, but his efforts were dashed by the growing pain that was building in his bones. He huffed, pinching shut his eyes as he slapped a hand down on the cool wood of the wall. It felt like his skull was going to explode, but that pressure seemed to be in a race with the pulsing heat that was building under his skin.

A minute, barely, was how long he'd been in the room before the first proper spike of blinding agony ripped through his chest. He'd expected to scream, but he barely made a noise as pain turned his legs to jelly and he slid down the wall to fall in a crumpled heap. He didn't even whine. He could barely breathe. Some invisible force was taking his heart, his lungs, what felt like his soul, and cramming them into a vice. Each heartbeat sent another pang through him, and he clawed at his chest as a coarse, wet grinding sound made itself heard from within.

Stunned tears blinded him, but he could hear his own body surrendering to the blistering energy that had welled up inside his chest. He felt it. He felt his ribcage crumple, caving in a split-second before his shifting organs pushed the powdered bones outward. New bone pushed at his skin, stretching it out, and for the briefest of moments, he looked gaunt and disfigured. But in that same instant the lean muscle that normally laid like taut sheets on his body took notice of the searing power that was boiling under his skin. With a meaty crunch, his chest pushed apart his

shoulders. He grunted, barely able to make even that simple vocalization, and clenched his teeth as his deformed chest bulged.

Overstretched pectoral muscles tightened and flexed of their own accord, as if to resist his body's spreading growth, but the effort only seemed to spur it on, and they expanded to compensate. He felt it spread like a very real fire under his skin. Sheets of modest strength quickly became plates, and plates became slabs as his spine stretched, pushing his head away from his feet with a few rapid *cricks*. Muscle mounded up to either side of his neck as his back carved itself up. His lungs pumped like bellows fanning the inferno in his center, and just as the changes worked into his arms, the grooves that defined his stomach began to deepen.

But that wasn't what snatched at his attention. Instead, he focused on the sharp creaking noises that were coming from his hands. Something was pinching at the tips of the fingers, but with a blacksmith's vice. He groaned and balled up his quivering digits, but that didn't serve to stop his fingernails from pushing further from their beds, tapering and curving slightly inward into thick, razored claws that shone darkly. Curling in onto himself, he felt small, but far from weak. As his bones grew longer and thicker, more and more muscle bloomed to life beneath his strained skin. His arms bulged hugely into mounds of rigid strength, and the tendons that stood out from his forearms were rapidly cloaked by overlapping bands of stiff muscle that swelled to match the rippling growth of his scythed hands.

He was being remade, but not by any external force. It was the creature that was forcing itself to the surface after weeks of imprisonment. He could practically feel its anger in the furious, wracking pains that stabbed at him, at the vicious hunger that consumed him, that made his body gorge on the rampant power that was fueling his transformation. He was being broken with each beat of his heart, and every time he was remade larger, stronger, less human and more bestial. His claws dug at the floor as he fought to ground himself, to make himself aware of anything but the waves of agony that crashed through him and barreled his chest outward and cut into his surging stature, carving a godlike physique out of his human flesh.

A sharp spasm threw his head back. The staccato cracks coming from his body redoubled in their violence, and he distantly felt his legs quivering. His thighs rubbed oddly together as bulk pushed its way down into them, but that was an issue quickly resolved as his pelvis ground outward, wider, letting his waist pack on more and more strength, making the bricklike muscles of his abdomen compete for room as they deepened. His calves tightened, forcing the balls of his feet down as his body fully extended itself. In a tiny, sheltered sliver of his mind, he likened it to a massive, full-body cramp as each muscle tensed in turn, leaving him twitching and groaning on the floor before his breath was momentarily robbed by the muffled *pops* of his ankles shattering and the joints in his feet doing the same.

The ball of each foot bulged outward, skin toughening into thick, fleshy pads even as they lengthened and his toenails grew thicker, sharper, and curved downward. He was clearly meant to stand on his toes like some immense predator, and his body was fully intent on completing that savage image. For a few frantic breaths, his hearing dulled. He was left with nothing but the sound of his bones continually breaking and grinding, the startling pops of tendons straining and giving way to fresh muscle. In that pair of seconds, his ears slid upward along his skull and pushed points through his dirty blonde hair as they tapered into concave, canine organs.

His voice gurgled in a weak, shaky grunt as the changes forced themselves upward into his neck. It thickened, pushing apart the hills of muscle that had surged up to border it. He heard it from within first, but when his hearing returned, the clarity with which he could hear his

morphing body shocked him. Each sound was sharp and startling. His voice was gruff and strained to its breaking point even as it fell into his deepening torso. That was perhaps the most unsettling aspect of his shift, because his voice was no longer alone in his throat. There was another that rose up to meet it, boiling up from the pit of his chest. It growled with him, rumbling in his throat as his teeth jutted from his gums, filling his mouth. It sounded pleased as it mingled with his true voice, giving his groans a metallic, inhuman timbre.

As his body spread out across the floor, filling what little space there was between the walls and his bed, he shuddered, hissing at the stabbing sensation of thousands of fine hairs erupting from his skin. It instantly wicked away his sweat, darkening the thick, sandy brown fur that swept down his body in a needling wave that began at the tips of his bestial ears. It was shot through with flecks of muted grey, and it seemed eager to keep up with the shuddering growth of his broadening frame. Reaching up, he closed his monstrous hands over his head as if to catch it as his jaw jutted forward into his fingers, carrying with it his mouth and nose. It all reshaped, and his canines enlarged into thick, pointed fangs that pushed past his lips before they could catch up.

The pain was surreal as his entire skull cracked and reformed. His vision grew hazy for a span, and his eyelids fluttered as colors blurred and ran together for just a second before they snapped back into crystalline focus. His furred, lupine features stretched into their proper proportions, hard and angular, and he gnashed viciously pointed teeth as he threw back his head and sucked in huge, twin lungfuls of air that seemed biting cold compared to the heat burning through his veins. His fingers balled into tight fists and he thudded one into the floor as he rolled himself over like sluggish drunkard. His breath came in ragged gasps, but he could already feel the agony ripping his body apart begin to dull.

But it was far from over. The claws that capped his toes dug into the floor as his legs flexed under his sweat-dampened fur, bulging heavily as they continued to grow thick with powerful muscle. He needed to free his back, and his spine arched, bowing backward as a knot of flesh and bone swelled at the base of his spine. He lurched, a savage growl bubbling in his chest as tough sinew thrust upward, taking hide and fur with it. It lengthened into the air behind him, twitching spastically as new muscles crawled toward its tip. His tongue lolled freely, licking at his lips as he looked over his heavy shoulder at the fluffy, canine tail that flicked energetically behind him, mirroring the alien excitement that was building within him.

It felt right, and he rejected the grim satisfaction that welled up in the barrel of his huge chest. The pain that dug into his strengthening frame dwindled to a forgettable ache, and the power that filled him filtered to the front of his mind. He couldn't have known his prior form was so frail before having this heinous strength forced onto his shoulders. He felt thick and heavy, but each movement felt easy. His body wanted to be worked, and his nostrils flared as a wave of tension strained at his hulking physique. He could feel so much, the air in his fur, the smoothness of the wood under his hands. The deep, rich sounds of his trembling voice filled his ears, and the fire in his blood poured through him, feeding his hungry body the last dregs of what it needed.

He closed his eyes when all that heat pooled beneath his crotch. Flesh felt tight, but it wasn't enough. His body needed more. He was monstrous, and nothing he had could match the virility that filled him. He didn't need to peer down his enormous body, between his tree-trunk thighs, to see what was happening, but he did anyway. Rolling onto the breadth of his back, he stared downward, looking over the mountain of muscle that was his chest. His modest manhood looked pathetic attached to his bestial form, puny and undersized, but he was as hard as he could ever recall being. His length was stiff and filled with enough blood to darken the flesh to an almost purple color. It throbbed explosively each time his heart beat, and as dwindling waves of

bone-grinding growth worked through him, pushing him ever taller and thicker, it strained, bulging, and with a rippling, fleshy noise, it pushed from his body with weighty, heaving surges of fresh flesh.

It robbed him of his breath, and his eyes nearly rolled back into his head. The first time, he had been frightened and confused. He knew now that to expect, but even his past experience hadn't prepared him for the throbbing euphoria that pulsed from his loins into the rest of his body. That unreal ache of fresh, yearning flesh, it pulled a bestial hand down his body, and his fingers eagerly wrapped around his swelling girth, feeling it fill more and more of his palm. Below, his testes churned within his furred pouch, pushing and stretching at the skin until it was taut around tight, throbbing orbs of flesh that ballooned to fill the space between his flexing thighs.

He moaned, the first time his transformation had allowed him enough breath to do something other than grunt and growl. His fingers on his increasingly ample shaft drove needles of bliss deeply into his mind, letting him forget a sliver of his ever-diminishing agony. In just a moment, he had enough to stroke, enough swollen flesh on which to get a good grip. His other hand joined the first, reaching down just to feel the way his egg-sized nuts filled with bestial lust. It almost seemed a reward, a moment of pleasure after the horrific punishment he'd incurred by holding the powerful wolf he now was prisoner within his meager, human body. In the moment, he didn't care. He panted, open-mouthed, slaving over fangs inches long as he pumped a heavy hand along more and more taut flesh.

His voices caught in his throat when his thickening shaft began to reshape in his hand. His crown tapered to a distinct, canine point, and it was going to be a necessity, considering how girthy he already was. He would need it to wedge in his monstrous girth to whatever hole that presented itself to him. Thick veins pulsed over each spreading inch, and his flesh began to shift, changing in hue to a bizarrely bright, cherry red even as furred skin bunched around the base of his shaft, forming a thick, tough sheath to hold his swelling manhood.

Waves of undulating tension were pumping through him as his growth began to falter. It took the place of the transformational fire that was cooling in his veins, shooting a more natural, familiar fire through his body. And with each shaky, extended stroke he took along his yearning length, urging it larger, broader, that sensation grew in intensity until it overtook all else, erasing the remnants of his growing pains and goading him toward a peak that quickly solidified in his mind. He wanted it, and as his swelling testes reached and surpassed the size of ripe apples, he dropped them, letting them hang heavily between his legs as he devoted both hands to the full span of his crimson cock.

His head rolled back, and his tongue savored the lengths of his fangs. A steady growl rumbled in the back of his throat. A steely rod ached between his hands, surging, building toward something cataclysmic, and he hurried it onward with as much enthusiasm as his huge form could muster. He peaked with savagery that befitted his monstrous stature. He roared, a deep bellowing sound, and his cock bloomed in his hands, straining outward several more inches before a geyser of pearlescent seed spewed from its pointed tip and whipped up through the air with enough force to lash the ceiling with a rope of white. Through a haze of ecstasy, he felt the base of his enormous manhood flare outward, forming a thick, canine knot that he drunkenly crushed in his hands. Muscles spasmed, sending his hips flying in a feral, vicious tempo that saw him humping the gap between his fingers with all the bestial strength he could gather.

He spewed thick gobs of cum, sending them slicing across the walls and ceiling and drawing lines of gooeey seed in his fur as it fell down to drape his enormous body. It came and

came and came, and with each second, his bliss only compounded as the last wracking changes worked through his body. His nuts swelled enormously, drooping like a pair of ripe fruit as they pulsed with orgasmic strength. His muscle tightened under thick hide, defining an immense physique with each contraction that crashed through him. On when he seemed to be on the verge of losing consciousness did his release taper off, letting him slump back against the floor in a drunken fog, gasping for breath while the last few spurts of slick cum drooled down his length and over his fingers.

He lay there for an interminable moment, blinking dumbly at the nearest wall and catching his breath. His own reek filled his nose with a heady, intense aroma that pleased something deep within his mind. He felt wet with sweat and his own leavings, and when he shifted lazily, it was with a sticky sound. Digging his claws into the floorboard, he heaved himself up onto an arm and peered sheepishly round. He wasn't certain what had come over him, but he struggled to remember much of the past couple minutes save for a slow, aching pleasure that lingered deep in his marrow. He... had made a mess, a hell of a mess. Levering himself onto his paws, he stood up, having to hunch over onto himself to keep the tips of his ears from brushing against the ceiling. All around him, he could hear the steady *drip drip drip* of thick seed falling into puddles on the floor. It formed a lacework on the walls and furniture... and all of his belongings.

Hazarding being seen, he padded softly over to the window, carefully avoiding slipping in anything, and opened it just enough to look out. His ears drooped in dismay. The sun hadn't even finished setting. Orange was still fading from the sky, and only the first sliver of the moon could be seen above the city's walls. Turning, he shut and sealed the shutters once more, looking over his ruined room with a severe frown, and then a sigh. In spite of his exertions, he was far from fatigued. He was hungry. He wanted to run, to work his heavy muscles. At least he had something to do before the sun rose again in the morning.

Cleanup.