

Office Mess By Tredain

It started out as a standard day at the office. We were called into our weekly meeting as usual, 8 am on the dot every wednesday, which was always such a tiresome affair because it was just everyone updating on their status with the project and could have been done entirely via e-mail. But we all do as we're told. I compiled the reports as requested, piled them in my briefcase, and shuffled into the Ocher Breeze conference room.

Someone had brought a box of donuts and set it in the middle of the long conference table. Half of them were gone already. The whiteboard was also set up with Reed's telltale scribbles all over it. I rolled my eyes before taking my seat at the opposite end. Reed and his little presentations were also the absolute worst. He fancied himself some kind of wunderkind marketing guru that talked like he was giving some ad pitch when he was only ever given mundane topics like the company's cost curve. He was the only one to look forward to the weekly meetings and he was insufferable.

The others shuffled in one by one, each clutching their coffee cup as they waited for the caffeine to hit their bloodstream and let them fake enthusiasm and attention. There was Mary, the overstressed mother of three that was our ad artist. Behind her was Nirav, our indian intern that actually did the bulk of our research but was more often just sent for coffee. Then came Frank, the near retired engineer that was actually putting the product together but always managed to dodge any actual question as to how close he was on any deadlines. I got along with Frank because he was old enough and valuable enough that he could badmouth management and get away with it.

Reed came in last with his sharp crew cut he had redone every two weeks and his little red bow tie. He grinned like a cheshire cat ear to ear and I couldn't help but roll my eyes. They actually felt a little puffy so I rubbed at them and leaned in to the table on my elbow.

"Buck up Mark! It's hump day!" Reed chirped. He made the same lame joke every week. He was the guy that always teased people about having a 'case of the mondays' and loudly crowed 'TGIF!'. Everything about him just made me want to break him in two. I offered a very insincere smile but didn't bother to answer otherwise. They all settled into their usual spots. Reed took the seat next to the whiteboard, while Frank and Mary took either side of me and Nirav sat across from me. We always took one end, leaving Reed and the manager the other half.

The manager came in five minutes late and two minutes before I was ready to call it off and head back to my cubicle. I only refer to them as 'the manager' because every week it seemed to cycle to someone else. Ours was a small project no one really wanted because it wasn't going to be enough of a money maker to propel anyone up the corporate ranks so we got passed like a hot potato. No one in the company liked 'moderate success', it was go big or go home. Or just sleep with smeone, that seemed to be a pretty good way to get mobility. Sadly no one in management wanted me in their pants. To be fair, the feeling was mutual.

This week the manager was a short balding red head with a pretty sizeable gut. He was almost spherical. I think his name was Roger but management didn't have to wear their access badges like the peons. He shuffled in with his thumbs hooked into his

suspenders. Reed got up with a cheery fake "Good Morning Sir!" while the rest of us leered at him.

Roger gave a greeting and sat at the head of the table and started to drone. It didn't matter which manager was running the project this week. They all gave the same pep talk about uniting as a team and making sure we were doing our best to be an asset to the company and to work our hardest. Somehow wages were always tossed in that they were giving us generous pay for a project that really should just be foisted on the interns and that we needed to speed up to meet the deadline. I zoned out.

My eyes kept bothering me. I winced and rubbed them some more. Maybe I hadn't gotten enough sleep. My head felt a little strange too. Not quite a headache but a kind of pressure. Maybe these meetings were slowly killing me. The manager went down the usual order. Even though it wasn't even close to done he grilled Mary about the art for the ads, then tried to ask Frank about his deadline but got the usual sidestep, they were supposed to ask Nirav about the research but inexplicably he got sent out for coffee even though the meeting never lasted long enough to warrant it.

"Mark?" I was next. I looked up, my vision a little blurry, and I must have looked sick because instead of asking me about the data he said "Are you feeling alright?"

I paused to consider. I thought I felt okay outside of the usual soul crushing tedium of being in another meeting and that odd pressure. And my eyes still feeling puffy. I looked down at my briefcase filled with the reports I could have just e-mailed to him like I did anyway every Friday, neither set that he'd read, and then back at him. The ceiling light glared off his bald head.

"You know I'm actually not feeling that great. If you'll excuse me, I think I need to go to the restroom a moment," I said, pushing off. The others actually looked concerned, except Reed because it just meant he would get to present his useless information even sooner. Mary gave me a light pat on my arm as I stepped out of the conference room. Before I shut the door Reed was already going full tilt with his best 'pitch' voice.

The air did feel cooler in the hall. I scrubbed at my forehead and walked my way down to the nearest men's room. The building was huge and new so we had pretty nice facilities at least and management never monitored our breaks too closely.

The dull grey gave way to sparkling white tile after pushing through the heavy wooden door. To the left was a long counter full of sinks, the wall behind it a solid single mirror. To my right were the long line of stalls. I stumbled a little to the nearest sink and continued rubbing at my eyes. Was I sick? I wondered as I scrubbed my face and looked in the mirror.

Whoa! I stared at bright yellow eyes. I blinked. No, no I had to be hallucinating or something because they were just the same old brown they always were. They still felt puffy and irritated though and that pressure wasn't helping. I ran some cold water and splashed it over my face. I think I needed to sit down so I made my way to one of the stalls and plunked myself down. I rubbed my eyes a little more and sprawled my legs out.

That was when I noticed how tight my pants were. More specifically, the crotch of my pants. I wondered how I hadn't notice the obscene bulge but then I had no idea how long it had been like that. I reached my paws down and... I paused, staring at my hands. I had always had some light hair on my arms but this was different. It was darker, longer, thicker. My nails had grown and thickened. My palms were swelling and turning darker

like a dog's pads.

I closed my eyes and rubbed at them again. I was hallucinating. Someone had slipped something in my coffee and now I was tripping balls. Except I hadn't had any coffee, Nirav had been sent to fetch some but I left just after that. Also my hands shouldn't feel so soft and furry even if I were hallucinating. I opened my eyes and watched as the hair sprouted all over my fingers and my nails turned more clawlike.

My clothes felt even tighter. I growled as my pants constricted everything. Was I gaining weight? I growled again. Yes, growled. It rumbled out of my throat as I ripped the zipper off of my slacks. I had only meant to pull it down but apparently I was stronger too. It didn't matter, I was free. The zipper hit the floor as my cock sprang free.

I was huge! No wonder my pants had felt so tight. That bulge had been obscene but really seeing it was registering amazement even through whatever haze had clouded my brain. In fact, more and more it was the only thing I wanted to think about even as my black shoes were bursting from my big hairy paws outgrowing them, the fur growing down my arms and up my neck. Even the pressure in my head was fading as it was replaced with wanting to get off. I wrapped both paw over fist around my newly grown erection and the sudden shock of pleasure drove any other thought out of my head.

Had to get off. Had to hump. Needed it. So bad. My paws wrapped around my cock and started to pump. More pre-cum than I think I've ever visibly produced spilled over my fingers and ran down my growing shaft, drooling over the ruin of my pants and onto the floor. It started to make a slick sucking noise as both paws pumped up and down the shaft. I was ecstatic.

Part of me wanted to howl and shove my cock in someone, anyone, but some dim part in the back of my head still held rational sway and I just sat back on the toilet and furiously masturbated myself. I spread my legs and stretched out, feeling the cold porcelain against my back, as I filled up more and more of the stall. My tongue lolled out of my muzzle. Wolf crossed my mind, though I was really guessing. I didn't have a lot of time to ponder on why I was a werewolf as every part of me just wanted to get off.

My paws slicked up and down my rod until bubbles started to froth around it as I kept up the quick pace. I let out a low growl and laid my head back until I was looking at the ceiling. I kept leaking pre like I was already cumming but it was just clear slickness going all over my paws, my cock, and the door. It was also starting to pool on the floor.

"Aye!" a voice cried from the doorway. It didn't matter. I was far too lost in my lusts to care or worry. I kept vigorously pumping and making a loud *squelchsquelch* noise over and over; I was getting closer by the moment and every inch of me just wanted to spew. Boots clapped over the bathroom tile before a mop slapped down into the growing pool of pre-cum.

"Dude, you okay? Holy shit!" his mop came up sticky, I suppose that he thought it was water from a busted toilet. My hands came up, both glistening with stickiness and edged with froth, and I grabbed for the door. My dick came through first as I pulled the door back and I climbed out into the small frame that was increasingly too small to fit my bulk.

Two things crossed my increasingly hazy mind. First, it was the janitor. I'm afraid I could never recall his name, he was one of a legion of nameless jumpsuits that were polite, friendly, and contracted out to us so they rotated so frequently we never got attached. 'Steve' was what his nametag read. He was a hispanic fellow, a well groomed

mustache topping his lip, with glossy dark hair tucked under the company's work cap.

Second, was that, yes, I was indeed some kind of werewolf. With a very, very large cock. I saw myself in the great row of mirrors against the wall and a part of my rational mind, what little was still tucked in the back of my head, wasn't sure if I was more horrific or comedic. I mean, sure, I had big jaws, good sized claws, rows of big teeth and I had to be pushing an extra foot or two when I'd already been over six feet normally, but that boner was something out of greek comedies (the really dirty ones).

Either way, Steve stared at me with wide, terrified eyes and a gaping mouth. His tongue looked so soft and inviting. I pulled myself out of the stall entirely, my cock swinging through the air, and easily towered a solid foot over him. He started to scream, at least I think he was going to, when he took a step back right into the puddle of precum and slipped. One moment he was staring at me, the next he was staring at the ceiling as he thudded into the tile and made a wet smack into my mess.

Then I was on top of him. His groan turned to a gasp as probably several hundred pounds of wolf covered his body while my cock slid up the front of his jumpsuit and throbbed against his belly and nearly reached up to his chest. Those wide eyes stared into mine and his mouth opened for another scream but it never came out as my long, thick wolf tongue stuffed right down his throat and my muzzle sealed against his lips. Arms and legs flailed beneath me, smearing more of that stickiness all over, hands slapping my broad sides and boots trying to kick out. I growled so deep and loud it vibrated him as I gave him the biggest, sloppiest french kiss of his lifetime.

His muffled cry turned into a muffled groan and his struggles slackened off. In fact, it quickly turned into a rumbling growl almost to match my own. Golden eyes looked up at me now and his hands clutched at my sides as his body trembled and shook. I pulled off with a wet slurp and a smack of my lips, rolling my hips to grind against him. I watched what happened to me, only much faster. He snarled beneath me as his mouth elongated, bones cracked, fur sprouting out of his tan flesh while his ears work up the sides of his head and his nose darkened and flattened out.

His jumpsuit tore about half way through the transformation; it shredded at the seams and basically exploded in a shower of cheap fabric. His cock, like mine, was comically large, and smacked up against me with a weighted slap. We ground against each other, lips and tongues meeting over and over, kissing, licking, frenching each other in a frenzy that left both muzzles wet and matted down.

Where my fur was black his was a dark chocolate, except where his mustache had been, the deep brown turning dark across his whiskers. His claws stroked up my sides and I sank my weight down onto him, rolling my hips and grinding our cocks together. They were both so big and we were quickly getting our chest fur wet with pre.

"Fffffffuck," his newly transformed muzzle drawled out, with a voice both thick and rumbling. His legs pulled up beneath me and big paws hooked behind his knees as he curled himself up. I shifted onto my knees, sitting up and grinning widely, my cock throbbing between us. He lifted his legs higher until his ass pointed to the ceiling and I could take in two sweet chocolate cheeks with a tight pink bud nestled between them. Part of me wanted to kiss it and drive my tongue into it, the other part of me was already closer to it and copiously drooling onto his own cock and all over his stomach.

I took hold of my shaft with one paw and angled it down, drooling my pre all over his asshole before the tip pressed in. We both stared down at the juncture before I gripped

his shoulder in my free paw and drove myself forward with a thrust of my hips.

It was bliss. Any semblance of sanity or reason was blasted away as my big, hard throbbing tool sank inside his tight warmth and slicked it up. We would have howled if our muzzles hadn't wrapped around each other again and locked our bodies together, kissing lewdly as inch after inch I sank into his upturned rump while his bushy tail flapped back and forth beneath my heavy nuts.

It was pure instinct and pleasure running the show now. My body worked mechanically, wanting to just wrap every inch of myself in that sweet feeling as I pulled out, both of us growling into the heady kiss before I slammed back in and began rolling my hips, slurping in and out of him with a steady pounding rhythm. Every thrust sent his cock jumping and slapping between our chests, the big bone throbbing and giving a minor spurt of pre-seed every time I hilted inside him.

His ass was amazing. I mean, I had never had much of a sexual history up until that point but it felt pretty awesome so I kept plugging away with my nuts slapping his cheeks every time. He broke his muzzle away from mine to roll his head back, growling huskily, and clenching down every time I tried to draw out. He wanted this breeding as much as I. His cock bounced with every thrust, leaking out all over his chest and leaving little wet love taps against my own every time it jumped and smacked it. It was wet, it was ridiculous, and it was hot beyond anything I'd done before as we slid across the puddle of my mess and fucked across the floor.

Steve came first, though I really don't know how I had lasted so long given my protracted and furious jerk session earlier, but he yelped and clenched down on my pole as his own jumped harder and higher than it had with all our erratic humping. His claws dug into my shoulders and he gritted his teeth in a savage grin as his hairy muscley body trembled and that monster cock between us went off like a fire hose. It sprayed up and caught his chin and neck in it, going all over the floor and the wall beneath one of the sinks. I hate to make the comparison but it was almost like silly string, just spraying wildly all over. Just, you know, if silly string was goopy, white, and way stickier. Steve's eyes rolled up in his furry head and his tongue lolled out as his whole body tensed up and shuddered in bliss.

I wanted to keep pounding him. Every instinct wanted to shove myself as deep in his hole as I could go and just blow a sloppy wet wad under his tail. But that's when I heard a loud, breathy gasp of 'holy shit'.

My ears went up and my head snapped up to see Reed in the doorway. He was completely stunned, with one hand at his mouth. Time slowed to a crawl. Even the steady rhythm of my heart in my ears felt like it slowed down to a beat every half minute. He stood there, staring at us, with Steve's shaggy body coated in spunk and my werewolf shaft buried in to the hilt inside him. I can't imagine what went through his head. How could anyone, much less some annoying corporate ass kiss like Reed, process suddenly finding two gay werewolves buttfucking in the bathroom of a high rise in the downtown business district.

The door finally swung closed, the heavy thump of it snapping us both to action. He started to spin, grabbing for the handle. He moved like the air was as heavy as molasses. It was no time at all for me to slip my cock free, leaving Steve's ass gaping wide and leaking pre, get up to my feet, and practically leap to that annoying little shit before he could get the door open. He screamed as my paw closed around his shoulder

and spun him back, pinning him to the wall.

"What the F-" he tried to scream.

"Hump day," I snarled into his face with a wicked grin, one claw flicking his bow tie off as I pinned him to the wall with my weight and planted a sloppy wet kiss on his lips. It was going to be a long, hard day in the office.

(The End!)