

Chapter 2: Unexpected Turnabout

The werewolf panted with pure need and desperation as she sat, squatting and half hidden behind a nearby wall. Both of her bright glowing eyes set upon the back of Hunter, who stood in front of Professor Hubert's assorted test samples; completely unaware of her presence or sight. The werewolf's sensitive ears flickered as she could pick up that the two were talking about the test the Bloodhound is conducting concerning some kind fur that was found before.

The thoughts were pushed aside as the werewolf couldn't focus on it any further. She needed the personal attention of another male so bad right now, and now that she had found the Retriever she couldn't stop staring. Just by looking at his back and middle she could tell that Hunter is well built and strong (though that was a given, being that he was the leader of the pack), yet is lean so he can be quite agile, and could be virile enough to satisfy her craving. Unfortunately, she couldn't act at all since he's with the professor; and she couldn't afford to be spotted right now and have HQ on high alert. So that means he's out right now, which was quite a shame for her because she really wanted to try him. If Blitz was satisfying enough, then who knows what kind of pleasure the leader could give...

It was then that the werewolf's head perked up as she realized/remembered that there was at least one more member of the team who would be all alone right now: Exile. The Husky Rover had said he was tired and wanted to go to bed, so that means he would be a waiting prize for her. A lustful smile appeared on her face as she retreated to the shadows and made her way back to the dorm area.

Meanwhile, inside of Exile's room; the massive Husky is sprawled out on his bed asleep. His slumber seemed to be a deep one as his hands and legs kicked off all his covers, groaning and grunting all the while, yet remaining asleep. Despite having such a heavy coat of fur, and dealing with being warm the whole time, the Husky felt as if his very being was on fire and he had not the slightest idea as to why. His whole body is heating up immeasurably and he needed some relief from it all. Both of his massive hands unconsciously moved up to his pajama top and, with ease, he tore it apart; exposing his massive, furry, and sculpted chest. Breathing heavily, it didn't help that much as he still felt hot all over. It was as if something was coursing through his veins and causing the unbearable heat within him. Out of instinct, he kicked his legs; slowly shredding his PJ bottoms until they slowly came down and off his body, leaving the Husky completely naked.

If Exile had been awake, he would have been surprised to see his cock emerging from his sheath (he liked going commando when sleeping; meaning no underwear), and extending to a truly long and thick length. The Husky whimpered in his sleep as he now felt incredibly horny and desiring to mate with something right now, anything so long as it rid him of this sensation. Thankfully, unbeknownst to him, he might get that chance now as a breath of air then hit him.

In the darkness, a massive figure is crouched next to the bed as the werewolf looked over the naked Husky. She licked her lips as she took in his massive frame, liking what she sees. His time as a sled dog in the tundra lands had blessed the Husky with an Adonis body; mountainous colossus muscles and a thick, yet soft, pelt. Looking down between his legs she couldn't help but stare at the huge cock that stood erect. About eleven inches long and nearly two inches thick. That should truly satisfy and sate her hunger for a healthy male.

It's then the she-werewolf remembered what the Collie's teammate had said about being blood-relative and descendant to wolves; and being of wolven nature herself it struck a chord with her. A smile crept onto her face as she might have found herself a truly worthy mate.

A deep groan left Exile's mouth, causing the werewolf to look at his face. She saw both of his eyes opening, revealing nothing but white; yet it faded as he closed them. What's more, her nose sniffed him; the scent of the werewolf is on him. He carried the essence like the Collie does, she understood that what she saw in those eyes was likely the werewolf blood which was coursing through him now. It was trying to take over, but it seems like Exile was trying his hardest not to let that happen.

The she-werewolf was utterly appalled that the Husky Rover is trying to fight the gift that was being bestowed upon him and whined in hurt, her ears folding down slightly; why would he try to resist something so wonderful? Why would he treat such a blessing as a curse? Either way, she decided that he needed help with embracing the gift; so she would do what she can to edge him towards it in the best way she knew how.

Climbing onto the bed, the she-werewolf then hovered her head over the Husky's cock; opening her large mouth and revealing her long tongue and took a long lick of the male before her. Exile's body shuddered as he let out a loud and pleased moan. The white in his eyes came back once more, but then faded away again. She kept on licking away at him, enjoying the taste and feel on her soft tongue as well as the effect it was having on her potential mate. She could feel him getting stiffer and thicker under her ministrations. She then managed to engulf him into her mouth, taking him down to the base. It surprised even her that she could take all of him into her muzzle like that, but considering that she's much bigger being a werewolf helped. If she was in her normal Collie stage/self she thought she likely wouldn't have been able to take the whole thing with her muzzle...well, maybe.

Exile moaned louder than before as he felt himself being suckled on. His whole body shuddered, yet his hips then started to thrust up into the warm, velvet mouth to further the feeling. A frustrated groan left his mouth as the werewolf's massive hands pressed down on his muscled hips, keeping them still and steady. She could continue to suck on him, licking up a bit of pre that came out of the tip, loving the taste of it. Her body shook with built up arousal, yet had to resist the urge to reach down and rub her slit as the hormones flooded her system and begged for it to be touched. Still she had to refrain because she needed to be fully still for what was about to come soon.

Taking one last strong suck, the she-werewolf pulled off of Exile's still stone-hard cock and moved up; hovering her opening directly over his straining rod. Looking right into his face she could see the Husky still trying to fight off the control which the werewolf essence is trying to enforce on him. Still, she knew this would help win him over at the very least. Already, her aching pussy is dripping with pure need as she then impaled herself right onto the thick cock with no hesitation.

The werewolf let out a loud and pleased snarl as her head is thrown back in pure bliss. Exile moaned out loudly as he then started to thrust his hips into her, furthering the pleasure being induced on him. The werewolf took a moment to adjust to the size and calm down from his actions. That nearly caused her to orgasm right then and there as she is almost filled up. Yet thankfully, she didn't go over the edge and had to take a moment before she calmed down some before resuming. She flexed her hips, causing a wave of pleasure to shoot through her. She then started to move herself up and down, sliding herself out until the tip is left inside of her and then sliding back down.

Growling in pure lust, both of Exile's eyes glowed brightly as the she-werewolf started to exert more control over him. He moved his mighty hands to the werewolf's muscled hips and lifted her up before he then pulled her down; strongly thrusting his hips up as he pulled her down as swiftly. This caused the she-werewolf to cry out in ecstasy as she kept on moving, despite the Husky basically moving her himself now. Both of them were lost in pleasure as they went at it vigorously. Both were panting heavily as both were nearing their peak.

Giving one more powerful thrust, Exile threw his head back and let out a wolfish howl of pleasure. The she-werewolf also threw her head back and howled alongside her new mate in triumph as she felt him explode within her. She felt his virile seed flooding inside of her, finally quenching that fire that was burning within her.

Both of them breathed deeply and hard as they experienced their wonderful afterglow together. Unfortunately, the werewolf didn't get much of a chance to bask in it for very long as Exile's hands suddenly reached up and shoved her off, effectively sliding her off. Landing on the ground, she quickly recovered and looked up in awe.

Exile now stood up on his bed, fully awake and breathing heavier than before as the glow in his eyes didn't leave this time. His massive frame trembled as his fur started to darken while his limbs started to get bulkier and more massive. His claws and fangs grew sharper while the Husky Rover allowed the curse to fully take over as he finally transformed and stood to full height.

The she-werewolf licked her lips in pure desire as she saw her mate (or at least soon-to-be mate) transform into a much larger and bipedal wolf-creature like herself. There he stood; now taller, more lupine-like, and more muscular than before; and yet just as feral-minded and excited as herself. Once the transformation was finished, the once canosapien Husky then locked his sight onto the female werewolf before him.

Apparently, the new werewolf seemed to still be as aroused as when they began because his cock swelled once more; but much longer and thicker than it originally was. Such a prideful size appropriate for a true Alpha.

Hearing a lustful growl nearby, the werewolf Exile growled as he charged forward and pinned the sole she-werewolf firmly against the door. Flipping her around so her front is pressed against the door, pinning her against it. She struggled, but yelped and stopped when he bit onto her neck (but drew no blood), a sign of dominance and affection; which instantly stopped her struggles. Not giving her a chance to struggle again, he then thrust himself into her still tight opening.

A sharp whimper came out of the female's mouth, one a mix of pain and pleasure. She then felt as he then started to vigorously thrust in and out of her, breeding her like there is no tomorrow. The she-werewolf could only whimper in pure exhilaration and take the bigger male's thrust, he felt much larger and filled her up better than before.

The werewolf version of Exile was so much bigger than before that the female didn't get enough time to adjust to his new size as the power of his thrusts practically picked her off her feet. She gritted her teeth, as her claws unsheathed themselves and grabbed at the door. Her claws then started to dig into the wood, trying to get leverage to take in the sharp thrust from her new mate. Yet the power of the thrusts only caused her claws to slide around the door. Which resulted in the wood getting deeply scratched and cut all over.

Outside in the hall, it is completely empty as no one could be seen; or they couldn't hear anything. Unfortunately or fortunately, depending on point of view, the doors and walls are heavily thick being designed as soundproof; thus suppressing all of the noise that is currently coming from within Exile's room. No one would know about the two werewolves that were mating vigorously behind those doors, nor of the plans that were to come afoot and unfold because of it.