

The Trouble with Dating a Werefox

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The Trouble with Dating a Werefox

by [IvvyMoon\(blue_jack\)](#)

Summary

“What the fuck!” He backed away from his boyfriend of four months in horror.

Notes

I got this charming comment today: "Sasuke and naruto aren't gay, you disgusting, pathetic fag. NaruHina and sasuSaku are canon. Deal with it, fucking loser."

So have some NaruSasu porn, complete with sex while in were-form. :D

“What the fuck!” He backed away from his boyfriend of four months in horror.

“Sasuke, please—” Naruto implored, his hands outstretched.

“Get away from me!” Sasuke overturned a chair in order to keep some distance between them.

“Sasuke...” Naruto stopped trying to reach out and stood still, completely dejected.

“What happened to your...ears?” He was almost embarrassed by how high his voice was, but...cat ears? Who wouldn’t sound a little shrill after breaking into his boyfriend’s apartment because something was obviously wrong since said boyfriend kept making flimsy excuses why he couldn’t be around at night for the past couple of days – why he couldn’t be around Sasuke for several days every *month* – and instead of finding him in the arms of another man, he had found him nearly naked, *much* hairier than the last time he saw him, sporting pointy cat ears...and was that a *tail*?

“You have a *tail*!” Sasuke yelled, pointing at the offending object.

Naruto pouted, his ears drooping, and held his tail in his hands, stroking it slightly as if to soothe its tender sensibilities.

“Er...surprise?” Naruto said, his shoulders rising up hopefully, a sheepish smile on his face.

He froze as he noticed for the first time just how sharp and white Naruto’s teeth really were. They positively *glinted*.

“You are a *freak*! Stay the hell away from me! I don’t ever want to see you again!” Sasuke made for the door, intent on just getting the fuck out of there. He’d wanted a boyfriend. He hadn’t signed up to get mauled and eaten!

Sasuke stumbled backwards away from the door where Naruto was barring his way.

How had he moved so fast?

“Get away from the door, Naruto,” he commanded, stiffening and standing up straight, forcing away his anxiety.

“I can’t do that, Sasuke,” Naruto said, just the barest hint of regret in his voice. “I tried to hide this from you, but you’re such a suspicious bastard that you just couldn’t leave it alone. Why did you come here tonight? I didn’t want to have to do this!”

Naruto’s eyes were burning red.

“Na-Naruto,” Sasuke said, cursing the slight stuttering of his words. “Calm down.”

“Tonight’s the full moon. I’m so hungry, Sasuke.” Naruto advanced a step.

“Naruto...” he warned, standing his ground no matter how much his instincts were screaming at him to *run*!

“I’m sorry, Sasuke. I didn’t want you to see me like this.” The last few words came out in a growl.

How had he never noticed how big Naruto was? Not just how tall he was, but how much room he took up as well?

“I don’t want to hurt you, Naruto.” Fuck, *could* he hurt him? Had Naruto been quite so muscular before? “But if you don’t let me leave—”

“Shut up! Shut up!” Naruto’s eyes were so wide, and his hands covered his ears. He was breathing faster, panting harsh and rapid. “Don’t make me angry, Sasuke. It makes it worse if I get angry...”

Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit!

“Naruto, Naruto...you have to let me go. I won’t tell anyone, you have my word. Let me go, Naruto.” He tried to make his voice as soothing as possible, tried to virtually radiate sincerity and warmth. He wasn’t what anyone would exactly call the *niciest* person they’d ever met per se, but he did what he could.

“I can’t...if you leave, you’ll never...” Naruto gripped his hair and hunched over. “I can’t think...I’m so...I’m so *hungry*, Sasuke...”

He staggered closer.

Sasuke couldn’t stop himself from taking a step back.

“No! Don’t – don’t run. If you run...” Naruto’s panting was speeding up, his red eyes glazing over. “I won’t be able to stop myself if you run.”

Sasuke stood stock still, refusing to tremble with a tremendous force of will. Fuck, fuck, fuck! If Naruto attacked him, he would have to do serious damage to guarantee he took him down, breaking bones and drawing blood in the process. He really didn’t want to be forced to resort to such measures, but if Naruto didn’t back down...

Naruto sniffed the air, drawing ever closer. “You smell so frightened, Sasuke. Don’t be frightened. It makes the hunger worse. Don’t be frightened...” he crooned.

He wanted to deck him. Just how calm would *Naruto* be if his lover of four months had suddenly turned into a half man-half beast *thing* and was keeping him trapped inside his apartment, all the while telling him how fucking *hungry* he was?

“You smell so good,” Naruto whispered almost in his ear, and *fuck*, when had he gotten so *close*?

“Naruto...” He swallowed, not able to keep from leaning backward.

“Like fear and food and blood and *Sasuke*...”

“Naruto!” His eyes dilated as Naruto inched even closer, sniffing at his neck. His hands clenched into fists. “Naruto, stop!”

“So good, Sasuke...” Naruto murmured and started licking around the soft skin covering his jugular.

“STOP!” he growled and punched Naruto in the jaw, making his head snap back.

Unfortunately, that was the only reaction. Naruto didn’t step away, and for a moment, they were frozen in that tableau, Sasuke’s fists up and Naruto’s head turned away.

And then Naruto turned back to him, his eyes whirling.

Blood dripped from his cut lip.

Naruto licked the broken skin, one swipe with his red, red tongue.

And then he screamed, staggering backwards, convulsing and falling to the ground. His spine bowed, and he thrashed on the ground, his hands – his *claws* – near his face.

“Naruto!” Sasuke leaned forward, thinking only of *who* Naruto was instead of *what* he was as he writhed in pain, but that changed in the next instant when Naruto *howled*, his claws lashing out, nearly slicing Sasuke down the leg.

“Damn it!” He jumped back and looked at the door. He could leave right now, get away and call the authorities and be safe and never see Naruto ever again. Naruto was in no condition to stop him, but he didn’t know just how much longer that would last.

He could run away.

He hesitated.

And then it was too late.

There was a blinding flash of light, and when it disappeared, when he could barely make out spots of color against the hazy background, when he heard the silence only filled by a deep, animalistic panting, when he felt the pressure against his leg as something prodded him, he knew...he knew that there would be no escape.

Blinking the lights out of his eyes and marshaling every last ounce of courage, Sasuke looked down at the monster his boyfriend had become.

“ ... ”

“Are you fucking *kidding* me?”

It was difficult having a shape shifter as a boyfriend.

Sasuke surveyed the mess in the kitchen with an aggravated sigh. It was his own fault, he supposed. He knew better than to work late on the night of the full moon when Naruto was at his most crazed.

He'd tried to get out of the office as quickly as he could, but the meeting had run long, and then he'd had to finish going over the last minute details of the case, and then one of the witnesses had called, freaking out about going on the stand the next day, and one thing lead to another, and bam! He got home to find his boyfriend asleep on the couch and the remains of their pantry all over the kitchen floor.

Naruto just got so hungry on these nights, and after he'd changed, he didn't have the use of his hands to open anything. Most of the time, Sasuke was around to help him out, and if they knew Sasuke was going to be away, Naruto would leave food out in order to minimize the mess, but with the nights starting earlier and earlier and both of them thinking Sasuke was going to be home, Naruto must have forgotten.

Fuck.

He rolled up his shirtsleeves and got out the broom.

When he was finally finished tidying everything over an hour later, he collapsed next to Naruto on the couch. He didn't worry about being gentle since once Naruto was out, he was out for the rest of the night. He stroked the soft, red fur and couldn't stop the small gentle smile as Naruto yipped in his sleep and his leg started twitching in response.

He still remembered the first time he'd ever walked in on Naruto when he was changing form. Almost a year later, it still made him wince when he thought about how terrified he'd been at the beginning of the night, only to be completely dumbfounded as the smallest, fluffiest, *cutest* fox he'd ever seen had growled and worried at his clothes to get his attention.

He'd nearly punt kicked Naruto in angry disbelief that all that drama and talk about hunger and blood had resulted in the tiny terror pawing at his pant leg, whining for food.

The fucking idiot.

Sasuke could have stormed out – it wasn't like Naruto could've stopped him any longer since he was the size of a fluffy Chihuahua – but it was hard to stay mad at someone who looked at you with big soulful, dewy eyes, one paw raised hopefully, whimpering pathetically.

No wonder Naruto hadn't wanted Sasuke to see him in his other form. Sasuke hadn't been able to stop mocking him for *months*.

But they were still together. Even after all this time.

Not that he enjoyed the week around the full moon: having to vacuum almost every day, all the hair clogging the drain, Naruto's insatiable appetite which increased tenfold during those

few days, his tendency to growl and get possessive whenever another guy so much as *looked* at Sasuke.

And he had nearly broken Naruto's nose the one time he'd tried to "mark" him.

Naruto hadn't made *that* mistake again.

But the way Naruto's physique changed, becoming even more ripped and toned, the way he liked licking and tasting *everything* during that time, and the way his sex drive increased almost exponentially...there were a few good reasons to keep him around.

Although he'd unfortunately missed his chance today since Naruto had already transformed.

He sighed.

Well, there was always tomorrow. And today *had* been a very long day.

Stretching, he gave Naruto one last stroke before standing up, and tucking the small fox into the crook of one arm, he took him to bed.

Probably the worst thing about having a shape shifter for a boyfriend was the fact that every full moon, Naruto was stuck indoors.

It wasn't often an issue, but this would've been their first Halloween together as a couple, and he admitted to feeling a little annoyed. They'd actually been dating last Halloween, but Sasuke had been out of town on a business trip, and their relationship had been so new that he hadn't really cared one way or another.

He hadn't even planned on attending the party once he realized Naruto would be out of commission, but Sakura had promised dire consequences if they both backed out, and Naruto had nagged and whined at him until he'd promised to go.

Although why he had to suffer when Naruto got to get out of the party scot-free... The whole point of having a boyfriend was to have someone to share the good times with, and if there were no good times, to make him as absolutely miserable as you were.

But he'd finally given in with ill-grace and thrown together a costume. He'd been tempted to go as a werewolf in a nod to the weirdness of his life, but Naruto hadn't appreciated the irony and had demanded he choose another costume. Hence, he was dressed as a ninja, because Naruto had already bought a ninja outfit for himself before he realized he wouldn't be able to go.

Joy.

So here he was, sitting alone, nursing his drink and watching all his friends dance to atrocious music and have fun, while he got to look forward to an unconscious boyfriend and picking out random bits of food from his fur so he wouldn't track it all over the apartment.

Ah, the excitement.

An hour later, Sasuke finally made his excuses and went back home. He didn't bother to call out for Naruto since he knew he would be out cold, and he admitted to the smallest bit of self-pity as he took off all the costume's accessories.

Sometimes, having a shape shifter for a boyfriend absolutely sucked.

He idly looked around for Naruto as he padded towards the bedroom but wasn't worried when he didn't see him. Naruto would occasionally fall asleep under the sofa or bed, or make a little den out of the clothes in the closet, and it appeared that was the case that night as well.

He sighed.

It would've been nice to at least been able to stroke his boyfriend's fur as he fell asleep, but it was too much effort to hunt him out. Naruto got into some of the *oddest* places at times.

“*Ooomph!*”

Sasuke blinked at the wall and gave one small shake of his head, trying to clear the disorientation. He was plastered against the wall, a large body pressing into his back. His attacker hadn't actually hit him hard enough to do more than give him a small headache. Something he would regret in short order.

His eyes narrowed, his whole body tensing.

If he had hurt Naruto...

He froze, hot breath against his neck as the person behind him started to snuffle his nape and hair.

“*Naruto?*”

“I can smell them on you.”

It was unmistakably his voice, although Sasuke had never heard it that low and growly before. The words were oddly pronounced, as well, as if Naruto's jaw wasn't forming the words correctly.

“Smell who?” he asked cautiously, biding for time.

What the *fuck* was going on? Naruto felt *massive* behind him, even taller than his normal 6'1". And his body was radiating heat, like some sort of mini-sun behind him.

Where the hell was his cute, *tiny* fox?

“You let people touch you!”

Sasuke gasped as Naruto *growled*, his hands gripping Sasuke's upper arms, tightening past the point of pain.

Air hissed out between his teeth. “Get the fuck off me, Naruto,” he warned, adjusting his stance, ready to hurt Naruto if he needed to in order to get some space. He wasn’t just going to stand there and let Naruto do whatever he wanted when he was acting so crazed.

“You’re mine, *mine*! Why would you let them touch you?” Naruto’s voice was getting louder and louder, and he was almost howling by the end.

Sasuke grunted, trying to get air into his lungs. Naruto was going to crush him against the wall at this rate.

Fuck this.

With all of Naruto’s weight pressed forward, Sasuke was able to wrench his arm upwards suddenly, breaking Naruto’s grip. He grit his teeth as he felt sharp lines of fire against his skin.

Naruto and his *fucking* claws...

He rammed his elbow back, following the line of Naruto’s arm, raising his elbow at the last moment to aim for the underside of Naruto’s jaw, ignoring the strain his movements put on his other, still pinned arm. He pulled the strike just enough avoid permanent damage, but he wanted to make Naruto choke, wanted to make him fall back and let him off the wall.

It didn’t work quite the way he’d been hoping.

Naruto took a staggering step away from him, roaring in anger, but instead of letting his other arm go, his hand tightened even further, and he swung Sasuke away from the wall and threw him towards the bed.

Sasuke stumbled from the force of it, and instead of landing on the bed, he collapsed painfully on one knee right in front of it, just managing to catch himself on his hands on the mattress. Not that it mattered once Naruto jumped on top of him, pushing his torso down with his own, almost suffocating him in the down comforter.

“Naruto!” he shouted, the sound muffled into the duvet as he struggled to get enough leverage to maneuver himself up, but Naruto was strong, impossibly strong, and all of Sasuke’s frantic movements failed to have any effect.

“You’re mine! I won’t let you—”

Sasuke couldn’t stop the hints of panic that were starting to build inside of him. The way Naruto kept repeating his claims of ownership, the anger in his voice, the position they were in, the fact that he couldn’t get *away*—

He jerked when he felt something hard against his back.

Naruto lifted up and slashed his hand down, tearing the back of Sasuke’s shirt to ribbons, and Sasuke yelled in shock, just barely keeping the presence of mind to rear back and slam his head into Naruto’s nose.

“Fuck!” Naruto grunted, flinching back just enough that Sasuke was able to get his thigh between Naruto’s legs and kick up.

“Nngh!”

Naruto toppled over to the side, his hands grabbing between his legs.

Sasuke nearly fell trying to get up, his head pounding. He knew he didn’t have much time until Naruto recovered, and he needed to grab something to protect himself. He dived for the closet where he knew there was a baseball bat, almost feeling Naruto’s panting breath on the back on his neck.

“What was *that* for?” came the whiny, muffled voice behind him.

Sasuke grabbed the bat and whirled around, his choice of weapon cocked and ready.

But Naruto was still on the floor where he’d fallen, holding both his nose and his groin, glaring up at Sasuke.

He didn’t lower the bat, no matter that he could see the light of reason in Naruto’s red eyes.

“That fucking hurt!”

“Shut up!” Sasuke kept his eyes on Naruto and started backing away to the door. It had been a mistake staying with Naruto after finding out what he was. He’d been deceived by Naruto’s transformation into the tiny fox. If he’d known he could also become something like *this*, this huge, sleek *monster*, he would’ve—

“You’re such a bastard, Sasuke.” Naruto’s ears flopped down, and he curled up into a naked ball, his head on his arms, his long, fluffy tail coming around to hug his body. “You leave me all alone for *hours*, and then you come back smelling like smoke and alcohol and *all these other people*, and refuse to let me mark you, so when I try to imprint my scent on you the *only way you’ll* let me, you hit me, head butt me, and kick me in the *balls*! And now you’re threatening me with a damn *baseball bat*, and you’re going to leave me alone *again*, and—”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Sasuke knew he shouldn’t stop, knew that he should ignore Naruto and just get the hell out of there.

But Naruto sounded legitimately hurt and confused, as if he really couldn’t understand what he’d done wrong, and while that didn’t mean he wasn’t a psychopath... He’d never exhibited signs of violence before, and against Sasuke’s better judgment, he found himself willing to stop and listen.

He was keeping the bat, however.

“No, stay there,” he cautioned Naruto when the other man had started to sit up, his eyes hopeful. Just because he was willing to hear him out didn’t mean he was going to back away from the door or let Naruto get off the ground.

“What the hell was all of that about just now?” he asked, adjusting his grip in case it set Naruto off again.

Naruto’s eyes did flash brighter for a moment, but he stayed where he was. “You *reek*, Sasuke,” he complained. “Your clothes are all smoky – and not just with cigarette smoke, either! – and I can smell the alcohol on you from here!”

Sasuke could see his eyebrows furrow in disgust, although the lower half of his face was hidden by his tail.

“And you don’t smell like you! I can smell at least ten different colognes and perfumes on you!”

Even as he watched, he could see Naruto getting more and more agitated, his tail starting to twitch, his posture tensing.

“They shouldn’t have touched you,” he snarled, the movements of his tail getting wilder and wilder. Naruto’s face was still in shadow, but Sasuke could see glimpses of it as the tail passed, glimpses of white teeth and red, red eyes.

He didn’t say anything, waiting to see if Naruto would explode again, but except for the obvious signs of his distress, Naruto didn’t do anything further.

“It was a party,” he said flatly. “People were crammed together.”

“But you’re *mine*,” Naruto growled yet again. His tail whipped around. Sasuke had never seen the scars on his face stand out so prominently. “If you don’t carry my scent, how will the *others* know to stay away from you?”

“Others? What others?” he asked dangerously. Naruto had mentioned that there were others of his kind, but he didn’t really like to talk about it, and Sasuke hadn’t pressed him. After all, what did it really matter if there were a bunch of people turning into fuzzy furballs once a month?

If he’d known that Naruto could change into something like this, he would’ve asked a *lot* more questions.

“The *others*!” Naruto finally raised his head completely, and Sasuke was relieved to see that although the differences in his face were noticeable, it hadn’t altered as much as he’d feared.

Typically, the night of the full moon, Naruto would start undergoing his transformation in stages. His ears would change, his tail would appear, his eyes turn red, until eventually, there was that flash of light, and he would become the fox completely.

Tonight, however, while the superficial changes had already taken place, other, abnormal changes had also occurred.

Naruto’s was much leaner than normal. He was always extremely fit, a heightened metabolism one benefit of his heritage. However, he actually looked liked his bone structure had changed, becoming sharper and even slightly elongated, which partially made sense

considering he'd definitely grown taller over the past few hours. His teeth looked bigger, accounting for the strange pronunciation of his words, and wickedly sharp. The scars were more defined, standing out in bold relief against his tanned skin, and his hair had grown longer as well, falling into his face and around his shoulders. It looked darker as well, closer to the rusty color of his fur.

Thankfully, he wasn't hairy all over his body, because Sasuke wasn't sure if he could have handled a completely furry, fox-man Naruto. Seeing Naruto's face, even with all the differences, went a long way towards making him start to loosen his hold on the bat.

"I smelled them after you left," Naruto continued, baring his teeth. "There are others of my kind out in the city tonight. When you first walked in, I thought – I thought I could smell their stench on you underneath all those cheap perfumes."

Well, that at least accounted for why Naruto kept repeating he was his. He was always possessive around the full moon, and if he thought others of his kind were around, he would be even doubly so.

It didn't excuse anything however.

"That doesn't explain why you attacked me," he said coldly, not an ounce of give in his voice.

"I didn't attack you!" Naruto's eyes shot up to his, indignation in every line of his body. "I was just trying to get their smell off of you! It'd be easier if you just let me mark you," he grumbled.

"You are *not* pissing on me!" Sasuke scowled, tightening his grip of the bat which he'd just started to loosen.

"I know! I know, I know!" Naruto pouted. "I remember the last time," he sulked.

"If you were just trying to rub your scent on me, why did you throw me on the bed? And try to tear off my clothes?" If Naruto said something about sex being the best way of "claiming his territory" or some shit like that, he was going to knock him unconscious.

"You socked me in the jaw! I was just trying to protect myself! And the best, fastest way of getting my scent on you—"

Here it comes, Sasuke thought, narrowing his eyes and getting ready to swing the bat.

"—is by skin to skin contact. Besides, your clothes are making my nose itch. Maybe I should make you shower first – we'll burn the clothes – and then I'll rub myself all over you. What?" Naruto asked, picking up on Sasuke's incredulous stare.

"You were trying to hold me down and tear off my clothes because you wanted skin to skin contact?"

"Er...yes? Why else would I...?" The other shoe dropped. All the color in Naruto's face drained away, and he curled up tighter into his ball, hiding his face.

“You thought I was trying to—?” The rest of the sentence was left unsaid.

In a strange, awkward way, Sasuke was actually starting to feel a little guilty. He lowered the bat. How the hell Naruto always managed crap like that when he was perfectly justified in being angry...

“I could feel your hard on!” he snapped defensively.

If anything, Naruto tucked himself further into a ball, his tail virtually covering his body. “I always get that way this time of the month,” he mumbled into his arms. “It wasn’t because of...*that*.”

Okay. Now he was feeling a tiny bit guiltier. Because Naruto *was* always like that. He couldn’t remember the number of times he’d had to use the spray bottle on Naruto to make him stop humping everything when he was a fox.

“You slammed me into the wall! I could barely breathe!”

“I didn’t mean to.” Sasuke could barely see him for how his tail was wrapped around his body. “I just freaked out ‘cause you’d been gone so long, and I could smell the others, and then you finally came home covered in all those gross scents. I would never hurt you on purpose, Sasuke.”

Which made him think of all the blows he’d landed on Naruto.

Damn it.

He barely stopped himself from hiding the bat behind his back.

“Fine,” he huffed finally, leaning the bat against the wall and starting to jerk off his ruined shirt.

Stupid ninja costume.

He wasn’t going to apologize. Naruto had been acting crazy, and he’d been perfectly justified in his reaction. But still...

“I’ll go take a shower.”

Red eyes peered up at him from above Naruto’s arm, and he could see the barest relaxing of his shoulders.

Idiot.

“Better now?” he asked, sighing exasperatedly as Naruto sniffed and rubbed against his naked body as they lay on the bed.

“Mmmm,” Naruto hummed happily, burrowing his head in the crook of Sasuke’s shoulder.

Sasuke spit out a few long hairs that had gotten into his mouth from Naruto's actions. Stupid Naruto and his stupid shape shifting...

"Naruto, what are you doing?" he asked as his boyfriend started to mouth and nip at his neck. He scrunched his shoulders together at the ticklish sensation.

"Nothing," Naruto answered, continuing his distracting caresses.

Sasuke jerked as all the rubbing, which had been pleasant but purpose driven, suddenly changed, the tempo becoming a little faster, the friction a little stronger and focused in one area in particular.

"I thought you wanted to—" he began, his thoughts momentarily derailing as Naruto's tail came into play. Naruto had the softest fur. It was almost like being touched by water, smooth and silken caresses that played havoc with his nerves.

He shivered as the tail stroked up his leg.

"I do. After your shower, you don't smell like bad alcohol and cheap perfume anymore. And skin to skin contact *is* the best way to make sure the others realize you're mine. But you're naked."

Naruto rumbled low in his throat, sending little vibrations through his teeth which were lightly gripping Sasuke's throat.

"And you're underneath me. And I'm horny."

He had no fear that Naruto would get carried away now, not when he was so obviously content and playful.

"Now I want to fuck."

Sasuke arched up as sharp claws ran up his side and circled his nipple. Naruto's body was heating up, the birth of that mini-sun once again.

"Can I fuck you, Sasuke?" Naruto asked huskily, his tongue coming out to fully lick at Sasuke's exposed neck.

He shuddered in response. Even the texture of Naruto's tongue was different, still soft, but drier, raspier.

It was also a lot longer.

"Can I? I want to. I want to feel how tight your ass feels the first time I open you up."

Sasuke's mouth fell open as Naruto inched down his body, licking at his nipples, at his stomach, his hips. Pointed claw tips ran oh so carefully down his ribs, sending shivers up and down his side.

"I want to feel you get looser around me as I fuck you until I'm as deep as I can go."

He nearly arched off the bed at the first sure caress of his cock, the texture so incredibly different. With his sharper teeth, Naruto couldn't actually put his mouth around him, but he more than made up for it with things his tongue was doing.

It was so hot. So wonderfully, deliciously hot.

"Naruto!" Unseeing eyes jerked open as Naruto moved his devilish tongue down, his hands clamping down on red-streaked hair in tight fists.

"Here. I want to be here, Sasuke," Naruto said, that incredibly long, burning tongue licking, licking, licking. "Tell me I can. Tell me you want me."

"Naru—" He hadn't said anything at first when Naruto had started speaking, more than willing to accept Naruto's attentions, Naruto's apology for their earlier misunderstanding. But now...

How the hell was he supposed to say *anything* when Naruto was doing that?

He could feel hot hands spreading his thighs, pushing his legs out, could feel an even hotter tongue start working its way into the very core of him.

He was grateful then for the restraining grip on his legs, for the hands to push against, to fight against. It let him be wilder, let him thrash and twist against the pleasure that was almost too much to bear.

Just how long was Naruto's tongue now?

"Tell me," Naruto growled, commanded, withdrawing his tongue after endless, torturous minutes, leaving emptiness and raw desire in its wake.

It couldn't be him making those whimpering, anxious sounds, couldn't be him spreading his legs even further, his body begging for more.

"Sasuke—"

"Yes, yes, fuck yes! Get the fuck up here before I hit you again, you stupid, sadistic—"

Even Naruto's low laughter was different.

"I can't yet," he said, starting up those maddening licks once again. "I can't prep you with these," he said, one hand flashing up over his head.

"You want me to—" Sasuke started, getting up on his elbows to glare down at his boyfriend.

"I'll keep this up the whole time," Naruto promised, sweetening the deal as he circled the outside, barely hinting at more.

Fuck.

"Deal," he muttered irritably, getting up and twisting to reach the bedside table.

His hand hit the wood with a loud *thunk*. Naruto hadn't been kidding when he'd said he wouldn't stop.

Sasuke's fingers were a trifle unsteady as he rifled in the drawer, and they continued to get more and more so as Naruto started to get more enthusiastic, purposefully distracting him as much as possible.

"Damn it!" Sasuke cursed, finally flipping all the way over to his stomach and yanking the drawer out completely.

It still took him several more minutes to finally locate the lube due to Naruto pulling him and the drawer backwards and raising his hips up until Sasuke was on his knees and then resuming his activities, more fervently than before.

Even when Sasuke coated his trembling fingers with lube, squirting too much out and making a mess on the bed before throwing the open tube to the side, and impatiently inserted two fingers inside himself, Naruto barely paused. And during the entire time Sasuke stretched and prepared himself, Naruto's tongue continued to thrust and lick, only stopping finally when Sasuke started to actively fuck himself with his fingers, his hips pumping in time, too intent on the sensation of fingers and tongue to think about ending it himself.

"No," Naruto snarled, pulling Sasuke's hand away. "You said I could fuck you, and I don't want to wait until you can get it back up."

Naruto's tongue wasn't the only thing that had gotten longer apparently.

Sasuke called out in pleasure and shock as he was filled, his body shuddering as the burning rod of Naruto's cock slid into him.

Fuck.

"Ah! Just like that..." Naruto sighed, pushing in and in and in until he was fully seated, Sasuke's hitching moan a sweet accompaniment to that long glide.

And then he started to move.

Sasuke had never been more thankful to be in that particular position than at that moment, because his arms would've given out long before.

Naruto was stronger than he'd been before during previous full moons, and nothing proved it more than when he started thrusting harder, the headboard starting to slam against the wall with the force of it.

Sasuke tried to say something – wait, slower, faster, now! – tried to collect the fragments of his thoughts, tried to focus on *something* other than the blazing, throbbing flesh inside of him, but it was impossible. It was as if he could feel every pulse, every vein, every bump, as if his whole body was igniting from the heat of it, as if nothing mattered more than that powerful retreat and advance, as if the entire universe had narrowed down to Naruto's cock pounding inside of him.

He wasn't even aware of the sounds he was making, incoherent gasps and desperate pleas, deep-throated moans and panting cries. He couldn't see the way his back flexed and tensed as he braced his hands against the headboard, couldn't stop the way his body shuddered each time in supplication as the strength of Naruto's body nearly broke him in two, didn't notice how his hips arched up into the punishing thrusts, demanding more.

He was long past understanding any of it.

"Naruto!" he screamed, convulsing around the long, thick cock inside of him, the beast riding him a black shadow in the dark room, his eyes crimson fires.

It was morning when Sasuke came back to himself, his body exhausted and sore.

"What—?" he tried, his throat sore and raspy, not even knowing why.

"Hey," Naruto said softly from next to him, no longer sporting any signs of his transformation. At some point, he must have gotten up, because he gave Sasuke a glass of cool water and a few Advil, both of which he gratefully accepted.

"How're you feeling?" Naruto asked, his face slightly guilty.

He let his moan as he lay back down be answer enough.

"So I...I called my old teacher last night after...er...afterwards."

Sasuke cracked one eye open.

"Well, it, er, turns out that, um, the first time after we...reach sexual maturity...that there's a full moon on Halloween..." Naruto trailed off, his hands wringing together.

"What?" It wasn't an encouraging sound.

"We, um, get our...second forms." Naruto cringed in anticipation of getting hit.

Both eyes opened.

"I didn't know, Sasuke! I promise! My parents died when I was a baby, and I left the clan when I was really young 'cause I was the runt, and they all picked on me, and I didn't know, I swear!"

The *runt*? Damned if he wanted to meet any of the rest of Naruto's old family if he was the *runt*.

"What else?" Sasuke demanded, his eyes narrowed. Naruto was hiding something from him...

"Eh...well, I guess, um...the others...last night...they were...looking for me," Naruto mumbled.

"For you?" he said icily.

“Yeah, I guess they were supposed to...helpmethroughit,” Naruto said in a rush. “‘Cause I guess, it can be kinda traumatic ‘cause of all the hormones and stuff, and—”

“Naruto...” If he could get up, he would have and he would’ve gotten that damn bat and—

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry! I didn’t, I didn’t really hurt you...did I?” Anxious blue eyes looked down at him, the worry and guilt so obvious that Sasuke couldn’t help but forgive him just a little.

A very little.

Still, he had one very important question he had to have answered before he threw Naruto out of the room.

“Second form?” He glared. “So you’re going to change into *that* every full moon now?”

“I can – I can change to either one,” Naruto admitted, looking down. “So I can keep becoming the fox instead—”

It was Naruto’s decision which form he would take during the full moon?

Ignoring his rambling, Sasuke pondered that possibility, remembering the heat, the licking, the fucking...

Well, maybe it wasn’t all that bad...

“—and I promise that when it comes time for me to gain my third form, I’ll find the others and—”

Third form?

Fucking Naruto...

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