Spencer was pushed to the ground by Channing, who had cornered him as he left the school grounds. It was night and he thought he was safe from everyone. He had deliberately waited out the possibility of others being around, and yet, Channing had hung around, waiting for him to emerge from the school. Spencer had saw Channing and tried to outrun him, but only found himself trapped between two of the school exterior buildings, trapped by a chain-linked fence. He had taken two steps towards Channing, wanting to plead with him not to hurt him, but found himself on the ground before he could even utter a word to attempt pity.

Spencer was a 16-year-old nerd, the classic type. He wrote thick black-framed classes, his hair was cropped short with no style, and he was thin as a pencil. He always dressed in a classy-looking polo shirt and jeans were one-size too small for him, yet he didn't realize it. He was a walking target, the perfect type for Channing, 17-years-old, who was a star wrestler in their high school. He was the very symbol of athleticism and muscular ability, who was well-revered, yet found enjoyment in hassling Spencer. It had been a slow escalation of insults, to bumping him in the hall. Now, it was evident Channing wanted to beat up Spencer.

Ironically, Spencer would have rather be beat up, if it meant Channing leaving him alone sooner. From the ground, he looked up and saw the full moon emerging from behind the clouds. It was the one night he always tried to be away from people, fearful he would hurt someone. And now, Channing was in his direct line of harm. "Please," he managed to say from the ground, trying to back Channing away. "Please....go away!"

The full moon became more prominent in the night sky, and Spencer could feel the wolf within him beginning to want to come out. He resisted, gripping the gravel on the ground. He tried to focus...maybe he could hold the beast in him back...if he focused hard enough. He didn't want to transform. He didn't want to transform into the vicious werewolf that he was. He wanted to remain the nerdy, invisible kid that he was.

Channing kicked him, knocking the wind out of him. He fell to his side, losing his concentration. He felt the moon grip him almost immediately. He yelled out in pain, feeling the beast in him beginning to expand his muscles. Channing, unaware, thought Spencer was moaning due to his aggressive kick to the stomach.

Spencer moaned as his heart began to pump faster. He felt a tingling throughout his body, recognizing his body was positioning itself to became the monster he was. The moon denied Spencer the ability to be a nerd...it demanded he be the werewolf he was. He felt his leg muscles swelling up, becoming uncomfortable in the already tight jeans he was wearing. He hunched down, gripping the gravel, as his arms popped and grew. His biceps and triceps thickened quickly, already upstaging the thick arms Channing had. As his arms grew, the sleeves of his polo tightened, beginning to strain and tear at the arms.

He looked over at Channing, who was staring in horror at what was happening in front of him. Spencer wanted to scream for him to 'run,' but couldn't - the wolf was already controlling his ability to speak. Instead, he growled at Channing, with his teeth sharpening and his molars extending into fangs.

His back arched, splitting the back of his polo, just as the jeans he was wearing tore at the thighs as his leg muscle grow. Fur was sprouting throughout his body, poking out from the tears in his clothes, and patchy stringy fur sprouting from his neck and neck. He gritted his teeth and closed his eyes, as the fur grew and he felt his body giving way to the wolf within him. His spine, began to stretch downwards, with his back muscle thickening and pushing upwards, further tearing off the polo he wore.

His spine wiggled down to the base, pushing out further, beginning the making of Spencer's tail. It collided hard with the base of his jeans, pushing the seat outwards, as the tail wanted to burst forth. At the same time, his feet began to elongate , with his stretching feet cramming at the front of his shoes. Channing, watching, saw Spencer's toenails tear from the front of his sneakers. Channing backed away, almost too terrified to even move.

Channing saw Spencer arch his back upwards, just as he saw the bump at the base of his jeans push out further, and he swore, was seemingly wagging within its confined space. He looked back to Spencer's face, noting that his face was pushing outwards into what appeared to be a muzzle, causing his black thick-framed glasses to fall off his face and shatter on the ground.

Spencer's feet erupted from his shoes, decimating them in half, exposing his massive wolf feet, with sharp talons extended at the end of each toe. Fur continued to pour all over Spencer, causing his shirt to ride up the sleeves, with the tears in the arms meeting those in the back, causing the shirt to crumple to the ground. Channing saw that Spencer's once weak-looking body was now a massive display of muscle, with an eight-pack that put his own to shame.

Spencer's tail ripped through the back of his jeans, exposing a thick furry tail that furiously waved back and forth. This occurred just as Spencer's hands began to stretch outwards, with black pads forming on his palms, and his fingernails extending out into sharp, lethal claws. His ears pointed and traveled up the side of his head.

The werewolf that was once Spencer stood on its two legs, staring down at the measly sight of Channing. The werewolf stared him down, howled and pounced him without hesitation.