

Natasha

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Warning: This story contains subject matter that is of a sexual nature, including intercourse, transformation, breast expansion and similar. Similar warning, this story contains subject matter that is violent. Parental Discretion is advised.

Rated: NC-17

Once upon a time, there was a small, diminutive woman of little notice. She lived in a small house in the city, where her every day was mundane and uneventful.

Hmm... an interesting start one would think... you wouldn't think that such a phrase would start a story like mine.

My name is Natasha Ivanova Wolfe, and if you know much about how names come about, you will see that I am definitely of Russian decent. My friends call me Nat, Natalie, or Nattie, just cause it rolls of an English tongue better. I was the third generation born in the United States... my grandfather having come over shortly after World War Two.

And all that malarkey about Russian physical superiority is a bunch of crock.

I stood before my bedroom mirror attached to my closet door, sizing up my naked form out for the tiny size that it was. I *guessed* that I was athletic in nature; at least I had some meat on my bones from running all the time. But despite having nice strong legs and a well rounded body, my legs were still coltish, I had no hips, my arms were rather slender, and my breasts were at best underdeveloped.

A pair of bee-stings for nipples was more like it.

I exercised nearly every day by jogging, lifting weights and such, but I've never been able to put weight on this body of mine. I eat like a man twice my weight, but still cannot gain any bulk. One of the downfalls of a hyper-metabolism I guess.

I turned this way and that way, trying to become satisfied by the way I looked. I had biceps, and I did look quite trim, but I was *half* the body weight I wanted to be.

I tried posing this way and that some more, trying to catch my pale, hairless body in an effort to see something of all my work showing up. A bicep, a quad, a delt, *anything* that would tell that something was happening to me; perhaps even puberty finally catching me. *Damn...* I was twenty-one as it was already, and all my friends while growing up had become vivacious, full-bodied, voluptuous, fit and strong, with some of them already married and amidst their averaged one-point-five kids.

I felt so behind, especially with certain desires rising up inside me, like the desire to have a baby... *and the act of getting pregnant as well*, I thought with a blush, and then reaching for a simple blue ribbon, tied my long white-blond hair near its base before reaching for the soft white cotton underpants I always wore.

I did have a boyfriend... sort of; though I was beginning to believe that he wasn't too interested in me. He was affectionate and all, but his cuddling and musings always led to one eventuality, as he constantly tried to undress me and grope at places he was not welcome to yet.

Pulling up my panties, bought from the children's section being that I was so small, barely more than five feet, I felt the white cotton settle about my form, covering me from front to back without problem. A like-colored undershirt that hung down to my belly button due to my chest, or lack thereof, dressed me enough before I started to dress for my outing with Justin, my boyfriend.

We were going up into the mountains for camping with a bunch of other people he knew, and he invited me to go with him. Buttoning up the front of my button-fly jeans and pulling on a simple T-shirt, I grabbed my jacket and already packed knapsack and headed out of my apartment and down the stairs to meet him.

He'd been honking his horn periodically for the past five minutes.

"There you are!" he greeted with that roguish smile of his as I popped in beside him and belted in. There were a couple of other attractive women already in the back seat, with one of his friends situated between them both, absentmindedly petting either of their thighs at once.

"Sorry... was getting dressed. Not used to being up this early."

Setting the car into gear and starting some traveling music, we traveled from the wonderful city of San Francisco, heading straight into the mountains.

The small, diminutive woman of little notice took a journey with her lover and his friends, into the mountains...

The trip was uneventful; mainly highways here and there, with a pit stop whenever someone had to go to the bathroom, and to restock on gas and snacks.

We were heading toward a lakeside campground that had been rented nearly a month ago... something that Justin and his group of friends did every year. There would be others meeting us there. Lots of others. If I understood it right, dozens of others. But while we journeyed, I took to sitting with my legs pulled up against my body, staring out the window. Behind me, I could hear Justin's friend periodically making out with the two women back there, and kept waiting for them all to just break down and start humping.

That eventuality, however, did not happen, which made me start to think....

If they are saving themselves till they get up to the lake, then what type of weekend camping party is this we're going to?

The longer we drove, the more I was beginning to wonder. Especially with Justin beginning to act so weird all the time.

Recently he'd been trying to con me into bed for one reason or another. And sometimes, when he thinks I'm not listening, I hear him talking about '*getting together*' with other women that I've had a chance to meet. All of them were taller, stronger, and better built than me, with big chests and no brains.

And so, while I sat there with my legs up against my chest, I didn't realize that this put my rear jutting outward until I felt a hand brush up against my backside and I jumped.

"Whoa!" I yelped, and then turned to see Justin laughing at me.

"Easy, babe." He laughed, and then lowered his hand to pat my leg, surprisingly close to my pelvis, just before he started rubbing his hand comfortingly back and forth. I didn't like how his pinkie slid upward over my crotch before he withdrew his hand again. "Just messing with you" he finished. Come on! Lighten up.... We're supposed to be having a party!"

I managed to chuckle, a little weakly I supposed, but didn't manage to stand up for myself other than folding my hands over my crotch. I never did really ever stand up for myself. Even in elementary school I was picked on by all the other boys and girls who were always bigger than me.

When we finally arrived at the campsite, after going through the warden's toll shack, the five of us piled out and started unloading our stuff and pitching tents... rather, I pitched tents, and they immediately started drinking.

There was one big tarp, and two smaller tents. When I was done with all those, everyone else started to arrive one after the other, carload by carload, and when they arrived, they immediately began drinking and carousing, and when I went to the cooler for something to quench my throat from all the work, I found out that there was nothing in there but beer and wine coolers.

And where was Justin?

My sinking feeling and feelings of unease intensified.

It was getting late in the afternoon now, and I'd spent a lot of time just sitting around, drinking water from the pump, listening to the music that was so loud it was echoing off the mountains it seemed, but also feeling utterly abandoned. With a sigh, I stepped up to go look for the bathroom, finding it in the form of a nasty set of smelly stalls that had probably never been cleaned since their construction other than the times when it was drained.

Even then, it was probably only cleaned with a fire hose.

Holding my nose with one hand and going in, I paused, hearing some voices nearby, and turning, I saw Justin talking with another woman leaning with her back against a tree. At first, I didn't think much of it.

He's just holding an intelligent conversation with another friend... a woman friend... wearing tight jeans and no bra with D-cup breasts and nipples like rocks. But that's just how some people relax.

And then I saw him bend forward and kiss her, to which she returned his kiss in earnest. *They're just friends, yeah... really **good** friends.*

And then Justin slid his hand up beneath her shirt, and for once, my inner voice couldn't think of any justification for that as he began to fondle her breast, fingering her button fly of her shorts with his free hand. Instead, I simply went into the bathroom, used it real quick and then headed back for our tent we were going to share.

Share... what kind of sharing though? A little two-on-one maybe?!

Dismissing that thought with a quick shiver, stifling the tears that were trying to make their way out of my eyes, I undressed myself, and then redressed into my running stuff that I'd brought along - a pair of soft sweat pants a sports bra and a sweater with a hood, and climbing out, for once becoming the center of attention as everyone checked me out, which was a good feeling, briefly.

Then picking up my water bottle, I took off jogging... running away from the situation as always.

I am so weak...

The small, diminutive woman of little notice left her delinquent boyfriend and his friends and ran off into the mountains and the cold, cool evening, unknowing of the dangers that the mountains of old held.

My feet pounded steadily against the mountain paths while I just listened to the forest, the sighing of the trees, the crickets and birds... it was a peaceful feeling, easy to loose one's thoughts and just live in the now. The steady thump-thump of your feet, listening to your own breathing keeping time while your heart pounds in your ears, feeling your body swell and contract as you move. I knew not how far I had traveled, knowing only that the path kept getting smaller and smaller, and the trees thicker and thicker around me.

Up above, a gathering cloud cover began to rain down a warm trickle of rain that wet my hair down. But what felt like an hour or more, I stopped, bending over with my hands steadying myself upon my nice firm but narrow legs and bony knees before I finally looked back from where I'd come. Turning around and slicking my hair back from the misty rain, I looked down the mountain from near its top, seeing the lake, and the virtual ball of light below.

There were perhaps dozens of them now, I thought, stepping over toward the edge of the path winding up the mountain, covering my heart with one hand to feel its heavy beating, my fingers glancing against the barest mote of my mammaries.

How I wish they were larger.... But perhaps that was a blessing.

Otherwise I may have turned out to be some brainless sycophant like the women Justin seems to like to be with.

So then, why does he like being around me so much?

My inner voice asked, and looking down at the camp, I reached down, picked up a rock and chucked it as hard as I could at the camp

I didn't expect it to hit anything, but when I heard the crash of a car window from way up here, for a moment I felt surprisingly frightened, and then... remarkably proud of myself.

I stood there, beaming, feeling great for the first time in awhile, tasting my first taste of aggressiveness, liking it inside of me. But then after a short while, I began to feel that something was wrong, and blinking briefly, I tried to figure out what it was, and finally focused on what was wrong?

Why is there no sound?

There were no chirping insects, no hooting owls, or singing birds, no blowing wind even. It was as if I were standing in dead air aside from the falling rain. When I moved, my foot thankfully scuffed the dirt road and made an echoing noise, otherwise I would've thought I'd've suddenly had gone deaf! But that sound made the feeling that something was wrong intensify; for it echoed oddly, and the air felt thick with a presence that was making my hair stand on end, and made my movements seem to slow down. Time slowed in my perceptions just then, and my heart and my breathing slowed with it as the falling rain likewise slowed.

Something was making the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end.

The only thing that could've worsened this was the sound of a scary music score. However what did enter into the silence seemed a whole lot worse than that.

A low, guttural growling entered my ears, a sound that pierced me so deep that it went right past any physical part of my body, right past even the marrow of my bones, and struck the tangible part of my soul and frightened it to death.

I spun toward the sound, gulping a breath of air and then holding my breath before giving a small yelp of fear as I saw a pair of bloodshot eyes staring at me from out of the bushes. The growl repeated itself shortly before a rather large grizzled black wolf crawled outward from within; foam decorating his mouth, and his teeth all splayed outward in a snaggletooth sort of way.

"Nice... doggy..." I soothed, hoping that it wouldn't leap at me, but there was madness in his eyes, and there was an odd greenish tint to the slavering foam about its jaw and fangs. "N-nice doggy..." I managed again, more weakly this time, a quaver in my voice as I took a step away.

In my mind I remembered that animals could smell fear, but that thought didn't help me quell my fear, but rather intensify it. The wolf barked, foam spraying off its mouth as it did and tensing itself so rigidly and so fiercely that it scattered up dirt everywhere about it, it leapt at me. My arm rose to hold it off as I tripped over my own feet, and I felt its sharp fangs clench down onto my arm, piercing my soft flesh in a dozen locations as the wolf shook its head in an effort to rip my arm off.

Pain. Searing pain.

I tried to get the thing off of me, feeling his claws tear through my clothing, growing so near to rending flesh, and in my flailing to get out from under it, holding it above me with my arm fending it off, my hand grabbed hold of a rock, and heaving it upward, smashed it against the side of the wolf's neck.

In a spasm and a yelp of pain, the wolf released me, and I heaved it off me with both feet and hands, and hit it in the head with my rock before tumbling away.

I was breathing hard, my chest heaving as I leaned weakly against a tree. With my left hand - on the arm the wolf had bit - all my fingers were hooking inward toward the palm to claw into the bark. The sleeve of the sweater I was wearing hung in tatters about the wound. My arm burned, and with a gasp, I wrenched my arm free, my fingers tearing off chunks of bark, seeing great rends and tears in my flesh with long strings of skin just hanging free, and looking blindly at the sight, I fell backward a little, weak at the sight of it all.

It was covered in blood, with the foam from the wolf's mouth bubbling here and there like hydrogen peroxide on an open wound, forming blisters where it met my blood, and I started to cry from the pain of it, trying to brush off the foamy saliva while being careful of the hurt.

Then cradling my arm, I wedged my feet up underneath me, knowing that the best place for me was the hospital, I quickly started back toward camp, managing little more than a hobbling step, with tears of pain and fear clouding my vision. My sight was changing, something was clouding its edges, and I felt some sort of instinct tear its way out from somewhere inside me and direct my movements.

My vision was tunneled, with the edges of the tunnel blurry and not in color. I saw in surprising detail, but my mind felt rather numb.

But then I heard a yelp and then a growl, and I turned quickly to see that maddened wolf getting to its feet again, his reddened eyes squeezing tightly with pain before opening once again to reveal his reddened eyes again. His growl became murderous as he slowly started after me, and I quickened my pace as fast as I could, doing a step-hobble-run down the path. And then with a loud howl, the wolf was after me.

I screamed, fearing death as it raced after me, and I turned to see how close it was, and felt my eyes open wide as he leapt for me. Again, I screamed, louder than before, and all I saw was black, blood red and white, close enough to feel the hot breath of the wolf, feel more of that stinging foam splatter against my face.

But then something lanced outward beside my face, so close to me that I heard it vibrate and heard it hum as it traveled past my ear, and the wolf was slapped out of the air while at the same time I was knocked to the ground.

As I recovered from the fall, I heard a dull, wet thud that was immediately followed by a loud yelp, and lifting my head, I saw the shadow of the wolf, with what looked like a spear jutting out of its head, pinning it to the ground; the wolf giving one final exhale and a twitch before laying dead. So odd that his eyes remained a burning red.

All around me was still the strange silence, still the odd slowness, and wedging myself to my feet again, I caught myself with my good hand on one knee, feeling the burning in my arm slowly moving up its length to my shoulder now. I knew not who my savior was, and at the moment, I didn't care. All I wanted to do

was to get out of here, to a hospital, home, or anywhere but here. I lurched forward, folding my arm to me as I continued in my hobbling-walk-step down the path, holding onto my arm as the burning now made its way into my chest, moving toward my heart, and deep inside me, I began to feel hot, burning and aching.

And disconcertingly, I also felt the strange feeling of being watched.

"Ah!" I gasped, gritting my teeth as the burning suddenly entered my heart, and with a gasp, I felt the burning flood to every portion of my body, from my mind down to the tips of my toes and right into the ends of my hairs, suffusing me completely. "Gawd!" I cried out.

And strangely, as if some divine entity had indeed heard me, the sprinkling rain began to fall heavier, pelting my body to help cool it and my mind, while my body temperature rapidly began to climb.

"So HOT!" I cried, bending over myself, and despite my wounded arm, I hooked both hands into my sweater and with one tug that ripped the collar, and then another tug that tore it off, I tore the thing off with a triumphant scream, before doing the same with my sports bra. My little breasts firmed against my chest as my blood pumped into them, and I imagined that if I looked down at myself, I'd see my body hissing and steaming against the rain.

I then raked my fingers against my sweatpants, trying to pull them off, pushing them finally down off my hips along with my white cotton panties, and the twin folds of my narrow crotch and the budding flower of my muff were pushed out over the waist band. Then in a spasm, my arms lashed outward and tore those straight off me, my tiny muscles somehow gaining the strength to rend fabric so easily. Then kicking off my shoes in my fervor to get as much of that rain against me as possible, I collapsed to my knees into the mud.

I could see my breath as I panted, hugging myself with my arms crossing before my chest to hold their opposing shoulders, but despite that cool, chill rain, I still felt as if I were sitting inside a campfire.

"Oh gawd!" I groaned again as the burning intensified, feeling as if my whole body were blistering underneath the heat, my arms clenching together as something churned and writhed inside my stomach.

With a gasp, followed by a gurgling, I fell forward onto my hands and knees and threw up the entire contents of my stomach in three deep heaves, and continued to heave and heave despite nothing else was inside my belly, as if my body were trying to expel some heinous taint.

"Ah!" I gasped and fell backward again onto my ankles, holding myself again, kneeling naked in the middle of a mountain trail, shivering despite the burning inside me.

My mind began to nod off, my eyes slowly closing of their own accord, and I felt, with startling fear, that I was dying, and the barest hint of a smile crossed my features as I thought this. I didn't fear anymore, and so I simply settled there and accepted it, with one arm, and then the other falling off my shoulders as I began to fall limp. And just when I felt as if I were fading away, something huge and massive slammed into me, carrying me sideways faster than I could breathe.

I groaned, gave a shudder, and then fainted...

A black wolf, possessed of the madness, attacked her there in the mountains, tore her flesh, bit her arm, and let its sickness seep into her. She accepted her fate, and in the moment of losing herself to the darkness, she was saved...

I slowly began to awake again, feeling my heart pounding heavily, but my naked form wrapped up thoroughly in what felt like a great furry blanket. I felt so warm and comfortable in it. I just wanted to slip off toward sleep so as to feel more of it.

I moaned, and reached up toward my eyes to feel a wet cloth across them.

"Hmm... Where am I?" I asked, my voice coming weakly even to my own ears, and for a moment, I wondered why.

"Rest steady," a deep, guttural voice spoke into my ears, and as I let myself awake a little more, I felt the cool rushing of air whizzing by my head and the bare portions of my body, and then realized that I was moving very, very fast.

I gasped then, and clutched at my heart as an ache started there again, and I felt myself being cuddled inside the heavy blanket of fur held as if by great arms and hands, so large that they cradled me like a child.

"Who are you?" I managed, gasping from the hurt in my chest.

"Shh... quiet now. You need your rest." The rumbling voice came to me through the wind.

I could feel the pelting of the rain against my face, and tried to cuddle myself more into that furry blanket, but managing very little in that effort. Instead, the blanket moved around me, cuddling me into a fetal position. And then the inertia changed, and I felt like I was falling, and I gasped as whatever was carrying me lurched onto the ground, and with a lunge, moved forward again with barely a break in stride.

But after awhile, I simply laid back, nuzzling the thick, powerful body that I felt beneath that blanket, holding me, comforting me, keeping me warm, and with a sigh I settled back into my savior's arms; just letting the world pass me by all the way up until our movement slowed.

I again nuzzled his arm, sighing contentedly with all the comfort around me, with the soft fur against my naked body, and breathing softly, I rested there in those strong arms while I heard a door opening. Shortly thereafter I felt myself leave the warm and furry blanket before I was placed onto an even warmer and fluffy bed, every bit of my body protected and supported, before a blanket that was as soft and as warm as a baby mouse's fur was laid over me, covering me from shoulders to feet.

Only my head and my wounded arm were left uncovered as I settled there, with my new provider rubbing a cooling salve over my forearm where the wolf had bit me, shortly before wrapping it up in a layer of bandages. Once I was bandaged, he then gently slipped my arm under the blankets with me and massaged my temples briefly with a pair of thick fingers.

"Get some rest. Stay here as long as you desire. I shall always be near."

And with that, the touch left. I wanted to cry out, ask him who he was, but I felt so sleepy. So without another utterance, I slipped off into a restful, dreamless sleep.

The woman of little notice had been saved by an unseen protector. Her needs cared for, her wounds tended to, and her body laid to rest in comfort and relaxation. Many a question did arise from all this, her mind whirling and reeling from her most recent attack. But all through the night, certain... 'Changes' befell her.

I stirred awake at last, and opening my eyes, I saw a dim light over my eyes, filtered through a shroud of some sorts, and lifting a hand, I pushed the fabric of a dried cloth from over my vision away.

"Hnn..." I sighed, pushing myself upward, feeling the heavy blanket that had been covering my naked body fall away while I arched my back over myself.

Opening my eyes sleepily, I felt myself draw awake immediately... normally it took at least five minutes or so for me to come fully awake, but something new beat inside me, and I felt energized like never before. Likewise, my vision came immediately into focus, instead of the usual blurry-eyed feeling from before.

I never felt so full of energy.

Looking around me, I found that I was in the center of a cabin, in a bed indented directly into the middle of the floor, with me resting atop a mound of pillows and blankets. A large living space surrounded me on all sides of the room, and a full kitchen on the other.

"Hello?" I asked aloud, raising a hand to push my hair away from my eyes, which felt as if it'd grown several inches. "Is anybody there?"

But only the silence of the house answered me back.

With another sigh and a gasp, I pushed myself up from my bedding, my blanket falling fully away from me as I rose to my feet and stretched. *I even feel stronger! More alive.* There wasn't much in the way of anything to wear that I saw, and after a quick look around me to make sure that whoever had brought me here had thought to leave something out for me, I simply stepped forward lithely, looking around me while cradling my now bandaged arm.

Over to the kitchen area I found a running refrigerator, stocked full of all sorts of foods, to which I took out some fruit to eat and moved along the way, occasionally opening up drawers and cabinets to see a very neat, clean and well kept place. It was simple in design, the touch of a man, with the smell of cedar and the forest in this cabin.

Also, the touch of a man.

Passing along the wall of this circular building, I found simple pictures, with a big wolf motif all around, with hunting trophies, and off into the den area where there was a great central fireplace in the center of the floor near the bed I'd woken up in, and all the comforts of home. Big-Screen TV with a surround sound system included. But again, everything was very simple in design, focusing on very few wants and made for efficiency instead of style.

The bookshelf held novels by several science fiction writers, and many classics, like Beowulf, as well as several reference books like an encyclopedia, dictionaries, and again... several books and reference materials about wolves.

Perhaps he's a game warden or a wilderness expert. Perhaps a scientist who tracks wolves...

I pulled down one of these latter books, one of the thicker ones, and found corrections written in red ink throughout the entire length of the book. I then pulled down another book, a sketchbook it appeared, which contained carefully drawn and inked pieces of art of beautiful wolf renditions... even some rather remarkable design sketches for man-wolves... werewolves. Littering several of the pages, and around the images were notes and side notes and references.

Putting it back, I chuckled at an almost equal size set of Sasquatch reference books, and a set of Werewolf the Apocalypse© role-playing books taking up the whole bottom shelf of the bookcase.

Immediately I thought of the words of '*recluse*,' '*hermit*' and '*nerd*.'

That was, at least, until I found a picture of a man, large, strong, with long raven black hair, deep blue eyes, and dressed in the garb of an Indian brave. I felt my lips purse as I looked at him, the picture's image seeming to stare directly at me, his smile seeming to shine only for me. The illusion of all this made my heart leap.

At first, I thought that this couldn't be the person who owned this cabin, but I found his image most prevalent among the other pictures. But, strangely, I likewise found a collection of other images, of men and women, nearly a dozen of them, all of them very strong and very beautiful, and all of them, aside from his, marked with a black ribbon across one corner of the picture.

A memorial, I thought, and then picked up one of the pictures that were the cleanest of dust. A man, practically the twin of the one I thought was the owner of this place, freshly cleaned off with a new glittering black ribbon over his picture.

"So much death." I said my thoughts aloud, replacing the picture, and then caressing the one and only selection of the images that didn't have a black ribbon on it. "But you look like such a kind man..." I whispered, and caressed the face of the image.

Moving away from the memorial, I again started to search out this cabin, finding other amenities, like a bathroom a study and such, and the further along I went, the more and more I found how big this place was. It was like a mansion... but remarkably bare. And I felt that there was a sadness here... like being alone.

I returned to the main room that I'd woken up in, my form passing through the shafts of light shining in from the great bay windows that made up one whole side of the wall. Opening the front door, I raised my hands above my head and grasped the door jam and the header board, pausing there as the breath of the wind kissed me.

Never before have I ever felt so free with my nakedness as I stood there, my hand lowering over my navel as my finger tips glanced through the downy hairs covering my crotch. My nipples hardened to the chill as a realm of goose bumps rose up all across my form as I stepped out onto the porch, feeling the strength and power in me rising the longer I was awake.

Moving now to a carved wooden railing, I leaned against it, bending my form as I breathed in deeply from the mountain air.

The early morning was still heavy with the chill of the rain from last night, and while I remained there, I thought for a moment about my experience of last night. I was suddenly struck with my thankfulness at being alive... I was lucky to be standing here.

It was then that I looked down at my arm, my fingers sticking out of the bandages and the thick patches lining my arm. I flexed my fingers, checking to see if I'd lost any flexibility in my wrist, my hand and fingers, and then rotating my wrist and bending my arm, I became even more thankful that there was no damage to it. For that matter, it didn't even hurt...

Lowering my hand back to the railing and straightening again, my thighs pressing against one another to protect my privates from the cool air while I looked around me at my surroundings.

I was at the end of a dirt path with two deep wheel ruts built into it, with no vehicle in sight, built close to the summit of the mountain. The cabin was actually built into the mountain, a remarkable feat, and running right before me was a swift mountain stream, that flowed into a still pool.

A small smile crossed my face as I stepped around the railing and down off the porch, walking barefoot over the dirt to stand before the pool. My bandaged hand lowered to cup my crotch, my fingers compressing over the soft, virgin mound briefly before spreading through all the hairs while the rising sun warmed my shoulders.

Thinking about a bath, I then stepped forward into the warm, sun-warmed waters of the stream and immediately sunk to my knees, and then my thighs, my fingers brushing against the waters as they then licked at my hips. I then sank straight down to my knees with the water rising up to my chest, and my hands lifted to massage the soft mounds against my chest.

Strange, I thought then, and opened my hands to compare my boobs with my opened fingers. *They seem fuller now. Perhaps a full A-cup now. Heh... if this keeps up, I might actually need a bra!*

"Mmm." I sighed and massaged my breasts briefly before leaning backward and dipped my head into the still-pool; getting my short crop of hair wet before rising again and wringing it out. My bandages were soaked, but the cool water on my wound felt so wonderful as I washed myself, my hands caressing my own body that I left it submerged.

But when I turned amidst cleaning and pleasing myself, I paused at the sight of a wolf sitting at the edge of the forest, no more than twenty feet from me. It had raven black fur, with bright, beautiful, icy blue eyes staring directly at me in its own quiet nobility. But it was also an enormous wolf! Even sitting, it was probably as tall as I was *standing!*

Powerful haunches rose like two mounds against its back, with a broad, powerful segmented chest despite the thick fur decorating its form. We stared at each other, my breath caught inside my chest and my breath having nowhere to go made me dizzy. But as time moved on, I began to feel something stirring within my bowels, throbbing and coalescing, until I gasped and clutched at my chest, my heart racing as if the wolf held some strange power over me.

Deep inside my ribcage, I began to feel my heart pulsate and throb, felt it beating through my whole being. A rush of something was slipped into it, a toxin, a hormone, or perhaps a plethora of dozens of different things suffused my body, sending a burning through it all.

I felt it race from my mind, enter into my heart, and from there spread everywhere. It burned at first, just like I burned the night before, but then the burning gave way to a euphoric soothing, and I felt it settle within my chest and in my crotch. It felt like hands were cupping my tits, massaging my cunt, and I felt my back arch backward as I actually reached beneath the waters to check to see if anything truly were caressing my womanhood there. But once there, it was my hand that caressed the mound of flesh between my legs as it swelled and erected my clit. And in spite of myself, I slipped a pair of fingers inside myself, and with the rushing water pushing against it, sliding inside the chamber within me; I began to rub my clit.

With a gasp and a quick sucking of air through my teeth in a hiss, as the pleasure began to pull an orgasm from me, I felt my bitten arm grow hot as if it was on fire, and I held my arm close to me, my fingers clawing toward the palm while its wet and heavy bandages helped at suppressing the fire. My fingers on my bandaged arm, on the hand of the arm that that maddened wolf had bit last night, were clenching around my palm, quivering and shaking.

Something inside me was changing, and I gasped as my orgasm came, and my bandaged arm plunged into the waters as I groped at myself with both hands, spreading open my labia with my fingers and teasing my clit before a heaving squirt of seminal cream ejected from me in a jet into the water.

"OH!" I gasped, breathing in deeply, feeling my body clench in its entirety as I felt another jet slide past my fingers while every muscle in my bowels clenched.

But then the burning slowly receded, and I gasped as a euphoric sensation flooded my mind, and my eyes slowly opened to only slits, and I looked at the wolf as it continued to stare at me with those icy blue eyes. My chest heaved as the warmth suffused me, like a fever, burning at my temples and upper back, sending a blush over my breasts and upon my cheeks as I began to sweat profusely. Moisture glittered upon my once dry skin that was over the pool I was standing in, and I felt a rivulet slide down the length of my bodice between the sacks of mammaries against my chest, over my ribs, down my belly to collect in with the pool lapping around my thighs and waist.

And then I felt a subtle tensing underneath my skin, felt every last little muscle in my body clenching, drawing taut. Major muscle groups like my delts and pecs, my quads and calves, and most especially my biceps and triceps.

A groan escaped me as I felt my body clench like that, and looking down the length of my form, I watched as it slowly began to swell, thickening here and there. I stared as my chest just shoved outward, my ribcage barreling while the packs of muscle beneath my budding breasts hefted and thickened outward by several inches. I could hear the crunching and crackling of bone, and gasped as I felt sheer, raw power sliding into me in a slow trickle, and with another crunch, felt my hips broaden with a lurch, thrusting outward as my skeleton altered and reformed. I gave a low groan as my arms and legs lengthened, and I orgasmed again as my very thighs pinched my now throbbing pussy between them; my legs growing even more spindly and coltish for a moment before thickening packs of muscle slid all through them.

"Ha!" I gasped, my blush intensifying as the euphoria increased into something pleasurable, and hugging myself, felt my ribs barreling outward as I seemed to rise up into the air, but a quick check downward revealed that I was instead growing!

And then something remarkable happened right before my eyes...

I felt a tensing, massaging motion upon my breasts, and with a gasp, I felt the whole feeling in my body now intensify into something wholly erotic while my nipples hardened till they ached. But then I felt the swelling of the glands beneath my chest, and the deep throbbing sensation of my heart pulsating blood through the twin mammarys. And with a gasp I lifted both hands to caress and feel my moistened and slick breasts as they began to engorge, tighten and fill; blossoming over the years of lost puberty that never assailed my body. Their press filled in the cups of my hands, my nipples hardening into my palms as they throbbed and pulsated centimeter by luscious centimeter outward and onward. Tightening my eyes, I felt their tight flesh - pert and full - thicken till they were just slightly larger than my hands, and giving three final pulsating throbs from my heart, whatever thing inside me that was accelerating my growth like this released me, and I collapsed forward onto the edge of the pool onto the dirty ground.

My whole body seemed to exhale the tension, a long, gasping sigh that blew dust about my face as my fingers clawed at the ground, and I sat there panting for a while before lifting my head, dirt sticking to my breasts and abdomen as I looked to where the wolf was again. My heart was still racing, and that creature sitting over there, watching me, seemed to have a profound intelligence behind his eyes.

I panted as I watched the wolf slowly rise to its feet and then turn into the nearby forest. It was then that I looked to my hands, at the long fingers, and forcing myself to rise, steadying my legs beneath the waters of the pool, I pushed away the dirt and dust from my skin to reveal the hard, reddened areola and nipples atop my engorged breasts; the pair having swollen to add inches to my chest alone! I felt a small smile cross my face as I watched them swell and compact with each breath I took.

I had breasts! At last!

And then I looked to my arms and flexed them, watching as thick, long and slender biceps swelled, while my forearms creased into a knot of striations. I felt my neatly feathered ribs, and then sliding my hands downward, tensed my belly that had compressed into a definite hourglass shape with a sultry crease right down its middle.

At last! A voice screamed inside my head as I fell backward into the water, quickly washing off the dirt and mud off of myself before I got up out of the pool and stretched out amidst the mountain grasses in the sun, feeling its warmth while I now took the chance to look at the lower half of me.

Long sinuous and broad muscular thighs; both strong, thick and as well-creased as a runner's legs *should* look, with elongated calves that bulged neatly, and a thick, tight bottom and dainty feet. Feeling my behind, I then slid my hands around and up my body, spreading my fingers across my abdomen, feeling my body readjust rapidly to the change in height, weight and strength.

I felt as light and as nimble as a deer, and pressing my thighs tightly together, I leaned backward and raised my bosom into the sky, pulling it upward toward my face so that I might kiss the top of each of my breasts.

My teats were hard and erect from the feeling of all this sensuality, so quickly, so soon, coupled with the feeling of so much more strength, and immediately I wished I knew how much I'd grown, but nonetheless, I could no longer be called dainty.

With a jump for joy, for the first time in my life, I felt the wonderful feeling of an actual *bounce* to my chest, as well as jiggle and wobble.

I absolutely *loved* the feeling, loved the change, and if a simple wolf could do this to me, then I wanted to capture that wolf and keep it near always.

I flexed my arms to my sides, reveling in the feeling of muscle tensing, thickening and bulging into small, tight little mounds upon my arms, and pressing my thighs together, looking to either thick bicep, I released one arm to feel the thickness of the thing with my now freed hand. Then laughing out loud I hugged myself tightly.

I gave another small bounce and giggled with glee. The rest of the morning was all in the simple act of prancing, primping and preening my new body, flexing this, flexing that, and exploring the contours of my newly enhanced femininity. Cupping my breasts, massaging them coaxing my teats and areola, feeling how wonderfully *sensitive* they were, and kneeling on the ground, took to caressing my inner thighs, and pelvis sweetly like a lover. And then laying on my back in the tall grasses here by the stream, I took to caressing my pussy, helping it grow moist as I slid my fingers through the triangular patch of white hairs that matched my luxurious hair till I actually began to probe myself, slowly, coaxingly, trying to feel the fullness of the feeling that a fully developed woman could and should feel.

At last...

The late afternoon was a time full of swimming and bathing.

I felt like a little girl again, whose greatest desire was to run around naked and unclothed, and here, far, far away from any prying eyes other than the animals of the forest, I got the ability to feel that.

As evening began to approach, I entered back into the cabin, and scrounging for some food, filled my growling belly until I was satisfied just to lay back and rub my tight, firm abs, pelvis and probe my vivacious cunt; now full of warm food. I was surprised though... most of what I ate was meat. Perhaps it was because of how the fridge was stocked, but the first thing I went after was as much beef as I could lay my hands on. Normally I'm a vegetable and fruits sort of girl.

The mound of pelts and furs at the center of the room became so inviting as I moved over to it, feeling quite tired. I checked the bandages on my arm to make sure they were secured tightly and that I wasn't bleeding.

Then kneeling, I flopped down over onto my side and then rolled onto my back, half my body on the pelts and one hand cupping my crotch as if to hold in all these changes. I lay there, staring at the ceiling for the longest time, till the waning light coming in from the bay windows made me drowsy, and I slowly, contentedly, slid off into sleep.

There once was a woman of little notice whom I'd saved from a fate worse than death; to die once being bitten by an immortal like one of my kind means to be trapped in the limbo between the physical realm and the spirit realm forever. We have the power to relinquish these souls, these wraiths, but more often than not, we choose not to.

The cost of saving this... this human, was enormous and beyond the words of mortal man. The life of my brother had to be taken in order for her to live; he who'd gone mad with the Moon Madness, had escaped from his confinement, found and attacked this woman, and in order to save her, I had to kill him.

And now I am the last of my pack and family among a dying race.

The tremendous weight on my heart is heavy, for not only is he my brother, but we, the Lupine Breed of the Lycans, are a dying race of shape shifters under the command of Mother Gaia and Her sister Dana. Once we were the guardians of Mother Earth. Once we walked among men as their gods in Egypt and here in the Americas, but now we hide from them.

The pain that I felt for my deed pulled forth the first funeral dirge I'd ever howled in my immortal life. I'd not sung for the death of my father, or the death of my mother, nor the death of three generations before them, but I howled for my brother, my twin and pack mate.

*His noble life bought for that of this... this **woman!** A damned hairless-ape with little sense about the pain they cause to The Mother.*

*At first, I'd thought that this woman was done for; that her wounds and the burning she was feeling would kill her eventually, and at first, I'd thought to simply let her die there in the muddy earth now that my brother's soul would no longer keep her between worlds in bondage to him. But as the moon rose behind the clouds, its faint light shining against her even through the clouds, and even despite only having **just** been bit, she was already feeling The Burning. Her body had collapsed immediately to the throes of the moon's power on us; it had ensnared her and was now burning her from the inside like a fire.*

Her blood was changing. The Burning was a sure sign of that. She herself was becoming a Lycan.

I thought, perhaps, that my brother having spawned a new Lycan in the forbidden way, purely by an acceptable accident was perhaps a gift from Mother Gaia in exchange for his tortured life, a gift to me as she took his tormented life into her bosom, and spat out a replacement for me.

And so I took her, buried my brother, and mourned.

The next day saw this spindly human yet remained alive and feeling well, and for the first time in my immortal life, I saw a woman naked.

*I'd seen females of my fellow Lupine naked before. Seen prospective mates privy up their physical assets even whilst in human guise to me and my brother, seen my mother, seen several of my cousins, with our powerful forms having made our bodies perfect, even in our human form, was a wonderful sight to behold. But this... this **woman**, was far from perfect. Hips far too narrow for child birth - a necessity for our pack to have a breeding female - breasts far too small to suckle cubs.*

As a possible mate, she was worthless. As a warrior, she was a liability... and the smell about her told that she was a virgin, but she was also fully adult, and nothing would happen further to alter her mortal body into adulthood.

She would never become a breedable woman.

For but a brief moment, I lost faith, and cursed The Mother for taking my brother from me in exchange for this spindly Whore of the Earth.

But then, I watched as she exited my ancestral home later that morning, completely free in her nakedness as she walked around with nary a scrap of clothing on her. She had obviously not found the den hidden below the cabin, or she would be below, viewing it all and taking stock in the life of the Lupine. Instead, she exited, naked and virile, having a sort of grace that, in spite of myself, I found... desirable.

Soft, pale skin and wisdom in her eyes that spoke of a great time of learning. She was a scholar. She walked and poised there for a moment, allowing me to gain an eyeful of her beautiful mane, and gave me ample time to view her luscious womanhood as it pressed between her thighs beneath a sultry strip of frost white hairs.

She bathed amongst the waters before my home, within an ancient and beautiful stream that only got violated and corrupted the further down the mountain it trickled, and polluted with trash and beer cans before it finally poured into the lake.

For the second time, I cursed Mother Gaia for taking my brother in place of this dirty creature.

But then for the first time, she glimpsed me.

And there, I saw her receive the gift of the Lupine people right before my eyes and I watched as her body transformed and grew. Her spindly body grew in stature and in meaty muscle, her bodice growing supple and strong, with great, full, ample and rounded breasts, which were great in their fruits.

She gained in muscle and in physical strength, as she transformed into a perfect aspect of what I considered in a female; the type of female I'd sought for, for all these years.

'My brother be damned...!' I heard myself think then as I watched her body quake in pleasure as she transformed, and I begged Mother Gaia for forgiveness inside the deepest recesses of my heart.

My mother had possessed a body like that, and I'd often seen her naked before a farmer shot her while she was slaughtering chickens for a meal. My sister likewise had been gifted with such a body, breasts full, rounded and heavy in their readiness to provide milk for young, with her hips wide and the gate of her womanhood ready for the touch of a mate.

A hunter poaching on our lands ended her life as a trophy.

Both of these men enacted my pack's revenge.

But in this delicate creature, I could now smell a heat rising upon her, gracing her loins as the growing sexual energies that would make her ready for adulthood began to force themselves upon her.

But there was something different about her. She glowed with scents, while her muscles firmed and grew and her breasts engorged in her latent womanhood. And she was so very ecstatic about the Goddess's Blessing, and fondled herself pleasingly before my eyes even as she grew. Strong arms, supple thighs, and a light realm of muscle that delicately creased her body this way and that, making it firm and supple.

It was the sort of a female that I desired... even dreamt of to every last detail. Beautiful, strong, virile, ample...

As I watched her porcelain skin stretch over new muscle, I suddenly found it... odd... that the forest rangers have not yet reported her missing. It's as if the usual rowdy bunch that always comes to my mountain, raising a ruckus and playing their music far, far too loud, didn't even miss her.

As I looked at her from the forest, laying low within the shrubbery and looking through the shadow of a bush once she'd finished changing and engorging herself in her body's new power, I watched as she felt and caressed herself amidst drying her naked form within the grasses; probing her sexuality and exploring its new limits.

I again gave penance for my earlier cursing to the Goddess, and decided to see how much of a blessing she has become.

And so, it is now that I sit amidst heavy robes to hide me from Dana's silvery light, or otherwise change immediately under her influence. My face was obscured, with only eye slits allowing me to see. I watched her as she lay amidst the blankets and furs of my pack's kills, and the blankets I'd provided her with, and I watched her.

Admiring her.

Her breasts, her thighs and slender fingers, her frosty white hair and the downy hairs enclosing about the suppleness of her femininity between her legs.

I saw her sigh, saw her shift in the light and lay with her body facing the other direction, her unconscious psyche reacting to the presence of the moon - Dana - rising above the world. I dare not look up and check the position of Dana as she rose, I could already feel her power rising inside me, caressing me like a lover, trying to claw into my trousers to fondle me just as warmly.

I looked then upon her now shapely bottom, as she tucked her legs close to her, not bothering with a blanket in this warm night, not knowing that her body temperature was now rising.

I was already feeling warm myself, and through the glass of my home, I watched her in perfect detail as she began to sweat, a flush rising upon her forehead and cheeks as it did upon her breasts.

Above her was a skylight, a part of the design of this addition to my ancestral home that I'd added onto my family's den. My late grand father's command was that we try to live within the world of man. And so I had entered their business, learned their technology, and gained pleasure from it. This addition to our den was extensive. But that skylight allowed the moon to shine directly down upon that pile of sleeping furs, and while I squatted there, watching her from atop my perch on one of the wooden posts to the railing, I watched as the first moon beam shafted in through that skylight and crept down the wall.

I'd designed it so that the first newborns of our pack would be placed there to experience their first change, but since it was built, no new newborns had been born to my family, and now that I was the last...

This woman, though not born a werewolf, was now a newborn into it. This is where she would experience her first change.

I agonized to go stand in the light as it grew within the room, desired to feel the power from the moon's rays inside me, empowering me to my greatest form, but I had to watch her, had to see what the partial affects of the full moon had on her.

I wanted to see her first transformation.

I knew it wasn't going to be complete, the change into a werewolf wasn't complete, but it would show what sort of Lycan she had the potential to be come.

The moonlight continued to creep down the wall as the moon rose, the brightness of the full moon this clouded night seeming to be exceptionally intense. It slowly flooded the room she was within, slowly crept along the floor and up onto the mound of furs.

At last her body was touched by the light of the moon, and it slid down her frost white hair that shone silvery in the moon's light, and over her flesh which lighted up like a porcelain doll.

I licked my lips as I saw her sigh as she turned, the forced transformation mechanism already activating inside her, and I watched as her areola swelled, and her nipples erected hard and upright as the moon continued to slide over her body. I saw the reddened disks swell more as the moon caressed them, and she moaned now, her back arching while her legs slowly spread open a notch at a time before finally flopping open.

A luscious wedge of white fur decorated her loins, her labia swollen already to reveal the ringlet of reddened flesh leading inside her, punctuated by the erect clit already piercing outward from inside her. It was like the petals and pistil of a water lily.

Between my own legs I felt my groin bulge with an erection at the beauty of this creature.

The moon's light continued to slide over her, pleasing her, coaxing her body into the throes of pleasure the further along it went, blessing her with its light, empowering her till her whole body was emblazoned by the moonlight.

Her skin turned porcelain white, with only her hair being whiter in appearance, and her flesh punctuated by her reddened lips and areola. From where I was perched on the railing, I watched as her nipples erected, slowly, steadily, drawing her areola together while she lay on her back, stretching the reddened disks before they puffed out on her chest. I watched her thighs force themselves even further open, the patch of frost hairs decorating her pelvis parting to reveal the supple flesh of her womanhood as her clit lifted between the thickening labia. She sighed as those labia began to glisten with moisture, and her back arched as I watched her breasts firm up atop her chest.

Her hands cupped her breasts, squeezing them in her sleep as she groaned and sighed, and then those long fingers steadily slid down the length of her bodice to cup her crotch and massage it with one hand, even in sleep.

Her back arched once again as if she were being made love to, and she groaned now as her hips rolled into someone fondling her in her dreams, her body being bathed in the silver light of the moon.

I watched as perspiration began to rise against her bodice, setting it glistening in the light of mother Luna, while her veins began to bulge in her neck, over her thighs and arms. Her flesh was vibrating almost imperceptively as her heart began to thud and pound inside her chest, feeding her bodice the tantric hormones necessary to induce change. I immediately became glad that I was outside then, for the pheromones her body must be putting off at the moment must've been like a massive cloud.

And then I watched her begin to change, her flesh crawling with micro spasms as her muscles twitched, coming alive with her growing bestial power. She was successfully absorbing the moonlight into her, its mystical forces sliding into each fiber of her muscles, every last chip of bone, and all through her flesh to incite mutation of her human self.

She gasped and in her sleep orgasmed, a solid slick of her juices slipping from between the twin labia being pressed between while her back arched powerfully. And from my vantage point I shifted uneasily as I watched that sinuous form coalesce in the light, allowing me a new view of this woman I'd yet to see, all the while my groin hardened uncomfortably in my trousers.

'She was... beautiful!'

And then her already enhanced body, athletic and supple in shape and form began to grow, her flesh darkening a few shades from the porcelain it had been just a moment before, even as her breasts began to swell. They engorged themselves, swelling fuller and more supple by the instant; firming up and erecting those hardened red nipples; the reddened disks of her areola crowned, her teats spiking upward and thickening into nibs at the ends, while a thick throbbing vein bulged outward along the base of each mound to throb life-giving blood and body-altering hormones into the twin mounds.

She gasped as their combined mass weighed down on her chest, the pair piling upward and onward, spreading her flesh there and lightening the skin again, drawing her skin as tight as a snare drum as it transformed into soft, supple hide. Her mammaries were even now piling and multiplying, the glands splitting off and weaving like an endless mound of tubes beneath her flesh, forcing the semi-saggy mounds to firm up and push upward despite being flattened against her chest from her being on her back.

She groaned then as those mammaries lifted, growing higher and higher as her chest barreled outward and her body lengthened, drawing rounder and firmer as the mass of glands pressed against the confines of the twin sacks of flesh.

Long vibrant legs grew longer, her long slender arms likewise following suit while her abdomen slid beneath her ribs and began to compress and tighten as it led downward to the clenching knot of muscles of her vaginal mound as the twin folds of her sex tightened between her thighs. And then those slender arms and legs began to bulge and thicken with muscle, biceps separating themselves between sides, and her quadriceps on her thighs growing into a broad pad.

Her rib cage then began to flare open, forcing her shoulders to broaden while her ribs thickened and barreled outward, hefting up her bosom even higher and the pectorals beneath them as those massive packs of chest muscle hardened, thickened and rounded outward, pushing her breasts to their bases.

As her teeth gnashed, I saw long canines growing inside her maw, her mouth and nose pinching together slightly like that of a muzzle, and the muscles all around her mouth rose into a passionate snarl. Her tongue licked her teeth as one of her hands lifted to cup one of her swelling tits, its nipple pushing out beyond her fingers, and I saw her hand thicken wider and longer, her slender fingers growing thick with their own muscle, while long black claws lengthened from out of the fingernails at the tips of each finger.

She groped herself with her other hand, subconsciously pushing a pair of fingers between the now swollen lips of her labia, her voice moaning as the moonlight made love to her, and I watched her move to those caresses, could practically see a spectral form in the light bending over her as her thighs spread open to allow for it, her crotch spreading open along with it so that she could feel herself pierced by it. Already it was suckling from her tit, and as I stood there, watching her, she began to rhythmically rise up on her toes, slowly thrusting her pelvis up into the light.

She began to writhe as muscles began to expand, their sinews riding up her arm, sliding this way and that, forging her body from nothing into the noble breed.

Her back arched again, her chin lifting as she opened her mouth, moving her lips into an O as if she were sucking on something, one clawed hand lifting to paw at something above her. Her breasts hefted higher, her pectorals barreling outward to push them up over her head, and with another crackling of sound and motion, her ribs spread open and slid away from one another even more; broadening her upper body.

This allowed her pectorals to rhythmically swell even larger than ever, and her tits bounced and vibrated as the muscle packs beneath them suddenly creased, and each striation of her pecs suddenly thickened and bulged outward.

She braced herself on her arms, their forearms broadening wide; their biceps barreling outward and spreading open, the groove down their center thickening while the two halves of her biceps grew into thick protruding things riddled with vascular veins.

Her leg muscles folded and creased themselves, riddling this way and that with thick, thick striations, her inner thighs sinking beneath her quads, her quads bulging outward in every direction while her hips broadened wide and her stomach compressed before lengthening. Her feet lengthened as did her forearms, and right before my eyes, I watched her abdominals all begin to crease and clench, tightening tighter and tighter.

Those luscious abs creased first in half down their middle, that first crease becoming sinuously beautiful as it bisected her navel vertically, leading straight to her sunken belly button, and pointing straight to her love mound. Those abs immediately folded in half again horizontally down the middle as her middle lengthened and formed a beautiful hourglass of four sections; her two lats folding outward with a sudden inflation of muscle. Those fourths then creased into eighths, those eighths then into sixteenths; her lats thusly creasing in half and half again, her whole navel sinking beneath her ribcage in a series of conjoining and overlapping striations. Then simply, all those many creases simply deepened as the muscles inflated, braced by each of her ribs, while her back simply swelled outward to either side of her, broadening her back into two wide flares that feathered with the rest of her sides.

'Such incredible muscles,' I thought.

Her back arched again as she snarled with her pleasure, her mind locked in slumber while her body transformed further and further. My head lifted a smidgeon, daring a little of the moon's light into my hood as I watched her transform.

She was growing positively massive! Already she was as large as most werewolves are fully grown! And this was just her first transformation, without the gift and power of the beast...

I myself gasped even as she continued to grow more and more massive, her already powerful body stretching outward as she continued to be pleased by the moonlight. Her breasts continued to grow as her neck lengthened, spreading apart as it conjoined with her shoulders. Her hands gripped into the furs beneath her as her body continued to grow taller, longer, broader... muscles thickening here and there, spreading outward, widening, and growing thicker by the instant.

Her flesh glittered in the light as the moon continued to rise and pass over her, and as it passed away, her orgasmic pleasure slowed.

But ever so slowly, her thighs pressed together as she arched her back, fetlocks growing out of her calves, forearms and across the top of her chest and shoulders, her mane growing full and billowy as her ears sharpened to points. Her back arched again, giving me a view of the muscle striations along her back and backside, and I felt myself grow harder than I'd ever been before.

I even felt as if I wanted her...

My mouth parted, my lips and throat dry as I saw a pool of silky white flowing into the cup formed between her pressed thighs and cunt, the furry white hairs decorating her crotch and the treasure trail that had crept lightly up her navel with her growth glistening with the crystalline light of her ejaculate.

She groaned again, and another jet of that sweet cum erupted over her thighs before she collapsed, and I became aware of milk leaking from her tits.

'And a breeder to boot! Thank you Gaia!' I heard my mind give praise to the goddess. A breeder, a female who's breasts hips and womanhood was aptly made for breeding! The sign of a breeder was the act of Mother's Milk, a female's ability to lactate prior to giving birth to a child. Hers must've been exceptionally potent being that she was a virgin. In most cases, this gift didn't appear lest she'd been made a woman by another male.

Such hips, breasts that already give the life-giving fluid and a honey pot that filled itself so well.

Her teeth gritted and she continued to thrust her hips upward every few seconds, one hand reaching between her legs to rub her crotch and slide that slick fluid up over her bodice, and I squatted there on my post, and viewed her even in this partial transformation.

Seven feet, at the least, from head to toe, with great mounds and a sex that even the goddess Herself would've been envious of. But to top it all off, she had the body that no warrior save those from my clan possessed. She had the blood of the Lycan already in her! Somewhere in her ancestry was a Lycan.

I hopped off my post and moved to the window and pressed against it for a better look at her as she came to a rest, her body relaxing as her sex continued to drain her fluids.

I must know her name! I thought frantically.

White fur, such powerful muscle structure, such titanicly endowed femininity reminiscent of the Goddess, there were few blood lines that could have spawned her, and all of them ancient! Predating, even, human society itself.

'Pedigree charts will have to wait till morning,' *I thought*. 'But it's high time that she met me...'

With that, and with a whirl of my cloak, and stepped away from the glass to let her sleep and entered into the forest. A decent ways in I removed my hood and quickly began stripping naked, allowing Luna's touch upon me. Within moments I too transformed, but into the towering beast of nightmarish black that I was.

Tomorrow, I shall meet her at last.

There once was a woman of little notice whom I'd saved from a fate worse than death and saved from forever being trapped in Limbo. And now she was no longer a woman, though even she was not yet aware of it...

My eyes twitched, squinting at the edges, my lips compressed together briefly as my mind drew more and more awake, and an instant later my eyes snapped open and I awoke with a gasp, sitting bolt upright in a spray of slick sweat on my body. My breasts jiggled briefly with the motion, a truly unfamiliar feeling as I leaned over myself.

It was such a vivid dream! I heard myself think as I slid my hand through my hair.

I dreamt that I was growing into a white beast of incredible power and femininity. I just kept getting stronger, and my sex just kept getting further and further enhanced. No more weakness, no more feelings of inferiority for whatever reason. I was the goddess now.

I pushed in on my nipple, still erect and hard seemingly while my clit throbbed between my legs, poking out from between the lips of my vaginal mound where it resided between my legs, the red nib of woman flesh pulsating rhythmically in time with my heart. The stickiness of my inner thighs told of what kind of night it was last night.

I'd creamed all over myself, and all over these fine animal pelts and the floor of whoever had owned this place. But then as I looked down at my legs, I noticed that there was a blanket there, and I vaguely remember that blanket being thrown off of me as I suddenly rose as I awoke just now.

I distinctly remember not having or using a blanket last night...

Someone must've come home, I thought, but saw no vehicle parked outside through any of the windows, and to top it off, there was a chair now resting before me, with a set of sweat clothes - a top with a hood and a bottom with a draw string waist - for me to use. No underwear... but there was at least that. There was also a basin of water with a washcloth hanging over one side to clean my body off from all my sexual juices resting on the chair.

I assumed it was from my rescuer from whoever had brought me here from the night before last. Kind enough to trust me to his home while he was away. Kind enough to leave me in the first place! I could've been died of blood loss, or worse, be suffering through rabies right now...

I pushed in on my nipple again.

But what I did get from that bite... was nonetheless terrific.

I slowly rose, covering my virginity with one hand as I moved over to the clothes, looking about me briefly, and brushing off some of the flaking cream and grime on my body. I then picked up the washcloth, wrung it out, and genially began cleaning my body off, enjoying the subtle caresses of a chamois cloth for a washcloth. Then, my body still glistening, but nonetheless clean, I retrieved the sweat bottoms from off the chair and stepped into them before pulling on the cinch strings.

I'd never worn clothes without at least some undergarments, and it felt weird for the loose cotton fabric to be brushing against my nude body, but it felt nice...

I massaged one of my breasts, smiling dumbly as I felt strange new feelings of sexuality sliding through my loins.

It was then that I heard foot steps and I turned suddenly even as the cabin door opened, and a man entered. I quickly moved behind the chair as this tall, muscular and shirtless man, looking much like an Indian with his raven hair drawn back into a tail, bound at its end instead of the back of his head, and even an eagle feather clasped back there.

He was carrying a bundle of wood over one shoulder, and a grocery bag filled with something or other in the other hand.

"I see that you are awake." He greeted without preamble, and then moved over to the fireplace to dump the bundle of wood, and then over to the kitchen. "I am sure that you are hungry, miss. If you will allow me, I can have some good sausage and eggs whipped up in a short while. I am sure you are quite famished."

I watched him move this way and that before I swallowed and asked the question.

"Um... ah... wh-who are you, sir?" I managed to choke out as I stepped away from the chair, venturing forward a little. If he wanted to rape me, he'd've had plenty of times last night to do it.

"They call me Peter." He greeted, nodding his head and smiling at me. "Peter Wolf."

I chuckled a little bit.

"Yes... Peter and the Wolf. My grand father was Russian, and loved that play."

"It's a little of a coincidence though," I managed, shrugging my shoulders, and getting the pleasurable feeling of my breasts being pressed against one another between my slender arms and against my new sweatshirt as I clasped my hands together. They never really were able to do that before. It made my nipples harden with the pleasure of it all. "My last name is Wolfe."

"Truly..." he said, staring at me. "That *is* interesting."

"Yes it is." I smiled again, and ventured a few more steps closer to him, trying to keep the conversation going while he started breakfast. "This is quite the lovely home. I'm sorry if I've disturbed anything."

"Nothing of consequence, and thank you. My home has been in my family for generations."

I looked at the bacon and sausages, smelt their cooking scent, and felt my mouth salivate heavily. I was extremely hungry. Peter turned over his shoulder at me, and without moving a muscle in his face, his expression completely changed into one of humor.

"You must be hungry." He smiled and turned back to what he was doing.

"N-no." I lied, but my gurgling stomach betrayed me.

He smiled at me, and served up a plate before placing it on the counter before a stool. I walked over to it, not helping myself, and before I knew it, I was using a slice of toast to shove the food into my mouth. When I was finished, he scooped more food onto my plate, and when he proffered me some juice out of a crystal pitcher, I forewent the glass and just drank straight from the pitcher.

"I-I'm sorry," I muffled through a mouth full of food, swallowed and then continued. "I'm sorry for my manners, Sir, but..."

"It is understandable. You probably haven't eaten anything in three whole days." He scraped the last of the eggs onto my plate and placed a couple more strips of toast. He himself munched on a hastily made bacon and egg sandwich. "I am curious, though. When I found you, you were, well... without apparel. Were you lost? Is anyone searching for you?"

"Well... my boyfriend maybe. Surely when he found out I was gone he would've searched for me."

"Your... boyfriend? Is he among those who were down in the gorge at the end of the stream?"

"Well... yes. Yes that's them."

I watched as Peter's eyes pinched at the corners.

"Miss Wolfe, when I found you, I made daily journeys to the ranger station to see if there were any missing hiker reports. I returned just recently from one such journey. I'm afraid to say, that there has been no such reports filed, and I haven't seen any search parties around."

I paused and swallowed. "How can that be? I've been gone for nearly three days! Sure they'd've missed me by now..."

"It's true." His eyes did not lie. "I can take you there myself if you wish..."

"No... that won't be necessary." I said, suddenly losing my appetite. I was sure that I'd be missed. Why weren't they looking for me?

"You are free to stay here, Miss Wolfe for as long as you feel need to."

"Call me Nattie." I said, looking up at him in a forlorn way. "I know your first name after all." Then I looked away, rubbing my arm with one hand, feeling my breasts sliding up over my crossing arm. "And thank you."

I got up and walked over to stand before the great bay windows. "You have a very beautiful home, Peter." I commented aloud, not sure if I'd ever said anything about it or not.

How could it be that he wasn't missing me yet? Surely they were just changing clothes together in that tent...

"Is there something wrong... Nattie?" Peter asked, approaching quietly from behind me. "You're suddenly very quiet."

My lips pursed for a moment.

"No... it's just that I thought I would've been missed by now. I... I thought that my boyfriend would be searching for me by now."

"Pity. For a creature as beautiful as you, I would've noticed if you were away from me for more than a minute."

I managed to blush, and I accepted the cup of cocoa he gave me. "Thank you. For everything."

"No need to thank me. An attractive naked young woman found in a muddy puddle in the middle of a mountain storm, though not an every day experience, is a duty to serve. Now let me take a look at that bandaged arm."

I lifted it, and he slowly unwrapped it, and I was surprised to find that the wounds from the animal's teeth weren't as bad as I thought they were. When the attack came, I'd thought that those teeth were shredding my muscle off with my flesh.

"Why don't you sit down, and I'll tend to that bandage." Peter said, and I sat down on one of the couches surrounding that mound of furs in the center of the sunken floor. Peter came back with some antiseptic ointment and began rubbing it into my arm. Massaging it was perhaps a better example.

Something about him was drawing me to him... like some sort of animal magnetism, and I felt my nipples erect, my areola swell slightly, a new and wondrous feeling that made the whole of my chest warm. I crossed my legs to keep the sight of my clenching labia from his view. Best not to display the camel toe just yet.

Then his fingers were on my hand, and I looked up at him as he was massaging my fingers now with the ointment, ever so briefly before he began to bandage my arm up again.

"It's healing fast. Faster than one would think. I am sure that this shouldn't take long to heal completely. There perhaps won't even be any scars..."

"That would be good." I admitted, and when he released my arm, I pulled it back to me, pushing it to my chest, not realizing with my recent enhancements that this was conforming my sweat top closely about my breasts, complete with their erect nipples.

There was a silence, and I looked up to see Peter's eyes on me, a little lower than my face, and looking down, I saw why. I blushed and looked back up at him even as he blanched and then lifted his head immediately.

"I-I'm sorry." He said immediately. "I... I was entranced."

My blush deepened and I hunched my shoulders, and in his effort not to look at my chest, he centered on my neck.

"I truly don't mind." I soothed, and leaning forward, uncoiling my arms, feeling my unbound breasts swaying as they resettled and then hung into my sweat shirt, I bent forward and gave him a peck on the cheek. "I'm so unused to being noticed, a change like this is wonderful to feel."

"Nattie... why don't you stay here for a while, and rest up. You've been through quite an ordeal. The night sky from up here is a sight to behold."

I smiled softly. "I'd like that..."

There once was a woman of very little notice. Well, she was of little notice. I seem to be noticing her quite a lot right now... But now the transformation is complete... and this woman has been repaired of everything back to the point of birth, minus her maturity and purity as a virgin. That was the Gift of the Moon... perfect bodies, made perfect from our impeccable regenerative abilities.

Tonight... she would be born into a whole new life.

I've never known a more perfect gentleman.

Unlike Justin, Peter is a wonderfully gentle man. And there was also that: he was a man. Justin seems to be still stuck in the mentality of a boy.

Peter took me on a tour of his home, and despite that I've already spent a day there, I haven't really gone anywhere within his home. It is also a truly *massive* compound, built straight into the mountain side, with all sorts of amenities. A sauna, Jacuzzi... and even a *pool!* That was built in the area below the garage.

He said that his brother had been an architectural genius, and had come up with much of the design of the house. But despite being a man, he was a man with toys. Toys in the form of three cars: a Jaguar, a F-one-fifty triton and a Beemer. The entertainment plaza held a projection TV and rack mounts for both stereo and computer. The cellar was well stocked, and the attic, *what and attic!* There was a light house tower built off the side of the house, and when he took me up there, I could see for miles around.

Then I looked down at the base of mountain, by the lake, where Justin and his friends were partying without any care that I was gone or missing. My arms came up to hug myself, and my bosom - *is it growing?* - pushed up over my arms, stretched the cloth, and showed off the lumps of my nipples. I noticed Peter drawn to them again, and didn't mind or care. I actually enjoyed that. He was looking at my behind, and he was looking at me. Justin couldn't even look at me most of the time, and whenever he told me things like he loved me, he would avoid my gaze.

Whenever Peter said that I was attractive, he said it by looking intently into my eyes, and smiling warmly. Almost as if he wanted to kiss me, and his hands flexed like he wanted to touch me. Since coming into his presence, I had a warm flush on my cheeks in the form of a blush, and I liked it.

"Where is your brother?" I asked suddenly, turning my head to him, and immediately I saw his features droop in sadness.

"He... died... most recently even." He said, and then looked at me closer.

"Oh I'm sorry!" I gasped, but he smiled at me and stepped closer to me, finally clasping his strong hands about my shoulders and giving them a subtle caress.

"Let me make you a fresh meal. Then I'd be honored if you'd watch the sunset with me."

"I'd like that." I answered, and hugged him in thanks.

The woman of notice was unaware of her impending rebirth, and I watched her grow more and more tense as it approached. I'd grown so used to the change itself, that I no longer even registered the impending change. But the first time... All werewolves remember their first time...

"Dinner was wonderful." I said as Peter and I walked out amongst the failing light. "I wish I could stay here forever."

"Do you truly mean that?" Peter asked, and I hugged him.

"Yes. But... I should be getting back to everyone below."

"But it's almost dark out." Peter commented, and he flashed that smile of his at me again. "Why don't you stay one more night, and if you still do wish to leave, then I will take you below myself."

I hugged myself from the growing chill in the night mountain air. It was so crisp, but despite that, something inside me was beginning to warm me up. I looked to Peter, and felt a different kind of warmth, one in my chest - which was perhaps partially from my nipples hardening whenever I looked at that hard body of his - warmed me. But the other warmth was... well... it was like a stoking fore in my navel.

I even rubbed it as if to feel it inside me, and I caught Peter looking sidelong at me.

"Are you feeling all right?" Peter asked, and my head lifted to him before I flashed him my own smile.

I thought there was something in his voice, a tone I didn't quite catch on to, but he was looking at me with an expectant half smile, a smile that drew me and made me want to kiss those lips. Perhaps even lick them.

"..."

Lick them? I didn't quite know where that thought - let alone that desire - came from, but I hugged myself with the thought of it, and actually *enjoyed* that thought...

"Sure! The rib roast was so good, that I think I can feel it suffusing me." I answered, and gave my belly another rub as I felt the warmth rising up inside me. "It tasted so good I'm trying to hold onto it." I gave off a small laugh, and then watched as Peter took several steps away from me. "Peter?" I prompted as he stood back, looking quite grim at the moment. "Peter, why are you looking at me like that?"

"I... am trying to capture your radiance, Nattie. And remember what you were before something happens to you."

I gave a nervous laugh even as he took a couple more steps backward, hiding in the darker shadows of the trees. The growing moonlight was beginning to shine over everything!

"Happens to me?" I voiced, beginning to feel scared while my hands suddenly clenched about the fabric over my stomach. "Ugh," I winced, feeling something happening inside me. "What... what could possibly happen to me?"

And then Peter pointed upward, still looking at me. "That." And I looked up.

I came face to face with the moon as it rose over the trees, and suddenly, everything inside me stopped. I stopped breathing and felt my heart stop beating as I stared unblinkingly up at the full moon, suddenly entranced within its seductive pull unlike I've ever been before.

The bright sphere entranced me; it held me captive, its light sliding through my flesh to caress my soul from inside me, touching off points here and there. And then my eyes squeezed at the corners as my heart suddenly leapt inside my chest, a powerful thudding motion that made me gasp and come instantly alive on the inside. I began to feel my veins and arteries swelling as my blood swelled inside them and leaving me the feeling of fingers sliding over my skin while my flesh prickled. My heart lurched with the force of a fist pounding inside my chest with each and every last heart beat, forcing every last vein and artery erect while my heart continued to throb heavily, and immediately I had images rush through my mind of aliens bursting out of my chest.

But despite that hard thudding inside my chest, I nonetheless felt... *aroused!*

My nipples were hardening as I arched my back, my blood flowing harder and harder through my body as it backed up against my pink parts, forcing them to tighten, and then to swell. Tiny lumps formed against my boobs, and in many other places all over my body, my skin felt tight and ached with the flowing life-blood. The pulsating fluids flowed inside my neck, feeding my brain, awakening new emotions and feelings that were nigh animalistic, touching off glands there that rapidly began to produce all sorts of natural chemicals. The blood flowed into my loins too, massaging my cunt sweetly while erecting my clit.

My labia swelled with the blood chambers filling, all the while my areola swelled outward; my nipples starting to ache and quiver with each vibrating heart beat, the blood flowing into and back out of my pussy as the streams passed my sex on its way to my toes.

I moaned and arched my back, thrusting my chest out, my tits flattening inside the fabric of my sweatshirt as I slid a hand up the inside of my sweatshirt to cup one of my breasts gropingly.

"Wha-what's happening... to me?" I moaned, and then shivered as a slick of vaginal juices slid from inside me.

Peter was strangely silent as he remained in the shadows; standing out of the moon's light while simply watching me. I looked to him, my expression beginning to tell me why I was feeling this combination of pain and erotic elation, but he'd become unmoving.

"Peter..." I voiced softly, reaching outward to him with one hand, and then stopped, looking at my hand as the tendons in the back of it were drawing taut, the fingernails lengthening. I gasped and drew the hand back, staring at it, and then withdrawing my hand from inside my shirt as I scratched myself, I gaped at my other hand as my fingers grew longer. My knuckles popped and snapped, the bones thickening and growing longer, my palms broadening and lengthening as muscle boiled and bubbled beneath my crawling flesh. The nails on the backs of my fingers lengthening instant by instant, the nails pinching together as they formed points, hooking minutely as their coloring darkened subtly.

"Ah!" I gasped in stunned surprise, watching the pads of my fingers and hands thickening, and turning my hands over, saw tiny hairs sliding out of my skin.

I held my hands out before me, trying to will them to stop what they were doing, but as I watched them change in horror, I then saw my wrists pushing slowly out of the cuffs of my sweatshirt, the hairs on the backs of my forearms thickening rapidly, growing longer, their coloring lightening.

And then my cunt began to clench tightly of its own accord, the muscles of my labia quivering and throbbing in time with my pulsating heart beat as I arched my back even further, my thighs pressing together while I closed my eyes, blocking off all unnecessary senses so as to feel my pussy throb as it moistened between my burgeoning thighs

My thickening hands folded over my crotch, and as I held it, feeling it pound, I gasped with the force of a micro orgasm tearing through me, and involuntarily my pussy lips clenched, squeezing my clit as a trickle of seminal fluids pooled along the crack and wet the front of my sweatpants. My breathing was growing heavy, and my body was now hot, so hot that it was difficult to breathe, and so hot that I immediately began to perspire.

I hugged myself while my hands hooked over my cunt, feeling my flesh tighten as I changed inside and out, and with the feeling of being changed also came a new elation. *Power!*

The moon's light was feeding it into me, sliding into me and feeding my body with Dana's power as blood flowed through my veins, pulsating and throbbing like a great web all over my body, carrying with it some strange, exotic cocktail of natural chemicals. That cocktail fed my muscles, triggering my glands and forcing them to produce their byproducts of adrenaline, pheromones that rose up about me like cloud, a plethora of hormones, and even lactation!

I looked down at my chest, gasping and gulping for my air now as my nipples erected hard beneath my sweatshirt, and with every pulsating lurch of my heart, my breasts swelled heavier and harder. A webbing of veins, far more intense than those that covered the rest of my body massaged my tits like two great hands, just before I felt another pair of fingers sliding up from the bases of my tits, curving upward toward my nipples, and as soon as they made contact with my areola, they flushed blood right into them. In that instant I moaned and felt a hard squeeze between my thighs as my pussy clenched - hard - squeezing out another trickle of soft love juices to wet my sweats. My areola swelled and puffed outward as my tits swelled behind them, and I could actually feel the twin conical packs of mammary glands swelling and growing, coiling over and over while tiny little fingers prickled at my flesh from the inside, all the while great hands continually massaged me from without.

My chest bounced with each beat of my heart, and I groaned, orgasming gently into my sweatpants, the slick sliding from between my vaginal lips as I continued to clutch at my womanhood with both hands,

massaging the mound with thumbs and forefingers; wetting the crotch of my sweatpants and creating a thick sticky mess all over my navel and sex.

I felt disoriented as I looked down briefly, and then closing my eyes and looking again, I saw that the ground was further away, and focusing on the earth below my feet I found that I was... growing? I was actually growing! There was an odd sound of stretching rubber as I rose upward, my sweet form lengthening in every direction.

"Ah!" I gasped, and another syrupy slick escaped from inside me, followed immediately by another, my hands still clutching at my cunt while I rubbed one thickening, stubby finger pad up and down the crack between my labia, stroking my clit on each pass.

My breasts continued to engorge, filling in the front of my sweatshirt, drawing its lower hem higher and higher along my navel, while the waistband of my sweats were drawn down along my hips. Tiny tits that once, a short time ago, were little more than buds, now pressed sensuously against one another as they firmed up, hefting higher while my body continued to lengthen, but now began to fill outward. My forearms and forelegs, thighs and arms, bodice and hips were all swelling outward, and I could hear my bones creaking as they swelled, and with another lurching gasp as my heart skipped a beat, I collapsed to my hands and knees, and orgasmed hard.

Cum flowed from within me in several quick jets, the fluids wetting the whole of my front and sliding up the crack of my bottom and down my thighs as my sweats compressed about my hips, bottom, crotch and legs; making me quite sticky. The seat of my sweats invaded the cheeks of my bottom, the crotch dug itself tightly between my thighs, following the contours of my sex and invading my pussy slightly, the stretchy sweat pants and sweatshirt expanding with me while the cuffs of the arms and legs pulled further and further backward.

My clothes were tightening all around me, about my thighs and calves, about my chest - very tightly around my chest - while the cuffs kept slipping higher and higher along my arms and legs. The bandages against my arm were also tightening rather rapidly, and I snarled like an animal as the wounds there began to sting.

"OH!" I cried out. "OHhhhhh-ooooo!" I cried again in a combination of pain and pleasure, my lips forming an "O" on those last syllables as I threw back my head and practically sang my elation in a howl, my back arching even deeper as I came again, this time it came in a long slick burst that erupted from me, as if my loins were emptied of every last drop of the sticky cum.

My fingers lowered to the earth and I growled as I began to gyrate my hips as the throbbing of blood vessels about my sex began to throb inside me, exciting me as if I were mounting a strong man and piercing my thighs with his mighty sword. My fingers clawed at the ground, rending grooves in the dirt and ripping weeds and grasses out while my body continued to lengthen as I knelt there; my form coiling over myself with my chest growing very heavy with my tits now swelling fully into the front of my stretchable sweatshirt; my nipples like rocks beneath them. Folds and stretch marks were now forming between the swelling mammaries, with tight creases around my arms as the great mounds drew the fabric of the sweatshirt taut.

I moaned like a fat cow needing milking, and something new happened as a hard pressure began behind my nipples, and lifting myself, rolling my back, I gasped, staring at the size of my tits, even as twin wet spots began to spread from the mounds of my nipples.

I'm... lactating?! W-what's... happening...to me?!

"Hurr... Grrr..." I growled out, feeling my tits swelling more and more, their weight remarkably heavy now and compressed firmly inside my sweatshirt as they mashed against one another, pressing against my arms as I cradled the massive pair with both arms.

A cold sweat was breaking out all over my body, trickling down between my breasts, between the cheeks of my rear and making my clothes which already were tight stick to my bodice. Settling backward onto my heels, I stuffed my hands between my legs again and began rubbing my pussy, feeling it throb and swell thicker and thicker, the lips spreading even further open beneath the soft fabric of my sweatpants, reveal the pinkish flesh within, while my clit swelled so hard that it ached as my pussy clenched rhythmically about it.

I orgasmed again, crying out at the pain of the pleasure, the orgasm lancing from somewhere in my navel to explode inside me and erupt in another moist laden eruption of feminine power. I must've looked indecent just then, with my sweatpants looking as if I had just wet myself, my body steaming in the cool night air while I passed through the throes of an aching pleasure that tweaked the whole of my body.

"Ohhh-ow-ooooo!" my voice was nearly a whimper while I felt my body swelling still in odd directions, heard the cracking of my bones as they twisted and realigned, the crinkling and cracking and crunching becoming most prominent as the plates of my skull also grew.

My lungs forced me to inhale sharply and deeply; my ribs swelling outward around them while my shoulders broadened, just before my barreling ribs thrust forward, hefting my bosom higher as a loud rip met my ears from my sweatshirt tearing in the front on a line even with my nipples.

My shoulders rolled and then hunched while I felt my flesh tighten ever more over my frame, my muscles broadening and thickening all around, and lifting one hand, I watched my bicep swell, watched my forearms flare, the sleeves of my sweatshirt now catching at my elbow briefly before the cuff ripped open, first on one arm and then the next.

The bands of gauze around my forearm now began to shred and pop, tearing open to reveal my thickening forearm, covered in a realm of hairs, while the scars, glowing briefly a deep silvery blue, immediately sealed themselves and molded over, healing completely.

I knew that that was the source of why this was happening, and for a brief instant between waves of assailing pleasures, I put everything together. Wolf bite, a sickness, the dreams, the full moon.

"God no..." I grunted as my bowels shifted and I hugged my navel, gasping for more air as my frame continued to thicken. *I-I've become a werewolf!*

My body hair was now intensifying, and I could feel prickling effects everywhere. Lamb chops grew out of the ridges of my cheeks and jaws while my ears tapered upward, great fetlocks were forming over my hands, forearms, feet and forelegs. I could also feel my pubic hair growing, sliding up my navel while more hairs began to grow out of my chest. Even my head hair was growing, swirling about my face and shoulders as it billowed outward in all directions.

My hands and forearms, straight up to the elbows, were both wreathed now in fur, with my hands coiling into paw-like hands, the fingers punctuated with claws, and the palms free of fur but with tough animal-like pads.

The heat within my loins was beginning to spread now, moving into my belly, then my bosom and finally into my head, suffusing my bosom while a warm blush rose upon my cheeks and bosom, and I felt as if I were burning up inside. I hunched over myself, my tits now so full that they were straining against my sweatshirt, threatening to tear it completely open, and already more tears were forming. My compressed chest was making it difficult to breathe, while at the same time wholly erotic as they both throbbed heavily in unison from all the blood massaging them like a pair of great hands. Combined with the feeling of a massive cock sliding in and out of me, I couldn't help but release the orgasm that was building up inside me, and I squirted a lancelet of juices into the crotch of my sweatpants as they stretched about me, my pussy throbbing as it swelled, growing thicker and stronger moment by moment.

But when my shirt finally broke open, it was instead shredding against my back, the sweatshirt giving way as my back suddenly began to swell; my spine turning outward with the lumps of every spine acting like a

serrated knife. It pressed against the back of my sweatshirt, popping seams and tearing the fabric open as my back simply swelled and flared, bisected and segmented this way and that.

The weight of my chest forced me to lean forward to brace my weight on my hands while my back continued to swell outward. Finally another rip occurred, this time across my engorging breasts, and then another, patches fraying open as their expanse grew and grew, folding over my arms.

My nipples peaked out of the tears as the rounding swells continued to bulge outward, beads of milk swelling freely now out of each and pouring out of my teats onto my thighs.

My arms also grew, my biceps flaring open, separating into two halves and swelling in either direction, my forearms flaring wider while growing longer to support my great fists. I could hear more ripping as my sleeves shredded open, separating from my sweat shirt while my thickening and flaring shoulders pulled the sleeves straight off the sweatshirt, tearing open the seams to reveal growing fur sticking out of the cracks. My biceps and triceps then began to grow in opposite directions, the thickness of my arms doubling and redoubling to pop more seams of my sleeves, tearing them open, snapping individual threads which then burst open about my arms in time to reveal the rapid growth of frost white fur growing down the outsides of my arms and covering my shoulders.

More of that luxurious hair, frost white, continued up the outer edges of my arms as they swelled and thickened; the throbbing of blood through my veins and arteries truly erotic to me, and I came again, erupting an orgasmic jet of cum from between my thighs that created a great wet spot over my cunt, my pussy throbbing harder and stronger as it bulged ever outward.

My tits folded over my arms, pushing my arms apart while the tops of my shirt, over either of my shoulders, ripped open about my neck, unfolding over my broadening shoulders and forming a conforming wrap about my back and over the tops of my breasts and across my chest; my neck and throat broadening in an increasing angle toward my shoulders while lengthening out of my body. My throat pushed forward and I swallowed, gulping a breath of air as my strengthening throat, neck and upper back muscles pushed my head forward, the sheer strength cracking and realigning bones.

I growled again from the increasing strength, and I groaned as the sounds of more shredding met my ears, just before my tits finally tore themselves free with help of my barreling ribcage flaring outward beneath my arms as the rounded spheres swelled and engorged with milky weight, my chest muscles rounding outward, tightening the flesh of my bosom and compressing the milk-laden glands till they stretched the skin. My areola swelled outward as the great reddened disks broadened, my areola lengthening my nipples, which only allowed them to swell larger.

Now free, my breasts both began to disgorge the lactation inside them, all the while the glands within doubled their reproduction and growth, swelling twice as fast as the rest of my body.

My waist lengthened, my belly compressing as it slid further beneath my ribcage, giving my midsection a lean look while my hips broadened and my rear swelled and rounded outward. The seat of my sweatpants now drew tight over my cunt, sliding in between the lips of my now sopping wet pussy, becoming squeezed by my vaginal mound while the seat slid in between my butt cheeks. The fabric stretched wide now while my thighs bulged and my calves flared, and for a moment, my slippers felt rather tight, just before my toes ripped out from inside them. Those toes then spread wide, their toenails lengthening into claws, my feet spreading wide and lengthening, tearing open my slippers easily as if they were made of tissue paper.

My broadening thighs, now showing off their impressive muscles, bulged about my inner thighs, my inner thighs sinking beneath the outer, their growth compressing about my cunt to force another stream of cum from within me, though this was just a bit of a squirt.

"Peter!" I cried out. "Please stop it!" But still he only watched in the shadows.

My back swelled again, broadening wide as it piled up with muscle rapidly, a muscle hump rising about the peak of my spine, the two halves of my back bulging upward, puffing outward and tearing open the last of my tattered sweatshirt directly in half, the hump of solid muscle forming from the small of my back to the base of my skull. Then my back creased again half way up, forcing out a broad truncated W, rising like the steps of a rising mountain, before another section rose above that and a broad M formed and rose even higher. My back swelled apart to crease the muscles on my back following my spine. Each of those segmented muscles then separated, puffing out from one another briefly before the soft, new muscle growth beneath them rapidly hardened; my shoulder blades forming into immense plates at the peak of my back.

But while my back swelled and broadened into haunches, my tits were likewise filling further and further outward, their fatty mass seeming to absorb nearly all the fat in my body to press inside them, as they swelled into my sides, to the peak and base of my chest, and continue to bulge outward in all directions. Beneath them, my chest muscles simply continued to pile forward, the muscles pressing against my shoulders, swallowing my clavicle, curving deeply about my ribs, and pushing my tits even further outward. The muscles then began to segment, a radial net of hardened muscle that strengthened my arms, allowed my arms to grow larger, even as more of that soft white fur grew down the center of my breasts, becoming framed between my vivacious tits.

Through all of this, the remains of my sweatshirt, having gotten caught about my shoulders, finally tore fully off my body, snapping off and falling to the ground.

More hair was growing down my back, extending my head hair as it raced down my spine, which was even now growing long and luxurious as it coiled down in between the cheeks of my rear.

My mouth gnashed, opening wide as my canines all lengthened, my mouth and nose pushing forward while my ears extended, forming definite points at the sides of my head. My teeth gnashed again, my tongue growing longer as I gasped for air, the whole of my face pushing outward now, brows swelling forward, eyes sinking in their sockets.

The change slowed then, letting me catch my breath, but only for a brief moment before another wave of change flowed over me, and my chest clenched again as the process returned anew, and I gasped in an odd mixture of pain and pleasure as the change wracked me.

My back swelled again, flaring wide about my barreling chest, forcing my burgeoning tits further up atop my bodice as my pectorals swelled outward, the individual chords thickening and tightening like bridge cables, their growth jiggling my tits briefly with each spastic burst of growth they experienced before they firmed up even harder, bearing the weight and toughness of the pair of medicine balls that had become of my mammaries. I groaned and came again, feeling the weight of those twin medicine balls hefting higher atop my chest as my body swelled in every proportion, even more, making me taller and meatier, with my form already having doubled its weight. Hell, the weight I once possessed was perhaps the weight in either of my tits!

My muscles clenched and flexed of their own accord, and as I knelt there, I gasped as my arms coiled, elbows bending to flex my biceps, wrists twisting to flex my forearms while the muscles immediately swelled and clenched, bubbling and crisscrossing beneath my flesh even as that grew thicker in order to stretch more, grew more heavily laden with soft, downy white fur.

Biceps and triceps creased and re-creased, bulging outward almost as rapidly as my tits were, my forearms flaring open to support my bulging biceps. It was a positively erotic feeling, feeling my muscles swell so, feeling the power flowing through them over my network of veins and arteries, my body becoming massaged by the pulsating of blood, my flesh tingling and crawling as the tiny hairs all over my body began to lengthen and thicken.

And as the process continued, I actually began... to enjoy it...

"Yes! AH, YES!" I groaned, my head expanding, jowls thickening as my skull plates realigned and broadened, my short muzzle pushing further outward, realigning all my teeth while my canines grew to overlap the row of teeth opposing them. Skull plates realigned, popping out of joint briefly, muscles realigning before linking again, my ears being pushed upward against the sides of my head, folding into tiny little hoods at the top of my head.

I felt my hands broaden as my thighs spread open, and my now ebon clawed fingers felt my tightening pack of stomach muscles; the long smooth belly covered with peach fuzz already compressing into an hour-glass shape, now began to crunch downward in on itself, bending itself first in half as the whole mass sank beneath my ribcage, the ends of each rib encaging the top of my abs, before my stomach then began rippling outward one thick pack of muscle after the next. Explosions of muscle growth occurred right beneath my fingers as I moaned my pleasure, twin slabs appearing at the peak of the hourglass, followed by another pair at its base, and then by another pair of slabs breaking outward right in the center of the pack of muscles, just before the muscles realigned, swelled, and repeated the process.

The six abdominals rapidly became eight, the eight rapidly becoming sixteen, the muscles rippling rapidly down my elongated belly, shortly before my ribcage flared outward around the top half of the abdominals, pulling it deeper beneath my barreling chest, while my lateral-obliques all tightened and began to fold along the sides of my abs. One pair of lats became two pair, the two pair becoming four, those leading into my feathered ribs, my ribs leading into twin backs of flaring muscle the lovingly folded about my ribcage and strengthened the bones.

"OH! MORE!" I cried out, squeezing my eyes tightly, and when I opened my eyes again, I watched whole new color fade into my vision, a certain sharpness of detail like a black and white image overlaying all the color, while the darkness faded away from my eyes. The moon appeared so much brighter than it was before.

My hands slid down the length of my abdominals as they continued to tighten hard as rocks, now twelve pairs of abs, four sets of lats, and finally, between my legs, my sex swelled and swelled, growing thicker and heavier, my clitoris erecting hard like a minute erection between my legs.

My fingers glanced against soft belly fur growing along the center of my navel while I arched my back backward, projecting my breasts forward as they spread apart with my rolling shoulders. Looking down between my massive mammaries, I watched as that belly fur grew thicker and longer, watched it growing from the patch of fur rising from my cunt along the center of my navel, glancing against my sunken belly button, and climbing higher and higher yet to be met with the patch of fur growing between my breasts and tracing its way downward. The hairs over my cunt also filled outward, increasing the mound underneath the moist crotch of my sweatpants, and I spread my legs open, looking at the twin lumps of my cunt swell outward, the nib of my clit stretching the fabric like a tent peg while more of my silken seminal fluids was wrung from the cloth over my womanhood due to its tightness of the fabric over my bodice.

My hands finally slid down into my sweat pants, my fingers caressing my cunt and squeezing the lips together, which pinched my clit, drawing out a low moan as I came again into my hand; my fingers pushing the lips of my labia open as they continued to swell; the pair pinching tightly together, rhythmically, as I rolled my hips.

The intensity of the transformation continued to magnify, and I could hear my body tensing as I fingered myself, heard my bones crunching as my bones thickened and realigned.

Muscle... more muscle... still more muscle on top of muscle. *OH!*

My swelling thighs finally began to tear through my sweatpants, snapping the elastic bands of the ankle cuffs about my knees, and while I knelt, my toes that were positioned beneath me, spread wide while my feet lengthened, and with my bottom resting upon the heels, my hips began to flare wide along with my widening feet. But as my feet lengthened, the big toe on either foot did not extend outward, but instead

remained where it was, being drawn upward too as my feet lengthened, tightening the tendons on the soles of my feet, my toenails curving outward into claws, while the whole of my legs from hip to toe flared wide.

My inner thighs sank further below the bulging quadriceps as those creased and etched themselves out of my hardening flesh, my rear rounding outward as it spread open near the base to frame the throbbing pussy at the base of my abdomen, and I felt the slick moisture of my cum against my anus as my sweat pants drew tight across my hips and sank further in between my labia and my gluts. I could feel the waistband of my sweatpants beginning to sink below my navel as it was drawn tight across my widening hips.

Rends and tears opened up in the seams of my sweatpants, but those weren't tearing quickly enough! More frays opened up, and then I heard the wet sound of tearing moist fabric, and my sweatpants cleaved open fully about my legs, the legs detaching from the tops as they tore off, breaking open like the skins of hotdogs that were in the microwave too long about my legs. What remained of my sweatpants took very little time to transform into a G-string. With most of the fabric drawing into a tight knot between my butt cheeks, while a triangular patch remained over my ripening cunt.

It was a G-string with tattered edges, and that was all the clothing that was left on my fleshy, hair-covered body.

Leaning over myself, my mountainous tits pressed against those massive thighs that I now possessed, and now I held my stomach as my guts began to move around inside me while my abdominals compressed, and again my back thrust itself outward, rounding further and further about my back and sides, all to support the weight of those enigmatic breasts.

Then, with the sound of grinding fists, my pectorals began to clench, ripping themselves in muscle growth as they rounded further beneath my tits, then swelled larger and thicker, pressing against my biceps and carrying my breasts forward like siege tanks before the mammary glands inside the taught velvety flesh continued to grow over and over themselves beneath the full packs of womanly breast. Rolling waves of growth flowed over the twin packs of muscle that were my chest muscles, just before the packs segmented like two planes of muscovite, separating one from the other with one set going above, and the other set below, lengthening my body slightly.

But this created something else.

Below my tits, I felt two new nipples harden, and rapidly begin to swell, and right after that I felt another pair, and then another and still another pair harden, clenching out of my existing flesh, and while I held myself, I actually felt new tits forming. Mammary glands, a total of ten, formed against my chest and down the length of my abdominals, the abdominals swelling with fur topping them; each lactating a white, creamy milk that slid from inside me and created a whitewash down my front.

My two sets of primaries simply engorged themselves, my pectoral muscles creasing and re-creasing, juggling my tits with each explosive increase in muscle mass while further compressing the glands and shooting the occasional jet of milk out against my bodice.

Now my body was forming just to support those the four massive tits clustered against my chest, my sides swelling in order to support them, my ribs thickening and flaring wide in order to hold them, my shoulders broadening in order to move around them.

My arms came behind my head to slide my fingers through my growing mane, as I exhaled a long sigh, then hissed through all my sharp teeth as my muzzle finished lengthening and tapering forward, even as my insides did tricks between my thighs and my clit swelled in response. My hands glanced against my ears which had now lengthened to three times their original length and had now finished migrating to the top of my head. I was aware of far more sounds now, primarily within my own body as I changed.

I could hear my heart pumping rhythmically in my chest and through my throat, felt my grinding muscles as they swelled and thickened, heard my groaning bones as they did the same.

My fingers slid further into the mane at the top of my head as its fur grew out of everywhere, merging with the hair of my body, softening my body fur while my flesh tightened and grew rock hard beneath it all. Deep fetlocks were growing along the outer edge of my forearms, and thusly another set grew about my forelegs just above my lengthening feet at the heels, just at the base of my flaring calves. I felt my biceps and triceps thicken and flare outward as my arms spread wider and wider, forearms lengthening to twice the length of my upper arms, with my feet, forelegs and thighs all of the same length...

My womanhood slid deeper between my legs as it finished swelling and just lengthened now, the crevice between the two lips, my hips rolling as my flaring hips realigned the pelvic bone, and my clit swelled thicker still in proportion to my body. The thong remnants of my sweatpants stretched and ripped, amazingly straining on my body before the band of seams between my legs snapped, and the stretched waistband pulled the front and back of the cloth out of my cunt and rear.

My hands slapped to my cunt to rub it as it was finally revealed, and I again came into my hands as I felt the power of my femininity growing and growing, hardening like a stone. With my growing body, it did not take long for the waistband of all that remained of my clothing to snap about my middle while I slid a pair of fingers into me.

I rolled the reddened nib of my clit; the thing hot from my warmth, slick with my cum and hard from all the blood stored in it, and as I rolled it with my fingers, I felt my insides suddenly clamp tightly, and another tantric orgasm erupted a jet of creamy seminal fluids from within me.

My spine turned outward at the tailbone then, forming a short stub that pushed out from between the great rounded masses of my bottom, the stub bulging thickly and lengthening rapidly; spreading my rear apart as I fell forward onto my hands, knees and toes. My body lengthened again, broadening about the upper body, while my thighs grew massively large. My toe claws ripped at the earth as my legs moved outward, lifted off the ground and extended behind me in a full on stretch, the toes broadening open as I groaned, trying to squeeze my cunt tighter one leg after the other. I arched my body powerfully to the quivering feeling as my lengthening spine grew longer and hairier. My tailbone lengthened and grew ever bushier, transforming into a long trailing tail that immediately rose upward to frame my tight behind and the twin folds of my womanhood directly beneath it and my anus.

"OHhhhhh!" I cried, clenching my eyes tightly.

The rest of my hair transformed into fur, covering me from head to toe, except for where my flesh was stretched too tight; like my inner thighs, primary and secondary tits, my upper arms and most of my abdominals. My head hair was now billowing outward into a thick mane that curved from my head over my back, and trailing right down to the base of my spine.

My face pushed forward again as my jaw flared and my throat stretched, my teeth sharpening and lengthening along with all my claws.

But I was still changing...

My body was still lengthening, swelling outward, my upper and lower body becoming truly *massive* in simple increases of muscle, while my middle body was compressing into a sinuous mass of tight muscle and tendons.

Positioned there on my hands and knees briefly, I panted, feeling five sets of areola flare and swell outward, and five sets of nipples harden greatly, and for the second time, I was allowed to catch my breath before the rising moon again caught me in its power, and instead of growing and gaining feminine glory and muscle, I now began to mutate.

The whole of my body tensed before a great, stress-relieving *crack* erupted all down my spine as my shoulder blades and arms rolled outward slightly, my spine and the rest of my back rising upward as my

ribs and chest pushed forward, my breasts thrusting powerfully straight into the ground from my amassing chest muscles and flaring ribcage. My clawed hands scraped against the ground as my upper body widened suddenly, and with more cracking and realigning, my ribs were compressed close to one another, my middle lengthening as my lower body mutated as well; hips and thighs merging as my thighs were brought up close to my body and I balanced on my hands and toes like some sort of animal.

My head and neck were pushed outward, my sides feathering outward and spreading as I arched my back, rubbing my tits against the ground and pushing more milk from them to muddy the ground just before my arms extended again in order to keep them off the ground.

My head bowed as my body became even wider, with my back spreading like the hood of a cobra about my ribs and chest, with my muscular arms fitting perfectly inside the joints formed from tit, chest, flaring side and shoulder blade. Lurching forward slightly with motion as I gasped from another wave of pleasure sliding down my body from my throat to my pussy, only to erupt in a manic eruption that splattered from within me to the floor, I found that my arms moved quite easily despite all the thick muscle. My thighs opened some, my toe claws scraping against the ground before I tried to stand, and the motion was indescribable as I surged to my feet, standing atop my toes with my legs folding over themselves as my thighs spread wider, my knees sinking within all that muscle, and all of the tendons all across my body tightening themselves rapidly. And then my flesh tightened about the rest of my body, as if my insides were some food product and my skin a cellophane bag that was having all the air pulled out of it.

My clit was extending from between my labia, turning upward in an erect state and throbbing ecstatically at being free to the open air, my new tail lengthening and drawing at the skin between my legs, and tightening the muscles of my cunt even harder. My cunt was drawn to point nearly straight down now instead of slightly forward, and in order to please myself now, all I needed to do was to squeeze my thighs. Which I did. And then I began to fondle myself, pushing a tit upward and dipping my head, brushing the dirt off my tit, so as to suck on one of my nipples.

Oh the cream was so warm, and I sighed through my flaring nostrils as my mane fell about my head and brushed against the tops of my tits, and I again collapsed to my knees, sucking heavily from my tits.

But then I groaned as all the swelling muscles in my body suddenly disconnected from their moorings and began to separate and realign, and I fell, catching myself with one hand and both feet. The most spectacular transformation yet occurred as whole new muscle groups formed, and lifting my head and swallowing my own milk, letting my medicine ball for a tit bounce briefly against my chest off of the tit below it briefly, I looked up at the moon as it stared down at me and continued to caress me lovingly with its light.

All over my body I transformed one final time, with muscle bulging here and there, new muscles forming, while existing ones tightened and flared wider and my insides all realigned and pushed themselves around. Lungs swelled for air, heart bulged. And I could even feel the depth of my crotch deepening inside me. My body arched over my chest, compressing all of my developed tits together as I planted my powerful arms against the ground, cumming one more time with my fur growing bushy all over my body, and shining a silvery white... just like the moon.

My thighs spread open as I pressed my pelvis against the ground, my new tail waving at my backside while I continued to grow in size and in muscle.

Throwing my head back as the eighth or ninth orgasm rocked within my loins, I groaned out my pleasure, but what started as a groan, ended in a howl; a long, piercing dirge that echoed across the world.

"Awoooooooooooooooooo!!!"

And then the change released me, and I crouched there, breathing heavily, not wanting to open my eyes and look at myself as one hand slid between my legs to cradle my delicate cunt as it continued to throb wetly with my rapidly beating heart. When I finally did open my eyes, it was to look down at a pulsating chest

that flared and bulged atop my chest, still being massaged by the blood vessels there, and framed by soft sinuous hair and fur from a great billowing mane that flowed gently about my head.

I was finally... transformed.

The woman now was of notice. A virile goddess of the beasts in her flesh and white pelt. She was a remarkable creature of intense power and might that she was just becoming awakened to. I marveled at her, I awed her... I... began to love her...

'What had happened to me?' I thought, and looking up, I saw Peter still standing there away from the light of the moon.

I had questions in my heart now, and I wanted them answered, and somehow, I knew he had the answers. Slowly getting to my feet then, I judged my balance, steadied myself, and at last looked to Peter, or rather *down* at him as I rose to my full height, finding that even despite his tall mass; his head height was right where my cunt was. And that made me horny.

I licked my blackened lips and pearly white teeth and fangs briefly with a long black tongue as a hand lifted to fondle my tit, and I gave it a squeeze as my nipple found purchase between two of my long muscular fingers, and I squeezed out a little milk that spilled out over my hand.

"Peter..." I panted then, closing my eyes briefly to take hold of myself. "I need answers... and I need a good screw," my thighs pressed against one another as moisture again began rising up between my thighs before I slipped a hand between my legs and began to rub my cunt.

"I'd prefer them in that order."

"Look at yourself," he said in return. "What do you think you are? What do you believe has just happened to you?"

I rubbed a hand through my mane, my eyes pinching in concentration as I looked down at myself, but my throbbing pussy was creating such a distraction that I couldn't think, and with a moan I folded both my hands over my crotch and squeezed my thighs together.

"I-I don't know!" I said. "I can't think I'm so horny." I admitted, and again took to rubbing myself to relieve some of the strain. "I'm... I'm big and furry... and horny! AH!"

"Then let me show you." he said, and I opened my eyes and paused in my rubbing of my sex to watch him.

The moon rising now began to cast its light over him, and I saw his eyes suddenly change from a sparkling blue, to suddenly glow brightly with an electric blue color. And then he began to change as I had.

But unlike me, with him, all of the changes, the mutations, the muscle and hair growth, all happened simultaneously, and sections of his body spasmed outward as if he were being hammered from the inside.

Clothing tore and stretched, and he ripped off his simple white shirt as his body began to pile heavily with muscle. Pops and bone altering crunches, groaning and comical stretching rubbery sounds erupted all about him as he rapidly swelled, growling as his back arched and he puffed out his chest, but I was watching his groin, which was pushing his loin cloth forward greatly in a thickening mound; so thickly that my mouth began to water with my desire to fall to my knees and suck on it.

At long last he snapped his head upward, and a long mane was whipped upward over his ears as he stood there, huffing and puffing like he was about to blow some poor pigs house down, with his breathing sounding like a bellows.

"Can you guess now, Nattie?" he asked, affixing me with his level gaze.

I looked to him, then at myself as my hands immediately forgot my awakened and heightened sex for a moment before I looked up at the full moon, and then back at him

"Werewolves?!" I gasped, and stumbled backward, but in an instant he was there, catching me before I fell, my breasts pressing against his chest and arms, with all my nipples lining my abdomen pressing against his body. It aroused me more, and looking down, I saw his naked groin pressing over my thigh, and I stared at the immense size of it.

"How did this happen?" I managed as I looked up into those glowing eyes of his. "Wh-what made me into a... a YOU?!"

I shoved him away and was met with falling right onto my bottom as I pushed myself out of his grasp. I then began edging backward away from him.

"No... Not me." He said, standing over me in the hulk-like werewolf form of his, with the powerful back and chest. Despite all my new strength, he still looked stronger than me.

"That's bull!" I roared at him, my voice ending in a guttural growl as I rolled to my feet before him, my long tail swishing angrily. "I was attacked by a black wolf. Now I'm a werewolf. You are a black werewolf. I'm not stupid!"

Peter sighed, and then turned to sit heavily on a large nearby boulder.

"Natasha." He began, bowing his head. "You were attacked by a black werewolf, but not by me. My brother attacked you, and bit you. That's how you contracted the blood changing effects of lycanthropy."

"But you said that your brother... that he... died recently." I said slowly, realization dawning on me, and Peter lifted his eyes to look at me again, his gaze piercing me to the bone. I immediately hugged myself. "I'm sorry." I said quickly, hugging myself while turning away from his gaze.

Peter must've had to kill his own brother in order to save me, 'I thought to myself, and when I looked at Peter again, it was to reveal sad eyes at him. "Thank you." I said at last, and bit my lower lip.

It was a short silence while I stood there, hugging myself, my long luxurious horse-like tail whipping at my backside before I felt a pair of powerful hands fold about my highly muscled shoulders, and my ears flattened against the sides of my head.

"My brother was sick and dying. He's been dying since he was born. The moon madness, a madness similar to rabies but without the viral implications, took him. He was quite insane when he attacked you.

"I alone bear the responsibility of his death, and it is perhaps better that he die quickly by my hands, instead of slowly as madness takes him."

I turned to him, and looked at a chest full of heavy black fur for a moment before my eyes rose to him. His softly glowing eyes looked down at me with admiration.

"W-why are you looking at me like that?" I was totally unused to being held like this. His hands were still clinging to my arms, holding onto my hands and wrists, and his gaze looked into my eyes as if I were everything his attention was focused on at the moment. Everything else around us was nothing to him it seemed.

"I am... surprised." He smiled, a truly wonderful thing to see a wolf smile, his lips spreading slightly while the corners of his muzzle lifted slightly. "I am a Dire wolf, but you... I've only heard of your breed in legends. Gaia is truly a benevolent goddess."

The Earth Mother? I thought. "Why is that?" I asked him.

"Honestly, I'd dreamed of meeting a female like you. A creature blessed with beauty, nobility, strength... I almost feel as if were the one who was blessed instead of you."

"Blessed? You mean this is a blessing?!" I exclaimed and threw his grip off of my arms and stepped back from him, my arms opening to display my mutated and altered body.

Peter deflated, and stepped forward again; folding his great hands about my face to hold it so that I looked into his nigh glowing blue eyes. "The legends of werewolves aren't what they make us out to be, Natasha. We are guardians, not murderers. We are of the noble breed that watches over the Earth and protects Her. And to do so, Her sister Luna has blessed us with the strength of beasts, to make us strong enough to protect her from whatever may come.

"And you, Luna has blessed remarkably.

"Look at you! Beautiful, luxurious and virile, sexual and more powerful than a hundred men! A thousand even..." he released my face and stepped back, and lifting a hand he twisted the powerful packs of his forearm, bent his wrist, and motioned his fingers, and what looked like a drape of moon light fell over his arms, shimmering and shining till it formed a solid pane of reflective light, and I stood stunned for a moment, viewing myself.

I moved forward, lifting my hand to touch the pane as he removed his hand, and it remained where it was, bordered in some sort of glowing ribbons that shimmered a soft silver-blue while I looked at my face. For a moment I marveled at this strange effect Peter had made, feeling the surface of this thing as it felt like glass, before I focused on my image.

Green eyes shone like Peter's did, while the expanse of my chest alone was *immense!* Ten pert nipples decorated my bodice, and my form unfolded with every little movement as muscle and tendons stretched beneath tough hide and thick fur.

"This is me?" I asked in wonderment.

"It is. And this is only the beginning. I must show you more, Natasha. There is so... much more."

There is now a Lycan, and she is a goddess. She would be a goddess of man if they knew of our existence, and I would be glad to be her guardian for time and all eternity. I began to teach her the ways of the Lycan. Dear Mother Earth, she will do...

We were running on all fours. It took a little getting used to, but my long arms and even longer legs allowed me to convert from bipedal to quadrupedal easily, and as I chased after Peter, actually laughing as my body maneuvered down the mountain through the forest after him, I reveled in the fact that I was barely getting tired, that I could move dexterously around even tight enclosures and that I was loving the burning in my muscles from exertion.

"Ngh!" I grunted as I surged to my feet, throwing my head back and shaking my mane as I tensed my biceps and chest, and my massive primary breasts bounced minutely as I moved forward lithely, compressing my cunt between my thighs. "I love this!" I said quietly as Peter settled on his rump, hands and feet before him.

'We are nearing the human's encampments.' He said, and I blinked, trying to figure out how he'd just talked to me. It was in my head, mostly, like some psychic communication, but other portions of his speech came from movements of his body in the form of head bobs, ear twitches, blinking of his eyes and so on.

Body language, and in spite of myself, I spoke back to him in the same way.

'Why do we hide from them? What do we have to fear?' I asked, and then lifted my hands and rubbed my secondaries, massaging them with my clawed hands while I watched him. I was still quite sexually aroused and it was all that I could do not to jump his bones.

'Our very appearances create a state of madness in humans, or complete awe. That is Gaia's gift to us. But there are those who don't block out the imagery of meeting a werewolf, and there are those who'd try to hunt us because they believe us 'unholy.'

'Unfortunately, even these extremely rare humans outnumber us a million to one.'

I lifted my hands, and casted this strange *'Light Magic'* that Peter used - the art of illusions - before Peter's hands found mine and he folded them together.

'I was just practicing.' I said, a little fearful that such a great beast was acting so.

'I know, but there are places for that. We are too close to too many of them. There is the possibility of being noticed.'

I snorted lightly, and in spite of myself I slipped passed his arms and hugged him, feeling all my many breasts spread out over his arms, across his chest and abs, while I felt my crotch conform over his groin. It felt like a perfect fit, and I pushed closer, hoping that he would perhaps start something with me, but instead he turned away from me slightly and began to walk. I followed with him, hugging his massive arm while using his shoulder as a pillow while he continued to speak in Body Language.

He continued teaching me about the world, naming trees and plants, herbs and animals. I even got to pet a deer that had strayed close, and remarkably, was unafraid.

'Why does it not fear us?' I asked, trying to be as delicate to it as I could be.

'Because we aren't hunting.'

The deer moved away and leapt over a tree and disappeared into the brush.

'Now what was it you called my "breed?'" I chuckled through my nose, coming to stand on my toes again as I clenched my crotch teasingly and pulled my clit further out with a pair of fingers.

'A Bear Wolf. Surprising too, being that my brother has always been so sickly. They are the strongest breeds. And the largest.'

I began flexing for him, pleased as I watched my muscles engorge with their physical power, swelling far beyond what it should have been able to do, every muscle I flexed puffing outward and flaring wide. Whenever I flexed my biceps, they swelled as large as even my primary breasts! Every muscle in my body was super enhanced, which included my nipples, my clit, and the folds of my crotch. And my heavily beating heart seemed to be the strongest of them all.

It was something to get used to as my heart pounded inside my chest with such remarkable strength.

I then lifted my head and looked around me briefly, pausing as I recognized the campground we were near.

"Hey, this is where my camp is." I mused aloud as I walked forward, sliding a hand over Justin's car.

'Nattie, I wouldn't advise this,' Peter said, hurrying to my side to hold me back.

'Oh don't worry, no one will see me.' I soothed, using Body Language again. *'I just want to look around, besides, it's late. Who's up at this hour?'* And I pulled my hand from his grasp, even as he tried to make a grab for me as I walked right through the center of the camp in my super powerful Bear Werewolf form, settling onto my hands and feet to walk on all fours.

Peter did the same, but skirted quickly around the edge of the camp watching me intently, keeping an eye out for others.

It was hard to contain my mirth as I moved from tent to tent, and I winded up laughing through my teeth. But then I stopped, smelling something hot and sweet in the air, and I followed it, and was surprised to find a light in one of the many tents.

Justin's tent.

"Oh! Justin!" came a woman's voice, and I froze, suddenly seeing the shadows cast on the side of the tent from a flashlight. "Hmm! Oh! YES! Just like that." The shadows were with Justin between the woman's legs, and he was rocking into her, massaging her enormous breasts.

"Ah, you are truly a sweet thing, baby." Justin grunted, and pushed deeper inside her as I uncoiled from the ground, rising to my feet with disbelief at what I was watching. "Ngh... that clamping cunt of yours is just what my Willey needed."

"Doesn't Nattie give you any sweet loving?" the woman laughed and Justin joined in on the laughter. I could hear her tone, and I knew that she was being sardonic.

I blinked, feeling tears fall from the corners of my eyes as my hands immediately twisted up into fists, my teeth clenching.

"HA! Of course not! That tight little bitch has only her ass going for her. Nothing else on that bitch's body is good. 'I'm saving myself for marriage!'" Justin's voice mocked me, and I ground my teeth even further till the sound of my grinding tendons in my jaw reached my ears, and I now found myself breathing quickly and heavily as my anger rose, and my vision quickly became covered in a red haze.

"She thinks I'm going to marry her and be a good loving husband. As if-ah-gawd!" he cried and plunged into her, as he orgasmed before he moved over her. "If she's not going to give me sex," I began to growl, "if she can't even give me the decency of giving me head," I snarled then, hunching over my body, my hackles rising as I stared at the tent. "Then screw her. I don't care where she's gone, and I hope she never comes back! The little tag along..."

I lost it then, screaming with a bestial roar as I lurched forward, clawing down on the tent before I wrenched it straight out of the ground, dislodging all its tent pegs. There was a scream from the woman within before the sack of the tent with them in it collapsed to the ground.

I then dragged them along the ground with their rising cries as I surged toward the lake, leaping atop one of the cars, caving in its roof under my weight and shattering all the windows, leapt down, twisted, turned, and then heaved them out right into the center of the lake.

I then screamed at them again, a truly terrible, soul wrenching cry that sounded like some primordial dinosaur screaming at its prey.

I heard crying, heard sounds of screams of terror all around me as people woke in alarm. Opening my tear-ridden eyes, I saw Justin and his whore struggle out of the tattered remains of their tent, and I surged

forward, about to swim after them both and drown them before there was a great lunging blow against my side, and I was caught up by Peter, and dragged kicking and screaming away.

"Let me go! Let me GO! I'm going to **kill** them!!" but despite all my strength, I was unceremoniously slung over Peter's massive shoulder as he ran on both hind legs and one arm into the forest, not stopping until I wrestled myself free.

Immediately I rolled to my hands and feet, snarling at him, my hackles rising at him now before I surged forward to go loping down the hill but he immediately rose and thrust himself into me, wrestling with me before he threw me back several yards.

"Let me go!" I cried outward at him, screaming my every word as more tears streamed from my eyes.

"No." he answered simply, folding his arms before him.

"Why?!" I screamed again.

"Because you now actually do have the power to kill them, and will if I do let you go."

I stared at him, breathing heavily, my chest heaving as my clawed hands clenched about the air beneath me as I balanced on my hind feet; my eyes dilated open as far as they could go.

I then began to hyperventilate, knowing that no matter what I was now, I was not a killer.

"GRrr-rah!" I screamed and pounded at the ground with both fists, and there was an Earth-shaking lunge as rocks bounced off the ground before I immediately turned, grabbed a towering tree and uprooted it, swung with it like a massive club and broke it across more trees.

I ripped at the ground with my claws, tore up shrubs, scraped the ground and dirt everywhere, crushed rocks and pounded at the earth repeatedly. A single punch knocked another towering tree over and shattering its trunk in the process, another punch destroyed another tree, before I pulled a massive boulder out of the ground and swinging my body around, my massive tits swinging and jostling with me like ballast, I tossed the rock away from me, the thing crashing through the forest before I lost balance and fell onto my side.

"He **lied** to me..." I sobbed. "He... **LIED TO ME!**" and I uncoiled only long enough to scrape my claws down the bark of a tree and shred deep sheers into its wood, my body sliding downward till I rested atop the pillows of my chest, my head leaning against the base of the tree.

"...*he lied to me*..." I cried, coiling backward on myself, tears flowing freely from my eyes. "He said we were getting married. He said we were going to have a baby..."

"Ohh!" I squeaked, and my claws clenched at the Earth, wringing a clump of ferns apart. "We were going to live together. He said... he... he..." I sniffed after each word, the word choking in my throat each time. "...*he said... he said he loved me.*"

"Ow-ooo." I whispered, my lips forming an O as I exhaled my sobs now.

Then finally I rolled my head backward, my shoulders throwing themselves backward as I cried upward to the moon as it rose to its apex, and a deep, howling dirge escaped my throat. My eyes closed as I sobbed, burying my face in my hands again before I lifted my head and howled again, still sobbing as I folded onto myself, the backs of my fingers pressing into the earth in futility.

"Why..." my voice quivered, my heart shattering inside me, and I felt weak as it too weakened.

It was then that I felt a comforting hand on my back, and I suddenly found enormous strength as I surged to my feet and pressed into Peter's body, clutching at the long strands of his fur and mane as I sobbed into his chest, he folding my head to him. He nuzzled my head briefly before he turned me quickly, planting a hand beneath my rump and picking me up into his arms. He carried me then all the way up the long mountain paths to his home, the moon now lowering toward the horizon as he laid me down on the clump of furs in his living room, making sure to close all the blinds before he covered me up.

I cried myself to sleep.

This once saintly, petite young woman of little notice has had herself a series of remarkable shocks. Finding out that she was a magical creature now, that she was a werewolf, but none of these shocks compared to the fact that the man that she thought she loved was not faithful. I didn't blame her for what she did, but I had to interfere before she went to far...

I awoke gently, my eyes opening as I found myself again lying on the furs I'd woken up upon the last three nights here. As soon as I opened my eyes though, the happenings from the night before assailed me, and I began to cry. My eyes shut quickly and I pinched the tears out before I rose from my bedding, a fur blanket falling off my shoulders as my body arched itself, my breasts hanging from off my chest before rising atop it as I rubbed my eyes with the back of one hand to clear them of the tears.

"Good morning." Came a gentle voice, and I turned elegantly to see Peter resting against the half bar surrounding his kitchen, a glass of juice in one hand.

He was a human again, strong, and wearing a pair of loose trousers and an opened vest, revealing a broad hairless chest. I looked down at my own body, seeing that I'd changed back to my supple human body as well; my small rounded breasts firm and resting pertly against the lower edges of my chest. I tried not to think of Peter, but my nipples were nonetheless erecting, but then I thought of Justin, and my teats lost the effort to engorge.

"Morning," I replied, not saying anything 'good' about it in the slightest. It didn't feel like a good morning.

I sat up fully, my legs spreading open to support my weight as I stretched, rubbing my tired eyes with the backs of my knuckles as my blanket fell completely off me. Looking down, spying between my breasts, I folded one hand over my belly, and pressed the other into the small of my back.

I'd sought this sort of body all my life in hopes to attract some man who'd have me for a wife, and now that I had it, the man I'd thought I had was now cheating on me with another woman. Despite that it was a warm morning, and the sun was bright, I felt cold inside.

Getting to my feet, I stretched again, raising my hands up over my head before lowering my hands to wrap over my head; a pair of my long fingers rubbing my brow while they rested atop my head as I looked at Peter genially. Then I unfolded my arms, and looking down, slid a hand down over one of my thighs before sliding it sideways over my crotch and drawing my hand back up; one finger between my labia, the other between crotch and inner thigh.

My actions were being drawn from somewhere deep inside me, a dormant and secret place, and I acted upon them.

"I wish there was something I could do to thank you for all that you've done for me, Peter." I said, and began walking toward him, still rubbing the side of my femininity, my fingers sliding through the downy white hairs decorating my pelvis.

I began using every little feminine wile I knew in acts of instinct - which wasn't much - and as I walked, I began walking on my toes, swinging my hips with each step, and crossing my legs with each step so as to

place one foot directly in front of the other; my legs constantly framing my womanhood, which did indeed draw Peter's eyes for a second. I arched my back, hoisting the rounded protrusions of my breasts as I thought I felt them swelling, engorging and growing larger, spreading the disks of my areola as the mounds mounted softly atop my chest. Perhaps they did grow larger just then. I didn't look; I was too preoccupied in my approach.

"I am happy to serve." He said quietly, looking to my face now.

"But I still wish to thank you." I mused, arching my back, hefting my breasts a little higher once I'd come near, amazed at how easy this all was. "I don't have anything I can give you. All my clothes are torn, and I think all of my belongings that I brought here are at the bottom of the lake. Perhaps, however, there is something I can do...to you."

I slid up onto him, my tits pressing against his bare chest, and I felt my nipples harden till they ached! My clit likewise followed suit, my labia pinching it as I pressed my crotch against his thick thigh and began rubbing my sex up and down his leg, holding his gaze. My hands on his chest clawed at him, sliding my fingernails along his hard flesh, and forgetting momentarily about Justin, knowing only Peter, and being minutely distraught about my experiences, I decided to give up on all my compunctions just then... I wanted love.

At all costs... even... if it meant my vows to myself...

"Perhaps I can... Perhaps I can just..." I paused, breathing deep his air before lowering my head to nuzzle his neck and sliding my hand over his chest, caressing his nipples with my finger tips once my hand had slid beneath his jacket. "Give myself to you."

I licked his neck and kissed it, and he didn't even move an inch.

"You're a virgin, aren't you, Natalie?" he said at last, turning his head closer to mine, and I opened my eyes immediately before jerking backward and looking at him angrily and hurt.

"What's that got to do with anything?!" I intoned; my jaw setting as I fumed.

Peter looked straight at me, his face unreadable. "In your rampage last night, you had cried that he had lied to you, that he promised that he'd marry you. I know your kind of person, Natalie. You've saved yourself your whole life to fall in love with the perfect someone, a childhood dream, and on your wedding night you hoped to give yourself to that person wholly.

"Do you truly wish to dash a dream you've had perhaps since you were a little girl?"

My lip began to tremble and I bit down on it, forcing my lips to spread open into a smile even as my eyes began to shimmer with tears.

"And why not?" I voiced, hearing even my voice tremble. "That's all I'm good for now isn't it. Good breeding, good powerful stock, good breeding hips, good sized feeding tits for a good healthy litter? That's all that all the men in my life seem to want is to just screw, screw, screw! So perhaps I should just dash all my dreams, just spread my legs and take it like a good little *BITCH!*"

I was screaming by the last word, trembling while tears cascaded over my cheeks; my fists clenched and my body tensed, I was unaware of my body thickening subtly with growing strength and power. My biceps barreled, my thighs thickened and my breasts engorged, but then Peter placed his drink on the corner of the counter, and stepping forward, embraced me.

I was still trembling as he held me, and moving of their own accord, my hands unclenched from their fists that they had tightened into, and I hugged him, just before my arms closed tightly around his body and I began to let go of my woe.

Before I knew it, I was sobbing onto his shoulder while he smoothed my hair, my body again shrinking rapidly to the soft, smooth-skinned fem as I held onto him with all my might.

"It's all right... it's all right. This is all over. He's left you."

I continued sobbing, "I hate him!" I cried, clutching at his vest. "I hate him! *Hate* him!"

"I know," he whispered into my ear before nuzzling my forehead and kissing it.

I continued to tremble, and to cry for quite a long time before I stepped backward, looking at Peter with a pair of woeful eyes.

"Peter. I-I want you to take me." I managed at last, and Peter let go of me as I lowered my gaze away from him.

"But... what of your dream?"

"I... looked through some of your books while I was here alone. I read in one of your books that when wolves mate, they mate for life." My hands folded before my thighs, and before I knew it, I was already massaging my cunt, trying to get myself aroused. "You've been so kind to me, Peter. You've made for me far more than any other man ever has, and I notice the way you look at me." I blushed. "I like that look. You are pleased in how I look, and I can see the desire in your eyes."

"I *want* you to take me."

I bit my lower lip shyly, never feeling more vulnerable than at that moment. And then Peter's hands were clasping about my narrow shoulders, his thumbs rubbing my flesh, coming dangerously close to the mounds of my chest.

"Look at me, and ask me that. Say yes, and I will be your faithful guardian and servant ever more."

I bit my lower lip again, and then lifted my gaze to him, and a tickle of tears escaped from either corner of my eyes as I looked at him.

"I want you to love me. Yes I want you to love me. Take this body... it's yours."

Peter's face spread a little into an open smile, showing some of his teeth as a few strands of his hair fell before his eyes. He looked down at me, and then moving forward, embraced me one more time. He maneuvered to pick me up then, balancing me in his arms as he walked quietly over to the sleeping furs, and laid me atop them.

A strange calm fell over me as he removed his vest, and then knelt before my closed legs. He touched me, pleasingly, caressing my calves briefly before one of his hands slid up over my knee and held onto the top of my thigh. His subtle touch helped my thighs to spread open slowly for him; the muscles of my inner thighs tugged on my labia, spreading the folds open as my clit erected, my nipples hardened, and my body relaxed. My hands and arms rose to lie beside my head as I watched him caress my thighs, and then my crotch, feeling the soft folds before teasing my clitoris. I moistened inside, my body still unmoving as I simply laid there and breathed, feeling, for the first time, a man's touch on my hidden places.

He bent low then and kissed my pussy, and licked off some of the moisture, moved up to my navel and kissed me again. Another peck of his lips he placed onto my belly before he rose and moved forward again, and this time he licked one of my nipples, blew on it to make it harder, and then sucked on it.

A sensual sigh escaped my throat as a warm blush rose up upon my cheeks and breasts before he raised and then lowered himself one last time, and this time he kissed me.

Another pair of tears escaped out of the corners of my eyes as my lids closed, and I returned his kiss, indeed living the love I'd always dreamed of. As he kissed me, my hands uncoiled from the sides of my head to flatten against his chest, my fingers trailing down the length of his body, touching off each of the tight abdominals before reaching his trousers. It took very little effort to untie the draw string at his waist, rubbing his penis with one hand through the silk of his trousers before pushing the fabric off his rear and down his thighs.

He finished kissing me and rose, and for the first time I was gifted with the sight of what a penis really looked like as it began to erect from the base of his navel. Peter peeled off the pants the rest of the way, and grabbing hold of his extension cradled it as it continued to swell and grow. I watched as it thickened, watched as it swelled, and I swallowed, imagining that thing in me. I watched its head flare, watched the veins stand on end, watched the muscles harden as it steadily curved upward its thickness growing wider, and its length longer. He then looked at me, and I bit my lower lip tentatively, my breathing quickening a little as he then moved forward, angling himself for me.

It was not what I thought it would've been.

I gritted my teeth as he pressed its head against my moistened pussy, and the simple pressure pushed the lips open. I groaned with the subtle pinching feeling I felt as that thick cock pushed inside me. The vaginal walls that had never felt something so large or unyielding pushed into me groaned in an odd sensation of pain and pleasure, and I moaned as that curving thickness slid steadily deeper. I gritted my teeth and thrashed my head as he pierced me, his phallus passing beyond a hidden barrier inside me, and just like that I became a woman.

Some new power rose up immediately within me with that one simple act. I gasped, rolling my hips as the lips of my pussy were forcibly pushed open, my clit erecting harder as I gasped now, his mass not even fully in me. Every agonizing centimeter pleased and pained me at the same time, plunging deeper, forcing a heavy hard ache in my nipples and in my clit, my vaginal walls clenching hard about him to stop the passing of that shaft... but it continued to penetrate, till at long last he drove himself to the hilt.

I felt his warm body close to mine, the fullness of his heavily laden sack against my pussy lips, and I creamed heavily about him.

Peter lowered himself over me, his belly against my belly, his chest against my chest, his fingers alighting atop one of my tit about my nipple, his fingers drawing together till he held my teat, rubbing my areola before he dipped and sucked from my other tit, balancing his heavy weight on one arm. He now sucked on one tit while his hand on the other spread open and he began to massage my other tit, and I groaned, my hips rolling as my thighs spread open as far as they could go. He began to move his pelvis around, and that long shaft inside me began to move me like a butter churn.

"Ngh!" I groaned through my teeth, tears actually leaking from the corners of my eyes from a Molotov mixture of emotions running through me: enjoyment, pleasure, loss, hurt and pain, arousal, bliss.... and more.

It was an odd feeling to have that mass in me... feeling its thickness, trying to squeeze it with my vaginal walls, my legs rising higher as I arched my back, and he shifted to my other tit, stroking my body with his hard erection a little faster.

My body was getting used to it, and as the pain went away the pleasure intensified, and I soon felt the fluids in me building up, felt my body growing in its arousal, and as I felt my womanhood becoming alive, my maidenhood being left behind, the werewolf in me took on the gift of a woman, and transformed me.

My new breasts swelled some, thickening and growing heavier, and as Peter sucked on the nipples, I suddenly began to lactate. My hips widened subtly, and my belly tightened, compressing a little as I

literally evolved into a woman over a period of several very long, sensual... and erotic... minutes of love making.

Peter continued to rock into me as I felt his hands slide beneath my shoulders, forcing my body to arch before I felt his hands on my cheeks. When I opened my eyes, I bit my lower lip as a micro orgasm rocked my loins, and he looked pleasingly down at me, calm-faced as he wiped my tears from my eyes with his thumbs. And then he lowered himself and kissed me.

I returned it - passionately, and in spite of myself - and more of my tears rolled from out of my cheeks to glance against his fingers. It was then that I realized that I wasn't crying because of how unhappy I was... I was crying... because I was happy!

When he broke away from me, I rose with him to continue the kiss, till I was balancing my weight on my arms, legs spread open, and he rising to slide his knees beneath my legs, keeping the coupling going with his cock pushed deep inside me. He smiled down at me, taking to rocking himself into me, rubbing my pelvis and caressing the lips of my cunt while I creamed.

My breathing quickened, my heart grew in pace, and soon I felt something pressing into my loins, felt the pressure boiling, felt the erotic power building, till at long last, I orgasmed for the first time, and my juices erupted all over his loins.

He continued to love me till he couldn't love any more. And when he couldn't, he then caressed me, soothed me, massaged me and suckled from me, trying to keep my sexuality alive until I was sated.

We made love half a dozen times, with him keeping my passions boiling till he climaxed at long last into my bodice, erupting his sack full of seed into my body, and I moaned, clawing at the furs with one hand.

This was truly how I'd imagined my honeymoon to have been...

This woman was now very much of notice, though the only person noticing her was me, I was glad, in some way, that she was happy with that prospect. Just by loving her, caressing her, and making her feel like a woman, she was happy. It made me feel wonderful inside knowing this. Perhaps I could... perhaps... even call her mate?

Peter and I walked through the house, both of us naked and side by side.

There were secret locations inside his ancestral home that must've been thousands of years old. Older than when man ever walked this region. Behind a bookcase that was built on a locking mechanism and a sliding track to make the panel of heavy books open easily. To a human, even a human of Olympian strength, moving it would've been impossible, but I found that I was able to push it open with only one hand.

"You have supernatural strength, Nattie." Justin said as he embraced me from behind, one hand sliding down to fondle my sex for a moment as he nuzzled my neck. "This is designed not to be able to be moved lest you are in your hybrid form.

"Your supernatural strength and your enhanced metabolism will make you stronger than any human, even while in your human guise..."

Below was a corridor that sloped downward into the mountain on hand carved steps, and deep below, was an elegant wolves den, with a warren of caves.

He showed me his life. There were records and scrolls here, books, wall paintings... And a throne.

I sat down on it and looked at him, and he smiled at me. I had a feeling that this was his chair.

This was a whole new world. The society of werewolves.

Later, we climbed to the light house tower above his home; I reached across the space between us to take his hand, only to find it being met half way there by his. We both looked at one another, smiling at one another as we climbed, and sitting naked on a fabric cushioned couch way up there, we watched the sun set together.

"Will... will I change again?" I asked.

"Only under the light of the full moon." Peter answered immediately. "A Lycan feels the moon rising, expects it, and can take precautions. Your power grows and wanes as it waxes and wanes. During the night of the full moon, we're all in overdrive from Luna's power, and it is too much for our human bodies to control, and so we change in order to absorb it all.

"Last night was the last night of the full moon for a month. But give it another month, and you will be forced to change yet again..."

"With a little teaching... You will be able to change whenever you want to. There are many forms in which we can take." he smiled. "You've yet to experience what it is like being a total wolf."

I sighed and slid into his side, hugging his arm, and shivering from the growing cold.

"This weekend was nothing like I'd thought it would be. I'm... actually happy. It's been so long that I'd forgotten what it felt like."

Peter caressed my face.

"You are truly a blessing from the Goddess, dearest lovmate." He soothed, and drew me closer for warmth. "You've been thrust into a new life, though... we will have to sever your old one."

"B-but how do we do that?" I asked, blinking up at him, mildly aware that his eyes had that same shining glow to them that they did last night when he was a wolf.

"Firstly you must spend some time with me. I must teach you the basics of our ways. Then once armed, you must go back into the world of men and remove yourself from it. Your place of living, your belongings, your job, bank accounts, everything."

"But what about all my friends?" I asked, and Peter smiled.

"That will be temporary. Tell them that you are going away, but you will get in contact with them shortly. They will believe you, and once you've learned everything, then you are free to meet with them again.

"Transport yourself back here, with your belongings, and I myself will teach you that last step. And perhaps, my lovmate, if you are willing, then on the night of the second day of next moon, I will make you my mate-for-life!"

I stared at him, and then hugged him tightly around the neck, a tickle of tears squeezing from the edges of my eyes.

"Of course. I'll do all of it. But first, there's something that I will want to handle with my X-boyfriend..."

The humans have a saying: "Hell hath no fury next to a woman scorned." That little trait is made all the more apparent when enacted by a werewolf.

I awoke with a sigh, my hands moving to cover my crotch, my fingers folding over the delicate folds of my vagina at the remembrance of last night. Peter and I had been making love like newlyweds, and more often than not, it was I who initiated our love making.

I stretched and then rose, still not bothering to dress as I came to my full stature, my body firm and transformed, with large breasts and a amply strong physique. I continued to change as each day passed with the gift of womanhood Peter had given me. I grew more and more lovely, with ample breasts, broad hips and supple and ample curves to my body that no one could deny. My hair was soft and long, with the consistency of fur, and hung to my mid back now.

Looking down at my sizeable breasts as I caressed my swollen labia in remembrance of our lovemaking last night, I then lifted my hands to my breasts, kissed one, and then moved the other to my lips so that I could suckle from its hardened teat.

I drank my soft, sweet creamy milk, making a subtle breakfast of it.

Peter had been teaching me all the many little tricks and abilities of werewolves, from tracking by scent, to their habits, and most of all, how to transform. I was already able to shift at will into a hulkingly massive, towering creature of frost white fur, supple flesh and hard body. A twelve foot tall creature of fangs, claws, fur and sinew.

That is what a Bear-Wolf was.

They were wolves with the physical strength and size of bears, which, even in my full wolf form - something else new Peter taught me, I was taller than he was in his human form standing, but mainly because of the massive muscle hump towering over my back.

Last night we had raced across the mountainside, and I reveled in the super power that coursed through my muscles, the primal urges. To imagine the power to pry a massive boulder out of the mountain side, or to pry a fallen log completely in half using little more than your forward claws!

And then, as wolves, Peter loved me. "Doggy Style" took a whole new meaning with me.

Peter approached me from behind, sniffing my rear, and then licking my vagina. My tail lifted immediately, and I stuck my butt up into the air, pressing my haunches to the ground, and he crawled up over my back, and began to hump me stolidly.

It was purely a bestial feeling, and I felt his strong paws pressing in on my flanks as he hard pounded me.

"Ngh." I sighed in remembrance of that experience, and looked down the length of my body as my swollen pussy as it clenched as tight as a fist at the remembered feeling of so much power in me.

I slid my fingers over my smooth belly and then looked up, seeing the large floor mirror that had revealed my porcelain body for the first time in all its womanly splendor several days ago, and striking a powerful pose, I began to transform. Not all the way, just in case someone was walking by the window just then - highly unlikely, but still, you cannot be too cautious as a Lycan - but just enough to feel all that wonderful muscle slide through my body.

I could hear the sound of my body expanding, like dry reeds being wrung in a fist, or tendons clenching. My boobs swelled, puffing outward and then falling downward with their weight while my chest lifted them back up again. My abdominals compressed into eight tightly packed creases, bordered on their sides by two lats on a side, my pussy being drawn tighter between my legs. My hips and shoulders flared, my areola puffing out and nipples hardening along with my clit, while my thighs and calves bulged along with my forearms and biceps.

All across my back, my muscles creased and popped outward teasingly, my sides feathering as my flesh was drawn tight against my ribs.

'More! I need More!' I thought, biting on my lower lip as my canines all lengthened and my face pushed outward slightly; my eyes angling upward while my ears becoming more boxy.

I halted the transformations just as my body height was increasing, my breasts having swollen to massive P's as I began to flex my muscles, feeling my body burn as the muscles tensed and groaned beneath my flesh, felt the throbbing veins and arteries, loving every last motion as I flexed muscles I never knew I had. This was the final point of human growth, where I stopped being human and started gaining my wolf characteristics.

It was the body form of a *male* Olympian body builder, but in my case, with the added beauty and characteristics of being a woman, complete with a set of breasts that had grown heavy and undulating with my growth.

I took to caressing my stomach at last; not believing that so much muscle was on me!

I was still feeling my taut muscles as I padded over to the kitchen and sat down naked on one of the stools.

I'd been doing a lot of that lately... walking around naked. It was as if clothes were a hindrance before now, that, and I didn't really have any to wear any as it was right now.

Taking an orange and a napkin, I began peeling myself a little beginning breakfast, my thighs pressing together while I peeled the orange onto the napkin, but while I was peeling the orange, I felt a strong hand slide down my navel, caressing my pelvis before it cupped my cunt, shortly before a pair of fingers slid past the tight lips of my crotch and into my bodice to caress me.

"Hmm!" I groaned, arching my back and rolling my hips into my lovers touch, my thighs spreading so as not to impede his probing, even as he pressed firmly against my back, lowering his mouth to nuzzle my strong neck. "And good morning." I voiced, rolling my head onto his shoulder, placing one hand with the orange on the napkin, and the other hand reaching backward to hold his head against my neck.

Next thing I knew he was also fondling my tit.

"I'm glad you consider it a good morning, love." Peter mused as he kissed me good morning. "Are you ready to go back to the world of men?"

"Yes and no," I soothed, and smiled, looking down at his strong fingers gently caressing me, and I groaned, watching as my vaginal juices leaked over his hand even as his fingers found their way deeper inside me. "I'll go and do what I must do, but I don't want to leave you..."

"It will only be for a short while." Peter mused, and he kissed me on the lips. "I will be in close contact with you all the time. You're still growing, mind you, longer than any other human has taken, and your Lycan powers are developing swiftly.

"I'm sure you'll be fine. What you are about to do is the easy part."

"And the pleasurable one." I grinned, and then gave a micro-orgasm to his efforts before moving to face my new beloved - lovemate - Peter, his fingers sliding from me as I came to stand naked before him, and stepping forward, my breasts cleaving to his chest, I pressed my lips against his bare chest; I myself easily as tall as he was now in my present level of transformation. "Now, it's my turn with you. You had all the fun last night." I grinned, and maneuvered him over to the furs and mounted that healthily-sized erection of his. My fingers with their lengthened nails clutched at my stomach as I moaned and groaned, feeling his mass pushing my organs out of the way as he pierced me.

So powerful was that cock that I felt my abdominals pushing forward with each rise and fall of his maleness.

I felt my loins come alive with him and I loved him, and loved him for as long as he had the strength to love me back. We collapsed on one another, and Peter continued to nuzzle me with his lips, holding onto my back and one of my tightly rounded butt cheeks.

I sighed with contentment and immediately shrank down into the smaller, more slender me, and laid against him, feeling safe, feeling loved...

Throughout most of the morning, Peter and I made love to one another three times, first on the pile of furs, then right after breakfast, and then again in the shower. I've never felt so sexy in my entire life, nor so wanted.

I later found myself sitting on his bed, my legs crossed while I sat there in my smoother, smaller and more sensual form, my new '*base form*' as he put it, watching as he looked through his own wardrobe for some clothes, and finally pulling out some truly feminine clothes.

"These were my sister's." he said, and pulled out a pair of pleated slacks, and a shirt that was very baggy about me.

"They're so soft." I said, feeling the fabric. "Where is she?" I asked then, and immediately regretted the question as I saw Peter's eyes pinch at the corners and his smile fade as he looked away. "I'm sorry." I said, and placing the shirt on the bed over the trousers, rose to him and embraced him. He did not move to embrace me, but remained still for a moment. Finally he did press a hand against my back.

"It's ok." He admitted. "She died a long time ago."

He's the last of his family, I thought looking at him, stepping back again so that I could look into his face. He tried to smile for me, and cupping my face kissed me. "Let's get you back to your home." He said at last.

I touched his lips with my hand briefly before kissing him, and then slid into Peter's sister's old clothes.

She must've been naturally large, in every dimension, muscular and rather busy. I slid into the trousers without any panties and pulling the cinch strings tighter so that they conformed about my wide hips, and then pulled on the shirt without a bra, I tucked its lower hem into the waistband. But even without that, the shirt fit me like a tent, with the cut off sleeves coming down to my elbows, and the cuffs of the pants legs folded over my small feet.

I could fill them out easily, but I dare not tear them by accident.

Peter provided another pair of slip on shoes for me, and led me to the garage.

There we got into a well-tuned luxury car, and Peter drove me home. It was a remarkably quiet drive, or at least from me. I didn't really feel like talking. We simply held hands on top of the gear shift all the way there. I loved the feel of his strong hand over my own.

But then I reflected on all that'd happened to me in all this time. Beating inside me now was the heart of a beast, and in an instant I could unfold into something twice my height and a several times my mass. That creature that I could become had supernatural strength that was thousands of times stronger than any man, with the breasts and cunt of the Earth Mother herself. I looked at my free hand, at the nails there, knowing that within seconds they could transform into wicked claws.

I hugged myself as if trying to contain the beast inside me.

"Let's go." Peter said, "Time to bring you back to the world of men."

This young woman, now of notice in my eyes, was quiet on the ride back to her home of old. After all, it was a lot to take in, and there was also the fact that she was about to sever nearly every tie with the real world she had.

I don't even know if I could do such a thing. She was a very brave woman...

Whatever a sort of a creature Peter was at night, during the day he was a well-known researcher regarding wolves, and many ties to colleges around the world researching wolves.

He made a great deal of money on grants. Millions even. He was also a philanthropist. He literally gave hundreds of thousands of that money to conservationists to protect the wolves of the world.

Likewise, his family before him had left him all that they owned whenever they died, which included trust funds, financial portfolios, and the like. He was the one who spoke mostly during our ride home, whilst I got quieter and quieter.

I learned from him that werewolves were very long lived, some practically immortal, and as such they tended to grow quite wealthy if they delved into the world of men like Peter did. His home was simple, but quite well-built, heartily constructed and well-stocked with high technology and a mixture of his ancestral shamanistic ways.

The possibility of living so long awed and scared me...

For hours he continued to talk to me, idle chatter, to which I made very little response to. But then I felt his hand on my leg and I jumped a little with the touch.

"Don't worry; it'll all turn out right." He assured, and surprisingly to me, I reached down and took his hand with both of mine. I held onto his hand tightly the rest of the way to my home.

"I will come for you again in a week." He said as I rounded the car to stand before him.

"I'm scared Peter." I voiced, and reached out to hold onto his hand again where it rested on the car's door over the rolled-down window.

"I know. But you are a strong, brave and virtuous creature, Natalie. I know you will succeed." He then took my hand, and kissed it. "I love you..." he said, and then letting go of my hand, pulled away. "I will nonetheless be near, Natalie... do not fear. I am watching over you."

I stood there in the street, watching him go, and remained there until the sight of his car disappeared down a hill in the road. I then turned to my apartment building, and taking a sharp, calming intake of breath, stepped forward.

It was not difficult to keep an eye on my dear love as she again returned to a world who didn't notice her. She was a goddess walking amongst them, and they didn't even know it. She walked with greater beauty, greater strength than any of them with their fake ways could ever dream. She was very brave... and she would do well...

My Landlord was able to get me a spare key to my apartment being that my own house key was either in the sweatpants that I tore off me in the mountains, or in the tent I threw into the lake, or in Justin's car. Regardless... the key was missing. Within a few hours, I'd already called my friends - what few of them

that I had - and informed them all that I was leaving town for a while on some urgent business, but would be in contact with them again soon enough, just like Peter had said.

I then contacted the movers, and set up for a day to pack up all my things and move it to Peter's home in the mountains, and for the rest of the day began going through all my things, and surreptitiously selected things to donate to charity or throw away.

I was such a packrat.

Dozens of books went to the local shop and sold for some quick cash. Lots of my belongings were just given away, leaving me very little for myself. Very few of them really fit me anymore. Peter's sister's clothes, as time progressed, slowly began to fit me better, but the cuffs of the shirt and pants were still too long. She must've been a tall woman - er - wolfess. All that I would be keeping would perhaps be kept within a few boxes. The rest could go.

For days later I continued this. Closing bank accounts, canceling subscriptions, closing every tie I could think of, and even paying my last month's rent, telling my landlord that whatever remained he could sell. He merely shrugged.

At last, with only two days left in my week, I went to my phone and dialed a number.

"Hello, Justin?"

There are many societies in the world who consider permanently painting the body granted certain powers. My beloved inadvertently discovered another werewolf in her proceedings to return to me. And old 'painter' called Quixote. Unlike my beloved and myself... Quixote was of another tribe that had moved into the area controlled by my pack. He was allowed to stay... and his wisdom and his art was offered to us, but its teachings were never shared.

I was walking home to the remains of my apartment while the movers were putting all my remaining things into boxes, preparing them for the move tomorrow. It was a wonderful thing quitting my job earlier that day, and I felt free now... perfectly free, and with so many of my things liquidated... I had a lot of extra cash after having cleaned out all my debts.

It was then that I found myself walking down a street I'd passed every day of my life, and stopped, smelling something in the air.

My senses had been enhancing as of late, and I sensed certain things here and there that weren't handled by any of my previous five senses. I nonetheless sniffed, lifting my nose, following the scent, and turned to find myself standing before a tattoo shop.

I could *feel*... the magic in there. Now that I was a werewolf, I could actually feel it. I could even smell it, and stepping forward, opening the door, I stepped into a small parlor done in adobe brown, with a great deal of Native American - Pueblo Native American - paraphernalia lining the walls close to the ceiling.

On one wall was a wall of small pictures with numbers next to them. This was a tattoo parlor...

"Ahh... it has been a long time since I smelled beautiful." Came a voice, and I turned, seeing a sun-tanned and wrinkled man enter the shop from the back. I felt the hackles on the back of my neck stand on end as my pupils dilated. I stepped back.

He's another werewolf!

“Please... please... do not fear an old man like me young one. I, even in my altered state... am not something to fear by one as noble as you.”

“Y-you know what I am?” I asked dumbly.

“As you know what I am. You can smell it on me, you can taste it around me, and your every sense can feel it. Please... come... sit. See my art young one... perhaps there is something therein that you may want. But... before you choose... let your eyes wander of their own accord as you look at my art.”

“B-but why... would I do that?” I asked and sat down.

He merely smiled at through a pair of eyelids that were only half open. But doing as he asked, almost immediately I felt my eyes screw up, and I saw it. I jumped and tried to see it again, and it wasn't till I relaxed that I saw the images between the images on his wall. It required enhanced senses, a sense of the magical as well to see them, with all my senses registering what only my eyes could not. There were a dozen or so of other pictures on the board... all of them tribal in design and origin.

“Ah... you see them, don't you?” He said. “Perhaps, you would like one?”

“Well... they all look very pretty, but I don't think I should... and then I paused, seeing one in particular that attracted me: A paw print of a wolf. With a wry crick of my mouth, I pointed at it. “I do like that one there, actually. How much for it?”

“That... is a very rare and ancient mark, young one. It is remarkable that not only are you able to see it, but you actually chose it. One hundred dollars, I think, for one so beautiful as you...”

“Only a hundred dollars?” I asked, feeling skeptical. “I thought that you would ask for far more. Why so little?”

“Because, my dear, each tattoo must go in a specific place on your body. And that tattoo... the one you have chosen, in times had always been placed on the left chest. But since your chest is taken up by your... well rounded asset. I must instead place it upon your left breast.”

I stared at him for a moment, and then smiled, and turning my back to the door as I swiveled in my seat, I unbuttoned my shirt, and allowed my tit to fall out for him to view. His eyes opened and he licked his lips.

“You have the money?” he asked, and I lowered my gaze to my purse, opened up my walled inside, and removed a crisp hundred dollar bill from me severance at work and handed it to him. He then went to pulling shades, and turning the sign in the window around and was heading toward me.

“Now... there is some pain involved with this kind of tattoo... because I cannot use the tools that humans use for this. It is slower, but more precise.”

He then opened a drawer, and removed a platter from inside, and on the platter were natural dies, pins, blades and brushes.

“Now my dear, I know that this will hurt a little... but a noble like you... it shouldn't leave anything to scar such a perfect... wonderful...” and he began to change, his hand lengthening, his ears growing pointed as he grew larger a little, and his hand was inches away from my tit when the door behind us opened and the chime rang above the door.

The old man suddenly rose to his feet. “K-kind sir... I was about to...”

“I know what you were about to do, Quixote.” A familiar voice said, and I turned with a jostling of breasts to see Peter standing before the door as he closed it behind him and locked it. “When one is doing Secret

Arts, Quixote... one would assume to do more than put up a sign and close the windows. Say, like, lock the door.”

“Peter!” I cried and bounded up to him, my tits bouncing as I threw myself against him, and for a moment his stern demeanor faded as he smiled lovingly down at me, and then shot a glare at this man called Quixote.

“It has always warded humans away in the past, young lord. There is more in that sign than just paper and paint...”

“And what were you doing with my consort then, Quixote?”

“Ah... I thought she was yours when she walked through the door. I could smell so much of her on you that it could only be your pleasure juices having been rubbed into her flesh. Her womanhood is steeped in your powerful musk, my lord. She finally made you a man, Peter?” I blinked and stepped back, looking at Peter. He blushed, but continued to stare at the other werewolf.

He was a virgin too? I smiled, and then hugged him again.

“You mind your business old one.”

“I was, my lord. And I have a contractual obligation in which you interfered within.”

Peter then shot a glance down at me. “Natasha... please... tell me you didn't pay for one of his marks.”

“B-but I did. Why? Is that bad?” I asked.

Peter's face fell. “Which one?” he asked, and I turned, had to shift my vision again, and then pointed at the paw print.

Peter's eyes stared at the mark, and then his eyes slid in their sockets to look at Quixote before Peter turned his head toward him.

“She had chosen the Mark of the Wild.” Peter stated. “And I am under contract to give it to her.” Quixote said, and bowed again, splaying his hands out to his sides. “And as the law that binds me, written by your own great grand sire, once contracted... I must provide.”

“Very well.” And his eyes lowered somberly to me, and he cupped his hands about my face. I was rapidly getting rather frightened at the moment. “Nattie... you need to sit for his magic now.”

“Peter? Peter did I do something wrong?” I asked, clutching at his fine silk shirt.

“No... not wrong. Nor foolish. But you are taking a step before you have been prepared for it, Nattie. It takes some young Shamans a century or more before they are ready to receive their mark.” His gaze turned to Quixote. “Harm her...”

“And I am sure that I will die a horrible excruciating death. But may I remind you... that I must harm her to give her the mark. But I am also under contract. So I must harm her... regardless of what you wish for her right now. She has come to me, of her own free will, has paid the price, and will now receive her service.

“The laws of your pack protect me, young lord.”

“Just do it. And be careful.”

“Always, young lord. Even when you came to me for your mark... I was careful.”

My dear beloved, sat for three painful hours as Quixote punctured her flesh hundreds of times with his blades and needles, and pressed his magically imbued paints into her flesh, and I stood, holding her hand, remarking that she barely winced or agonized as he did his work. As he worked, I could feel my beloved changing as she accepted the Mark of the Wild... the mark of the shamans.

A breeder, a warrior, and a shamaness... all born of a human. She, not I, would be the legend in our pack's songs, and I would only be mentioned that she would mate a prince.

The pain was grand, and the old wolf, a Coyote as I came to know as he changed into his hulking hybrid form while working, poking me with his claws then. Peter was very protective, and very comforting, and stayed with me the whole time as my tit was groped and massaged, but my increased metabolism healed the damage from his work, and left a marking on my flesh that looked like it was apart of my flesh instead of resting atop it as a permanent tattoo.

I fondled my tit as I left the shop, feeling an excitement in my loins, feeling my power growing rapidly in me as something more just poured into me from sheer walking. I was growing in strength and power, and with the feel of it, I wanted someone to mate with. And so as we left near dusk, Quixote bid us farewell and shut down shop, and as Peter turned around to face me, I surged into his chest, massaging his nipple through the silk of his shirt as I gummed his throat, smelling his scent and getting aroused by it.

“Come home with me... dearest heart. I need... I need you. I want to sleep with you tonight.”

Peter's eyes looked very pained as he looked down at me.

“I've been missing you since you left my presence, beloved. But I cannot. I interfered only because I felt you were in danger. I must leave you again.”

“B-but why?” I asked, and clenched my fingers into his shirt.

“I must make final preparations for the Dirge... the burying of my brother. And you must finish returning to me. The day after tomorrow, beloved... I shall be here at dawn.”

And he kissed me. He kissed me again, holding my face, and we kissed again, several pecks, and then one long passionate kiss that left us both breathless.

“Ah!” he gasped... “Please hurry back to me Nattie. I so need you.”

And he broke with me, staring at me and I him as he walked away three paces, turned, and then hurried away.

I've seen men do that to me before... do that when they were thinking of dumping me... but never had they stared intently into my eyes, held my gaze before turning. They just walked away. I took several steps after him and stopped, holding myself as a warmth rose up in my bosom.

“I will come back.” I said, and then turned away.

I had some business of my own.

My beloved had a plan... One that perhaps only a scorned woman could derive, but nonetheless, when retold to me, I thought immediately that my Natasha had become more of a werewolf than a human. It was as if she were a werewolf.

I rode the bus.

Even before my experiences with Peter, I rode the bus, and memorized several of the schedules... Especially ones that led to my now former boyfriend's house.

With exact change, I wore only a trench coat that I'd bought with cash that very day. To the casual observer as I sat with my legs crossed in a pair of high-heeled shoes, I was just a normal woman. Certain individuals would perhaps remark that I was showing a little too much flesh, but I kept the trench coat around me to cover my nakedness.

My hair was done up elegantly, with hair stays and a pair of chopsticks, with strands of hair falling before my face, my make up done beautifully, and my hair held up with just a little hairspray.

It had taken some doing getting my body to shrink down a little, making it as small as it was before... But I somehow managed it. Now I was small-breasted and skinny again.

Bringing exact change for only a single trip, I was readying myself to sever the last tie I had to my old life. This was the flimsiest tie, but it was nonetheless the one that had the highest priority to be done, and done with utmost finality.

It would undoubtedly involve police... And so I planned for that.

I could tell that the moon was waning toward the new moon now, and my powers were waning with it, but I nonetheless felt an added boost with that mark of the wild on my body now.

I rubbed that spot on my chest, my boob no longer large enough to hold it; it was on my chest, a subtle mark.

I'd cleaned myself, took out all the stray hairs, rubbed off all my dead skin, just so that the forensic agents couldn't link my DNA to me.

No, I wasn't going to kill him. No... I was going to do something worse than simply kill him.

He would learn to fear woman.

I reflected on my life with him, and now that I looked back on the whole experience, I realized how my life with Justin was on a downward spiral, and he used me, for his own purposes, and when I wouldn't give up what he wanted - my virginity - he finally gave up on me and just abandoned me.

He was a player, and when I called him, he continued trying to play me without even a single word as to asking what had happened to me on the mountain.

I didn't bring it up either... That would come later... I just wanted him to stew in that...

But I called him, and said that I was so horny... And I had to see him. He agreed to do so in half a second.

Looking up, feeling myself nearing where his home was, I reached up, took hold of the stop chord and rang the bell for my stop.

The driver pulled over, and I made to get off.

"Do you need a transfer ticket, miss?" he asked.

"No... No thank you." I smiled at him, stepped off the bus, and stood there and watched the bus drive away before I walked up the street a little to his house.

Our relationship started simple enough. We met at a restaurant I worked at. Now that I looked back on the situation, I see now that he was playing me. All the many months we'd been dating, he'd been playing me. All in the hopes of using me for sex until he was done with me and then deposited me on the curb side with the trash.

He already found someone new... And even as I was walking up the road, I saw in the distance his new girlfriend leaving in her hot sports car.

She was better looking than I'd been, bustier than I'd been, and richer. He was such a gold digging leech.

I waited for her to leave and get out of sight before I continued walking up to his door. His house was a one level home in the suburbs. That was something that impressed me was that he already had a house. It was a small house but he still nonetheless had a house. It meant to me that he was stable... Good stock for a husband.

How wrong I was.

But I had a mission to do here, and lifting my hand, I rang his doorbell. He must've been waiting for me because the door opened almost immediately.

I was immediately hit in the face by his cheap cologne thanks to my new enhanced senses. It may have impressed and wooed me now, but now that I could smell it, and his pungent body odor, I had to force myself not to wrinkle my nose at him.

"Nattie! I was surprised when I got your phone call. Come in."

Not a word about my time missing from him. He didn't really care.

"I had to see you." I said, walking past the door. "I've been doing some serious thinking, Justin, and I know now that I need... Certain things... In my life."

"Would you like something to eat? I just finished eating," he gestured toward the table.

I smirked at seeing that there was still silverware if not place settings on the table left for a second person. He was offering me the leftovers, and I growled low, deep in my throat.

"No... I'm not hungry... For that at least." I said in my best seductive voice, and turned, walking toward his bedroom, sliding my fingers along his furniture.

Justin watched me as I moved, and at that moment, I began to let my new found powers trickle into me, and I began to grow... centimeter by centimeter. My breasts began to swell, my body began to grow, and I began to become stronger by the moment.

"I am confused, babe. Why did you want to see me?" Justin said, the bulge in his pants already growing as he followed me.

"Because there's something that I just... had... to show you. Something that I need to do! But... we need some place more... appropriate for me to show you. How bout in here?!"

And I open his bedroom door and slipped in.

I could already smell the sexual juices of at least three other women in here. He was a dog! Well little doggy... you are about to see what a wolf can do.

“In the bedroom?” he asked following me. “But... what could we possibly do... in the bedroom.” He smiled mischievously.

I turned to him and smiled, and moving forward, tugged at my trench coat, showing him more of my naked chest and my left breast, even as it continued to swell. As I stepped toward him, closing the door behind him, I tugged the flap of my coat off my shoulder, showing him the new tattoo there, before I pressed against his chest, clawing at it with one hand, my fingernails lengthening toward claws.

“What is it that you always wanted to do with me?” I asked, and began unbuttoning his shirt.

He immediately began to blush, the bulge in his pants remarkably swollen now, and he was gumming his lips as he looked at me.

“Nattie, are you telling me you want to have sex?”

“Oh I do!” *but not with him.* “I want it badly!” I did... I carved to feel Peter's hard shaft gyrating into my cunt, craved it for the past week, and hungered for it. “But I want to show you something!”

And I backed away from him. He watched me as I slowly began to untie my trench coat, and subtly undid each button, the shoulders of the coat falling off my shoulders, before I parted the two sides to reveal my growing breasts.

“H-holy jeez!” he exclaimed as I looked down at my breasts, watching them swell with him, and I smiled as my nipples grew hard.

I could feel the moon's light on my back, what little of it there was, and it gave me some added power. My growth quickened, and I arched my back as my breasts, flat and peaked, quickly bulged and swelled, rounding outward all about.

“Ooo...” I said and let my coat fall off my arms to the floor, and I stepped out of my high heels as I stood before him.

“Nattie... h-how did you hide those things!” he said, looking at my tits, mesmerized by them.

My muscles were beginning to crease even as he watched.

“A woman has her tricks.” I replied, and massaged them. “I've decided that I'm no longer to be a prude and a virgin, Justin,” *though it's too late for you, you pig!* “Why don't you take off your clothes?”

He blinked at me, and then hastened to do so, getting so far as his pants before I stepped forward and palmed his abs. He was well built... but stand him beside peter and he was nothing of interest.

I was still growing, feeling my labia swelling, feeling my breasts growing larger, my areola standing on end while my nipples erected till they ached!

“Hmmm... I'm so horny now! I said, and arched my back, and he focused upon my breasts, lifting both hands to cup them but I stepped back, palming my abs as they firmed. My shoulders rounded, my form continued to transform subtly...

“Nattie...” he smirked as he looked at me, “You look different. Maybe it's the light... but... you look like you're becoming... more beautiful.”

“I am.” I chuckled, and cupped one of my breasts, massaging it.

Perhaps he wasn't as dumb as he looked. He noticed it; he just wasn't acknowledging the change I was going through.

“I've been changing a lot lately.” I said, and massaged milk from my tit as my nipples erected all that much more. He stepped back, adjusting his groin as I licked the milk off the back of my hands, my tongue lengthening from within my mouth and slurping the fluid off. “And if you'd like to see me change more, Justin... I'd be glad to do it for you.”

“Y-yes! Yes I'd love to see more of this.” And he boggled my breasts, and I shrugged, smiled at him, and initiated the change.

My heart began to pound inside my chest, and then rapidly quickened into a patter as my breasts immediately distended from my chest, swelling thicker and thicker while my body lengthened.

The pad of my sex began to swell, deepening the crevice of my vaginal slit as my clit slid outward and upward, hardening as it extended slightly from within me. I flexed my arms, feeling myself growing, my tits swelling outward and downward, pressing against my biceps, pushing over my ribs as my body flared. I rolled my head back and closed my eyes as my height began to increase, and then I looked down, pushing my tits together and hefting their weight, feeling my areola swelling outward, my nipples hardening forward, and my pussy began to moisten steadily as I rumbled deep in my throat, loving the power, feeling it pulsating through the whole of my body one heart beat at a time.

My veins and arteries stood on end, and groaning again, clenching my teeth, I felt my canine teeth begin to lengthen, my ears becoming more boxy, and my jaw strengthening.

Hunching my shoulders, I cupped my swelling sex, pressing a finger against my slit and then pushing it inside me, and I groaned as I felt cum seep into the chasm inside my bodice and begin to leak from my between my fingers.

“Holy shit!” Justin exclaimed as my shoulders flared, my arms and my legs thickening, my waits compressing, my tits now a pair of Double-P's as they hung from my chest, and reaching up, I palmed the ceiling, and still continued to grow.

“Oh... you haven't seen anything next.”

And then the violence of the transformation began.

Just like it had with Peter when I saw him transform for the first time, I felt my body spasming outward, and immediately, I flexed for Justin, my tits bouncing as I grew more rapidly, my chest muscles hardening, my body growing taller than even he was, my hair growing longer, my bush growing thicker, my muscles everywhere flaring and thickening as I hardened.

My flesh transformed into hide, my bulging muscles beneath that thickening independently one after the other, and I went from athletic, to built, to Olympian, to goddess! I flexed my arms as I moaned, orgasming hard, leaking my vaginal juices down one leg, milk leaking from my tits, and I flexed, straining my growing muscles even as I lifted up onto my toes, feeling my skin crawling, goosebumps rising up on my body from head to toe.

“O-Ok... you can stop now.”

“But why?” I asked, turning my head slowly toward him with my eyes closed, waited for them to change, and then opened my eyes.

Justin fell backward onto the bed as he looked up into my eyes, the irises spreading to fill the white, the pupils growing more rounded, and I grinned at him, showing him my sharpening teeth even as the canines grew to overlap the row of teeth opposite them.

"I'm just getting started!" I said, and my voice rapidly changed into a snarling growl, and gnashing my teeth, with my flesh roiling from bubbling muscle, I leapt sideways and slammed the door shut as Justin made a dash for it, and then threw him onto the bed, continuing to flex as I walked toward him.

"You want a woman with big tits," I said as my breasts swelled past Z-cups, and I held them aloft for him while fur sprouted along my jaw, over my shoulders, along my forearms and forelegs. "I've got ten of them." And I arched my back as they grew into place, the nipples hardening, the pads of flesh swelling from my feminine form, and to further display them, I rubbed my chest, my swelling secondaries, fondled my abs, and stepped forward. "And look at my pussy, Justin," I continued, my mouth broadening as my skull flared, my ears growing to points, and my eyes began to glow. "Look how ripe and full it is! Look how firm my pussy lips are, how strong my clitoris is." And I rubbed the reddened nib between the folds of my cunt. "It's even stronger than your penis, I bet!"

I laughed at him and easily leapt before him as he tried to dive for the window, throwing him on the bed, forcing him there, grinding his groin with my pussy, cumming all over him as I did; pressing my tits in under his chin.

"How does it feel?" I asked, lifting a hand, showing him my fingernails as they extended from my fingers and pinched themselves in half, folding into points which soon curved downward into claws. "How does it feel... to be completely, and irrevocably inferior to a woman?"

I laughed and sat back, cumming in several heavy wet sticky jets of fluid all over his pants before getting up and flexing.

Justin cried out and rushed away, and I let him get as far as the door before I forced it easily shut again.

My bubbling muscle mass began to flare as my body cracked and crunched from my bones realigning, and pushing him lightly so that he fell against the bed again, he watched my body grow taller as my outer four toes of each foot began to extend and lengthen, thickening at their ends as claws grew from the end of each digit, my big toes transforming into dew claws while my forearms extended outward.

The fur on my body grew thicker and more bushy, my mane of hair growing heavier as I transformed. Justin looked up at me as I grew to the ceiling, and hunching over as my upper body flared and my tits swelled faster, I laughed at him through my teeth even as my face and nose pushed forward, and then the rest of my face, my ears finishing their migration to the top of my head.

I showed him my hand as it flared, the fingers lengthening, the hand growing longer, my forearms bulging impossibly while my triceps and biceps each flared opposite of one another.

I was nearing ten feet now and had to hunch over, and looking down, saliva sliding from between my sharpening teeth, I groped his limp groin and he whimpered, my claws sharpening one last time before I shred open the front of his jeans, tearing them clean off his body, and fondling his penis.

"Is this it?!" I chuckled low in my throat; my voice still feminine, but the guttural growl that it was combined with made it sound alien and sinister. "This is what you've been trying to stick in me all this time?! It's so small!" and I tore his pants straight off him.

My spine roiled outward as a tail extended, my body form mutating completely away from human as the wolf in me exerted itself. I shagged deeply as my muscles continued to expand, my body lengthening, my head pushing forward, my face pushing forward into a wolf's muzzle. Fur pushed out all over my body, my muscles growing super defined, thickening every which way, and as I flexed, feeling that muscle bulge even further, I snarled at Justin, and rising, planting my thickening muscles against the ceiling, I heaved upward, and an entire section of his bedroom ceiling heaved up with it.

I thrust the fragments apart, tearing the top of his room apart so that I could grow unhindered, and unhindered I did grow. Muscles flared this way and that, and my breasts... my breasts absolutely engorged

to tremendous weight and size, and looking down at Justin as I straddled the bed, I grinned at him, my chest thrusting forward the last little bit, my cunt clenching tightly as my hands folded into fists, my claws resting along the insides of my wrists.

The ceiling was falling in around us, and as the bubbling muscle and swelling power throbbed through me, I reeled my head back and howled.

Justin cried like a little girl and scurried for a corner, and reaching down I flung his bed sideways, crashing all sorts of things, thrusting it against the windows as I hammered at a wall, snarling balefully at him.

Justin cried and scurried through the hole as I lurched after him, busting fully through the wall and then bounding down the hallway after him, destroying the wall on either side as I broke through his house.

Supports were demolished, and I did everything I could at harrying him forward.

He finally got to the garage, thrusting himself through the kitchen door, entering into his car, and I gave him a few second before bursting through another wall, carrying the refrigerator with me and thrusting it downward onto the hood of Justin's car to bust the engine.

Something was pumping more power into me, and looking down at my tit, I saw that paw mark tattoo I'd gotten feeding me more power. I was still growing!!

I groaned, and paused as I orgasmed, my sheer weight on the back of the refrigerator on the hood of his car collapsing the shocks and popping both tires. Justin got out and hit the button to his garage door, and I turned, lifted a hand, and ripped the opener mechanism straight from the ceiling.

He gasped, and reaching down, knocking the fridge off, I picked up his car and lifted it above me, snarling down at him as I held the small 2-door above me, knocking more framework of his house down, before my muscles tensed, and the car began to bend in half.

I continued snarling at him as the power suffused me! I was still growing stronger, and my body swelled outward in every direction, hefting my tits up underneath my chin as I compressed the vehicle under my might, pressing it into a ball, and then tightened my muscles more and compressed the open spaces till it was a solid lump of steel.

I then swung my body and lobbed the ball through his house, up into the air and sending it sailing away.

The house was creaking and moaning in protest as I looked down at Justin and growled gutturally again, and he cried out again and scurried away, trying to make it to the front door.

Again I rushed after him, thrusting myself through another wall, destroying more of the supports, and as he ran naked down the hall, I lurched after him, the sheer width of my body and my breasts pushing against the walls as I snapped at his heels, shoved him, pulled him back but let him slip away, till he got to the door, ran out and I slammed the door after him.

He ran screaming, naked, down the center of the street, and I laughed at him, watching him run.

But then I turned and returned to the bedroom, tearing down a wall for my ease, and throwing the bed aside, I grabbed my shoes and my trench coat, and hurried to the kitchen. Turning on all the stove burners, but not lighting them, I lifted a hand and cast a spell.

I didn't know too much about magic yet, but Peter had taught me a few tricks. This one was a minute spark with a timer.

Placing it in midair, I squatted, and leapt upward, lancing right through the ceiling, even as the spark ignited, lighting the gas coming from the stove, which caused an explosion that erupted in a fireball from

all the gas pipes exploding. As my powerful muscles hurled me upward through the sky, I looked down even as sirens greeted me, and I escaped into the night.

My beloved had vanquished her old lover... the one who abandoned her to me simply by doing nothing. She was mine now... I would care for her like he never could.

My shoes and my trench coat were deposited in an apartment waste bin on the way home, and I leapt or ran all the way home, moving from what took forty five minutes by bus to my apartment from Justin's now demolished home in just under ten minutes.

I landed on my apartment building with a lunge, my primary and secondary breasts bouncing before I rose to my feet.

I could feel new power radiating through me, my fur long, waving in the air as I stood straddle-legged on the roof top.

A twelve foot tall werewolfess, equipped with supernatural size and strength, possessing shamanic power of the ancients, I stood there for a moment, massaging my tits, creaming a little from my pussy, before I inserted a tit into my mouth and suck from it briefly before I reversed the change.

Transforming back to a human was a little more difficult for me. Transforming into a werewolf felt like releasing myself. Compressing into a human or a wolf from that form felt like stepping down from something. I didn't like it, and I felt a loss of all that beautiful strength whenever I did.

Walking to the edge of the building, I climbed down the wall, my claws hooking into grooves of the brick as I found my darkened room, raised the window, and slipped in, lowered the window, locked it and drew the shade.

It was late enough where no one would be out to see me... I'd planned this day perfectly.

As my transformation back to a human slowed, I looked down at my body, flexing an arm, feeling the diminishing strength, and noted how dirty I was.

Crushing that car had leaked a lot of oil all over me.

I suspected something like this would happen, and stepping sideways, I moved to my bedroom and then into my bathroom, turned on the hot water, and as I continued to shrink, showered while I waited for the police to arrive.

Natasha had succeeded, but there was only one wrinkle that had to be cared for. The law enforcement has often times stepped into the affairs of the werewolves without realizing it. Usually it is in matters of 'wild animals attacking,' but we have never attacked a human unless first provoked. Natasha had to deal with the humans who would undoubtedly come calling regarding her connection to the fireball that had occurred to the house of a man found running naked down the street, screaming of werewolves...

I sat down on the bottom of my shower, the hot water starting to run out, which was remarkable for an apartment building.

My arms rested over my knees as I kept my eyes closed and simply breathed, feeling the last vestiges of all that wild and powerful strength slide from me, but nonetheless left me greater than I had been.

Looking down at my body, I cupped one of my tits, my long hair draping over my shoulder while I looked down at its full and rounded mass, looked at the extending areola and the towering nipple at its end.

My mouth opened as I licked the top of my tit... something I'd never been able to do, and unconsciously one hand slid over my cunt and began to rub it. I was beginning to feel some odd things in me as of late. I could feel my sexuality rising to heights that I'd never felt before. I was growing horny! I needed to love my Peter.

I was about to push a pair of fingers between the taut labia of my sex when the sound of the apartment doorbell rang. I looked up and heard a knock, and a wry quirk of my mouth rose as I rose to my feet and shut off the water.

Stepping out of the bathroom, the mirror all steamed up, I picked up my robe and wrapped it about me before walking to the door.

"Who is it?" I asked, smoothing my hair back against my skull. I already knew who it was; I had to keep up the illusion nonetheless.

"Police ma'am. May we have a word?" came a man's voice on the other side.

"Police? Y-yes... one moment." And I unlatched the chain, opened the deadbolt and opened the door to reveal a detective and a uniformed officer behind him. "Yes? What's going on?"

"Ma'am, may we come in and ask you a few questions? There has been an issue with someone who you may be familiar with. A Mr. Justin Alexander."

"Hm!" I remarked and rolled my eyes. "Yes, I know him all right."

"That is good, may we come in?"

"Please... can I fix you two officers any tea?"

"Yes, please, I'd like some." The officer said, but the detective gave a gruff harrumph.

I went to my kitchen while they sat in my living room and began boiling some tea.

"Now what's this all about?" I asked, trying to hide my smile when I entered with the water, three cups, a selection of teabags and the hot kettle.

"Mr. Alexander appears to have met with an accident."

"He's all right?" I asked.

"Yes... yes he is, but he seems very shaken up. It appears as if his house has erupted into a ball of fire, and we found him running naked down the street shouting of monsters and the like."

"Monsters?" I asked and leaned back against the couch, crossing my legs, and letting my body exude all sorts of feminine pheromones at will.

The way I sat, with my bathrobe arrayed about me, it kept all my naughty bits hidden, but nonetheless it showed of my sexual body, enhanced from the powers of Gaia that were still suffusing within me.

The detective was completely nonplussed from my actions, but the officer nonetheless was getting sweaty.

"Indeed. He claims that you arrived, seduced him, and then transformed into some sort of monster, destroyed his home, crushed his car and blew up his house."

My eyebrows went straight to my hairline in mock surprise.

"Hm, now, that must take the cake. I know he was distraught when I dumped him, but, making up wild stories like this. It's... It's incredible to think that he's lost his mind to such an incredible degree over it."

"Lost his mind?" the detective asked. The officer was trying to look at my boobs out of the corner of his eyes while he drank his tea.

I smiled at his attempt, liking the attention.

"Well yeah. He said that no woman has ever dumped him before, and that he'd be damned if someone did it now.

"He started yelling, and I decided to get out of there right away."

"Truly?" the detective asked, and then opened his little booklet and began to write notes. "When did you dump him?"

"About a week ago. We went to a camp, and I caught him cheating on me. I told him I was through with him and left. I had to hitchhike home, but a nice man found me and decided to take me home."

That was half the truth. I had dumped him a week ago, but not verbally. It was dumping him right into the lake, and I didn't think it best to reveal Peter's role on this.

"Really? And you haven't been at his house recently?"

"No."

That was of course a bold-faced lie.

"Even though eyewitnesses saw a 'well-built blond' leaving in a hot red sports car shortly before the accident?"

"Yes. Though... The woman I caught him cheating on me with was a well built blond. Justin has a thing for blonds, and it wouldn't be so difficult to mistake a frost blond for a true blond, detective. As you can see, my hair is white, not yellow."

That was obviously true. The woman they saw leave was the woman he'd been cheating on me with.

"Do you own a car?"

"No, I do not. Can't afford one."

"But how did you get to Mr. Alexander's house when you were still seeing each other?"

"By the busses." I replied and then unfolded my legs, pressing my thighs together and picking up my tea. As I leaned forward, my cleavage pressed open the folds of my robe, and the officer's teacup rattled slightly before I rose fully and re-crossed my legs again.

"Couldn't it be possible for you to get to and from Mr. Alexander's house tonight to do as he accused?"

I smiled.

"No sir, it couldn't. You see the last buss out there was an hour ago. But even if I'd taken that bus, I'd nonetheless be stuck out there because the next bus isn't even until seven a.m... I know this from experience, being that I've been stuck out there often enough and had to sleep over.

"But even if there was an express route that was open to take me home immediately after arriving, the bus system isn't necessarily the fastest form of transit. I would just be getting home now, and even then, I wouldn't have time to undress and take the shower that the two of you have just interrupted."

"We are sorry about that miss." the officer commented.

"No... It's just been a trying week. I'm in the process of moving, as you can see," I waved at the boxes about me. "And I ache all over. All this stuff about Justin being the usual dick that he is, is just wearing on me."

I switched the way my legs were crossed showing them both a little of the shadows of the wedge between my legs and then lowered one hand to keep a hold on my teacup. This allowed more of my robe to fall off one shoulder while my other arm rested along the back of the couch.

"So the last you saw of Justin was a week ago?" the detective continued.

"That's correct."

He looked down at his notes and tried to make heads or tails out of them, flipping upward and downward a few times.

"Mr. Alexander said that you called him and wanted to see him. You made plans to meet tonight and when you did, you... 'Arrived in a trench coat and coaxed him into the bedroom where you took off your clothes and began to seduce him, then you began to change into a massive slaving beast and started destroying everything that he had.'"

I looked at them both with a wry smirk on my face. The officer cleared his throat.

"Sir... I don't believe that she has anything to do with this."

"Yes... Her story does check out..." he said slowly. "Nonetheless, check her phone records and recent purchases. Routine and all."

I nodded and the officer rose, saluted, placed his teacup on one of the boxes and dismissed himself.

"One final question..." the detective was saying even as the officer paused at the door."Did Justin own a dog?"

"Not that I know of. He may have purchased one recently. If he did, I hope it escaped from him. Why?"

"We uncovered something that looked like a tuft of fur from an unburned crossbeam from a collapsed wall. We are pretty sure that it's canine. Justin's monster, or whatever it was that assaulted him, he stated looked like a werewolf."

"But they don't exist. Don't they?"

"As far as I'm aware ma'am." He tipped his hat. "Thank you for answering our questions."

"Do I need to remain in town or something?" I asked, sitting forward, looking cute.

"That shouldn't be necessary. We'll be holding Mr. Alexander for further inquiry, but there is a good chance that this will go before the judge to have Mr. Alexander institutionalized.

"The fact that he was running naked down the street screaming of werewolves, might mean that he's had a traumatic experience. For his safety, and the general public's, I believe it would perhaps be best if he were committed for the time being."

I smiled subtly and rose to my feet after placing my cup on its tray.

"Thank you for coming." I said.

"Thank you for your time miss. Good evening." The Officer said and the pair of them exited my apartment.

I latched the door and locked the deadbolt, and stepped away before celebrating out of sight.

Then stripping of my robe, I went to go lie naked in my bed, feeling my new body slide into place as I became the beautiful goddess of femininity that the power of the moon had given me.

My beloved was now returning to me. Fully integrated into the world of the lycanthrope, having severed all her previous ties as a human. With her tie with her old lover not only severed, it was thoroughly broken. Her cunning has implicated a delinquent human who's only desire was to mate and made the human authorities believe that he was insane. It wasn't to difficult, creative, but we've so thoroughly entranced humankind that we don't exist anymore, that they disbelieve instantly whenever we should appear. Even if its their own eyes seeing us.

But my love is returning to me. Praise Gaia... I will treasure her always.

I'd rented a small car with a trailer, and followed the direction Peter had given me back to his mountain home. As I pulled up to the house, I looked up at it through the windshield, and then put the car in park alongside the front door. Stepping out, I straightened my yellow dress about my legs and stepped up the steps, and trying the doorknob, opened the door.

I saw him turn to look at me, and my heart skipped a beat, and stepping inside, I closed and locked the door behind me, standing there, letting him watch me for a second. He rounded the wrap-around bar his kitchen and stood there, smiling at me.

"You look beautiful." He said, smiling as he looked at me, and my nipples immediately hardened.

"Thank you." I smiled, and then deposited my sandals by the door. "I... can't tell you how much I've missed you, how much I've needed you." I said, taking several steps forward and pausing.

"Truly. I thought nothing of you for days." And he stepped closer.

He was wearing a pair of loose pants and a white silk shirt that was left open in the front, showing his hairless chest. My thighs pressed together as my vaginal walls swelled, my clit tightening, and I flattened both hands over my lap as I looked at him, breathing in heavier, and as I knotted my fingers into my one piece dress, I began to pull it upward, showing him that I wasn't wearing any underwear. He focused upon the white muff of my pelvis before I pulled my dress up over my head, and then removed the hair stays in my hair to let the long tresses fall about my shoulders.

"I've missed you... dearest love." I said and moved forward, my body growing into the strong, full-breasted fem that he made me into, and I pressed those breasts against his chest while pushing the shirt off his shoulders and then going for his fly.

"Love you..." he managed before we kissed.

I undid his fly and slid my hands into his shorts, grabbing hold of his penis and massaging it erect. Peter dropped his shirt and pants, stepping out of the jumble; he cradled me, holding my back, holding my behind as his penis erected.

He carried me to the furs, and knelt, and then laid me down, and I arched my back for him, needing that connection, needing him to enter me, and indeed he did, sliding his thick shaft into my body and began to make love to me.

I orgasmed almost immediately, clutching to him, loving him, feeling him love me.

Moving my things in could wait...

A marriage, or a bonding, between werewolves, is a rare thing. My beloved was doing me a favor now, whether she knew it or not. Being the pack leader, and the only remaining member of my noble family... I had... Many... Suitors among the females of the surrounding families.

I stepped lightly through my new home, totally nude. I hadn't worn a single thing for the past two weeks, feeling completely sexual as I found my prey, and I slid up to Peter, pressed against his bare back and lowered my hand to caress his groin.

Like I'd learned to do soon after arriving, I got him to erect rapidly to my touch, getting him hard and as he turned to me, he also naked, I lowered myself to my knees and fastened my mouth about his hard cock, getting it moist, preparing to get it in me as I warmed it with both my heavy breasts.

Peter leaned back as I sucked him, and I felt him caress my face.

"Beloved..." he said, and I withdrew off him, keeping his thickening erection between by breasts.

"Yes?" I smiled, kissing his navel and fingering his pubic hairs with my long fingernails before I rose to meet with him. "What's the matter?" I asked, and maneuvered his extension against my vaginal mound, sliding myself onto him before pressing as close as I could and embracing him with a sigh.

Peter held onto me, cradling me, smiling warmly as he groped my bottom, and I lifted a leg while I gyrated my hips onto his long, hard shaft.

"I... I have been untrue to your trust, beloved. There's something I need to tell you, a danger that you must face in order to mate with me, to become my alpha."

"Danger?" I asked, pushing forward and backward onto his shaft, pausing in my motions as I felt him thicken into me.

He was momentarily distracted as he fondled my breasts, and I smiled, holding onto his hands.

Every morning we'd greeted one another by making love. Every evening we said goodnight by making love, and made several meals of it through the day.

To make him pause in this act... I pushed forward and placed my eyes in his field of vision.

"What danger?" I asked, smiling hopefully at him.

"I am the last of my family, beloved." He said, and I felt his erection tense inside me, plunging deeper. "My pack is made up of many families, and my family is the eldest, the strongest, and the most noble, and so the elders have decreed that I must take a mate soon. I have a few more moons, but I have told them that I

have decided to take a mate. They have announced as such to all the other families, and my many... Suitors... Have all conspired against you."

"Conspired?" I asked, hanging off his neck. "How?"

"It is the law of the pack that the Alpha Male - me - may choose a mate, but if that mate is challenged, then she must accept the challenge or the Alpha Male must default his choice.

"If you accept the challenge, then you must face all challengers."

"Challengers?"

"A fight. A fight of tooth and claw, and of brute force. The winner... Automatically gets me as a mate, and the winner gets the prestige of being Pack Alpha Female."

"So... I must fight to keep you? Is there any way out of it?" I asked. "Other than losing you? I'm not really the fighting type, but... Will in a instant."

"There is one... And believe me, I have been trying." and he took my hips and gyrated himself, and I felt that long, hardened shaft piercing my body deeper and deeper while his maleness throbbed against the walls of my cunt.

I looked down, watching my juices seep from within my pussy about his erection and drip down our commingled thighs as I understood what he meant.

"I need to become pregnant." I said in understanding.

"That is the only thing that supersedes the law. A pregnancy by me."

I embraced him, and then began to gyrate as well.

"Then hopefully, before this fight happens, I will have your baby in me."

I had prayed to Gaia and Luna to bless my beloved with a cub. Prayed every night for her to conceive, and we made love multiple times every day. As a human, my beloved was able to become pregnant once every twenty-eight days. As a werewolf, however, her reproductive cycle changed to only twice a year, and even then, only after a heat. Though her sensuality was unearthly, supernaturally keen, and we shared much delicious pleasure with one another, it appeared that that would be all for naught... Apparently, the goddesses have decreed that my beloved must earn her place amongst us.

"I'm sorry, the tests all came back negative, miss Wolfe. You are not pregnant."

My shoulders sagged and my head bowed as the doctor gave me this news.

"I am so sorry, hon; you were hoping to have a baby, weren't you."

"Yeah. Yeah, something like that."

I got up and began putting on my pants.

"You were hoping of getting out of fighting, weren't you?"

I paused, my hands pausing on my button, and I turned around immediately to stare at the doctor, only to find him having partially transformed into a grizzled gray werewolf. He was smiling at me.

"I am sorry; child, but Gaia and Luna have decreed that you must find your place amongst the pack."

I pouted, and then finished buttoning up my pants and closed the belt.

"I guess I must." I answered.

"Is our young lord worth it?"

"He is. Strange. Why is it that I couldn't feel that you were a werewolf?"

"Because I live furthest amongst mankind. So much so that I learned his medical science and I use it to help all of Gaia's children. But also because of it, I must also learn not to project such a feeling to others so that they 'feel that something is wrong' with me. It took me over a hundred years to gain this ability, but I can move amongst men easily without raising their suspicions." he shifted back to human form, an old, fatherly doctor with bright glasses on his eyes. "I will see you tonight, child." and he opened the door for me.

I nodded, gathered my jacket, and then stepped out of the office.

The doctor's office was a clinic in the nearest town. I had no idea that he was a werewolf. Stepping out of the clinic, I saw my beloved waiting in the car, and stepping forward, I opened the door and slid in. He wanted to ask the question as to whether or not that I was pregnant, but one look at my face told him that I wasn't, even as I hugged myself.

Nonetheless, he laid a hand on my thigh and I dropped a hand to his hand, giving it a squeeze.

Peter put the car into gear, and we drove home in silence, parking in the garage and we both got out like a regular man and woman would do. As soon as the garage door closed, I began picking at my clothing, and then began undressing as I entered the house.

Within a minute I was naked again, and walking free as a bird, but only after folding all my clothes and hanging them up in the bedroom suite Peter and I shared.

Peter was also getting nude, but he was also donning a heavy blue robe before he and I began to pull all the shades shut, making sure not a crack could be seen.

Shortly after that, there was a knock at the door.

Peter stepped forward and looked through the peep hole at the door while I hid, and he nodded at me as the door opened, and he let in a group of people.

They all greeted Peter as they entered, all wearing trench coats, and soon after entering our home, they all began to disrobe, revealing various colored robes, like blue, green, and even pink on one female who, as I looked at her, held herself close to a man who was undoubtedly her mate.

I hunched my shoulders and stepped out from my hiding place as they milled about me, ignoring me.

They complimented Peter on how well he looked, congratulated him on his choice of taking a mate, but had absolutely no comment to me.

One of the individuals, the Doctor who'd checked me earlier, actually walked up to me, said nothing, but handed me a white linen cloth.

He was wearing a very ornate red body sheathe with sewed in leather plated on the front and back, as was the genuinely beautiful woman who'd arrived with him.

I unfolded the cloth and found it to be the simplest of robes like theirs... A simple sheathe that covered me only down the front and back, the cloth barely wide enough to cover my breasts and my rear.

I put it on.

I kept my distance from all of them, but regardless as to who they were, regardless as to whatever role they played in human society, they were all werewolves.

More couples arrived, more passing into his home, and as I waited, more and more fems began to arrive, and I kept cringing as they did so, groping and fondling my Peter repeatedly, rubbing up against him, showing him their breasts and rear.

Till finally, one fem arrived, a towering woman with chiseled muscle everywhere, and huge boobs. She was taller and more fit than I appeared to be, and I swallowed against the thought of facing her.

And as it was, she picked me out of the crowd after removing her sweatpants and her sweatshirt to reveal a white robe just like mine - a wedding robe, I guessed - and walked right over to me.

"So you're the new Thrall that Peter's brother had made." she stated with a smirk and then began to walk around me. "You are very beautiful, but to be able to take Peter, you must be big and strong! I am big and strong... You are not."

I said nothing, and stood there with my head bowed as she brought her massive arm before me and flexed it, and a thick bicep swelled as she did, her forearms fanning while a webbing of veins popped out and throbbed. An enormous tit fell from within her white robe, and bounced.

"I will give you one chance, pup... Run away, with your tail between your legs, and I promise not to thrash you."

And she flexed, drawing her cloth away from her body to show off a solid eight pack, with powerful quads and undulating breasts, powerful delts and musculature that was positively ripped.

"You have no chance to take Peter inside you to mate... So why don't you just run away."

I grit my teeth and looked up at her, and I felt the mark on my breast suddenly prickle, the Mark of the Wild emblazoned so that it showed through my body sheathe, and as I looked at her, I took pleasure in seeing her do a double take at my face.

I didn't know then, as I growled audibly in the depths of my throat, that my eyes were shining red with their own inner glow.

I still said nothing, but stared at her, but she didn't back down.

"The ritual will begin soon, bitch... Just run away." and she stalked off to bully the other fems.

I glared after her, forcing myself to calm, and the symbol on my breast steadily cooled and I walked amongst those gathered. No one talked to me, no one even acknowledged that I was there other than the doctor who'd examined me earlier today, and that was only so long as to give me my robe.

Once everyone had arrived, I looked around me, and sensed and heard the Silent tongue from the Doctor.

'Let us retreat to the den.' he said, and people began to migrate down the hall. Peter was there, opening the bookcase and stood by as everyone passed through the opening and descended down into the chambers below.

I looked to Peter, and he looked back at me, and I saw his hands move in his desire to hold me, to snatch me up, but he restrained himself. I didn't understand why no one was acknowledging me at the moment, but I stepped closed to him, stood in his presence, smelt his scent, and then passed by him down into the chamber below.

Peter followed behind me, closing the door, and amidst both of us walking down the stairs, I felt his hand brush against my bottom, and I turned to him and saw a wisp of a smile cross his face.

He was trying to reassure me! I smiled and continued forward, stepping at long last within the den, even as two of the stronger males were rolling a crank to open a trap window high above, letting in a single shaft of moonlight that filled the whole center of the chamber.

And then I stood by, watching as each of the werewolves who arrived, one by one, stepped into the light, and were forced to change.

It was... A sexual thing, and each time a werewolf transformed, a cloud of sexual pheromones sprayed into the air, making the sensuality of all in the room soar. Looking about me, I saw general caressing and gropings of the individual werewolves who were mated or dating with each other increase.

First, all the elders entered the moonlight, those who had the red bodycloths and the leather patches, and I was amazed at how beautiful and how sexual they were. Once transformed, their robes and body clothes were little more than a shirt. The female's breasts all stuck outward, their pussies swollen, the slit down the middles red hot and their clits erect. They went to stand with their mates.

The males were all strong and powerful... Even the old ones, the old and grizzled doctor, and a judge, a counselor, a lawyer... They had power among man with such titles. To both help and harm. To a last, they all had thick and bulging satchels that spoke of virility and the ability to sire cubs still.

One female, from stroking her newly transformed mate, got him to unsheathe his huge penis, to which she caressed stiff as it hung between the wolf's legs.

She apparently couldn't wait for breeding.

And then I watched Peter enter, and when he changed, there was a collective ohh and awe from the assembled werewolves. He was the only one in blue robes... The Pack Leader, second only to the elders it seemed.

His robes became a tight shirt about him and a loincloth, covered, perhaps, because he was here to choose a mate. I could see from the bulge, however, that he was already unsheathing. He went to the great throne and sat down on it.

First and the last amongst the elders. Such a wonderful society this was.

And then the couples, two at a time, and even one male with five females! All entered the light to change.

I saw so many breeds amongst them already. Grays, Whites, even a pair of red wolves. Such beautifully glossy red fur!

Then at long last, there were only the females in white.

'We have gathered here, for our young Lord of the Hunt has decided to take a mate.' The Doc said in the Silent Tongue, moving his arms about him in the complex sign language the werewolves used. 'Gathered here are five females of formidable breeding. We have seen their charts, and the young lord has made a choice among them.'

'Natasha Wolfe, please step forward.'

I did so, but did not enter the light.

'What is your choice in these proceedings? Do you wish to impress our lord first, or last?'

'I choose last.' I said in return, keeping my head bowed.

It is what Peter had told me to do. He said it was so that all the other females could change first. They had to have their chance first. If a female arrived after them that they wished to give way to, to allow her to stand before them, then there was a way they had to do it, by bowing to that female, and baring her throat with her tail between her legs.

'So be it. Then the order shall be stricken thusly. Step back Natasha Wolfe.'

I smiled and stepped backward to watch quietly as the other females were chosen their place to each impress Peter.

A sexy, sensual female with wide birthing hips and massive breasts was first. She stepped forward and changed.

A sexy, tall and goddess like fem with a massive mane flowed over her head. Her first act was to tug downward on her white body cloth, forcing her tits, all six of them, to thrust forward.

She stepped forward, and began to dance for Peter, and I watched with eyes widened in astonishment at the dance of a werewolf. Its purpose, all in all, was to seduce. She was only there in order to seduce him into loving her. Peter lowered his head, and looked at the ground; his shaft unsheathed but still nonetheless remained un-erect.

To remain in his sight she knelt before him, rubbing his leg, running her crotch along his thick powerful foot, pressing her chest to his thick knee so that her breasts had to cleave aside. She finally completed, and Peter remained stone-faced as ever.

It was a talent contest and a beauty contest amongst werewolves all rolled up in one.

One wolfess was more of a dog than a wolf, well... More like a malamute anyways. She was strong, and had the breeding hips, and had the presence of mind to actually climb up on peter, pressing her breasts to his chest and humping his leg, lacking his neck.

It was then that the first female leapt up behind her, grabbed her by the mane and pulled her backward.

She barked at the second, growling deeply as her claws slid from her fingers and the second snarled backward, but nonetheless was cowering lower with her eyes wide. The first, more beautiful fem tore off her gown and the two fems were fighting.

Tooth and nail was perhaps once long ago invented to describe a werewolf fight. With two bitches snarling, clawing and biting at one another, causing wounds that if not for their increased metabolism would've been fatal, but nonetheless were taking longer to heal.

The other werewolves watching were making approving sounds and cheers, howls and jeers as the two fought, punched, kicked and scraped one another, bit and clawed each other to force the other to submit.

Perhaps wounds from another werewolf did such a thing.

I saw the second female actually tear off the tit of the first, and she shrieked, and began to beat and tear the second one, eventually closing her jaws around the second's throat and clamping down.

The second female's eyes shivered, and I heard a groaning and a crunch as blood soon gushed outward, and she lifted a hand, made to hit the first female against the head, but instead slapped the concrete. She shivered as the jaws opened and reset, tightening harder and she grit her teeth harder about the second's throat, and the second slapped the ground several more times, with the last time done rather weakly.

And then there was a loud bark from one of the elders, and several more stepped forward, and the first immediately opened her mouth and slunk backward, the open wound on her chest slowly closing before bulging out again to repair her tit.

Two werewolves detached themselves from the group and picked up the fallen one, and I saw and felt magic as they began to heal the second of her wounds, stabilizing her before dragging her off deeper into the den.

I swallowed, surprised at the depth of this violence, and saw the first take her place by Peter and remain there. So far... She was the first choice, beautiful, sexual, virile, and stood beside her lord with a smug smile on her face.

That smile lasted till it crossed over the burly bitch who'd confronted me upstairs.

The third female transformed, a definite timber wolf, and her change made her far larger and stronger than one would've thought she'd become.

Her method of impressing Peter was to climb up onto his lap, and let him smell her pussy.

I could smell it too. She was in heat. If Peter decided to take her now... A pup would arise from it. It was her only hope amongst all these females. Especially against the psycho bitch beside her.

Peter closed her eyes, and tried not to breathe. She pulled his head and muzzle straight between her legs, and I did watch his phallus swell a little beneath his loincloth, but he did not make a move to accept her.

I was told that he was not allowed to blatantly reject her, or else wise he'd have to challenge the combined might of the elders.

The young fem tried to coax him hard then, rubbing the silk blue cloth against his phallus, and he tensed, willing himself not to erect, because he could be seen to choose her, and if this was her method to impress him, to be more sexually virile than even the first female, then she could. At long last she stepped off and hung her head. The first female growled and then snarled at her.

The third promptly tucked her tail between her legs and bared her throat. It was a subtle motion, done elegantly, and then she tore her white cloth off her body, tossing it away and walked off into the crowd, disappearing down one of the tunnels.

I did, however, see a young male promptly follow her.

Perhaps there was some hope for her happiness after all. I'd have to go look after her after all this was over.

And then came the bitch.

She stepped into the moonlight and changed... Violently. There was much snarling and convulsions and I winced as I heard her muscles clench about her bones, her bones cracking, and she transformed into a towering black, with her muscles as they were enhanced ten fold.

Her tits didn't seem to grow in this form as her muscles simply swelled and grew in every direction, and when she was done, she arched her back, and I watched as this muscle-bound bitch ever so slowly began to grow in sexual graces. She actually came in her pleasure as her boobs swelled and pressed forward, growing larger than the first females, her clitoris growing thick and red as it distended from inside her, and

as she stepped up to Peter, she promptly cuffed the first female, knocking her out in a single blow and stood before him.

She began to rub her breasts, her body still growing stronger, stockier, her breasts swelling, and I saw that she had ten breasts. She fingered herself, opened the folds of her womanhood with her fingers to show him that she was strong enough to take his erect phallus inside her, and sliding forward, she began to claw him, and sitting on his lap, she began to hump his leg, rolling her sex back and forth along his muscular thigh, hefting her breasts upward for him, while pressing her tail between his legs and wagging it in order to brush her fur against his cock.

She bent forward and hugged his head to her bosom, and began whispering things into his ear, and I watched Peter trying to hold out against this, his claws springing from his hands before he gripped the ends of the great stone chair, and I heard the stone groan as his grip tightened.

Then the bitch looked over her broad back at me, pawed at Peter's chest, slipping a hand beneath his blue jerkin, and then began to suck on the fluff of fur at his neck.

I huffed, I puffed, and then I stepped forward into the moonlight.

The moon's silvery light bathed me. It covered me from head to toe, and within seconds I heard my heart all sound stop around me, and time seemed to slow. And then I heard my heart pounding in my ears, felt it pounding in my neck, then behind my rib cage, and then I felt the throbbing beat and pulse of my heart as it flowed into my chest, finding my nipples, immediately erecting them, flowed into my loins, making me horny, and a fire lit inside me. A burning, thousands of times more intense than my first change, and a trickle of seminal fluids flowed from within me to drip to the floor.

I cupped my crotch, feeling this welling inside me, and I felt a wash of hormones flowing through me, enzymes and other such things, and I realized that something was indeed different!

I felt my pussy swelling first, felt the muscles throbbing beneath my hands, felt the prick of my clit as it erected and pushed outward, the firm muscle of my insides swelling to push the labia apart. I groaned in the back of my throat, and closed my eyes tightly as immediately I came in a gush of sexual juices that washed over my hand, and opening my eyes as I became dizzy, I looked at Peter, seeing him staring concerned at me.

And then my eyes were changing, the irises flooding outward, the pupils compressing, and I snarled, feeling my sexuality rising; doubling and redoubling every moment, and I soon forgot my name, soon forgot his name, and thought of only getting this transformation done so that I could bang the crap out of him.

Must mate! I must Mate! We must become one!!

And I began to finger myself, pulling aside this heavy linen white cloth to bare my sex as I began to masturbate, my sexuality swelling till it pressed against the insides of my thighs, felt my power there growing as my tits began to swell. I growled as my teeth lengthened, my ears growing pointed, the webbing of hard, firm arteries standing on end to pound and throb about my whole body.

And it was then that I hefted my tit, my left one, from behind the white gown while continuing to masturbate, and I kissed the spot on my breast where the hidden Mark of the Wild was, and it immediately burned against my breast with all its shamanic might.

There was a gathered gasp from everyone around me as they saw that mark, and I came again, depositing a lancelet of sexual juices that literally erupted from within me to deposit onto the ground, and thought that I didn't realize it at the moment, as I looked back on this moment of my life, remembering the fiery warmth that suffused my body, I suddenly realized why exactly that they called this state a heat...

I felt like I was on fire, that my body was burning, and I grit my teeth, gnashing them, my jaw opening wide as my teeth lengthened, more teeth grew in and my jaw pushed forward. I gasped for air as my back arched, and my arms and my legs lengthened as I rapidly began to grow taller and taller, my body growing leaner, alien like, just before my feet lengthened, my toes spreading, my biggest toe pulling backward. I growled as my tits swelled, and four more sets of nipples suddenly welled outward along my abdominals.

My claws lengthened, and I groaned, feeling my pussy engorge, swelling heavily with more and more blood, arousing me to newfound levels of eroticism.

I flexed my body, feeling the change begin to strengthen me, and every exhaling breath came as a growl of ferocious intent.

My upper body separated, fanning outward, pushing forward and backward at the chest and back. My breasts bounced, my back strengthened, my spine turned outward, the tailbone turning outward as my tail lengthened from between a pair of broadening and swelling buttocks.

Claws formed of my fingernails, the claws extending and hooking, blackening into a jet black, and arching my back I felt my abdomen sink below my ribcage, felt the muscles swelling, felt my four sets of breasts all swelling, with even the tertiary breasts swelling full and rounded.

My shoulders rounded outward, my biceps bulged, my triceps swelled, my forearms flaring, my hands broadening. I felt my body hardening, felt my strength rising. I flexed my arms, feeling the muscles hardening, swelling, my arms swelling, my thighs bulging and my body swelling.

Peter was watching me as my fingers inside my cunt coaxing me drew an orgasm from me.

The bitch was still not aware of me as I grew, towering over everyone, my fur growing over my body as my mane became long and luxurious, my cunt swelling, my fur filling out all over my body. The super powerful form of my body reached the peak of the ceiling, and I bent forward, my tits hanging forward off my body as they continued to swell, pressing against my forearms, my muscles compressing and separating from one another, and as I focused upon my target, sliding my fingers from my cunt, my breasts filling with heavy-laden cream, I licked my fingers clean and stepped forward.

I was still growing, my white fur flowing about me, my body strengthening, the power of my heat radiating from my loins and body, and I dripped more cum onto the floor while my powerful form reached twelve feet tall, my body radiating supernatural power.

Ridiculous levels of strength and power swelled inside me, my neck spreading so much to where my white body cloth simply tore around me neck and flitted to the ground.

And then I lifted my head from where it hung against my broadening shoulders, my nipples erecting into small towers, milk leaking from me as I focused upon my mate, and saw the bitch humping him.

Peter was staring at me as I stepped forward, and the impact tremor from my foot stomp shook those around me.

The bitch paused, and lifted her nose, smelling my cloud of pheromones in the air, and then she turned and saw me, and I growled right into her face, showing my teeth.

Then my claw lanced outward and I threw her off Peter, tossing her against the far wall, which she bounced off of and then got to her feet.

She growled at me, and I yelled at her, a guttural bellow of a bark and a howl combined, and I stepped forward, seeing my competition as my pussy creamed more milk. Behind me, Peter rose to his feet, and the gathered werewolves of varying sizes all moved away from us.

The bitch leapt at me, slashing at my breasts which healed so quickly it was like cutting water, and she leapt out of the way before I could catch her, rebounded off a wall and punched me in the face but I turned my head back and growled at her. She kicked me in the face and I turned my head back and growled at her again, louder than the first. She leapt in and began to punch my belly, but I tensed my muscles and it was like she was punching at solid bedrock before a slow swipe blew her away.

The bitch rolled to the ground, dazed for a moment as I turned toward her, a ponderous movement, my body still swelling with enhancing muscle, the veins of my body standing on end as my hair and fur thickened, and I bellowed at her again, waiting for her to get up, and this time as she leapt at me, I caught her; one massive hand closing about her thick throat as I grabbed one of her arms.

I then began to pull her apart, growling mightily as I dislocated her shoulders, shattered her forearm, crushed her hand and snapped her upper arm. She screamed, and then swiped her foot upward to kick my head upward, cracking it against the ceiling of the chamber, and I dropped her. She stood there, her mangled arm hanging at her side as she screamed at me, and I lumbered forward toward her, my presence pushing her backward.

She struck at my face and breasts multiple times with her good hand as her other hand slowly healed.

I lumbered forward, my body almost instantly healing after each blow, till at last she backed up against a wall, and she chanced a look at what she hit, and when she looked back, my hand lanced outward and took her by the head.

I snatched her backward and drove her back against the wall, twisted and threw her against the ground so that she bounced.

As she was getting up I hopped over to her and raked my claws like carpet knives down her back, brought fist up as she gave off a yelp of pain and thrust it into the back of her head, thrusting it straight to the ground with an eruption of blood, before my jaws clamped down on the back of her throat and I spun my body to fling her away like refuse.

The other werewolves got promptly out of the way of her as she rose slowly to her feet, her damaged arm still repairing itself.

I leveled my glowing eyed stare at her, lifted a hand, and without even thinking of why or how I even did it. The lines between all of my super powerful muscles glowed silver, and a beam of fiery light lanced from my arm and stuck her full in the chest, burning hair and singing flesh and I growled at her as she slowly fell and stayed down.

People were staring at me in a mixed expression of awe and horror as I turned toward Peter, my snarl going away as my clitoris harden till it quivered out of my body, and I stepped sideways toward him, the blood on my mouth, fingers and fists glowing like hot red passion, and I took a step toward him.

He stood there, opening his arms, and I settled down onto all fours, and with a terrible howl, I leapt at him through the air, tackling him to the ground as my hands slid under his jerkin, tearing it off him amidst caressing his steely chest. I snarled as I ripped his loincloth away, grabbing his penis and holding it as I snarled at him, saliva dripping from my fangs before I lowered my head and clamped firmly down on the bridge of his powerful neck.

I held him fast as I maneuvered his tightening and stiffening cock inside my body, forcing its head past the tightened labia of my sex, and pushed myself onto him, snarling and growling through my nose, my teeth acting like dozens of syringes as my saliva mixed with his blood.

The werewolves all gathered noted this female, larger than even their lord was, bite him in coupling.

Peter's eyes rolled back in their sockets and he clawed at my back, tearing deep rends into it as he thrust up into me, and the werewolf venom that I carried in my heat induced super form, passed onto him, and opening my jaw, licking the wound as it closed, I held onto him, and pounded that dick with my pussy as hard as I could.

I rocked into him, feeling his body strengthen, feeling that cock of his engorge and swell into my body, piercing deeper and deeper while his sack swelled, and filling with his seed. His hands grabbed my rump, spreading the cheeks open, my tail lifting as his shaft plunged deeper into me, and I lanced backward, arching my back, cumming hard about him, a puddle of our juices welling from inside me to leak onto the floor.

Peter grew, absorbing my venom, gaining more power from it, while I absorbed his noble blood.

He sucked from my tits, rose up to me, and as my heat was calming amidst our lovemaking, he opened his mouth wide and clamped down onto my neck, breaking the skin, and finishing the love bite.

I was not aware of it, but I unwittingly participated in several rituals at that moment. Rite of Ascension, Rite of Challenge, Rite of Bonding, Rite of the Mother.

Somewhere amidst Peter biting me, marrying me in the werewolf way, imprinting his senses onto me as I had done so with him in the same act, we shared our powers, and literally, became one.

Deep inside my navel... Peter came, and erupted his seed into me... Where a teeny tiny microscopic egg waited to be fertilized.

I didn't quite remember all that happened after my beloved had interacted the feral coupling with me. All that I remembered from that point was the pleasure, and a dream-like state of my actions.

From our act of lovemaking, the orgy started soon afterward, though that could've possibly have been part of the dream.

Regardless, when I finally did awake, there was a matter of dissention amidst the pack members that had to be taken care of. Having mated with me, Natasha had unwittingly become the Pack Alpha Female. And as such... She had certain new duties that she had to care for.

But also as such... Was a surprise to both of us... That we found out about soon after awaking.

I slowly opened my eyes, hearing a rattle shaking nearby, and turned my head, and looked between all my many breasts at a grizzled old werewolf... Or a were-coyote at least, squatting close by me, one hand shaking a stick with a rattle made of from a tortoise shell at the end, while the other rubbed a silvery essence on my navel.

I sat up, seeing this werewolf look at me briefly and then continue shaking his rattle periodically, and then plant his palm on my muscled navel.

"Quixote." I said quietly, recognizing the presence and the scent of this werewolf, and there was motion at my side as Peter immediately came away.

"You." Peter said, and then growled. "Explain yourself, mystic. What are you doing with my lifemate?!"

"Calm yourself young lord, force yourself to think for a moment, and you will understand why I am here, touching her belly so close to her ripened femininity." Quixote answered, and retraced the mark on my navel again, and I slowly closed my eyes, and immediately my labia tensed, all my nipples hardened, my clitoris extended and the folds of my femininity folded outward with it.

"Oh!" I moaned, spreading my legs. "Please... Only Peter should make me feel like that."

My words were a trigger and Peter's hand lanced outward and took Quixote by the throat, and though his air flow was trapped off, he only paused for a moment, and finished his task, and wiped some of the slick sliding from my pussy onto his finger and waved his hand under his nose.

Quixote then stared at Peter, going blue in the face before Peter finally surged forward, tossed Quixote away from me and then moved to guard me.

"You have a lot of gall, Quixote. Explain this OUTRAGE!" he barked, and I heard others stirring around me as I sat up.

"I don't know if I should, young lord... Especially how you mistreat me. News like this regarding your chosen mate is indeed important."

I rose and stopped Peter from throttling Quixote by taking hold of his hand quickly, and I pressed against my mate's back as I looked at the Shaman.

"What is it? Please tell me." I asked gently, calming Peter as I rubbed my cunt against his back, and his neck and shoulders with my massive hands.

"For you then, I shall tell you." Quixote said, and then focused on Peter and stood up straight. "She bares a child, my lord. Her loins tell of the conceiving she has done."

"I... I'm pregnant?" I asked, and straightened to face Quixote, and my hands automatically went to my navel.

Peter stared at Quixote, and then to me, and then rose fully to his feet.

"How do you know that she is pregnant?!"

"Even your keen mind, my lord... Should be able to figure it out. The smell of her heat is still in her fur, and her womanhood is ripening into motherhood. You should feel wonderful, my lord. You changed her sex from maiden, to woman, to mother. But if you don't believe me, young lord, just ask her yourself. You can see it in her eyes now."

Peter turned to me, and he was right. I could... Feel... The thing nestled in my navel, and Peter covered my belly with one powerful hand, made stronger with my venom in him.

"Could you be wrong?" Peter asked, and turned to Quixote again as the Coyote stood there smiling at us.

"If you wish a second opinion, my lord, then you should seek someone whose opinion matters. Seek the elder that all call Doc. Allow him to test her. You shall find that I speak the truth."

"Should you be wrong..." Peter threatened.

"Then you may do with me as you please, young lord. But I am not wrong..." Quixote said, bowed, and as he rose he vanished.

Peter turned to me immediately, palming my belly.

"Beloved?" he prompted.

"I... I am not entirely sure." I admitted... "But... But I feel... Something. I've become aware of so much, so many changes in me, but this is different than all the others."

"I must get the elder to verify this. Please... Stay here beloved... I shall return as soon as I can."

Peter lanced off on all fours, and I stood there quietly, and waited. As I stood, I began to become aware of others around me, seeing bodies on the ground, some gyrating still in their love making.

Looking up, I saw that there was no longer any moonlight cumming from above, but there was some light. I surmised that it must be nearing morning.

Lowering my gaze, I then saw in the far corner... A pristine white fem, holding herself, and quite alone. I stepped over to her, towering over all in this chamber, and recognized her as the first female who'd tried to win Peter last night. The one who almost did take him if not for the bitch.

Her chest was lopsided, with one breast furred, the other bare and still healing. I touched her breast, and she awoke, and gasped at me.

"N-no!" she said, but I cupped her breast, massaging it, and again, not knowing how I did it, a blue light suffused my hand, and I felt her breast slowly bulge, the fur growing heavier and the tit swelling till it matched the first.

"You are very pretty." I said quietly as she sat up and cupped her firm tit, newly healed to its perfection.

"I-I..." She managed, still staring at me.

"Don't worry... I mean you no harm." I smiled softly, and pet her mane for a moment before settling backward. My hand went to my navel and then began to pet that instead.

"W-who are you?" she asked.

"My name is Natasha."

The fem's eyes widened in shock, and she crawled backward to get a good look at me, knowing the name, but not believing that I was the same small girl from before... A twelve foot monstrosity of goddess power, strength and the beauty and assets of the Earth Mother herself.

"And you... You were the one Peter had chosen!"

I smiled, sitting backward, resettling myself short of sitting on my tail, and continued to rub my belly.

"I'm sorry, but, Peter was mine to begin with. I'm glad I didn't have to face you. I don't even really know how I won him... all I remember is dreams... And... Pleasure."

She sat back, looking to me, and then to my hand as it massaged my belly.

"Will you need a nursemaid?" she smiled sheepishly, and I chuckled.

"I don't know... I have all the milk I need already." I said, hefting my massive breasts and then letting them fall, the pair bouncing heavily.

"What are you?" she asked.

I smiled sheepishly. "I am told that I am a bear-wolf. An ancient bloodline rarer and greater than the dire wolves."

She slid forward and fingered the paw print on my breast, and she rubbed my tit... My nipples hardening.

"You are a shamaness. An ancient breed, power in every shape and form... Like the goddess born, an avatar?"

"I don't feel divine. Probably not." I said, and then before I could stop her, she knelt before me and descended, and began to suckle from my tit.

"I-I. I don't... Ah!" I began as she nursed, drinking in great mouthfuls, and any protest that I might've had ended as she began to nurse in earnest.

My nipples all hardened even further, and my pussy began to swell, and I laid back against the curving wall of the chamber as she climbed up on top of me, straddling my muscular sides and settling her breasts against my secondaries. She began to energetically rub her pussy against my navel, rubbed her tits against my secondaries, her nipples against mine, getting me to cream; cream from my breasts, from my cunt, and as she siphoned my milk, I could feel her growing stronger, feel her feminine powers growing, and her breasts growing against mine solidified that.

She was giving me pleasure, and it wasn't in my mind that she was a she, and that I didn't even know her name, but for giving me this pleasure, for allowing me to feel this thing, I didn't mind her growing stronger from me. More beautiful, and I reached down to her bottom, groping it, sliding a pair of fingers into her cunt, coaxing her to cream onto my navel.

I embraced her, panting heavily as my power flooded into her, and I felt her growing stronger and stronger atop me, and she rose, a spray of my creamy milk erupting from my tit to spray her breasts, face and belly, and I watched her body tensing, her form strengthening, her breast distending as she grew all the more lovely.

She flexed arms that rapidly doubled in size, spread thighs that swelled thickly in mass, her belly tightening, and pair of her tits that were hidden beneath her fur suddenly swelled outward, with all her breasts suddenly losing all their fur till they became soft and velvety.

She gasped, heaving, still much smaller than me, but far lovelier... Gifted with whatever gift I possessed in me.

"You are a goddess of fertility..." she breathed, rubbing all her breasts and her belly, sitting on my hand. "Oh! I need to mate. I need... I need to mate!" she growled, crawling off me and padding about, sniffing at crotches and rear ends, till she found one male that was alone, and then promptly turning him over.

I rolled onto my side and watched as she awoke him with a hand job, getting him half erect by the time he ever opened his eyes. She lowered himself, pulling his erection between her engorged tits, spraying milk onto his body, sucking on his end to moisten it before inserting it promptly into her cunt and humping him.

Soon sounds of growls and groans and howls met everyone's ears, and people began to awake slowly from the sounds of lovemaking.

It was that moment that I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turned to see Peter squatting besides me.

"What was that?" he asked.

"I don't know. She drank my milk... And changed." I answered.

"I've drank lots of it, and I never changed like that. You had to bite me for that to happen..." He rubbed his healed neck, which was nonetheless sore apparently.

"Such a gift... 'Mother's Milk' affects only women as such," a new voice said, and we both turned to see Doc approaching. "To a male, it would only act to heal him of sickness, hurt, disease and madness. To a

female, it would increase her strength, empower her femininity, and if she drank enough of it, send her immediately off into a tantric heat."

Doc stopped. "The Laurel master has succeeded in tracking your lineage, Natasha. It goes back in time through Europe and then Russia, to the time when mankind was still little more than barbarians, to a very ancient and powerful warrior who'd loved a human.

"His bloodline has collected in you, and activated when Peter's brother attacked you and made you a thrall.

"There are many ancient gifts that you must now possess, Natasha... That makes that child in your belly most blessed."

"My child? You know that I am pregnant? Without a doubt? But don't I have to pee in a cup or have a blood sample taken?"

Doc smiled.

"Not necessary. Like Quixote... I can feel it in you."

All these things are so sudden! The level of penance I begged for, for all these many gifts - a lifemate, a pup, a rekindling of my family - I felt so blessed than I'd ever been before. And the Earth Mother's own power seemed to be on my lifemate.

The Judge, a werewolf who was versed in the legal affairs of man to where he held a seat on the judicial court, married Natasha and me in the world of man, and she took my name of Wolf, instead of Wolfe...

And inside her... Our child grew.

I had a husband, a lifemate, and a baby growing inside me. I never wanted to fight Peter, and he me, so we could never discern which of us was now the strongest. The members of the pack were having a debate as to which of us was the stronger.

But now that I was pregnant, with a baby growing inside me, I wasn't really up to do anything.

I found that my milk passed the gift of the mother onto any female who drank from me, and I suddenly became the interest of every last female there was in hopes to get that gift...

I felt odd that so many adults wanted to suckle from me... Even the males, but within a few months, every last female had supped from me, and we had a remarkable boom of pregnancies within the pack... Especially when the pack was diminishing so heinously, such a massive influx of pups would bolster the pack's ranks tremendously.

I never felt so popular... Or so wanted, or, for that matter, so protected. Everyone guarded me and the pup I bore, and everywhere I went, werewolves from the pack would walk up to me and give me gifts at the same time as helping me with my chores and tasks whenever I was in town.

Peter's position as a world renowned wolf expert had him traveling a lot. I saw more of the world than I'd ever done, and every week that passed, I felt the life in my womb growing larger and fuller.

Quixote was always nearby now... He showed up to teach me something new, and left as soon as he did.

I was a shamaness now, and I could use powerful magics.

Even now, I stood naked like I was usually wont to do while at home, fondling my full and rounded belly now, cradling it with one hand and rubbing it with the other.

My breasts were massive now, even in my human form, so used to nursing that I produced milk on a nigh constant basis to where if I didn't nurse someone - usually Peter nowadays - I had to milk myself.

I was working on my tenth month of being pregnant. The sex had stopped, but that was because Peter was worried about hurting the baby.

Ten months... And I was starting to have contractions.

I felt Peter caress my belly as another micro contraction tensed my stomach muscles.

"Doc is on his way." Peter whispered into my ear while he caressed and massaged me. "How are you feeling?"

"Excited... Frightened..." I smiled.

In our human forms, Peter was much larger than me. In our werewolf forms, I was as large as he was.

"You will be forced to transform soon, beloved. We should get you into the den."

I smiled. "My legs feel a little wobbly." I said, but tried to walk forward. The next thing I knew, I was being swung upward into Peter's arms.

"Do not exert yourself... I'll carry you then." he smiled, and lowered himself to kiss me, and even as I rubbed myself, I felt all my extra nipples forming.

"I'm starting to change." I said, massaging one of the nipples even as I began to slowly grow.

Peter moved me as my body transformed, fur growing, and muscles tightening, while inside me, my pup was converting too. By the time Peter and I had gotten into the den, I had to be put onto my own feet and he supporting me while I walked into one of the side tunnels... The birthing tunnel.

There were half a dozen other females here... All pregnant as well, who pampered me from the moment of entering the chamber, and led me to a large pile of pelts. They massaged me as I continued to grow, trying to get me comfortable, rubbing my belly, kneading my body, massaging my engorged tits, siphoning the excess milk off with their mouths.

Peter left and returned shortly afterward with the Doctor, and as a surprise, Quixote as well.

I was hyperventilating, my legs widening automatically as I felt a subtle pressure against my loins, felt my belly compressing again, and I lifted a hand to Peter as he immediately came to my side.

"Strange," I said. "It barely even feels like anything. I thought I'd be screaming in pain by now."

"A gift to the Lycan, Natasha." Doc said as he knelt between my legs and began to massage my labia. Any other man doing that to me other than Peter, and I would've ripped their throat out... But Doc was trying to help my pup to be born. "Your powers of regeneration negate the pain of birth. You may still feel some discomfort, but that is expected. But there shouldn't be any problems... You are far larger for the pup that you carry."

He was right. As a werewolf, and though my pup changed with me, my fully rounded belly as a human, did little more than be a subtle bulge that eliminated all my stomach muscles.

I rubbed my pup and spied Quixote standing by, leaning on his staff with the tortoise shell rattle hanging from it.

"Why is he here?" I asked, and felt a wet washcloth being placed on my forehead, and Peter reached over to rub my belly as well.

"He was at the door when Doc arrived. He just came in with him. Do you want me to eject him?"

"No. He can stay."

"You are too kind to that stray, love." Peter said and kissed my nose.

The pressure between my legs was building, and my stomach tensed. I closed my eyes, focused on the feeling of my pup being pushed downward along my navel, my muscles compressing to push it several inches down my birth canal.

"She's coming." I said, spreading my thighs open further.

"She?" Peter asked; smiling at me as he once again came to my side.

"A mother can tell." I mused, and then closed my eyes again as my body pushed of its own accord. I didn't even have to force it.

The contractions were coming faster, and I had so many individuals caressing me, helping me to relax, that my pup was coming of its own accord.

"I have the head." Doc said, and I felt him spreading the opening of my birth canal, and I raised slightly, Peter helping me to rise as I saw my pup push from inside me, and open its mouth to give off a low sound like a howl.

Peter and I laughed, and my body contracted again, and the Doc pulled it from my body, holding it up for us to see... The umbilical still dangling from it's... His... Navel.

"A boy. So much for your intuition." Peter teased.

But then, surprisingly... I was tensing again, and with a gasp, I felt my body compress more fiercely this time, and I felt another mass moving down my birth canal.

"Not quite." I groaned, and felt this one moving quickly from within me. "This one wanted to be first... She's anxious to be born!"

And to help it, I tensed, rolling my navel, and she traveled further. Tensed again, and the Doc was handing my son to one of the females to help pull this one from me.

"T-twins?" Peter asked as our daughter was pulled from me. It took me only a few minutes to expel the after birth.

After the doc cut their umbilicals with his teeth... I... ate... The afterbirth!

And then my babies were placed upon my belly where they immediately found a pair of teats and latched on and began to feed.

They were both the size of a three year old child, and they both made weak moves in order to feed and knead my breasts... Supping from my teats.

I rubbed their brows as I looked down at them over my primary tits, both of which were massive and obscured them too much, but I could nonetheless see their faces.

Their eyes were closed... Just like a newborn wolf cub... Their eyes were closed.

"They're so beautiful." I cried, and thought for a moment, at the waste of flesh who'd said he loved me, and then felt Peter embrace me, holding me, helping to cradle our babies to me, who also said he loved me.

But unlike Justin... Peter meant it...

I was so happy... At long last I had what I wanted. True, it wasn't exactly how I thought it would happen... I was one of the strongest and most powerful werewolves there was... But now, I had a family...