

Held by a perpetual calm for many years, if not for the distant singing of birds, and only disturbed by the occasional rodent who had lost its way, the old factory of Seanville was grim like a gravestone, a reminder of a time when the town was brimming with more industrial life than today.

Although part of the factory's brick walls had crumbled, organically creating new entrances, most of the outside walls were being eaten by ivy leaves, which seemed to make these stronger. Nature had reclaimed the offending structure by covering its roof with dust, while rust gnawed at the metal beams inside.

The decayed building had originally been built outside of the city near the woods to avoid the loud noises of machines disturbing the people living nearby. However, when the activity died down, the owner closed shop and the mayor decided it was too costly to demolish the empty factory which had been emptied of the valuable things that weren't bolted to the ground. All that was now left were some crates and ancient machines that would never work again, even if someone wanted them to.

The large windows made of small squares of glass covered with dirt were still letting some sunlight, enough to brighten the vast room.

As the sun was soon enough going to descend, a faint voice could be heard outside.

"See, I told you it wasn't closed!" said the voice.

"Yeah, but it's rusted as hell!" added another.

'Bang!' The large metal door of the factory trembled, dust cascading its length. Yet, it wouldn't budge. That same voice commented: "Move over skippy, lemme try."

'BLAM!' The door scraped back into a small trench in the floor. It nevertheless took whoever smashed into it quite some effort to slide it to the side.

Two girls entered the large room.

"See, I told you!" said the first girl, featuring a blonde ponytail.

The second girl, long black hair loosely falling on her shoulder replied: "Yeah, I could see how that could become our playground. You sure nobody comes here, though?"

Dusting off her hands on her raincoat, Adele shrugged "I'd say it'd be super unlikely."

"Hey!" Sophia pointed to a collapsed wall "We could've walked in through there, you dunce!"

"Well I didn't know thaaat, obviously!" replied her friend, knowing it wasn't meant to offend here.

The taller teen walked to an old crate, carelessly whamming her duffle-bag on its side. She then brushed a finger across the wood on the top of the box before lifting it. The skin was smeared with a thick layer of dust.

"Think there's still some shit inside those?" she asked.

"I dunno" shrugged the other "Maybe?"

She paused, and then suggested "Wanna open them?"

"Nah, they're nailed shut" frowned Sophia. She kicked an empty and bent metal can that was laying on the muddy concrete ground.

"Might be full of that crap, though" she concluded.

Adele concurred: "Makes sense, I guess that's what the factory used to make. Aluminum cans and cases, shipped all around to other factories."

Sophia removed her jacket and threw it lazily on her duffle-bag, revealing her black long-sleeved shirt, adorned with a print of a little red devil character wearing a jacket, toying around springs and gears while holding a wrench, above a curved subtitle which read “FEEL THE JANK”.

“It’s gonna be cool, though. Waaaay better than changing at home. Won’t have to worry about your parents.”

Adele sat on a lifeless conveyor belt.

“That’s the best I could think of. No way my parents wouldn’t hear me changing into a freakish 8 feet tall beast. I’m not even sure I’d fit in my room; my head would hit the ceiling!” she explained.

Not worried about the dust, Sophia jumped and sat her butt on the crate.

The black-haired girl admitted: “Once, I transformed in the basement, nobody suspected a thing. But I get you, girl. Besides, this could be our secret headquarters!”

“What d’you think of ‘The Werewolf Preservation Society’!” laughed Adele.

Sophia snickered. “Ha. Why not the ‘Lycanthropy Club’ while you’re at it?”

Pensive, she let out a long “Mmmmmmmh...” and finally deliberated “How about ‘Furry Badasses Incorporated’? Spells out ‘F.B.I!’”

Adele gagged. “Pffrt, dork!”

Sophia tilted her head back, resting on her arms, taking in the fresh air as the sunlight passing through the high windows was dimming.

“Seriously though, we should make this our recurring hiding place for when we wanna change. From here, we have a nice path leading to the woods, and if we decide to stay here, we have a pretty cool playground to jump around” approved Sophia.

Adele was slightly bouncing on her butt, betraying how nervous she really was.

“Y’know, I’m doing my best to hide it, but deep down, I kinda have the jitters.”

“Don’t worry girl, I got you covered!” Sophia launched herself off the crate, landing on the concrete below. She crouched and opened her bag, taking her little cylindrical box featuring a small plastic opening on the side. She opened the white hatch and shook the box, which spat out a small purple pill. Sophia got back up and began to walk toward her friend.

“It’s not that... I mean...” replied Adele. Curious, Sophia still extended a hand, presenting the pill. The blonde girl took the small pellet. “Thanks.”

She reprised: “But I’m not worried about the transformation itself... I’m worried by what comes after. I don’t remember what I did last night.”

Indeed, the werewolf Adele became during the previous night turned out to be an apparently quite rare white werewolf, way beefier than most others. She was a force of nature, beaming with dominance. An evident contrast with the shy girl she usually was.

She went on: “After what you described... I’m afraid I won’t be myself, in an hour or so.”

Frowning her brow, Sophia claimed: “That’s BS, I’m sure it was still you, girl! You just blocked it out or something... I think the power and badassitude was what the real you needed to shine.”

The black-haired girl smiled: “You clearly were more assertive, but it looked like you.” She shrugged.

She concluded, happy: “Plus, you totally crushed Josh!”

“I DID WHAT?” Adele bawled.

Sophia reassured her friend: “Not literally!” She chuckled. “But you did totally smear his spirit in the dirt. When we went hunting, it was like he got turned into a scared lil’ puppy following his mom.”

Adele relaxed, her gaze drifting to the other side of the factory.

“I did... that?... Really?” she asked, in disbelief.

Proud of her friend, Sophia confirmed cheerfully. “Yup. Badass Adele for the win!”

Adele smiled as her friend tapped her shoulder and finished: “And in case you were wondering, yes, that was catharsis by proxy. So, thank you.”

Both girls laughed.

Still chuckling, Sophia walked back to her bag “Ok girl, let’s get to work!”

Just like the previous night, they came prepared to face the cold night. Although they would not be camping in the woods this time, they still brought sleeping bags, toothbrushes, an actual brush and some food and drinks.

Adele found a spot where the concrete had been damaged, likely by some fallen bricks. With her foot, she moved some small rubble out of the way to reveal a nice and comfy spot of dirt where she unrolled her bag.

“Check out what I brought! *Oomf!*” shouted Sophia.

‘BUNK!’ Something smashed into Adele’s back. She turned to find a basketball rolling away from her as if to hide.

“‘Let’s get to work’, eh?” mocked the blonde.

“Yeah, yeah, you’re right, you’re-“

Sophia stopped.

“Woah, check this shit out!”

Curious, Adele got up and joined her friend who was now behind a set of crates.

Adele let out a “Eeeewh!” out of disgust.

Hidden against a brick wall, there was an old mattress. Sophia pulled it out.

“This gal isn’t gonna sleep on concrete or dirt, thank you very much! She will sleep in the royal comfort of a-“

She dropped the mattress on the ground, revealing a fabric that once was white, but was now brownish, covered with suspicious stains, making its once soft surface look like a sheet of plastic.

As she did with the mattress, she dropped her triumphal tone: “...ok, ewh... a little...” and continued

“But hey, It’s thick enough, I can put my sleeping bag on it, and it’ll feel like a real bed!”

Adele displayed a nefarious smile: “Maybe there’s a rat already living inside?”

“Shaddup and go back to your pile of dirt” smirked Sophia.

The blonde girl looked back at her setup “There ain’t another one like that, right?”, to which Sophia responded with a victorious smile: “Niup!”

Adele shrugged and went back to her bag a few yards away. It was better than nothing.

Sophia finished covering the stained fabric of the mattress with her own bed, and finally laid down her head on it.

“Say, how long do we still have, now?” asked Adele.

Sophia answered with another question: “Can’t you feel it?”

Adele felt a rush of panic. “Wait, should I?!” She grabbed her water bottle with one hand while she brought the other in her coat’s pocket, fumbling to grab the purple pill, ready to gobble it.

“Relax, you got time. But I’m gonna start soon, though...” calmly said Sophia.

“How do you know?” inquired her blonde friend.

Sophia paused for a moment, trying to find the right words.

“It’s... like my skin is getting a bit itchy, kinda like goosebumps, like it knows something I don’t.”

Adele snapped her fingers: “Oh, like Spiderman’s spider sense!”

“Uh. Never thought about it like that. Pretty much, yeah, I guess.”

“Wulfy-tingles!” continued her friend.

Sophia snorted while looking at the cobweb infested ceiling. “Seriously, though, don’t you feel anything different? Haven’t you noticed anything new since this morning? Cravings and such?”

Adele shrugged “Nuh-uh”.

Still lying on her mattress, Sophia turned her head to her friend and confided on a quite serious tone:

“Have I told you I was a vegan before?”

Surprised, Adele shook her head.

“Yup, had I been stranded on an island with a fridge full of meat, I think I would’ve let myself die of hunger rather than touch a bloody steak” continued Sophia.

She went on: “And now, I’m happily hunting rabbits and deer in the woods at least once a month”.

Sophia stayed silent for a few seconds. Then, looking back at the ceiling, she went on: “For the first few days, I was truly disgusted with myself. Part of me wanted to eat a whole cow, while the other part felt like puking at the mere idea. Took time for me to take it all, to accept my new self.”

Adele’s thoughts were storming inside her head like a whirlpool. She was silently wondering once again how different she would be as her white werewolf counterpart.

As if to stretch out, Sophia arched her back, effectively lifting her belly upward.

She gleefully commented: “Oh! It’s starting!”

She got up and quickly removed her ‘Janky’ shirt, exposing her supple breasts to the night air, which only managed to harden her nipples like small rubbery erasers.

She then undid the button of the same ripped black jeans she wore the previous night, sliding them down, revealing her black laced panties and brand-new stockings.

Seeing her friend like this, Adele felt like licking her own lips like a hungry cartoon animal... or like a lustful nymphomaniac. The girl hadn’t yet realized the discreet change that had happened to her. A day ago, she would’ve turned her eyes away from her almost naked friend, but as Sophia explained how lycanthropy made her into a carnivorous, it apparently also alleviated Adele’s prudishness, if not completely turned it over its head.

Sophia wasn’t shy either and removed her stockings and panties, leaving only her choker around her neck. She then fashioned her clothes in a ball and stuffed it in her duffle-bag.

The previous night, everything went so fast, and she was either panicking or wracked by an indescribable pain, so she didn’t actually had time to take it in, but Adele was eating up her friend with her eyes.

Sophia was beautiful and athletic. Her belly was toned, her arms well defined, her C-cup breasts perky and her pubic hair barely trimmed, just enough to not look like a bushy mess. Her smooth face was complemented by a shade of purple lipstick and some light goth makeup. Mind you, not enough to make her look like some vampire chick or like the type of girl who's contemplating the idea of throwing herself off a bridge, but enough to enhance her features and bring out her charming green eyes with a nice contrast of colors.

Adele decided she wouldn't make the same mistake twice and would instead start undressing herself while she still could. But first: she opened the bottle of water and gulped down the purple pill her friend gave her.

"Ok mommy, I took my medicine!" she joked.

"Good, now go put on your pajamas and get to bed!" said Sophia while trying not to snort in mid-sentence.

Adele unzipped her raincoat and folded it on the concrete next to her, after making sure it was all dusted off. Under the coat, she was wearing a plain black shirt. After ripping one of her favorite designs the previous night, she wanted to avoid any snafus and went out with something simple that she could replace easily. In hindsight, wearing a skirt to camp outside had been a pretty dull idea, so this time around, she did like her friend and went with a pair of blue jeans. Although they weren't shredded on the knees like Sophia's were, one could notice a discoloration.

She hastily pulled up her shirt, revealing her small breast. Not that she was flat-chested, but the blonde girl wasn't outfitted with breasts as big as her friend either, so she felt no need to wear a bra, whereas Sophia just didn't care how her boobs would look under her shirt.

Adele unzipped her jeans and pushed them down with her panties all at once. She then took each piece of clothing and neatly folded it above her coat. She didn't want her parents to see her come back home with dirty clothes. She already got caught coming home with dirty hair this very morning, wearing someone else's t-shirt. She was lucky enough that neither her dad or mom knew fully well how many t-shirts she had, but she still had to hide her back to avoid them seeing how her skirt's button had been ripped off and was holding only by her zipper. They would've thought she actually lied to them and had sex with some boy instead of camping with her best friend... even though she really did both, from what Sophia told her.

Now naked, Adele still felt the need to hide her breasts by crossing her arms.

She wasn't as tall or athletic as Sophia, and her shoulders and arms looked like they were one single body part. Not that she could even be qualified as chubby, but she wasn't either the kind of girl who would ever excel in gym-class.

In front of her, Sophia had walked to a brick wall and lifted her leg as high as she could, resting it on the structure she was facing, stretching her limb.

Adele hadn't yet realized how late it was. The sunlight was gone, but the decayed factory was still pretty well illuminated. It's only when the clouds parted away that she saw it. They revealed the bright moon, which shined through the dirty glass panes up on the brick walls, lighting the room with an eerie white light. As Sophia told her, it wasn't a full moon, but a waning gibbous.

Her friend had explained earlier that the waxing gibbous from two days ago wasn't strong enough to trigger her first change on its own, so she planned their camping trip for the fullmoon instead. From her experience, however, tonight's moon phase would surely do the trick.

Once Sophia was done, she turned to her friend and commented: "Ah, good, you're ready!" Adele smiled to her friend and relaxed, dropping her arms to her sides, uncovering her breasts. She felt like something had just clicked as she wasn't feeling cold anymore. Although, it was like her own voice was now whispering inside her head some ideas that weren't hers, going crescendo: "*I should walk up to her... hug her... kiss her... lick her! Lick that bitch!*" Trying not to betray herself because of these odd desires, she merely yelled inside her own head "*Shut up, shup up, shut up!*" to drown the other unwanted thoughts.

She often had some weird thoughts like these which she had to push away because they would otherwise advise her to do dumb things. She often wondered if that was a form of psychosis, but she never seriously feared that possibility. These were usually just an inner voice frustrated by things she wished she could have or do. Like when she'd see a beautiful necklace she'd love to expose on her neck, she would hear "*you should buy it!*". Not crazy ideas like "*you should steal it!*", just things she wouldn't let herself do.

Thing is, this was the first time that inner voice whispered something that felt foreign to her, something she would never ever consider.

Maybe it was anxiety, maybe it was the pill, or maybe it was her transformation that had already begun, but she felt goosebumps.

Sophia confirmed it was likely the later: "Hope you're ready because **it's show-time!**"

The tall girl brought her arms behind her head, both stretching and exposing her naked body to the moonlight that bathed her. She then walked to a crate, closed her eyes and extended her arms to one of its wooden edges, as she slid her legs back. She breathed in slowly, then breathed out and arched her back. The silence was shattered by a quick succession of cracks which reverberated on the ancient brick walls of the factory, just like if someone had rapidly broken three dozen eggs shells. A trail of ridges appeared on Sophia's back.

"Soph, you ok?" asked Adele, to which Sophia answered: "Oh yeah, better than ok!" Her voice already seemed slightly deeper.

Although she had considered to transform without undoing her ponytail, the blonde girl had finally changed her mind and brought her hand to her hair. She undid the silky strip which held her hair together and placed it on her other clothes, while keeping an eye on her friend. She backed up, and once again sat on the broken conveyor belt, taking in the show of her friend twisting her body.

Sophia slid her hands down the wooden crate until they reached the concrete ground. All it would take for her to do the splits like a ballet dancer would be to shift her bent leg forward, although she already looked like she was doing some artsy abstract dance.

Once again, Adele felt conflicted, her inner-self whispering: "*I need to grab her... hold her in place... eat her up! Make her MINE!*"

The girl shook her head. She felt shivers down her spine, as if tiny needles were prickling her back.

She widened her eyes as loud cracking noises came from her back, reverberating in the entire room. “Hey, guess it’s your turn, now!” commented Sophia.

Thing is, Adele barely felt anything. She now realized her limbs were feeling numb, and that the pill was really working. In contrast, she remembered how she was wracked with pain the previous night. Now, she was barely feeling a slight irritation. How strong the pill’s effect was, she would know soon enough.

Her hands resting on the cold concrete, the black-haired girl had arched her body in a triangular shape, as if she was about to break into push-ups. Her thighs and arms were pulsing with energy. From where Adele was sitting, it looked like her biceps, triceps, calves and thighs were being inflated by an invisible person, as they slowly grew out. After a mere minute, Sophia already looked like she could win a gold medal at the Olympics, and then some!

Adele stopped watching her friend for a moment, as she felt like she was about to hiccup. Her stomach contracted, relaxed, and then contracted again. She could feel her heartbeat getting faster. With each pulse of her heart, it was like liquid energy was being poured into her bloodstream. Despite the dullness caused by the pill, she could feel her arms tensing. Her biceps slowly bulged outward with a succession of a thousand tiny expansions, each followed by a short relaxing of the muscles. Individually, these micro-growth-surts were almost unnoticeable to the naked eye, but as they went on for a solid minute, the pulses were actually becoming apparent. It really was as if Adele’s arms were squeezing a year of weightlifting in a few minutes, all the while she was sitting on her ass, not lifting a muscle.

The blonde girl finally raised an arm and flexed it out of curiosity. She had never in her life seriously flexed her arm, always doing it ironically. For the first time, instead of a bony arm, she got to see her actual bicep answering the call to action as it came to life and bulged half-an-inch thicker. It might not have been the size an actual bodybuilder would achieve **yet**, but it still was far bigger than what she thought she could ever attain on her own. Between the numbness and the transformation she was undergoing, it felt like this wasn’t her arm anymore.

On the other side of the room, flooded by the moonlight, Sophia let out a snarl and curved her back as if she was about to howl at the moon... which would perfectly work in this situation. Her head was tilted back, her eyes focused on the moon outside the window, as if she was being hypnotized. Her breasts were already looking bigger, and all other limbs had gained in mass. Her skin, usually quite pale, was now bronzed, just like someone who had spent hours having fun under a summer sun on a beach.

From her conveyor belt, Adele could barely make out the faint squishing noises her friend’s muscles were exuding as they expanded. But she could clearly see how her muscles were building and growing some fine details. Sophia’s back was now covered with many bumps, each one a muscle the blonde girl couldn’t name, each one separated by what could be described as small canyons excavated out of her skin. The black-haired girl’s backside now looked like the 3D topological map. By flexing her back, Adele was sure her friend could break something tucked between her shoulder blades.

Another wave of heat washed over the smaller girl, and she once again felt like something was trying to escape her stomach by climbing her esophagus... however it kept sliding back down.

It was frustrating, almost like a hiccup, but she would rather be stuck with that for hours than go through even another minute of the pain she endured the previous night.

Suddenly, her arms and legs all tensed up at the same time as she could feel more than hear the sound of her flesh stretching under her skin. She couldn't stay like this, she had to move. She dropped from the neglected assembly line and landed heavily on her hands and knees, realizing that her limbs were now so dull that she could hardly move them.

Her friend heard the commotion and turned her head to Adele, concerned.

"Aw you alright?" she grumbled, her mouth filled with fangs, making her face look like an ogre's. Adele didn't answer, and instead felt forced to inhale and exhale repeatedly in quick succession to the rhythm of her beating heart, as her eyes widened and sweat beaded on her forehead.

As she focused on that, her entire body went through a series of small pops, her limbs extending and swelling here and there, veins protruding across their lengths. These were especially visible on her arms and seemed to be pumping a lot of blood towards her fingers, which began to bulge and grow fatter.

Although much of what happened during and after her first transformation was hazy at best, Adele remembered perfectly what horrifying part would come next, as it was one of the few things she really saw up-close.

Below her pristine fingernails, she could see the blurry pointy shapes slowly pushing out of her flesh. Unlike last time, she felt no actual pain, just a mild irritation. But her hand was still very much locked in place, unable to move. The small black points were quickly progressing under her nails with a series of minuscule pushes, as if some force was squeezing them under her nails by hitting them from inside her fingers with the tiniest of hammers, wedging them through half a millimeter at a time.

Without a single sound, little red dots appeared on her right hand and on the concrete floor. She hadn't realized yet that her mouth was wide open, her tongue lolling out, longer than it ever was, dripping small drops of blood below, which her naked eye couldn't even see fall, as she could only see them instantly plop.

"Wait..." she thought. "*Why am I bleeding?*"

She tried to articulate some words of choice to express her surprise out loud, such as "what the fuck?!", but all her mouth managed to let out was a vague "Wuuhewhuugh?"

The numbness had sneakily reached her mouth, but she could feel the vibration of her jawbone and hear the sounds of her gums stretching.

Although painless, Adele could feel her teeth scraping against each-other, she could feel her canines pushing outward as their ivory coating was being built into sharp points. She was looking down as hard as she could, and after a minute, she began to see her lower jaw's fang as they were protruding out of her crowded mouth, like orcish tusks.

Looking up, she saw Sophia, who had moved once again. This time, she had her knees on the ground and her chest exposed to the moon. She almost looked like some priestess praying to her shiny goddess in the night sky.

Her entire shape was dripping with sweat, the outside light only making it shinier. As she was seeing her from behind, Adele hadn't immediately caught on to what her friend was really doing.

The black-haired girl was actually caressing her hard set of abs with one hand and kneading her pussy with the other. The straining blond girl could now see her friend's fluids streaming down her inner thighs.

Mesmerized by the sight, her eyes locked in place, Adele moved her elongated tongue inside her mouth, polishing her lengthening teeth as she was secreting a lot of saliva that dripped down her lolling tongue, mixing with the bloody stains below.

Adele could feel her own body-heat increasing. Her own vulva was working double-time, saturating her lower lips with her own moist juices. The straining girl felt frustrated that her hands were locked on the ground, as she wanted nothing more than to spread her pussy and pleasure herself. Even then, she was still enjoying how the build-up of her own lust made her feel as she began to pant, funnily enough, like a dog.

After two long minutes, which actually felt like mere seconds to both of them as Sophia was drowning in pleasure and Adele was savoring each instant of the show far more than she should have. The masturbating girl finally stopped her ministrations as she was wracked with a multitude of tiny uncontrollable jerking motions. Her entire body trembled as she let out a long moan. Most of her already swollen muscles grew once again in size, tiny droplets of perspiration being ejected around her. Her shoulders ballooned in size, forming three distinct sinewy stripes, each separated from the others by tight gaps, long striations crossing their lengths. Once again, Sophia relieved herself with a pleasurable moan.

Adele was enjoying the sight but had to break away from it as she felt the sharp points in her finger resuming their progress. The small shapes were now outpacing her nails' lengths and growing outward, forcing them to bend until they popped one by one out of their sockets, jumping from her fingertips and falling like thin little plastic pieces on the concrete.

Her inflated fingers were now finishing to push out large curved obsidian claws.

"Sharp enough to tear skin and flesh" she thought.

Adele frowned, vaguely thinking *"But why would I?"* before shrugging the thought away.

Her fingers looked fatter near their tips, and the top of her hand was now covered with veins. The skin itself looked thicker, almost like leather. She felt something crack around her wrists, followed by a feeling of flowing blood down her arms. She sensed that her control over her own arms and hands had been finally restored. Her expression went from lust to eagerness in an instant.

Her attention went back to her friend, who had bowed her chest forward, in the exact position Adele was, her powerful arms holding her like mighty pillars.

Her eyes locked on Sophia, Adele slowly moved one of her clawed hands, letting it cut one of her breasts, while the other could easily support her heaving chest.

After tugging at one of her hardened nipples, she slid her bulky hand along her sweaty torso. As it rubbed against her newly formed six-pack, her brows twitched in surprise, even though part of her was expecting to find these hard shapes down there... so she carried on until her hand found what she was looking for: her damp pussy lips, surprisingly feeling longer and meatier than she was used to. She parted them away with her index and pinky and began to rub her labia with the middle and ring fingers.

She felt her body spasm as a pulse of energy exploded from her crotch and sent a shockwave through every fiber of her being. Every part of her being which the wave reached quaked. Adele jerked as she experienced a tingling sensation running through her breasts. As the transforming girl welcomed the pleasure that followed, she suddenly felt gravity pulling at her chest, like she was getting heavier. No – somehow, fatty tissue was building-up in her bosoms. And build-up they did: her two oranges were expanding in size, now looking like a melon could fit inside each.

As she observed how her teats were filling up like balloons expanding from the water of a hose, her attention was snatched by movement on her side. Her right bicep was trembling, a vein big like a computer cable jutting out of the taut skin covering its surface. And suddenly, in front of her very eyes, like a blast of hot air had been propelled under her muscle fiber, it boomed with strength. Both her arms exploded with power one after the other in quick succession. She could even hear them burst out with her inner ear, like a rumble.

The bulky blonde was getting stronger than ever before! But she knew that wasn't really true. She had likely achieved this very feat of strength the previous night. The main difference was that, then, her conscious mind had drowned in pain, hence forgetting everything beyond that. Through the haze, she could barely remember how she got back up from having her hands locked to the ground, and certainly not what she did after. But that was then. Now? She was in control!

The sudden growth of her arms had made her stop her ministrations down between her thighs. She decided to resume and closed her eyes, opening her mind to the change as she penetrated her pussy with two clawed fingers. She felt like a bat, trying to picture her body as a map, pin-pointing hot-spots where she was sensing spasms in her muscles and focusing on relaxing them.

Concentrating on her chest, Adele pictured her shape and immediately felt like her shoulders were each being pulled away by a powerful force, like if her arms were tied to the bumpers of trucks backing away from her at full speed, trying to dismember her. And yet, however strong the force was, it wasn't painful in the least. It felt more like stretching. She heard a squelching noise, as if her muscle fibers were tearing themselves apart. She finally realized her entire torso was broadening intensely. Unbeknownst to her, it had barreled out to about 45 inches of circumference. She now felt like she could lift a car, smash it and throw it away with her bare hands.

As her thighs and calves were also bursting with more power, she discerned something new, something foreign. The sensation was impossible to describe, but Adele instinctively **knew** she could move a new limb. She focused on it, and at the same time, a little stump wiggled above her ass.

This was exciting in every sense of the word, as Adele sped up her ministrations around her inner walls, which were now dripping with her nectar, pooling on the hard concrete. The little nub waved happily as she arched her back down. She decided to look how Sophia was doing.

The black-haired girl was standing on the ball of her two extended feet, looking like a nude amazon warrior. She was turned toward Adele, her rear raised to the walls as her hulking arms offered support like steel beams to her bent chest from which two enormous fleshy balloons hanged, shaped like pears but sized like cantaloupes.

Sophia's eyes were closed while Adele could see her softly biting her lips with the sharp fangs contained in her massive canine maw that had already grown outward. Then the blonde saw it:

patches of various shades of grey were covering every surface of her body, every muscle, every bump and every gap between them. Darker fur was covering her back, outer arms and thighs as a brighter pelt was wrapping itself around her pussy, breasts, inner arms and thighs, finishing up with her fingers and feet.

Several words came to Adele's mind, resonating in her own voice inside her head, slowly sounding more ravenous:

*"Cool... Beautiful. So majestic... and sexy! I wish I could hold her... make her mine... **I want her!**"*

The bulky blonde's body agreed with her thoughts, and as she removed her hand from her crotch, not even trying to wipe away her own juices which coated her fingers. Her powerfully corded legs reached forward, offering her leverage to heave her massive brawn. She hadn't yet realized how tall she had grown in the past minutes alone, for she seemed taller than Sophia's gargantuan body. She stepped forward, knowing that if she wanted, she could break the large concrete tiles with her weight alone, or at the very least leave some noticeable cracks.

As she made another step forward, she felt a light itching sensation, which prompted her to look down at her clawed foot. She hadn't even noticed how her bigger toes had cracked back and turned into dewclaws. She was also mildly surprised to see that she had instinctively thought of stepping on the ball of her feet. But even more surprising, she saw what the shivering sensation she had felt was: a light fuzz had sprouted on the top of her long feet, and was now expanding and covering her entire foot, growing thicker here and there.

The same thing was now happening to her arms, and a line of hair had just pushed out of her bronzed skin between her large breasts. Many spots of hair were appearing on her body until her entire physique was covered by a light fuzz, which slowly began to grow bigger. Although not long enough to hide her impressive eight-pack or the definition of her shoulders, arms, thighs and calves, it was growing conveniently longer to hide her wet pussy and pointy nipples. Oddly enough, her actual hair that cascaded from her head onto her shoulder and collar seemed to take on the same white color.

As the itching of the growing fur reached her neck and cheeks, she stopped in her tracks as she suddenly felt what she knew was her jaws morphing. She experienced a quick succession of small contortions in her skull's bone structure as it warped and extended out, her teeth – no, her fangs! – were afforded more space to grow sharper. Her skin had a tough time adjusting to her extending maw. Her nose grew darker and leathery while her tongue began to swim in saliva.

Finally, she regained the ability to open her jaws at will as she felt the tingling travel to her ears which were now pointy and covered with soft white fur.

The last pieces of the puzzle came in place as her ears migrated to the top of her head and her tail grew some long silky fur which lightly brushed the concrete below.

As she got close to Sophia, Adele now had her confirmation: with about 8.5 feet of raw muscle, she was taller than her already massive friend, who smiled at her, her bulky arms bent on her hips like pot handles.

"Well looky what we got here" she cheered "a life-sized gender-bent Hulk, minus the green skin, plus the snowy fur!"

Adele smiled, beaming with joy. She really had never felt this good before. So much energy was coursing through her every fiber. She was overwhelmed with possibilities. What should she do with such raw power? An idea crossed her mind.

“Wasn’t it you who wanted to know what was in these crates?” asked Adele with a booming and deep voice that sounded nothing like her usual girly voice.

The grey werewolf backed away excitedly, although clearly also able to break the crate on her own. She began to lightly spring up and down on her lower paws, impatient to see her friend test out her new body.

Adele grabbed the wooden edge of the crate with a clawed hand, now noticing how she had grown black leathery pads on its underside and under each finger. With remarkable ease, she ripped out the top of the crate, nails and all.

“Uh. Empty metal cans. Who knew?” shrugged the white behemoth.

Still holding the top of the crate like it was a mere sheet of cardboard, she turned to face her friend, who was shaking with glee.

The white werewolf threw the broken wood pieces away, which smashed on a brick wall into a dozen fragments and twice as many splinters.

*“That was too easy” she thought. “What else can I **break** with my bare hands?”*

Where an hour ago, Adele would have considered such a thought as alien, her mind was now flooded with many other distant short notions that seemed to be resonating from every corner of her mind: -
– *Yes!* – *Great idea!* – *I should do this!* – *Yeah!* – *Let’s do this!* – ***I wanna wreck shit up!*** –

Adele confidently walked to a crumbled brick wall. The roof plates above had fallen to the floor many years ago and were now fused inside a thick layer of dirt that had probably been carried here layer after layer over the course of the many rainy storms that happened throughout the past decades.

The snow-furred beast placed her left hand on the brick wall, reeled back her right fist, and then with all her strength, she smashed it in the wall, sending a mighty shockwave across the bricks.

A large circle of the brick wall blew up from the impact. Some bricks were flung several yards away on the grass outside, as others had simply fell in the pile of dirt below, but a few others literally broke from the blow, pulverizing a cloud of red dust around and sending bits of red stone flying around.

“WOUH-OUUUH, YEAH, WHAT DID I TELL YA?! BADASS ADIE IS IN THE HOUUUUUSE!” shouted the grey wolf-girl, bouncing on the ball of her feet, her arms in the air.

Adele backed up, coughing some brick dust as she dispersed it with a waving clawed hand and cheered back: “HECK YEAAAAH GUUURL!”

Imitating her friend, she also started to bounce on her feet, the concrete trembling under her each time she landed back.

Impressed, Sophia praised her friend: “I still can’t believe how you out-grew me like that! As it is, I gotta lower myself to go through a fucking door, and yet here you are, taller and stronger than me on my best days!

“Wait... Do you mean... I could grow even bigger?” asked Adele.

“I dunno, maybe? Or maybe you went to your max size from the get-go” speculated Sophia.
“Y-... you’re not jealous, are you?” inquired Adele, concerned.
“Fuck no, girl! I’m so glad for you, you deserve this!”

Again, words flew through Adele’s head, whispering: *“She’s right. I do deserve this. I shouldn’t be ashamed of how awesome I really am! I’m a fucking **goddess** now! People should **praise me!**”*

The white giant flexed an arm, its bicep bulging to the size of a melon.

“Wanna touch?” she asked her friend.

Sophia brought a hand to Adele’s arm and caressed its peak, feeling protruding veins under the soft snow-colored fur.

She had been touched or grabbed by the arm many many times throughout her life, and all she had ever known in that regard was how her bones used to feel like they were coated with soft flesh, easy to pull. Here, it was like her bones were surrounded by marble, but she could still feel the stroke of her friend’s fingers as they ran on her bicep.

The petting sensation made her relax her face as she slightly opened her maw to let her tongue breathe. She was lazily looking around when something caught her gaze.

The grey wolf girl removed her hand as Adele silently unbent her arm.

The massive white-furred girl had just spotted her next victim.

“Let’s ramp-up the show, shall we?” she asked as she walked away.

Sophia raised her brows, curious: “Ooowh?”

Her friend grabbed a steel beam that was lying next to the conveyor belt, hidden under a pile of rusted junk.

Sophia seemed ecstatic. She commented: “This is so awesome! I’ve never done stuff like this before! When I’ve transformed into the woods, at best, I’ve just tried pushing down some small trees...!”
She watched as Adele lifted the steel beam with ease. It seemed to be a broken railway piece, about 5 feet long. Probably another relic of the town’s abandoned industrial period.

The grey furred girl concluded: “But here... we can do whatever we want! Nobody would care!”

Focusing on her task, the white werewolf anchored her clawed paws in the concrete and tightly grasped the rail piece, leaving a gap of about two feet between her two hands.

She bared her fangs as her wolf chops contorted and folded back. She looked like a snarling feral wolf.

Her arms bulged with power, her torso tightening as all the muscles in her body came to life, all her body’s bumps and shapes bursting out while her fur bristled above them.

The rail piece trembled and bent slightly.

Gritting her fangs, Adele started to groan. No. She growled.

*“Nothing can stop me! Not that crate, not that brick wall and certainly not that **fucking steel crap!** **NOTHING!**”* she thought.

The rail piece bent a little more.

Furious at the resisting beam, she opened her maw and began to yell like one of those typical Japanese anime characters, powering-up during battle.

The annoying piece of metal trembled, still resisting the beast’s might.

Then, the steel rail suddenly broke in half. Both girls instinctively backed away as the two halves heavily fell on the ground, loudly clanking on the ground, leaving cracks in two concrete tiles.

“Fucking hell, girl! Color-me impressed! I gotta try one! Is there more under there?” asked Sophia. Adele’s face was still twisted in a snarling grin as she inhaled and exhaled repeatedly, ignoring her friend’s request.

Her eyes were fixated on the two broken pieces of steel, and they then jumped to her bulky padded palms. Her fur was coated with sweat.

“You ok?”

Finally hearing her friend’s voice, Adele then looked her up from Sophia’s clawed toes to her gleaming golden eyes.

The white werewolf growled and without a word, she grabbed her friend and lifted her.

“What the-“ shouted Sophia.

Adele growled: “I want you. I want you **NOW!**”

“Ooooh shiiiiit!” screeched the grey wolfgirl as her brutal friend slammed her on top of an unbroken crate.

Sophia started to protest: “Da fuck are y-oooh” but instead began to lovingly moan as Adele parted her legs, and without wasting a second, dived in her friend’s lower lips.

Changing her mind, the grey wolf girl revised: “Ok, carry on...” as Adele greedily lapped at her labia. With each lick of the white-furred beast’s tongue, Sophia’s eyes half-blinked and her spread-out legs spasmed.

Adele sounded like a big hairy dog loudly gorging itself with the content of a bowl filled with moist processed brown food.

“Don’t you dare stop! Oh-Ooowh-Oooo-oooh **FUCK!**” growled Sophia.

After hearing that, the berserker wolf girl locked the grey werewolf’s thighs in place with her bulky arms and pulled her closer so she could push her freakishly long tongue deeper inside her friend, and with one free hand, she grabbed one of her massive breasts.

Sophia arched her back upward. She seemed to be gasping for air, jutting her bountiful chest outward repeatedly as she opened her jaw, unable to let out a word. Finally, she let a trembling scream as her entire body was wracked by a violent orgasm.

This did not stop Adele who kept licking over and over.

“*She is mine. She belongs to me!*” she thought.

The waves of pleasures kept clashing over Sophia’s brain, depriving her of the ability to move her body beyond a few weak shakes. Both monstrous girls were too deeply busy to listen to the sound of creaking wood.

The boards of the shipping container couldn’t take anymore abuse and finally snapped as the entire crate broke down. The side panels exploded all around as the heavy grey werewolf girl smashed in a pile of wood pieces and flattened metal cylinders and boxes.

Adele backed away and blinked repeatedly, coming back to her senses, her tongue lolling out while her snout was coated in her friend’s love juices.

Slowly, Sophia tilted her head up, moaning “Oooooowh... that hurts...”

She sat down on the broken remains of the crate and its content.

“I’m ok, I’m ok... owh!”

She turned her head to look at the painful sensation. A bent nail was stuck in her side.

“Oh my god no, I’m so so SO sorry Soph!” apologized Adele, back to her normal self, her hands trying ineffectively to hide her black leathery nose.

“It’s alright...” reassured her friend as she took the nail out, blood spurting out of her injury onto a broken piece of wood and matting her fur. “There, see?”

She threw the offending rusty spike outside through the hole in the brick wall that Adele had smashed earlier.

Sophia rose to her paws and turned to show her friend that the injury was already closing.

“Check it! Fucking healing factor, girl!”

Adele relaxed, and the grey werewolf continued: “Also, I’m all up for some rough love making between gals, you know that, but... maybe don’t lose yourself to the wolf, hey?”

The white behemoth blinked, visibly confused: “The wolf? Uh...”

“Haven’t I told you about that already? Geez!” asked Sophia.

Adele shook her head.

“I guess it’s something that comes with the territory. It’s like primal urges that feeds off your deepest desires. When I used to change alone in the woods, the mere sound of a rabbit would make me go bat-shit crazy and I could not resist chasing it” explained Sophia.

The white werewolf nodded and Sophia continued: “Also, by now, you’ve noticed how the transformation alone tends to make us... horny I guess?”

If she wasn’t covered with fur, one could’ve seen how Sophia’s face was blushing, but the way her eyes looked away conveyed the same message to Adele.

“I mean, I know it’s still me, but... at the same time, it’s different.”

She then chuckled: “I call my wolf ‘Bitchy’”.

Adele stayed silent as she took in the notion that she was actually somehow sharing her head with a more savage version of herself. No. Not only ‘savage’, but far more assertive and lustful.

She admitted: “I don’t know if I wanna give it a name, but it’s good to know that I wasn’t just going crazy just now.”

“Don’t worry about it, girl, I’ve done far more than that. One night, I wrecked our neighbor’s fence! Aaaaand I’m pretty sure I ate a cat, once...” she chuckled. Then, as if a shadow had passed on her face, she frowned.

She added with a remorseful tone “And... more recently, I failed to stop myself from biting you... and here we are now...” as she lowered her head, grabbing one of her arms with the hand of the other.

Adele’s eyes widened.

The white werewolf made a step forward and grabbed her friend with her massive arms, hugging her. Tears welled in Sophia’s eyes and began to dribble down her furry cheeks.

They both stayed like this for a few more seconds, and Adele broke the silence, exhaling.

“I get it now, it’s cool. We’re good” she finally said, comforting her best friend “We’ll be with each-other, now!”

She let go of her bear-hug, and Sophia dried her tears with her forearm. As if to suck back her gloominess, she inhaled.

“What do you wanna do, now?” she asked.

“What do you propose?” retorted Adele.

“We could break more shit... or go for a hunt... but if you feel like eating more puss, I’m also up for that!” she shrugged, grinning.

Tilting her head sideways, Adele replied: “Eeeeeeeeh... why don’t we play with that basketball you brought? I think we wrecked enough shit for one night.”

Both girls played against each-other, using opened crates as baskets. Although Adele was bigger and quite fast, Sophia seemed to know more moves, which evened out the odds. After half-an-hour of that friendly competition, they then both ran out in the woods on all fours and disappeared for most of the night, only to come back spent, around 4:00 AM.

The two enormous wolf girls slept for two solid hours, both loudly snoring as their bodies turned back to their human selves during their slumber.

Sophia woke up first on her large mattress, her sleeping bag crumpled under her, only to find Adele, naked and sleeping behind her, one arm resting on her hip.

The black-haired girl carefully removed Adele’s arm before lifting herself up. With sticky eyes, she walked toward her duffle-bag as she lazily scratched her side where a light round scar could be seen, last remnant of the nail injury from the night.

She let out a yawn before bending her knees in order to crouch in front of the bag.

She shuffled her hands inside and removed a shapeless ball of clothing she had carelessly thrown in there the previous night and began to dress up. Her mind still half-asleep and her eyes half-opened, she absently put on her stockings and black jeans one leg at a time and finished up with her shirt covered with dust marks, finishing up with her choker that had snapped open during her change.

“That’ll do...” she shrugged.

She crouched once more to look for some sliced bread and jam she had stashed in there, but only found a ripped-out plastic bag filled with breadcrumbs and a glass jar of jam half-empty.

She wiped her face with a hand and, squinting her eyes, she sent a look of suspicion toward her mattress where Adele was still snoring.

“Ugh... fucking pig...” she complained in a whisper, before admitting: “great licker, though.”

Minutes later, the blonde girl woke up. She yawned and absentmindedly said “hi” to her friend, before getting up like a drunkard, her perky breasts looking more pear-shaped than ever before. She then stumbled around toward her own sleeping bag and fell on her knees in its soft fluffy blanket. She grabbed her neatly folded clothes and began to dress up.

Her eyes half-opened, she asked: “do we have anything to eat?”

– Inner Self –

Sophia shook her head: “Nope, **someone** has literally wolfed-down everything while I was asleep.” The blonde girl blushed, vaguely remembering that: “Ooowh. Sorry.”

She then inquired: “So... we’re done for the month, right? No more moon nights?”

The black-haired girl shrugged: “Nah, the next one won’t be before the 12th of November, we’re good.”

“And we’re Sunday morning...” commented the petite girl before continuing: “Any plans for today?”

Considering her options, Sophia answered: “Gotta get to work in the afternoon, but until then, I’m free. You got some ideas?”

Adele looked around the factory. Several crates were smashed into pieces, many cans flattened like sheets of metal. If it seemed like the conveyor belt was too rusty to ever move again before, now, there was not a shadow of a doubt as its surface had suffered from a series of large dents, likely made by the two wolves’ powerful arms.

“Well... I thought we could try to bring some stuff here to... I don’t know... to make it more livable for the next nights” she explained.

Sophia looked at her stained mattress and at the heap of dirt Adele’s sleeping bag was sitting in.

She concurred: “Yeah. Why not... let’s make this into a proper Wolf Lair!”

“Eh. I kinda liked “Furry Badasses Incorporated” Adele smirked.

“Who’s the dork now, eh?”

– Epilogue –

The next day, the girls were back in high school. As it wasn’t located in Seanville, Adele had to take the bus to go there. But when they both had to go there, Sophia would drive Adele in her pick-up truck. As Sophia and Adele had different classes, they weren’t always together, so they were always happy to find each-other during recess to gossip, mock their respective teachers and complain about the extra workload and researches they’d have to do home.

As the bell rang, Sophia left her friend who still had about 30 minutes of free time before the next class, which she was supposed to spend reading some notes to prepare for a test.

At that moment, Adele spotted a boy from her class who walked out of the library.

“Hey Marcus.”

Hearing his name, the young man with dark hair approached her.

“Hey Adele, what’s up?” he asked.

The blonde girl hesitated: “Have you... have you figured out the solution to the fourth question of Mrs. Meyer’s class? The instruction seems a bit contradictory to me. I did not get it - at - all!”

“Oooh yeah, I know what you mean, that one was bullshit!” he nodded.

Opening-up his bag, he showed her his notes. “Here, look, I think I got it right, there” he said as he pointed an equation with his finger.

She eyeballed his handwriting and feigned to copy his answer in her notebook, where the same solution had actually already been written down the previous day.

– Inner Self –

“Say, Marcus...” she asked “...would you like to come to the movies with me next Wednesday to see the new Joker movie?”

Hiding as best he could the fireworks and mixed screams of joy and panic that resonated in his head, the young man simply shrugged: “Yeah, sure, why not?”

Adele smiled. “Great, we’ll meet up then!”

Not quite sure how he managed to not fuck this up, he said “Awesome, see you in class, Adele!” as she walked away, giving himself a high-five in his head.

Once he was out of sight, Adele paused, contently lowering her eyelids as she displayed a devilish smile, like an evil mastermind who’s plan had just bore fruits... or as a she-wolf in sheep’s clothing who had just managed to trap her prey in a corner so she could easily jump on it.

*“I’m gonna make him mine. I’m gonna suck him dry. I’m gonna mate with him. He’ll belong to **me** and me alone!”* whispered her wolf in a calm and lustful tone inside her head, impatient.

Out loud, Adele agreed, simply saying: “Yup.”

– THE END –