

Adele Cranston was walking down a sidewalk of the quiet town of Seanville. The people of the mayor council were giving their time to set-up some Halloween decorations. Plastic bats and pumpkins were hanging above the roads along with little bulbs, currently off, also used as Christmas decorations.

It was the 20th of October after all. Despite the rainy weather from earlier in the morning, the sky seemed to have cleared up nicely, and it wasn't cold either. The blonde teenager wasn't wearing a jacket, merely a short-sleeved red, blue and white shirt featuring a Supergirl silhouette, in a comic-book style. Her hair was cascading down on her shoulders, only held by a dark-blue headband atop her head.

She had left home right after lunch after receiving a message on her phone which read *"Come to the Lair at once if convenient. If inconvenient, come all the same."*

Seems Sophia had finally begun catching-up on those Sherlock DVDs her friend had given her. After reading, Adele said out loud *"Welp, seems the game is afoot!"* to herself, then jumped into her boots and went on her way.

Which led here back to the ruined factory. It was quite a long walk from the town. She had left the sidewalk behind her about 30 minutes ago, and was now following a dirt path, her comfy boots flopping with each step in the mud left there by the rain. She could still see some tire-tracks in the mud next to her. Arriving at the decayed building, she noticed how the front door was still shut closed. She walked up to it and tried to open it in vain. She banged on its surface with her hand.

"Soph, you there? I can't open that crap!" she shouted.

"Go around!" her friend replied.

Shrugging, Adele left the door to rust away and went to the side of the ruined structure. The terrain over there was quite rugged, covered with unkept grass. She remembered it quite well as she had run across it on all fours just about a week ago to go hunt in the woods with her grey-furred werewolf friend.

The brick wall on this side featured a hole, which she herself had smashed bigger with her monstrous hands. She noticed how some bricks that were bashed away had begun to sink into the wet mud already. She was surprised however to see that the hole in the wall was covered by a large blue plastic tarp. Curious, Adele pushed the sheet and passed her head to have a peek.

Inside, the factory was well illuminated by beams of sunlight passing through holes in the roof and the windows composed of small framed glass squares. That, she was fully expecting.

What she wasn't expecting, however, was an old pickup truck parked inside. In the middle of the large area, Sophia was sitting on a green yoga mat, her legs crossed, a black and white cat purring in her arms. Sophia lifted her head to her friend, while still caressing the cat's back.

"Well hello there miss Bond! How do you like the changes?" asked the black-haired teen. Adele was baffled. "Wooooah, I-... Uh... What is all that stuff?" she finally managed to ask.

Her friend shrugged like it was nothing: "Brought some stuff with me!"

The blonde girl looked around and inquisitively asked "All of this comes from your apartment?"

Sophia had placed candles all around in strategic positions to enhance the mood. She had arranged yoga mats in a semi-circle, several pillows of various colors placed at the foot of some crates which had been pushed to the back to make room for the truck, a few chairs, and a long wooden door balanced on wooden trestles to serve as a makeshift table.

“Nope, I’ve spent Friday night dumpster diving in the local junkyard. You’d be surprised to see all the junk people throw away.” She explained.

She continued: “A bit of elbow grease with a sponge and some of that shit is ready to go. Upside is nobody will miss it. Downside... well... some chairs are still a bit sticky.”

Adele felt compelled to ask with a smirk: “And the cat? Found it in a trashcan too?”

“Actually, he found me. Walked right in about half-an-hour ago. I think he likes me” tenderly replied Sophia. While being brushed, the little furball was now intently looking at the blonde girl, probably already estimating her worth as a future back scratcher, or more likely deciding if he liked her or not.

Nevertheless, Adele commented, very impressed: “Well you did some really awesome work! We have an actual lair, now, that’s so cool!”

Thoughtful, she added: “But I wouldn’t hide anything of value here. Someone could pass through and steal our junk...”

Sophia shook her head: “I thought about that immediately, so I emptied out two crates. We can store the mats, candles, pillows and chairs inside them. We can hide the door behind, and voilà! Also, I’ve purposely pushed a crate over and spilled the empty cans. Nobody will suspect that, out of the six crates, two aren’t filled with worthless cans.”

“Clever girl!” the blonde girl nodded. She then smirked: “Unless a can-snatcher finds this place”

Sophia shrugged: “Eh. That’s a risk I’m willing to take. Also, I have some less-crappy mattresses in the truck!”

The thought of not sleeping in the dirt again made Adele cheer: “Oh that’s the best piece of news so far! Although... I have a question.”

Sophia tilted her head to the side: “Yeah? Ask away!”

“Was the reason you asked me to come to check out the decorations? Like, with the candles and all, are you planning a thing? Some kind of ghost-summoning-séance?”

Sophia smiled: “Nah, that’s just because I’ve wasted many hours of my life reading some Feng Shui book, and since I’ll never get them back, I try to make the best of it.”

Adele tried to suppress a laugh.

The black-haired teen continued: “So, failed attempt at zen ambiance aside, there are some things I needed to share with you” to which her friend replied with a “Oooh?”, her interest peeked.

“Before she left after your first night as a werewolf, while you were still sleeping, Rachel gave me her phone number and e-mail address” explained Sophia.

Adele frowned.

She asked: “You still trust her?”

Sophia looked to the content cat and paused for a few seconds.

“I dunno... she’s a bit on the dangerous side, just like I was before, and the crowd she hangs out with terrifies me... but I think she’s different. Said she was sorry for how my first night went down... I can’t say that I trust her on that, but she did help us out last time” she explained.

Adele had to agree with that. She felt like she was about to die on her first night in the woods. These drugs made her second night incredibly smoother in comparison.

Sophia continued: “And these people know a shitload more about lycanthropy than we do. Every time I try to search that shit online, I find communities of people who wish they could be werewolves. Usually, that’s when some old fart would say ‘go open a book in the library’, but I can’t find anything else than crappy legends there, which isn’t much better.”

“I don’t know, you seem to have figured out a lot on your own, already. What did you want to learn from Rachel anyway?” shrugged Adele.

The black-haired girl got back up, still holding the cat with one arm as she did.

She went on: “Well... you remember what we talked about, before I told you I was a werewolf? Like, about the moon not sending radiations?”

The blonde girl nodded.

“The truth is, what I said to you that night was just a theory that was stuck in my head for the longest time... I just couldn’t piece it together properly... until you said that thing about ‘Mind over matter’... so I asked Rachel what she thought about it.”

Adele managed to recall the discussion they had that night: “Oh, yeah, the idea that the moon is just a catalyst, and that the brain does all the work by itself when it recognizes a full moon?”

Sophia pointed a finger at her friend to indicate that she was right on: “Exactly, so I asked Rachel what she thought about it and she told me we were correct. Basically, as some experienced werewolves are able to transform faster, a few others have taught themselves through meditation to change at will, day and night, full moon or not.”

Her blonde friend shrugged: “Yeah but why would you, though?”

The taller girl defended her idea: “Well, who knows when that can become useful? Like, imagine some asshole tries to rape you in an alley?”

Raising her voice, Adele retorted: “So you’d maul the asshole to death?”

Figuratively pushed against the wall, Sophia admitted: “Ok, so I don’t know how that could come in handy, but I just thought that could be a cool skill to learn, so I’ve tried to meditate a bit... so check this shit out.”

The black-haired girl dropped the cat down, who lazily walked a few feet away before dropping himself on his flank to rest, as if he gave up on life.

Sophia closed her eyes and extended an arm forward.

Nothing happened.

She frowned her brows, concentrating intensely...

...but nothing happened.

She breathed in slowly, relaxing her forehead.

Suddenly, her arms started to shake.

Small veins the size of ear-pod wires poked through her forearm's skin. Sophia's arm was shaking. It looked like she was flexing her bicep, even though it was extended.

Tiny black points shily appeared under her nails. Adele immediately recognized the beginning stage of the growth of werewolf claws.

"Oh. My. God!" she screamed. "How do you DO THAT?!"

Sophia breathed out. As her arm was still shaking, the small black points burrowed themselves back inside her fingernails, although the veins were still darting out.

"Remember how I told you that I called my inner-wolf 'Bitchy'?" she asked.

Adele nodded.

"Welp, it's like I'm trying to talk to her. I'm really only trying to convince myself that it's time to transform." She explained.

A crazy idea passed through Adele's mind: "We... we could be like super-heroes!"

The black-haired teen frowned her brows, confused: "Uh?"

Overflowed by a new realm of possibilities, her blonde friend continued: "You can bulk-up, right? Kinda like Hulk, right?"

"Woah woah, I haven't even managed to fully grow my claws, yet! That'll take time!" she exclaimed. Then she thought the idea over: "But I guess with some training, I could get to that... I-... I could grow into some kind of Wonder-woman almost on demand..." and she finally shook her head "...but that's for later! What I wanted was to try *with* you!"

"Meee? But I'm not as experienced as you!" replied Adele, backing away.

Sophia stepped forward and comforted her friend: "Don't sell yourself short, you're a white werewolf, you're already doing better than I am! On your first night, you've grown into a bigger and stronger werewolf than me! It took three years for my werewolf form to get as strong as it is now!" She paused for a few seconds and kept going: "So maybe you have a different 'relationship' with your inner wolf? I mean... I call mine 'Bitchy' for a reason, y'know?"

Admitting to her friend's points, Adele relaxed: "I guess... so, uh, how do you wanna do this?"

Unable to hide her optimism and impatience, Sophia pointed to the yoga mats.

"I thought of everything! Here!" she said as she fumbled in her pocket and removed a small plastic bag featuring a pression-zipper. Inside were a set of three small purple tablets.

Adele had left Sophia in charge of the pills Rachel gave her, at least for now, simply because she feared her parents would find them and immediately think she was part of some drug-dealing-ring... which, in a way, she kinda was, but she preferred to think of these as medicine. Miraculous medicine that made her early changes bearable.

"How many do we have left?" asked Adele, to which her friend replied "Enough. But I guess you should take only half of one."

They both sat on their colored mats, facing one-another, legs crossed.

Adele snapped the little tablet in two and quickly gulped a fraction of the purple pill and asked:

"What then?"

Sophia inhaled. Adele followed her lead.

“Empty your thoughts. Try to find your inner wolf. Talk to it.”

“That’s it, eh? Well **that’s** gonna be easy...” sarcastically replied Adele.

Calmly, the black-haired girl replied: “That’s the best I can tell you.”

Adele closed her eyes, focusing on her most distant thoughts. Many things were crossing her mind in quick succession:

“It’s a bit chilly in here.” – “No, I need to think of nothing.” – “Nothing.” – “Nuuuuthiiiiiiiiing!”

“Man, I hope we don’t spend the entire day in here!” – “Shit.” – “Thinking of nothing is bullshit!”

“I still got to finish reading ‘Of Mice and Men’ for Mr. Stetson’s class...”

She pictured the face of her bearded teacher, and the cover art of the book, but smudgier, as the details were escaping her. A few short thoughts followed.

“Boring...” – “That’s not it” – “Gotta focus more!”

“Where’s that cat?”

It felt as if a loving “Awwwh” echoed in her head.

“Wish he’d come snuggle with me.”

“Maybe he doesn’t like me...”

Her thoughts drifted softly to another face.

Although the face’s features were a little blurry, she could see his dark hair and arched nose.

“Can’t wait to see Marcus again...”

“That movie was great...”

A series of words resonated back to her.

“Wish Marcus was here to snuggle with me.”

Adele gulped some saliva down.

“Soon, we’ll get to the next stage of her relationship...” – “Can’t wait!” – “That will be so cool!”

“I know he’s eager to...” – “So am I...” – “I can’t mess that up...” – “I won’t!”

“Then he’ll be all mine.”

“An nobody else’s!” – “All mine!”

Adele’s focused expression slightly turned into a content smile.

“I’ll bring him here!” – “We’ll kiss!”

Although she didn’t mind, her mind’s voice seemed to gradually change. It sounded more ravenous... hungry... lustful?

*“Then I’ll have **sex** with him!”* – “Mmmmh!” – “Oh yeah!”

“I’ll make him mine!”

“I’ll turn him into one of us.” – “Yeah!” – “Awesome!” – “Wait, no!” – “That’s a terrible idea!”

*“One of **MY** pack!” – “I shouldn’t do that!” – “He’ll belong to **me!**”*

“I wanna mate with him!”

Adele inhaled through her nose. There was a strong smell of dust, but also of nature, fresh grass, fresh air... and Sophia’s sweet aroma overpowering them all. She wasn’t the kind of girl who’d wear perfume, and yet, she smelled like food to Adele. Sweet food you wanna chomp on.

“Fruit?” – “No... meat!”

“I wanna eat her up!

Adele’s arms trembled.

“Lick that pussy!”

“I wanna **mate** with her!”

Adele felt an itching sensation running along her arms. She ignored it.

“I need to do this.” – “I need to grow.” – “Bigger!” – “Stronger for her!”

She opened her eyes to the feeling of hot blood coursing through her upper limbs.

They were tensed, her fingers touching the concrete. The veins of her wrists, forearms and biceps were jutting out, like thin wires running across them. She already looked like she had spent an hour lifting weights in a gym, even though she had never even stepped in one.

Adele began to inhale and exhale through her nose at a faster rate. Sophia opened one eye out of curiosity, and then the next. She couldn’t believe her eyes. Was her friend already doing it?

The headband-wearing girl’s arm seemed to expand slightly. She pulled back her lips more than she was used to, her soft pink lipstick’s coating stretching and breaking as she gritted her teeth, focused on her thoughts.

“BIGGER!” – “STRONGER!” – “POWERFUL!” she thought.

She looked like a furious animal trying to bend the bars of the cage which prevented her from escaping.

“I CAN DO THIS!” – “FUCK THE MOON!” – “I’LL DO THIS ON MY OWN!”

These thoughts were drowning any other in her mind. There was only the furious need to wolf out now. It felt like boiling water was running through her veins.

Under the eyes of Sophia, Adele’s already swollen biceps and triceps suddenly grew one inch thicker, as if an explosion had happened below her muscle fibers.



“Woah girl, you’ve done it!” shouted the black-haired girl. She asked: “Can you go further? Grow claws?”

Adele’s face was stuck in place, her concentration unbroken. Even though she stayed silent, she had definitely heard Sophia.

“She wants claws? I’ll show her claws! **I’LL SHOW THAT BITCH!**
YEAH! I’LL SHOW HER WHO’S BOSS!”

The usually lovable and shy girl had drowned under the thoughts that belonged to her most vicious counterpart.

Adele let out a furious roar as she was now under a lot of exertion. Her arms had already quadrupled in size, the veins coursing their surfaces could be easily sensed by touching.

Sophia tried to relax her: “Uuuuh... Adie? Calm down! Don’t... rip...” but it finally dawned on her what was happening.

“Shit, shit, shit, I should’ve known!” she panicked, getting up, quickly running behind her growing girl. Adele’s friend grabbed her t-shirt and tried to pull it up. “What a dumbass!” she screamed at herself as she tugged as hard as she could. She finally managed to yank the shirt as Adele unlocked her arms.

“Phew, at least she won’t rip that one to shreds...” she sighed.

Walking back to face her friend, she continued: “Adie, you gotta stop, wake-up! Please don’t go full-Tetsuo on me now!”

Sophia grabbed her now bare-chested friend by her shoulders and tried to shake her. Adele had tightly closed her eyes, and a few veins had popped on her face.

“Oh for fuck’s sake!” the black-haired teen groaned. She then slapped the transforming blonde right in her tensed face, which made her open her eyes. Sophia immediately backed-up, afraid that Adele would growl something like “I’m gonna rip your throat”.

The blonde girl relaxed her mouth. By her expression, Sophia knew she was back.

“Wha- what did I-? Oh... OH CRAP!” panicked Adele, looking at her tensed arms.

Her black-haired friend comforted her, saying: “It’s ok, it’s over...”

“N- No... it’s... it’s not!” warned Adele, letting out a low growl, just before she leaned forward and closed her mouth. She was either going to hurl her latest meal, or she was having the worst case of hiccups ever, or...

In quick succession, her chest barreled out, growing to the size only a professional female bodybuilder could usually achieve, her ribcage grinding under her skin, her almost non-existent abs bulging into a height-pack. All the loose skin giving their sexy shapes to her breasts was suddenly swallowed by her growth, reeling their soft flesh into two half-spheres protruding out of a set of powerful pecs behind. Her shoulders detonated with new sinewy fibers, now almost looking like skin-colored pieces of rubber tires had been glued to her.

“I... I can’t stop it! Help me! How do I stop it!” screamed Adele, panicked.

Problem was, Sophia was panicking too.

“How the fuck should I know, I can’t even grow fucking claws! How- Wh- I- I don’t fucking know!” she screamed, looking around. Her gaze stopped on the truck.

“But I know who might help!” she thought as she dashed to the side of the pick-up and opened the door, almost throwing herself inside to reach her bag in the foot-space in front of the passenger seat.



Rachel lazily opened one eye as she smashed her alarm-clock with her hand. It took her another second to figure out that it wasn’t the ringing of her alarm, but her phone’s.

“Shit, who the fuck’s calling me now?”

She shifted her weight to get out of her bed’s black sheets. Another shape rolled around next to her in the covers as she got up and shambled towards the wooden stained coffee table.

Despite living in a shitty apartment, Rachel looked quite healthy. She was only wearing a black shirt ripped at her mid-rift and a string, which only made her athletic physique and six-pack abs more apparent. One would immediately know not to fuck around with her as she looked strong enough to put anyone to sleep with a punch or a roundhouse kick. Her arms were inked with some dark imagery, among which was a well-fitting wolf snarling, a crow perched on its back, flashing its black wings. The rest of her arm was covered with some cool designs of runes mixed-in with skulls.

She grabbed her ringing phone, looking at the name of the caller. She lifted her eyes to her clock, which read “11:06 AM”

“Uh. Wasn’t expecting that so soon...” she rasped as she swiped the green logo of the tactile screen to the side before lifting the phone to her hear.

“Hey babe...” she grumbled before quickly cutting by saying: “Woah-woah, calm yourself, what’s going on?!”

She frowned her forehead.

“Uh? The fuck do you mean? Who’s transforming?”

The tattooed girl looked at a calendar nailed to her wall which featured indications for the moon-phases.

“Da fuck you’re sayin’, we’re not even close to-“

Rachel’s tired face suddenly vanished as she listened to the panicked voiced talking to her on the phone. Her expression was replaced by what could only be described as a mix of fear and anger.

“SHE DID WHAT?!?”

The shape in the bed’s black sheet rolled over, showing its face. It was a black-haired man with a bushy beard.

“Who’s that, fuzzy-butt?”

Rachel turned her head half-way to the man.

“SHUT YOUR **FUCKING FACE**, DREW!” she yelled.

Eyes widened, Andrew thought “Yup, gonna stay out of that one” as he sank back into the covers.



Sophia ran back to her friend who was now on her feet, trying to wedge herself out of her jeans.

“So, what did she say?” inquired Adele anxiously as she finally managed to squeeze her thighs out of her pants.

While her black-haired friend was on the phone, her condition had worsened as her legs were now getting as swollen as her arms, and a few patches of white hair had sprouted on her shoulders and back.

“All she could tell me was that you need to relax and get back in-touch with your feral self to make it stop” quickly summarized Sophia.

Adele popped her bulky calves out of her jeans and screamed: “THAT’S IT?! Well, that’s just perfect! I don’t even know how I did it the first time! Shit!”

The transforming blonde girl raised her hands to inspect them as she felt spasms in her palms.

Faster than the last time she turned into her massive alter-ego, black talons erupted from her fingertips, ejecting her fingernails away with a few drops of blood.

She screamed with terror as her canines extended and sharpened.

She was now in nothing but her dark-blue panties, her entire frame expanding. She had grown to 6½ feet in height and was still growing.

Sophia was frozen. She feared what would happen once her friend would be finished with her transformation. Would Adele be stuck like that? She wondered if she would even recognize her as her friend, and what she would actually do to her, knowing what her primal side did last... time...

A stupid idea crossed the black-haired girl’s head.

“Well, I’ve ran out of good ideas... so, let’s go with a stupid one!” she thought as she grabbed Adele by her arms and pushed her backwards, walking with her, backing her to the damaged conveyor belt. Confused, her friend let her do.

“Sit down” ordered Sophia. Adele tried to calm herself down and hopped to sit on the broken assembly line. Without losing any time, Sophia spread her friend’s legs and moved her panties out of the way.

“Wait wait no don’t do that!” protested the hulking blonde, trying to close her legs, not putting her full force into it.

For the first time since the panic had started, Sophia chanced a grin: “I’ll be gentle.”

Adele’s expression aggravated: “YOU BETTER N-...”

Her black-haired friend went in with her two middle fingers as the blonde’s face blushed red like a tomato.

Adele hated when she had to go to a lab for a blood test with a syringe, and every time, she’d do the exact same face she was doing right now: she was looking forward, focusing on an inanimate object or wall as she closed her mouth, holding just a bit of her breath in... which proved more complicated because her mouth was now filled with elongated fangs. Her longer canines were scraping against the teeth of the other jaw.

She actually had no sexual experience outside of fingering herself shamefully at night. Everything else she had done recently was under the influence of her inner wolf and her memory of it was somewhat blurry. It was quite comical to see a girl with such ripped muscles looking so prudish. She had lost some of her inhibitions, particularly regarding nudity, but being fingered by a close friend?

Not even once. Until now.

And Sophia wasn’t messing around either. She wasn’t really thrusting her fingers in as she was vibrating them expertly and moving them around from top to bottom, which almost immediately showed great results with Adele as she tilted her head back and opened her mouth wide, releasing her breath with a loud “BWAAAAH!”.

Less than a minute later, she was slouching back on the brick wall behind the conveyor belt, one of her powerful legs resting on Sophia’s back. Her mouth agape, Adele was softly moaning with lust.

Although part of her enjoyed pleasuring her friend, for one because she was bi-sexual, leaning more toward lesbian, and two because she wanted to return the favor from their last night together. But deep-down, Sophia hoped what she was doing had the intended effect. She feared that her blonde friend would suddenly resume her monstrous growth... but for the time being, it seemed to have stopped.

Adele’s moaning was increasing by the minute, her extended tongue lolling out. Her black-haired friend sped-up her movements until the blonde’s bulky body began to spasm intensely. For a moment, she looked out of breath, but then, she let out a scream which sounded like a mix of pain and pleasure. Juices gushed out of her pussy as Sophia removed her fingers. Adele slumped even more, her eyelids slowly closing. Still bulky, her arms relaxed a little, their veins slowly melding back in her skin.

The black-haired girl got back up, stepping back. She took her phone which had a message alert. She looked it up. It was Rachel.

“Keep me posted babe”

She lifted her head. Adele was completely out of it, her eyes not closed, but not moving either. It was as if she had overdosed. Her entire frame was slowly getting back to normal, like a water-balloon with its cap opened, the water leaving it at a slow pace.

Sophia looked back at the phone and wrote:

“We’re good now ty. Talk 2 U later”



Adele woke up to the feeling of vibrations. Somehow, she immediately recognized it as being in a moving car. She slowly opened her eyes. It felt like her eyelids were sticking together. Her face was slumped on the window of the passenger-side. Her sight was blurry, but she could see the yellow light of the sun through the leaves of the trees around.

The comatose blonde slowly turned her head to see Sophia driving.

Her friend lovingly said: “Hey there sleepy-head. Feeling better?”

“Whu... what hour is it?” asked Adele as she tried to stretch her back without moving her arms around.

“Eh... about 2 PM-ish? Not sure myself. Once you fell out of it, I’ve gotten to store our stuff in the secret crate stash. By the time I was done, you weren’t back to normal yet, so I had... some difficulties dragging you in the truck...” answered Sophia.

The blonde girl tried to articulate: “L... look... I’m... I’m sorry... I- uh...”

She yawned. Sophia continued:

“Hey, don’t worry, it was my stupid idea.”

Adele retorted: “I wanna do it again.”

The truck’s driver paused.

“Uh? You serious girl? After what that meditation thing did to you?!”

Adele looked down at her chest. Apparently, Sophia had dressed her back with her clothes, which somehow still felt a bit tight. She looked at the design of her t-shirt which she had chosen because it seemed somewhat inspirational.

“I... I don’t know... it could be a cool idea... we could be superheroes...” she slowly babbled.

Sophia blocked a laugh by snorting. “Dork” she simply replied.

The both kept silence for a moment. The black-haired girl considered the idea for a second.

Adele went on with her blathering: “Say, you think the military has a branch... like... a werewolf commando?”

“Girl, you gotta get back to sleep!”

“Meow”

Adele opened her eyes wider out of surprise and looked at her feet. The black cat had just wedged out his head from under the seat, a trail of white fur running across his face.

“You took him with you?” asked Adele.

Sophie shrugged: “Eh. He came with me. I wasn’t feeling like shoving myself down there to pull him out...”

The cat meowed once more, as if to say: “I fits so I sits”.

Sophia continued: “...Plus he doesn’t have a collar or a tattoo, so... I dunno, I’ll take him to the vet, see if he has a chip or something... if not... guess we’ll have a new mascot.”

“You’d think our mascot would’ve been a dog or a husky...” commented Adele.

“Guess we don’t get to choose” shrugged the black-haired girl.

Scratching the cat’s head between his ears, the blonde girl retorted: “You get to choose his name, though... could call him Mr. Bigglesworth.”

“Eeeh... doesn’t even remotely look like him. Anyway, we’re there, you should rest a little more” advised Sophia as she pulled in a dozen yards away from the Cranston’s lawn.

Adele opened the door and got out groaning: “Yaaaas moooom...” as the cat let out a “mrp”.

She took her bag and closed the pick-up truck’s door, waving at her friend.

The dark-green truck drove off and Adele got in her house. Before opening the front door, she opened her bag, took her glasses out and placed them back on her nose.

As she opened the front door, she immediately saw her mom from across the corridor, stepping out of the kitchen with her hoven mittens on.

“Hey sweetie! Everything went well with your friend?” said her mom.

Her mom was wearing a sweater and brown pants both covered by a red and white apron. She had beautiful blue eyes and short golden hair.

The blonde girl walked toward the stairs slowly “Hey. Yeah, it was alright.”

From the side of the corridor, through an opened double-door, her dad diverted his eyes from the news on TV to have a look at her.

“Woah, you look tired, Adie” he said.

Her dad was wearing a nice light-blue shirt, same kind he’d wear when going for his office work in a neighboring industrial complex filled with offices rented by various companies. He had light-brown hair with a receding hairline. Her dad was awesome, but clearly, Adele got her good genes from her mom, although her hair color was slightly darker than her mom’s.

The blonde girl improvised an answer: “Yeah, we moved a lot of stuff from Sophia’s apartment.”

Going back toward her workspace, her mom commented: “Owh, that’s so nice of you to help her out.”

It was true however that Adele was feeling very tired. Her joints were killing her.

“Would you like to eat something?” asked her mom to which Adele replied “No thanks, I’m good!”

Adele climbed the wooden stairs to her room. It wasn’t big, but it had a nice view on the frontyard. She had decorated the few wall spaces she had with posters she bought online with her allowance, the same way she often got t-shirts with fun designs online, about once every three months.

She had a Ghost-Spider poster, an Undertale one with the blocky robot singing in front of a crowd, and a few posters she got in a World of Warcraft collector’s edition, representing some cool looking female night-elves.

She had placed them strategically around the places she’d look when working at her computer or when she’d have her nose in her school-books.

She quickly checked in her notebook what she still had to do for the upcoming days of school. The blond-haired girl was a bit distracted while typing on her computer, thinking of the craziness she went through. She worked for several hours, then printed papers for the next day. Then, she went to eat diner with her parents. They mostly talked about school stuff.

Then Adele went back to her room, got her clothes off, leaving only her panties, placed her phone on her nightstand and finally let herself fall in her covers, rolling in them.

Adele was tired, enough to want to go to sleep rather than get online to browse, but not enough to sleep right away.

She stayed in her bed on her side for a few minutes, hugging her pillow, then decided to do what always worked.

The blonde wasn't proud of it, but masturbation was always something that seemed to make her sleep easier.

She slipped a hand in her panties and began to slowly rub her clit.

Adele's pussy got wet after merely of few seconds.

Her breasts were drooping on her arms, which were on her sides. Not even two weeks ago, she thought she'd be stuck with a B Cup for the rest of her life, but... she wasn't even sure anymore. Was she in the C Cups range, now? Or had she grown even bigger since? Her werewolf counterpart had huge breasts, bigger than melons. Growing bigger and stronger was an advantage of being a werewolf, she guessed.

In the past week, Adele had noticed how boys were looking at her more. They themselves probably didn't even know why, but she was sure what they were really looking at when looking at her. The one thing she feared was to look like she had gotten breast-surgery, but as she was now realizing, it simply looked like she was a late bloomer. She was slowly turning into a sexy girl, worthy of all the boys' attention.

She had already stopped wearing her glasses when leaving the house. When at her high school, she'd say she was wearing contact lens. The truth was, she didn't need glasses anymore. Another fringe benefit of being a werewolf was an increased sight. She never considered that her sight could get better, but she could now read from farther than ever before, and it felt so much better. She couldn't wait for the next time her gym-teacher would bring them to the big hangar that had been outfitted with lots of sport equipment like climbing walls. She wanted to check out how better she now was, and maybe even show off a bit. Sophia had always been among the best in that class. Now she knew why. Her friend would get some competition, from now on!

Adele was still kneading her pussy, but she felt a bit better when thinking about Sophia. She then realized it wasn't as good as when Sophia fingered her. She shivered as she felt like she'd love more of that.

"What is wrong with me?" she asked herself.

She wasn't in the mood to enjoy herself. She only wanted to relieve the pressure.

After a few minutes, she managed to get off. Her entire body relaxed.

It didn't feel incredibly good as it really was just a means to an end. "That's done" she thought as she closed her eyes. Without her noticing, a few minutes later, her mind slowly began to shut down as she fell into her dreamscape.

She dreamt of flying. Not that she was some superhero trying to save people from burning buildings, no. It felt more like she was unburdened, free to roam the skies below the clouds. There were vast grassy fields and mountains below.

After a few moments, it somewhat felt harder to fly, like if gravity was pulling her down again. After a minute, she felt like on a roller coaster, going up and down, up and down. She tried to focus on the better part of the feeling she had, which felt like rewinding her dream and playing that part back. She somehow knew it wouldn't prevent the less enjoyable part to come again.

After a while, it all blurred out, like Adele had lost hold of that vision, or like she had changed the channel on the TV.

She was now jogging outside. It was hard to focus on the sky above or houses around as it felt blurry. Kind of like if it wasn't what she was supposed to be focusing on. But she could see the sidewalk. Although not as freeing as flying, she could still run as fast as she wanted.

The sidewalk morphed into a mud path, which quickly turned into grass and leaves. There were large trees all around her. The dirt, grass, leaves and trees were going as far as she could see. It was a beautiful sight. She felt relaxed, comfortable.

Everything blurred.

Adele woke up in her sheets. She turned her heavy head at her phone she had left leaning against her lamp on her nightstand. On its black screen, the time was still glowing. It was 5:14 AM.

"Ugh... Well, I should get a shower" she grumbled.

She barely remembered anything from her dream, except that it didn't felt like a nightmare, which is always a good thing.

Adele removed her sheets, and as she motioned to get up, she was greeted by a vision of horror.

Her legs were massive, like a female Olympic runner. The plant of her feet were elongated, and big obsidian talons had been extruded out of her toes. Her two bigger toes had migrated to the side of her long feet, morphed into dewclaws.

Her hands too were big and bulky, also featuring large claws. Her arms were corded with powerful muscles. Her belly, which she was used to see toned ever since her first transformation in the woods was now an eight-pack.

Even her panties had sunk between her longer and meatier lower lips.

The one reassuring thing was that she wasn't covered with fur. Everything else made her panic. She knew she couldn't speak or scream loudly because her parents were sleeping in the next room, but she was still looking left and right for a solution.

She closed her eyes, repeating in her head: "please no, change me back, change me back, not now, not now!"

Adele opened her eyes back. Nothing had changed. Although she wasn't at her maximum size, she wasn't growing bigger, otherwise she'd be outsizing her bed. She had that going for her, at least. But she was bigger than the previous day in the factory.

“Ok, let’s do this...” she whispered to herself.

The hulked-out blonde closed her eyes, breathed in and then breathed out.

In her mind’s eye, she pictured herself in her normal appearance. Or at least, her new normal.

She pictured herself in a field of grass with a beautiful blue sky and white clouds above.

She could hear her voice resonating, saying “This is relaxing, right?” – “Yeah.” – “I think it is.”

Her picture of her own body looked like an inanimate doll. She didn’t really know what to do with that thought.

“I gotta go to school!” – “I need to change back!” – “Right now!” – “Can’t stay like this!”

“Mom and dad are gonna notice something!” – “What if they get inside my room right now?”

Her mindscape turned from a nice green valley to a dark place... was it a cave? A prison? She didn’t know. Her vision of her own body was still there in the dark. It looked sad.

“What would they even say?” – “I’d be sent to some dumb doctor!”

“I’d be in the news because of how freakish I look!” – “Could they find Rachel’s drugs in my system?!”

Adele hugged her large frame with her brutish arms, scared.

“I need to get back to normal!” – “Please...” – “You can’t do this to me!” – “It’s my body!”

“I’m not a monster, I have a life!” – “I’m fine with the nights where the moon is up, but not now!”

Adele kept focusing on her smaller frame as she felt a tingling sensation running through her body. She could hear the squishing of her arms and legs. It was working! She was getting back to normal!

She wasn’t under the effect of the pill, so the transformation back to normal felt terribly uncomfortable, if not quite painful. She focused on her aim to getting back to normal.

The pain doubled over as she felt her dewclaws crack and migrate down back with her other toes. Her claws were also slowly pushing back inside her fingers and toes. This was the most painful up until now. It actually felt like something was removing them with a plier.

In total, she had to stay focusing on the task for 40 minutes. When she finally felt like the tingling had ceased, she waited another 10 minutes in her bed, breathing in and out repeatedly, just to be sure.

The blonde girl, back to her normal size, got up and silently went to take a shower. She was covered with sweat. When she got to the bathroom’s mirror, she noticed that she wasn’t fully back to normal. Her belly seemed more muscular. It wasn’t a ripped 6 or 8 pack, but still, one could see the bumps very clearly. As she brushed her teeth, she also noticed how her canines were sharp, pointier and slightly longer. Not ‘Nosferatu’ or ‘True blood’ long, not even ‘Interview with the Vampire’ long, but it was close.

“Rah, -uck!” she groaned as she was investigating her teeth with her tongue.

Fortunately, nobody would look closely enough to notice that, so she relaxed. She wasn’t excessively worried about it. At the very least, her claws had completely retracted, and she wasn’t freakishly huge.

Adele had to get on with her day. Although she woke up early, with this situation, she had lost way too much time. She took a quick shower, got out and dressed. In case her parents were also up, she put her glasses back on to keep the illusion on and went to the kitchen to eat an apple or a bowl of cereal.

By chance, her parents weren't up yet, so she got a bowl, filled it with cereals and opened the fridge to get some milk. That's when she saw slabs of various meats covered with thin plastic wraps. She had to wrestle with herself to not grab these instead of the milk for her breakfast.

Sophia had warned her recently about these... cravings, she called them.

Adele was now afraid of the long-term effects that lycanthropy could have on her. It had been merely a few weeks! How would she react in the same situation further down the line?

"Keep it under control" she thought.

When she was dressed and ready for high school, she went to the bus stop. As soon as she was walking, beyond the houses, she could see some trees, far away from here.

She had this deep-seated desire to get naked, wolf-out and run on all fours in the woods. Was it like this for Sophia too? Or was it more intense for her because she was a white werewolf? Maybe that made her even more prone to these issues?

"Great. Just fan-fucking-tastic!" she mumbled to herself.

Luckily, the bus drive was un-eventful.

Once at her high school, she saw all the other students of her class, such as the bitchy Melany, the pretty May, the annoying James, the smartass Peter and all the others.

A few hours later, she found Sophia, who came in her truck for her own classes.

She told her what had happened in the morning, and her friend couldn't believe it.

"You're fucking with me, right? So you were half-way transformed? That's craaaazy!" she said.

The black-haired girl got thoughtful: "Maybe we kinda opened some kind of Pandora's Box with the meditation thing, and your subconscious wolf mind is trying to use every moment where your conscious mind loses its grip to take over?"

Adele shrugged: "Sounds just about like what I thought..."

She paused and began spit balling: "Maybe the solution is to keep doing the meditation thing? I dunno... trying to get more in sync with our inner wolves, maybe? Like, trying to be one inside?"

Adele was clearly concerned, now: "Or maybe we just stop and hope that sorta thing never happens again. Maybe doing more of the meditation training only risks multiplying the problems I got?"

Sophia frowned: "I mean, I haven't had problems like yours... I can't tell what's the best solution. I'm sorry, girl."

A loud motor sound echoed in the school's courtyard as a student arrived on his bike.

Adele got excited as she knew perfectly well who it was.

The biker removed his helmet.

"Hey Marcus" said Adele, waving.

Marcus answered with a wink and added: “Hey Adie, what’s up?”

As the tension had lowered, Adele looked at Sophia who just shrugged with a smile to silently convey “Eh, the usual”.

“A’ight, I’ll see you in class” concluded Marcus as he began to walk away from the girls.

“Uh, Marcus ?” interrupted Adele.

The young man turned back to the blonde girl.

“Would you... like to hang around... with me, next weekend?”

Marcus’ mind was cool like a cucumber a few moments ago, but Adele’s proposition just created a tornado of panic inside his head. If his brain was a town, it’d be on fire with the people running and screaming in the streets, about now. He had to muster all his charisma to not let it show.

“Play it cool” he thought as miniature fire-fighters were working double-time inside his head.

He finally answered: “Uh, sure, why not. We’ll talk about it later! See you guys!”

As he walked away, in his head, he congratulated his slickness: “Nailed it”

It was as if Adele had forgotten everything that had happened earlier in the morning as she smiled.

Sophia was looking at her, waiting for her friend to notice her look, displaying a large smile

She said “I saw what you did there... and it is hilarious!”

As Adele turned her head, she only said “What?” while her face clearly implied “I’m innocent, I swear!”.

“You go, girl! I’m totally gonna do the same thing with May” confided Sophia.

Her blonde friend asked: “She knows you’re into girls?”. She considered another possibility and whispered: “Is she gay? Cause someone oughta tell the boys!”

“They’re fine, she’s bi” explained the black-haired girl. She continued: “Haven’t you ever noticed how she always sits on my legs when we mess around between classes?”

Adele opened her eyes wide. “Ooooooh, that’s what that was?!” she reacted.

The two girls kept gossiping as they went to class.

The day was almost over. Luckily, the day ended short because the French teacher ‘était absent’ as he’d say.

Adele had big plans for the weekend, so she got out of the bus a few stops before it had reached her neighborhood.

The heavily decorated streets were now locked and loaded for Halloween. In mere hours, plastic pumpkins would be glowing in most storefronts, which were covered with fake cobwebs and plastic bats.

Adele passed in front of a lot of stores. Food stores, furniture stores, many many food joints which were taking the spots of old shops she liked.

Then she arrived to where she wanted to go.

A clothing store, still opened, had both male and female mannequins in the front, exposing new fashion lines.

With no surprise, inside, there was a temporary section with some “slutty” costumes. She passed right by them as she had other plans.

She went to the back section and took a set of lace stockings, panties and a C cup bra.

A greedy smile lit up Adele’s face like an Halloween pumpkin.

“He’s going to lose his mind” she thought.

“He will be mine.” – “All mine.”

She corrected herself: “Ours.”



Sophia was in her bed, in the dark. She had just eaten some re-heated food of a plate which was sitting on her bedsheet, on which she was also laying. The only light in her room was coming from her phone in her hands.

She was writing a text.

“Hey. Would you mind if I came to talk this we?”

She pressed the ‘send’ button.

A few minutes later, her phone beeped.

“Sure. Come whenever babe.”