

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #26

By

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Thank you all for the support. :3

Praise Yuki's Sun

Keys, wallet, jewelry, shoes, so nice to see airport security as diligent as ever. Today was a special event thanks to a supposed arson attack that occurred ten miles away. Police had yet to even conclude what caused the fire, but that was not stopping local panic from mucking up daily life. The lines into passenger boarding moved an extra ten minutes slower while everything from purses to duffle bags got stabbed with strangely phallic shaped metal scanners.

Yuki checked her watch for possibly the eighth time before tossing it into the plastic bin with her laptop and shoes. She could not tell if her rising concern made the hands move faster. Three hours of sleep sacrificed to get here early, for all the fat good that did now. They had no problem delaying passengers for the sack of security, just not adjusting flights because it would cost too much money.

A loud beep rang out from the big chamber just feet away. Yuki's groan was just one of many down the line with the notice their wait got delayed another two minutes. The person who had just failed their metal scan stepped out, removed a cellphone and more jewelry than any person traveling needed, and stepped back in.

Most of the time Yuki was not a violent person. There was just something about hearing that alarm beep again that made her want to rush the idiot, maybe choke them with the studded belt they removed next. This was her first time traveling to a convention in years, and it was starting off in all the best ways imaginable.

Another ten minutes finally saw Yuki take her turn through the big whirling chamber. Pretending it would somehow have her stepping out transformed into a colorful pony only made things marginally better. That certainly would have been a fun way to show up at probably one of the last Brony cons in existence. The decade long My Little Pony show was finally over. Fans would find other things to be interested in soon.

All the more reason Yuki would love to just get on her plane in time. She slipped shoes on as quick as possible while the family that followed tried bowling her bins over to collect their garbage. Airport security was never slow enough, rushing dipsticks just had to help contribute

delays. She could not even get her belt back on before giving up. With a backpack slung over one arm and a laptop case in the other, Yuki waddled towards the nearest open bench with her belongings cupped in her crossed arms.

It was good fortune her pants did not slip off during the short trip. Even better was putting the watch back on one wrist to see the flight did not board for another fifteen minutes. That might be enough time to pick up a quick meal on the way to the gate.

All Yuki needed to figure out first was where the heck a present came from. It had certainly not been among her possessions before fleeing the security area. A shining blue box bound in a thick ribbon bow would have stood out among all her black and grays. That pushy family must have knocked something from their bins into hers in the hustle.

Glancing back towards the jammed area of metal detectors filled Yuki with a slight guilt that said family was no longer in sight. She could not go running around gates for them, even if she wanted to. Maybe leaving it with airport security could help get it back to them eventually, if it did not get incinerated in a bomb scare. The lid rattled slightly with her shuffling in place, trying to make a hurried decision. Its ribbon tie had gotten loose, so at least Yuki could busy her hands for a few seconds fixing that, maybe sneak a glimpse of what was inside.

FWOOSH!

“Oh, no...”

No sooner had Yuki undone the bow than the lid fired off as if under high pressure. She dropped the box in a panicked squeak, but too late to avoid becoming engulfed in the rainbow smoke billowing out of its tiny insides. The airport practically vanished around her, leaving nothing by an array of colors swirling together in a dazzling display. It would have been impressive were it not also burning her lungs.

“GAS ATTACK!”

Oh yeah, the airport and its thousands of stressed patrons had gone nowhere either. Soon all Yuki could hear were incoherent screams and alarms going off in all directions. Smoke was filling up the spacious hallway at an alarmingly fast pace to catch those that were not quick or careful enough to avoid tripping over each other in attempts to flee. The poor ones lined up for airport security sounded especially doomed.

Yuki could not feel guilt given her inability to breathe at that moment. She coughed with sleeve over mouth, unable to make out much besides outlines. Forgetting her carry-ons, she stumbled in a direction away from the screams, trying to feel her way through the smog with a free hand. She could not believe so much fruity flavored mist could come from one tiny box. Even past the food court there were no signs of things thinning out.

“Hey!”

Several figures barreled out of the gloom, shoving Yuki hard into the wall on their way past. More passengers hacking and coughing in search of asylum from this bizarre cloud. Their footsteps quickly faded back into the void under the continuous blaring of alarms.

Maybe it was the near concussion of being flung into a stone wall, but Yuki thought something was off about the people that passed her. Many seemed to have thicker profiles than even a pudgy girl like her and had put on masks that made their mouths look ridiculously bulging out. For some reason there was an occasional blur of someone wearing angular protrusions on their backs, or pointed nubs on their foreheads. Hell, even people’s footsteps grew heavy with hollow clapping rings to them.

As Yuki braced against the wall to continue, it became obvious she was not immune to these oddities. Dull tension seared in her hips, making each step stiff and difficult to rotate along the joints. They forced her thighs to press closer together in smaller strides, which made it noticeable when her legs began growing.

“What the hell!?” Yuki braced against a guard rail trying to avoid the path of a freakishly enormous guy with a long chin charging past her.

The more pressing concern was how tight the woman's jeans were rapidly getting. Denim creaked in growing protest around thighs buffing up like two glorious hams. Their excess fat and muscle trickled down into her shins, which popped from extra calcium lengthening their bones. The hem of each pant leg shot up almost a foot, revealing a fine layer of white fur growing underneath.

"What the actual hell!?" Yuki repeated, louder and way more concerned. She could not mind becoming a little taller. It was just the increasing fire in her pelvis and huge legs were making her look a lot less human. "H-hey! Anyone still around here? I may need some...uh, o-oh! M-my voice too!?"

It took a second for Yuki's twitching ears to catch the shifting of her tone with nearly every word. A hand shot to her throat, finding it growing the same fine white hairs as most of her body by this point. That was kind of annoying after the hours spent meticulously working for a clean shave. More importantly, was the feeling of her Adam's apple, or lack thereof.

"H-hello!? Oh god...um, dearest Twilight, my precious student. Oh, no freaking way!"

When Yuki spoke again it was with a female voice both alien and very familiar, especially when reciting lines from a cartoon show, Friendship is Magic. Every word she spoke came out deep, yet gentle, befitting someone of royalty. An exact match for Princess Celestia, a staple side character of the series.

It was a bit of a mix bag revelation. On one hand, the princess was Yuki's favorite character. On the other, she had no idea how much longer hands would be a luxury extremity. Fingers were already feeling a little stiff in her struggles to undo an agonizingly tight belt clasp.

No sooner had the belt loosened than the pants button and zipper busted open. They had no chance under the tight pressure of Yuki's expanding hips. She grabbed at the hem unable to prevent the muscles plumping up her butt from spilling everything overboard. It was no surprise to see that a sun graphic was on both her flanks among their fine mat of ass fur.

“YEEK!” Yuki got another surprise, however, when a sharp pang struck above her swelling rear. She let the pants drop to her thighs, stunned by something tickling over her cheeks in a gentle flutter. Apparently she now had a horse's tail, one the same rainbow colors as the smoke flooding everything in the airport. It moved in an almost endless wiggle, even with no strong winds. “This is crazy. Is everyone turning into ponies or something!?”

Loud, clumsy clops echoed down the hall almost in answer to Yuki's personal conversation. Before long, a guy with no pants ran into view.

Galloped might have been a more appropriate term. The man's back end was entirely horse-like, forcing him to walk on all fours. Unfortunately, the hind legs were much longer than what remained of his arms, making the guy very unbalanced. Having bird wings grow out from under a scrunched shirt probably didn't help with that. It made Yuki's numbing hands reflexively grab her own horse butt, which was still growing at an alarming rate with mixes of fat and running muscle.

They locked eyes for a second, but the budding pegasus opted to continue running off into the obscuring mist. Seeing another person look thick and ready to fall over probably inclined there was no help to be found here. Yuki could hardly blame him from that perspective.

“Ack!”

She certainly had her own share of problems with a large clump of rainbow hair spilling over her face. It was kind of hard not to enjoy feeling locks of hair flowing between her fingers, dark browns lightening into a magical rainbow while years of growth cascaded down her back in seconds. Much like her tail, the new mane waved about like caught in an endless wind.

That was also when she noticed her ears had grown acutely pointed and furry atop her head. Yuki just could not hold back a bray of joy when she followed this to her forehead where the makings of a horn grew out from her scalp. By all accounts this should have been horrifying, but how often does someone turn into a damn alicorn?

“What the-aah! Argh! Ow! Ow! Ow!”

Oh right, alicorn’s have wings too. There was just enough time for Yuki to register the shifting behind her shoulders before pointed spires pushed out from under her skin. She tried frantically to grab her shirt hem, only to find her arms would not obey her.

“Argh! Why now, you stupid hooves!?” yelled the changing woman uselessly at her hands. Fingers had become forced to curl into fists, the outlines between them fusing together into solid fleshy lumps. Joints vanished while skin gained a bright sheen from hardening into protective platforms. The rest of her arms were not far behind, with wrist elongating and shoulders folding inwards to keep her new forelegs jutting forward. Yuki neighed in alarm when something gave under her feet. A sudden clopping to clumsy struggling footsteps hinted shoes might no longer be an issue either.

Wings continued to twitch in their struggle to grow under Yuki’s stubborn shirt. The fact her chest was puffing outwards with the expansion of her ribcage was not helping either. Slowly she could feel the feathery tips slipping out under the hem until a second set of elbow allowed her to flex them free. It still pushed the whole garment uncomfortably around her bulking horse's neck, so hopefully some magic could get rid of it once her horn fully developed.

SHRRT!!

The same could not be said for Yuki’s pants. With a hard crunch of her hips the wad stuck around her thighs finally split apart along the side seams, falling into a messy scrap clutter atop some broken sneakers. She continued clopping clumsily around the concrete hall, forelegs pawing at the air in struggling to fight the forward weight and tense pull of her pelvis. Her human figure vanished as organs and bones inflated out her sides to a more equine anatomy.

“Oh..oh sweet celestia...or, uh, me?” Yuki looked down the curve of her barreling chest with a blush. Her bra remained slung around bulging shoulders, squashed flat against white furry muscles. Except her perky mammaries have not vanished, only moved from their perch. As she

craned an elongated neck to watch, Yuki's bust was sliding down her stomach to rest above her crotch.

And the beast going on down there made Yuki very glad to be stuck in a concealing fog. Even without the thick horse rump stretching them out, her panties could never conceal the cock rising out between the finished udders. There was already little human left about her member. Its head had flattened and was developing barbs while every little throb made it stretch another inch. That may have had to do with the rush Yuki felt just looking at it. The phallus quickly lost most of its limp stance to press against the alicorn's toned stomach.

Before long, the furry ball sack between Yuki's hind legs brought enough pressure to break her panties. Everything fell deeper into her crotch, unwittingly rubbing her soft udders along the sides of her massive hard-on.

Yuki bit her aching lip to stifle a moan, which turned into neighing. A pang of arousal was just enough of a distraction for when the last shift attacked her hips. She landed with a hard clop onto all fours, ass surging double with bouncing fat to lock her there. Moments later her face flooded with tension which she could not fight from pushing out everything into a proper equine muzzle. Even Yuki's animal nose felt monstrously huge with the way it began taking up most of her bottom vision.

"Ugh!" Yuki took a few testing steps around the airport tunnel. There were still a few pangs while twitching muscles and sinew finished developing, but she felt safe to assume the worst parts of her transformation were over.

Or maybe they were the best parts, depending on a person's opinion. Clopping on all fours came almost second nature, thankfully, and Yuki's joy only mounted the more she took in her majestic alicorn form. Her butt was especially hard to miss. The damn plot must have been at least a foot wider than her front shoulders, making audible 'wub' noises every step.

Ten minutes of happy trot dancing must have passed before the new Celestia remembered the chaotic series of events that had just transpired. Tracing her steps back to the bench where she had abandoned her stuff became relatively easy. Ventilation was finally kicking in around

the airport and helping to clear out the smoke. The closer she got back to the source, the better her vision became.

Unfortunately, the loud braying of panicked ponies also got louder the closer Yuki got to airport security. The alicorn was beside herself to find the place overrun with a congregation of colorful equines. Some unicorns were even trying to experiment with their newfound magic by making objects float. To their credit, airport security was still doing their best to keep order, aggressively pulling down any pegasus that thought trying to fly in this space was a brilliant idea. Almost all of them still had clothing on them to hint at a former humanity; hats, shirts, skirts, mostly stuff too stubborn to break off and impossible to reach without thumbs.

The fact Yuki was larger and rounder than most of these ponies did not escape her. Butterflies stirred like a hornet's nest in her stomach on the slow approach to her backpack. As luck would have it, most gathered were more concerned over their own spontaneous equine conversion to pay the looming princess much mind. Only a few rowdy stallions and mares gave her some curious, or suggestive, glances at the erect log throbbing against Yuki's underside while she passed them. Probably should have expected the experience of shape-shifting would make more than a few insanely horny.

Trying to ignore the flirting wink of an orange mare with really hung udders, Yuki made her white horn glow with intense concentration. A white aura of energy enveloped the zipper and pulled it across the rows of teeth. From the open pocket floated out a cell phone to hover before the alicorn's muzzle. She had to think for a second and did not expect to tap texts with just horse magic alone.

Blueberrymouse: Had an incident at the airport.

Mephia: Oh, snap. You okay?

Blueberrymouse: I'm...good. Might not arrive at the con until tomorrow.

Blueberrymouse: Heck! I might have to fly there directly...

Mephia: Oh...kay? O.o

Mephia: Well, just stay safe. Ace and I are already lost in some chaos, like you wouldn't believe.

Something crashed, which Yuki whirled with a hard butt bounce to see was another pegasus getting forced out of the air by another in ripped police fatigues.

“You damn kid! This a no-fly zone. You want to goof around and get caught in a fan or jet turbine?”

“Aah! Chill, will you? Can anyone working here even fly planes with hoofs?”

“Not the point, damn it. You need to take this slow and safe!”

Yuki watched the bickering crowds a bit longer before rolling eyes back to her phone.

Blueberrymouse: Trust me, I have SOME idea.

Lost in the Woods

If Riley lived through this, she was going to have some harsh words with her service provider. Cell Phones were explicitly invented for long-range contact in states of emergencies, so of course, there would be no signal out in the middle of a national wilderness park. Nothing like paying forty bucks a month for one of horror movies worst cliches.

That was just one of a laundry list of problems the young woman's impulse decisions created for her adventure. Riley had hiked through this park dozens of times every year, even camped in it during the warmer summer seasons. She knew the trails better than the freckles on her arms, which in turn made them incredibly boring. Even the rough rocky paths were starting to feel like a routine trip to her muscular fit body.

It was going to start being difficult to justify the gas and supply costs to keep coming out if a gym membership could have the same experience. Luckily, the discovery of an off-road tire trail dug into the soft earth looked like an excellent deviation from the norm. Driving was illegal inside the park, but the prospect of finding new places in nature to chill out entice Riley to follow it.

That was six hours ago. Somehow Riley had wandered straight into the only dead zone this whole forest possessed. Without help from a GPS or any signs of a familiar landmark, she became hopelessly lost in no time. Now with the sundown and a full moon hiding behind clouds, finding any familiar landmarks to navigate from in the dark would be a snowball's chance at best.

Going camping with nothing but light clothes and three energy bars did not seem ideal, but the muscular athlete had been through worse. The most professional athletes still had their limits, and the sweat seeping off her exposed skin was not doing Riley any favors in the chill breeze. Maybe another half mile before trying to find a groove or something to huddle in. Logically speaking, she was bound to wander back into coverage range eventually.

Or find other people out in the woods, apparently. That was an almost hopeful prospect, if not for the previous thoughts on horror movie tropes. As Riley squirmed her way through some tight clusters of ivy orange light beamed between tree trunks to illuminate the dark woods like an early sunrise. Shielding her sensitive eyes to this sudden brightness, the lost hiker wandered closer to find a small clearing with a log cabin being the source. Oil lanterns were set at its many windows providing the area with enough light for a city block.

Spotting the large jeep parked in front of the makeshift lodging explained one mystery to the trail, only to raise six others. Off-roading was severely restricted, while actually living in the park was most likely illegal. Whoever was trying to hide out here could not have a good reason for doing so.

Riley felt better about the groove camping instead, except the scent of grilled meat caught in her nose. Her stomach did a backflip as rock hard abs crunched in protest for some protein. Of course, there was always the chance these were just some casual folks enjoying a weekend out. At the very least, she knocked on the door confident enough her biceps were enough to overpower any creep skulking out here.

That feeling waned as the door creaked open. A dark silhouette washed over Riley, obscuring her vision with a wall of tan fur in a tight tank top and jean shorts. The human blinked dumbstruck at the dense layer of fuzzy abs before craning her head back, taking in the round globes of breasts straining their cloth covering. She continued gazing up to meet the equally surprised stare of an anthropomorphic fennec.

The bigger animal woman regarded Riley with a flick of her ears and then leaned out to peer around the clearing. Her human visitor promptly backed out of the muscular giant's shadow regretting many decisions made tonight. Normally there was never an issue with the 'furries' she encountered in daily life, but Riley was six-foot tall, could curl a hundred-eighty pounds, and jog twenty miles a day. This fennec had double that on her with an eight-foot tower of bulk.

Riley had no idea what they were scanning for, but when they did not find it, the fennec leaned back to regard her with deeper confusion.

"May I...help you?"

"...huggah baba wah?"

Smooth first impressions were one of many things Riley was not good at, right below her sense of direction and pathfinding.

"Yeah, I get that sometimes." If it was any consolation, the random gibberish blurted out made the fennec relax with a soft chuckle. She brushed her thick red bangs aside regarding Riley seriously again. "But really, who are you?"

"Who the heck is out here at ten PM, Robin?" Another voice cried from somewhere inside the cabin, making Riley nearly squeal in surprise.

The fennec woman, Robin apparently, never took her eyes off Riley as she leaned back to reply, "Uh, it's some girl. A hiker by the looks of her gear."

"Wait, seriously?" Another anthro woman shoved Robin aside to squeeze into the doorway. This time it was a wolf a bit more on the shorter side of the spectrum. A white shirt and jeans hung off her slender frame like a tent, except, of course, where ample hips and a titanic bust stretched them into a tight wrapper. "Who is she? How'd she get here?"

"That's what I just asked, ya goof!" Robin made another sweeping glance past Riley. "I don't see or smell anyone else. This might be dangerous."

"I, um," Riley shook her head to snap out of the stupefied daze meeting two canines put her in. "M-my names Riley and yes, I was hiking this afternoon and got a bit lost. What do you mean by dangerous?"

Robin recoiled, but her companion quickly stepped forward with a friendly tail wag.

"This is a forest, obviously. You're lucky you haven't already been mauled by a cougar or bear." She gave Riley a comforting pat on the shoulder, black nose wiggling in rapid sniffs. "I'm Vivian, and that's Robin. I'll be happy to give you directions back to the main lodge from here. Shouldn't be more than another hour hike."

"W-what?" Riley blinked, feeling her heart land in her stomach. Just the thought of more hiking made her tenderized legs tremble in fear. Somehow resting with the giant talking animal women seemed a safer bet. "You just said there were dangerous beasts out here and it's freakin pitch black. Can't I just crash here with you? Please? I can pay or whatever."

Vivian bit her lip, her braided hair whipping about as she glanced into the sky and back to Riley. "W-well, we kind of hoped for a quiet evening alone. You know, being out here and all."

"...oh." Riley instinctively followed their gaze upwards in curiosity. A few patches of stars were visible in the breaking of clouds, with the first slivers of a full moon becoming visible. She really was not interested in pressing for elaboration on their plans.

"Don't be cruel, Vivian," Robin said, suddenly reminding Riley of her large presence. The fennec looked no less happy than her friend but was moving aside to make space in their doorway. "We can't just send her to sleep in the cold dirt."

Vivian whirled to face the fennec with her muzzle hanging open. "Are you serious!? The moon will be out any minute, and we...uh, she can find her way easily back in some fresh light."

"Not with predators about to become very active," Robin said, narrowing her eyes into Vivian's conflicting stare. "Might as well bunker down here and ride out the night to make things simple."

The canines stared each other down with such intensity that Riley almost volunteered for a midnight hike. Before that could be an option, Vivian gave out an exasperated sigh, latching

both hands onto Riley's arm with a surprisingly firm grip. Despite her best efforts, the bigger human could not wrench herself free while being half-pulled, half-dragged into the cabin.

Inside, the cabin looked about as practical as it could, with two people throwing it together in their spare time. Roughly cut boards made up a floor with several rugs laid about, set under essential furniture one gets at WalMart, folding table and chairs, cots, and a portable stove. At least ten barrels of water were piled into one corner. Next to them was an HDTV displaying a game of Smash on pause, of all things.

"I'll get that for you," Robin said cheerfully, relinquishing Riley of her backpack as they took in the simple accommodations.

"I'm not taking responsibility for this," Vivian grumbled as she released Riley. Her gaze drifted back to their guest with a grin, looking eerie in the many gas lamp lights. "But, I guess some fresh company couldn't hurt."

"W-what?" Riley rubbed the red spots Vivian's finger pads left on her skin. A loud grinding of wood yanked her attention back to the door, sending a chill through her veins. Robin had just set a what looked like a tree log cut in half across the door on two unevenly set hooks. "What the hell are you two doing out here, really?"

"Just minding our own business, I guess," Robin said while turning several smaller locks into place. Half-way through one, she gave out a sharp gasp, bracing both hands against the door as violent shudders jostled her tail wildly about. "L-looks like it's a bit too late to, aah, offer you some coffee. Heh."

"No, seriously, what the actual fuck?" Riley backed away, unsure of the things her own eyes were processing. It seemed like Robin's body gave a hard pulse that left her already pronounced muscles stretching out their clothes to the limit. She could see every ridge of the fennecs back poking through the cheap cotton, leading to a round fuzzy backside that also got significantly bigger. Plump cheeks spilled over the hem of some uncomfortable looking pants.

"We're, mh, werewolves, silly," Vivian said, sounding strained and a bit slurred herself. When Riley glanced over, the curvy wolf had set aside a plate of cooked steaks. It was a struggle to keep her hands steady while turning off the gas grill, but she managed before mimicking Robin's shuddering. "Guess we can...can, ah, nibble on cold meat later."

"You both are nuts." Riley backed away from the pair of anthro women, watching their tense spasms and moans become stronger. The windows looked too small to squeeze her thick frame through, and Robin's increasing bulk made it hard to even see the door, much less do anything about its lock.

"What did you think we were doing here?" Vivian gave off a course laugh with her heavy breaths. Sapphire eyes sparkled as she gazed out the window, hands constantly clenching into fists and uncurling with larger, thicker digits. Once draping clothes lost their slack even faster than Robin's. Sleeves drew in tight around bloating biceps while pant legs lifted like curtains around swelling calves.

Riley swallowed the hard lump in her throat, letting out a squeal when her backside bumped into the cabin wall. "W-well, I figured the best case scenario you were moonshiners."

"Mmh? N-not a bad idea," Robin mumbled before another rush of changes forced her to lower onto all fours. An arching of her spine caused her t-shirt to explode along bulking back muscles, setting free a pair of creamy medicine ball breasts.

As impressive as Riley found such mammaries, it was Robin's backside that truly captivated her. Both butt and legs were becoming the biggest part of the fennec, rising into the air while their swelling fat and muscle slid jeans off into a pool around her ankles. Ankles that popped into a high arch, putting weight on toes that doubled, then tripled in size. They hardly resembled the legs of a person anymore, being pushed slowly back while Robin's lower half appeared to be growing unusually longer.

Light thumping turned the human's attention back to Vivian. In that few seconds of inattention, the wolf had bulked enough to rival her changing friend. She walked toward Riley in a clumsy gait, no doubt to the result of her feet taking on a matching digitigrade stance. Each heavy fall of paws towards Riley seemed to add more to her height, a gap between shirt and

pants hem widened to show off a rigid wall of black furry abs. Granted, they looked more like a sports bra and shorts straining tight around respective boobs and hips that were beyond mortal comprehension.

"Fuck this!" Riley had no idea where she found a rush of courage with a wolf built like a tank looming over her, but she was not set to be a late-night snack. Her athletic body burst into action with a hard jump off the wall, hoping to trip around Vivian's excessive girth to get at a far window before the pairs changes could finish.

Too bad plans work out better in one's head than in practice. Riley got five steps around Vivian when a heavyweight slammed her to the floor from behind.

"You shouldn't try running either," Robin's voice growled from about Riley. "Instincts are hard enough without being baited into a chase."

Riley managed to twist enough under the fennecs pressure to see she was being pinned down by a paw bigger than a lion's. Another animal leg rested beside her shoulder, lightly racking the floor with its sharp black claws. It took a second to realize these were not Robin's hands, those were being used to render her breasts free of the cheap t-shirt. Everything from the fennec's hips had changed drastically, gaining four massive animal paws with a thick barrel between them like a feral animal. A rich, fluffy tail swept the floor as her plump quadruped backside rested on its haunches.

"Oh my god, you guys really are monsters!"

"Wow! Rude!" Vivian said but sounded more amused than offended between grunts. The wolf was also starting to appear oddly stretched around the waist, looking slightly taller while she tried to remain standing on shifting legs. Little nubs grew up a few inches below her ribcage, lengthening out into proper forepaws while fresh joints and muscles formed. A soft snap rang through the cabin, finally forcing Vivian to take the same four-legged stance with an animal-like lower body. "We prefer to be called wolf-taurs, thank you very much."

"Sheesh! And we're even trying to be nice about this too." Robin shook her head with a mock chuckle. She rose onto her hind feet, using claws to slice through Riley's shirt as she stepped away.

"Gaah!" Riley squeal from the flash of pain that jolted through her being. A bit of wet coldness tickled at her now naked back were small drops of crimson seeped through the rips Robin had dug in. "The hell was that for...h-hey! Stop!"

"Trust us," Robin said, smugly watching Vivian use her forepaws to tear off Riley's shorts. Several more light cuts decorated the human's muscular legs in fresh blood. Being in an airtight cabin drove the werewolves wild at the scent. "You won't need those in a few minutes."

"Ugh! Speaking of which," Vivian trailed off looking back at her now feral behind. The idea of changing in extra-large clothes had backfired, and now the stubborn material was hugging her uncomfortably, especially around a gently forming bulge between her thighs. "Could you...um..."

"Pffft! Told you that wouldn't work." Robin giggled as she padded around Riley's sprawled body to get behind her fellow taur. Thankfully there was still enough space to tug the denim off around her thighs. Once Vivian gave the useless garments a kick free, Robin could not resist slipping a giant hand across her friend's feminine nethers.

"Grwar!" Vivian's looked back, unable to keep her toothy grin suppressed as Robin gently fingered the tender fur of a sack hanging in front of her slit. "Cheap shot, Robin! We haven't even broken in the new girl yet."

"W-what are you...going to do to me?" Riley had managed to raise her naked body onto all fours shuddering from the heat her multiple scratches sent rippling across her body. The pain had surprisingly dulled, but now her head swam with a feverish haze that left her gulping for breath. Getting up did not seem like a good idea with two wolves the size of horses padding around her.

"I can give you a hint?" Robin said in a teasing growl as she stopped in front of Riley. Forepaws pressed forward into pillars against the human's waist, leaving a warm fuzzy underbelly pressing into their back.

Warm hot musk burned at Riley's slim nose. The red wolf taur made sure to keep the human weighed down to stare into her crotch as another change took place. Just in front of Robin's dripping clit came the ruffling of dense fur, as if things were moving underneath. A lot of slack skin built up until, with a hard shake of her hips, the whole thing fell down to dangle as a tender sack. From above, it opened another hole from which emerged the tapered tip of a rapidly swelling red muscle.

"Oh my god!" Riley cried out in alarm at the canine penis erecting before her. Attempts to instinctively recoil were halted by the hard pincer Robin's forepaws had on her waist. A glance at Vivian saw the other wolf-aur had her own full erection bobbing about with her movements.

"Aw, don't be shy," Robin teased, bucking her hips to so the growing canine member stamped Riley on the cheek, much to the human's disgust. "He doesn't bite, unlike us."

Riley tried again but had no hope of breaking out of the wolf-aur's mounting. They were both practically the size of horses, after all. She was also worried to admit that the increasing scent of male pheromones filling the cabin was not helping her glazed thoughts any. Every second she spent forced to watch the throbbing Robin phallus dance inches from her face, the less disgusting it appeared.

"Go on and say hi, at least?" Vivian giggled in her journey around to Robin's backside. Both werewolves were rather pleased to see the minor injuries they had inflicted were healing under a coat of grey hairs. Lowering her belly to the floor, she was all too happy to drive her snout into the humans snatch, finding it pretty moist.

An adorable yelp echoed off the wooden walls making both wolf-aur's chuckle. Riley's panting grew heavier with every stab Vivian's tongue made at her exposed pussy. Hands clenched hard against the floorboards, peeling back flakes of wood with the increasing strength of her growing black nails. Without even realizing it, one hand shot up to grip Robin's thick girth, guiding it's pointed head directly into her drooling mouth.

"Ah, haa!" Robin gave a hard shudder, her feral butt jiggling from the rapid waves of pleasure as Riley sucked her off. "T-that got her going, all right. Aah! W-watch the fangs, girl."

"They always need a little push," Vivian smirked unseen with Riley's own butt in her face. The werewolf loved feeling their backside swell into her hands. Her long red tongue lavished Riley's clit while claws gently racked the fine pelt of grey fur spreading across her cheeks. "Yip!"

Riley gave a hard shudder feeling every muscle in her body flex at once. She was way too enraptured by the hunk of salami Robin offered to notice her body pulsing.

Robin and Vivian sure noticed when their new friend began growing. Well exercised muscles pulsed in rapid growths, doing in minutes what Riley needed years of weight lifting to obtain. Robin had to adjust her own stance to accommodate the growing mass between her front legs. She probably should have gotten off Riley's back when it began to broaden with harsh shoulder pops. However, the changing human's ability to give head was uncanny. Robin could not help stroking the wide curve of her massive breasts, rolling head back in long feral growls from the pleasure seizing her pelvis.

Vivian was not so fortunate when a thick tail busted out above her delicious snack of Riley butt, giving her a muzzle full of fur to choke on. Gagging, she staggered back onto her paws frantically trying to brush loose fibers from her tongue.

"Oh, shut up!" Vivian snapped to a laughing Robin. Looking down, the other werewolf beamed at the fine set of enlarged wolf paws Riley's feet had swollen into. They were nowhere near as big as hers, but that juicy ass sticking out from between Robin's front legs seemed to beckon her with its rapid bouncing. The fluffy tail on top of it was wagging faster than a flag in a hurricane.

"Hey!" Robin barked when Vivian moved into a mounting position atop of Riley. Their bulky taur frames quickly put them at odds, even with Riley becoming a much bigger prize for them to share underneath. "Who said you get to have her?"

"You did when you shoved your cock into her face." Vivian gave Robin a raspberry, shifting her feral hips until certain that was the right whole her manhood was poking into.

"No. I was just teasing her, it doesn't count if she grabbed my, mmmppphhh!?"

Any protests Robin wanted to make were cut short by Vivian leaning in to give them a kiss. Their enlarged breasts squished together as front paws became intertwined, Robin quickly melting into the embrace as their hands roamed across each other's fur.

Turns out a pair of wolf-taurs could be very heavy. Then again, Riley's muscles had enhanced so much under the imposing lycanthropy that she barely noticed their strain. Heck, she could almost be comparable to Robin's amazing guns, right down to the beachball breasts scraping the floor, if she cared about that at the moment. The budding werewolf was more delighted to feel her slit get pierced by Vivian's throbbing rod, unaware of the sheath rising up under the loose folds of skin between her own legs.

"Grrrrr!" Robin recoiled from her embraced with Vivian, hands clenching tight onto the black wolf's thick biceps. It took a second for her friend to figure it out, but Riley could already tell with the way her cock was tensing up between her lips what was to come. Robin's whole body grew tense as she barked in sharp needy breaths. It lasted almost a full minute before the flood gates broke, and she reeled her head back in an orgasmic howl.

"Bull eyes," Riley sang smugly even as her face became basted in several shots of wolf cum. She did her best to lick up every bit she could, which got progressively easier with her face stretching out into a proper canine snout. Pointed ears tipped in the grey fur flicked out from under her messy blond hair as she looked back at Vivian's hips smacked against her ass. "Shall we go for two now?"

"Oooohhhh...I like her..." Robin chuckled, going limp in Vivian's arms with the waning of her orgasm.

Vivian did not get a chance to respond unless a surprised yip counted. The fresh wolf girl under her had rocked forward, driving most of her cock out before plunging it back in with a slam against her feral legs.

The cabin quickly filled with pleased moans once more as Riley fell into a grinding pace against Vivian's meat. With the weight of a tired Robin pressed into her, the wolf-taur realized she was at this clever bitch's mercy. Luckily she could make due squishing her friend's mammaries in between kisses that Robin soon got enough wind back to reciprocate.

Riley could not believe the power now at her disposal, grinding against Vivian for every inch the veteran werewolf had. Now she really understood the drive of natural instincts. Everything felt pleasurably amplified; the smells, the sounds, the urge to just crush a rock with her bare hands. It was hard to tell exactly how big she got, but the horse-sized taurs piled onto her back sure did not feel that imposing anymore. Not with the way Robin began to whimper when Riley saw fit to give their spent knot a tongue cleaning.

"Uuuuumph! Oh, god!" Vivian growled, curling front paws around Riley's solid abs. The wolf-taur was bucking her hips, trying to meet Riley's in loud smacks.

It was clear why she felt a sudden burst of enthusiasm, as Riley could feel the wide girth of a knot struggling to squeeze past her taut lips when their hips met. She tried to reach back in hopes to help guide it in, only to grab hold of something she did not expect; her own throbbing wolf cock.

"Aw, fuck!?" Riley had to struggle to look around her dangling breasts and bulging muscles, but sure enough, she had grown a phallus just like the wolf-taurs. Vivian either did not notice or care about her current mate's bewilderment and continued pounding into Riley's fat butt. The constant grinding into her dripping pussy also massaged a new organ Riley could not recognize. Still, it sure helped make her knot swell fast. Curiously her meaty fingers curled around the tender shaft to give it a gentle stroke with their soft pads. "Aw, fuuuuuuck!"

Riley almost toppled herself over, trying to jerk off while getting ridden by Vivian at the same time. Somehow her one free hand managed to handle all the stress. There came a sudden pressure, and Riley felt herself give, welcoming Vivian's knot with a wet pop. The extra girth

stretched in just the right way to climax. Riley's whole body shuddered in several hard spasms. Her snout howled into the underside of Robin's taur belly while her cock painted the floor with cum for the first time.

Vivian was not too far behind, groaning into Robin's face feeling warm flesh milk at her cock in hard contractions. She was all too happy to unleash her load into their newest werewolf, all three joining in a howl of harmonious unity for their respective satisfaction.

"She's...fantastic!" Vivian declared, her plump breasts accidentally smacking Robin with each heavy breath.

"No kidding," Robin said, taking a step back so they could admire the werewolf under them. "Shame she didn't become a taur, though. That would have been really fun."

Riley, for her part, was practically out cold. Between the stress of her first change, getting banged, and experiencing two kinds of orgasms at once, she was content to lay on the floor matted in semen from Robin and herself. Thoughts were an incoherent stew between her fuzzy wolf ears, she would still recognize the words her fellow werewolves were barking later.

"Think she'll want to hang with us again next month?" Vivian asked, hopefully.

Primal Passion

Running a curious shop isn't as hard as some people might assume. The appeal of an unknown has a way of attracting natural curiosity. That was why when the bells above the front door jingled in signal of a new customer Sorsha didn't react beyond a curious Peking of point ears.

"Good afternoon, Stephanie." The white and pink anthro cat remained focused on the Switch in her paws. The mind reading spell placed over the entrance told her everything about the visitor before they even finished stepping inside. They were not worth diverting attention away from an unprecedented Fortnite kill streak. "I'm Sorsha, cutest wiken this side of Las Vegas. Feel free to browse. This match will be a bit."

"Um...okay?"

Stephanie, the customer in question, was too put off by the lack of professionalism to question how a Skittle-colored girl knew her name. Unlike Sorsha, she was a demi-human; awkwardly scratching long bunny ears while a short tail bristled out of her jeans. Everything else about her looked smooth and human, if more on the tall and curvy side of body types.

Sticking hands into the pockets of her vest, Stephanie strode past the counter to the thunking of heavy boots. Her confused gaze continued to be ignored so she accepted the invitation to wander the old store's aisles. There was still twenty minutes until the next bus and no where better to be.

That notion became highly subjective fast. All the front shelves carried a messy display of junk. Stephanie identified everything from a clothes iron from the eighties to some toys from a fast food chain. This line of unorganized garbage carried almost all the way to the back, where she was suddenly bumping into a glass display case. It's polished gold and silvers sparkled in the overhead lights like a beacon in this dilapidated sea.

Among the cases crystal shelves sat glass bottles in virtually every color Stephanie knew of. They were fairly small, maybe a few ounces of storage at best, with rounded bases and long necks. Before she

could be almost impressed by the bunny girl noticed how all their labels were merely duct tape with barely legible marker scribbles on them. Picking a red bottle at random she almost had to bring it up to her eyes to properly read the words 'Primal Passion' on it.

"Perfume?" Stephanie mused allowed while the liquid inside visibly splashed around. She was not one to indulge in such cosmetics often, but curiosity once again took hold. Damn stopper proved to be stuck on unexpectedly tight too. Hopefully the damn thing was not as fragile as it looked. "Ah fuck!"

It figured the damn suction would give out in a rush. She was unable to catch the bottle as it flung from her hand into her chest, plunging its open mouth into the neck of her vest. Most of its contents splashed across her face while what remained drizzled out onto her breasts. The sudden dampness sent a shiver across the sensitive mounds.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Yanking the bottle out proved too late. The entire thing had drained leaving a dark wet spot across Stephanie's vest and undershirt. "I don't want to h-have t...to pay for...what the hell!?"

Given Stephanie's attention was already on her vest's wet stain she noticed immediately when the fabric gave a peculiar flutter and suddenly billowed outwards. Pressure mounted against her ribcage making it hard to suck in the breath for a startled squeak. It was a no brainer that her breasts were spontaneously growing. The denim warped into near perfect sphere shapes looking like balloons in emphasis of this event.

"T-that was not perfume!? Haaah!!"

A hard shudder sent Stephanie's knees buckling. She staggered forward against the nearest junk shelf for support, face burning in a high fever. Creaks and groans tickled her dropped bunny ears, which she realized was her clothes straining. Everything on her body began to grow, although her bust remained intent on being the largest feature. The top buttons of her vest soon gave out, allowing soft squishy cleavage to bulge out the neck of her exposed undershirt.

Vest sleeves scrunched up against Stephanie's shoulders, tightening muscles forcing her to give buffing biceps an involuntary flex. Glutes clenched her butt as the gap between her thighs closed with

equally extensive muscle mass. She reached back trying to tug the panty wedgie this caused and yelped when the zipper of her pants broke from excessive hip girth. Swallowing a hard lump the demi-bunny could only watch her gaze slowly rising up over the asiels easily hitting ten feet tall in less than a minute.

The firm ridges of a she-hulk left Stephanie a bit uncertain how to feel, but the looming view of the entire store was kind of cool. She could see all the way to the front counter where Sorsha was glancing up curious about the woman's cries and moans. The catwoman took one look at a suddenly much bigger, busty bunny girl and twisted her muzzle into a scowl.

"Hey! I don't give free samples around here!"

"I'm sorry, I...hrrk...what was...t-thaaat!?" Stephanie's own lips twitched from a strange itching sensation in her front teeth. The top pair wiggled and grew, emerging as a pronounced overbite that further exaggerated her part-bunny appeal.

"Ah hell!" A sharp jab of pain struck above Stephanie's butt sending her hips shaking. Her little nub of a tail wagged violently before exploding into a blossom of thick fur the size of a basketball. She stared at the shaking lump over one shoulder heaving in a sweaty daze. "Isn't this over yet?"

Loud crunches of metal came in answer. The demi-human glanced down dumbstruck at how her tightening grip on the metal shelf crumpled it like paper under mounting strength. More white fur rapidly grew in a thick mat through the open knuckles of her gloves. Fibers spread in a rapid wave to encase the rest of her hands right before a hard cramp swelled the extremities thrice their size.

"Yeek!" Stephanie recoiled as if she could escape the sudden inflation of her...paws!? She wiggled the thick sausage fingers now joined to rough fuzzy palms. They had lost some of their dexterity but gained really large claws and leather pads on each tip. Even more fur sprouted out of the knuckles, spilling across forearms to stop just shy of the elbow. To any onlooker it might have looked like she was wearing oversized animal gloves.

Another onset of cramps focused on the bunny's feet, eliciting a frustrated groan. Stephanie doubted she could remove her boots with such monstrous hands, even if the transformation gave her time. Bulges pushed out through the firm leather coverings, rapidly increasing like a boiling pot. The

tightening pinch became almost painful when Stephanie felt a pricking in her toes, promptly followed by the loud ripping of emerging black claws. The rest of her feet quickly charged out through these new openings, of course now being unbelievably huge bunny paws.

Giving up hope on saving the footwear, Stephanie bent down to use her hand claws to remove the rest from her bulky legs. Most of the shin muscle became hidden under a sprouting layer of fine white hairs stopping at her knees. At least the rest of her clothes were holding out relatively well, if maybe looking three sizes too small.

“The hell was that stuff?” Stephanie asked, twisting and stretching in curious admiration for her furrier, bulkier body. For all intentions she should have been freaking out. Instead she was fighting this bizarre urge to go for a jog, to South America, and maybe carry a metal shelf or two on her back for the extra cardio.

“Looks like Primal Passion,” Sorsha replied with no effort to hide her bitter anger. “It takes your animal traits and magnifies it several fold, with added amazon strength for fun. Thank god I dilute the hell out of these doses, or you’d be humping what’s left of the building by now.”

“Please don’t give me good ideas,” Stephanie said with a deep blush. Enlarged front teeth bit her lower lip just imagining how hot such a lewd act sounded right now.

“Yeah. Anyway that’ll be fifty bucks.”

“WHAT!?” And that was one way to quickly kill a horny mood. “That was like, two ounces of potion at best.”

“And look what wonders it did ya?” Sorsha raised her eyebrows in a knowing smirk.

Stephanie grumbled a few incoherent replies before reluctantly fishing her wallet out. An act that was made hard with her ass stretching pants pockets flush against its chiseled cheeks. There was

really no time to argue with her bus due in a matter of minutes. "Can I atleast get another bottle for my, uh, boyfriend?"

Sorsha paused suddenly curious with hand hovering over Stephanie's outstretched cash. "You are aware this stuff will give him massive tits too?"

"Even better!"

"Hah! You're a girl after my own heart."

A few minutes later Stephanie was back at the stop just in time. She waited patiently for the public transit to roll up, an almost comically small paper bag held delicately in both paw hands. The bunny dared not store it in a pocket less she discovered what a second dose might do to her monster bunny state.

"OW!" She cried upon stepping onto the bus and conking her head upon the top doorway.

It wasn't just her height. A lot of scrunching and leaning forward was required for Stephanie to even get on the bus to pay her fare. Her awkward paw steps echoed loud thuds across the cabin as she awkwardly hopped forward scanning the seats. Long ears dropped against her back seeing most of them were occupied by at least one person, all of which gawked up at the towering half-bunny with fear, or sometimes arousal.

"Um...anyone mind sharing a seat?" She asked, giving her best smile.

Several of the younger, more enthusiastic, guys shot their hands in the air. They probably knew just as well as Stephanie that her butt would need more than one cushion for the long ride home.

Temple Howlers

Time has a way of consuming more than history can keep up with. That was why when Mephia found a tome detailing a lost temple to Håvard, the moon god, it received moderate skepticism. Kyari, her cheetah friend and fellow intern, combed through every bit of information at a bookworms disposal, only to find no confirming evidence of such a religion. Museum records had never heard of this deity, much less the civilization that had worshipped him.

It was only by sheer luck and circumstances that looking up the coordinates on satellite maps convinced Asher, one of the museum's senior researchers, to finance a trip into the South American mountains. The supposed location to Håvard's temple was either blacked out or blurred around some large stone formations. Such inclinations played on a human getting into his forties, filling him with a desperate need to jumpstart his stagnant career. Odds were good that they might find something worth bringing home.

That was assuming they did not get caught. The trio had to utilize the cover of night with only the full moon and standard hiking gear to find their destination. Luckily the temple was not only there, but stunningly, and surprisingly well preserved. Its entrance laid marred by excessive dirt and overgrown moss, but neither had corroded the glyph carvings decorating most of its stone wall.

"So which way?" Asher said, shifting his gaze between the three entrances leading into the temple. They ran pretty deep into darkness, leaving his glow stick useless in figuring out what awaited them.

"I have no idea," Kyari admitted sheepishly, flipping through Mephia's old book. The cheetah had been reading it their entire trip here, but it was no Rosetta Stone. Red eyes glanced at the symbols over each exit and back to his current page. "I think that way is the treasure room and this way...huh, that's interesting."

“Welp, I’m scouting down that way, then!” Mephia declared, walking at a speed that could almost be a sprint.

“Hey!” Asher tried to grab at the black-haired woman, but she agilely eluded his grasp, vanishing into the dark gaping archway. “Don’t just wander off recklessly...and she’s gone. So what are the odds of traps here...Kyari?”

Asher turned, only half-surprised to be suddenly alone in the entrance chamber. Curiosity must have compelled the cheetah anthro to head down another tunnel with muzzle wedged between pages.

Not wanting to risk both his employees dying, Asher glanced between the two entrances before guessing it had been the middle one. He was wrong. Going at a run to catch up made glyphs pass by in a blur until vanishing as he passed into another chamber.

Everyone had expected something out of this trip. Mephia was out to pay off her student debt. Asher hoped for moderate archaeological fame. And Kyari was in it for the learning experience. So running headlong into a burial worship chamber was a bit perplexing for a temple to the moon.

Not that he was about to complain about the golden, painted sarcophagus on a raised platform. Moonlight shined upon it through an open hole in the ceiling like it was a stage. A fair impression, given the small rows of chairs lined up to face the deceased.

Asher approached this amazing find swiftly, but cautiously. Hollywood may enjoy embellishing such adventures, but a good trap or two still might be likely. Even more glyphs decorated the lid, painted with blue and red paint that had a metallic glint in his artificial light. He could not help tracing over their intricate work with a free hand. This alone would make everyone’s efforts to get out here worthwhile.

Click!

Or he might die horribly after his hand pushed into a plated switch on a hair-trigger. Before Asher could consider running the lid lurched open, blasting his face with a thick cloud of dirt. He backed away in a blind coughing fit, tripping off the platform.

Asher fumbled for his water bottle, only for the container to disintegrate in his grasp. Squinting through tears, he panicked, watching the gear he had brought fall apart into useless atoms. Even his clothes unraveled into the void to expose his naked fur.

“...the fuck!?”

What Asher thought was a salt acid trap proved to have a far different effect on an organic body. As the modesty provided by his garments melted away, a thick pelt of fur grew across his skin to compensate. Soft white cream aproned across his chest down to his crotch, while copper tinted fur washed along his sides down all four limbs. The only exception was the top of his arms gaining a coat of emerald scales that flowed over shoulders down his back.

A heavyweight pulled at Asher's chest as he sat up, making him horrified to find more changes happening. Both hands slapped onto his chest, squishing around the ample breasts that had swelled from his pecs. He leaned further past them just in time to watch his manhood vanish into the moist folds of a feminine slit.

“Aah!” A sharp pop made Asher's hips spread, arching her back as a thick fluffy fox tail exploded from atop her plumping buttocks. Its size was still nothing to the pair of draconic wings that unfurl from her shoulders. Before she could even process all the extra limbs, a weird tingle teased at her nose. “ACHOO!”

Asher's head jerked with a hard sneeze that bolted her face out into the slender, youthful snout of an anthro vixen. Wild mutters poured from her flapping jaw as she felt along the soft fuzzy face with padded paw-hands. Even the voice, unused to such larger tongue muscles, sounded nothing like the aging museum manager she had been minutes ago.

“So, you are the one that awakened me? I’d be delighted were you and your ilk not currently robbing my home.”

The male voice resounded off the chamber walls with a rasp of someone on their dying breath. Even so, it commanded a sense of authority that made Asher forget about her many species and gender problems for a moment.

What had emerged from the now open coffin was something akin to a mummified wolf. His body was so malnourished that Asher saw bones outlined under the taut skin. Moonlight brought only a little gleam to the dull grey that had overtaken his striped blue fur. Despite this, he carried an air of dignity on massive digitigrade feet paws, staring down at Asher with glowing gold eyes.

“It can’t be,” she whispered, still frightened by her own sultry voice. Simply speaking the words did not help deny how familiar the wild-looking wolf felt. Kyari had shown her plenty of matching pictures from that damn book. “Are you really Håvard the moon god?”

“Aaah!” A grin spread across the wolf’s face, showing off his fangs massive overbite. All at once, Håvard’s body shuddered, growing muscle blanketing bones in a trim but healthy build. He stepped off the platform toward Asher with a stronger shine of blue to his fur. “Thank you, thief. Even one so beautiful uttering my name is most rejuvenating. I have been without worshipers for centuries, and it has weakened my powers drastically. In that regard, I might be obliged to give you a reward over punishment.”

“Well, uh, happy to help? Heh. Don’t suppose that would mean changing me back then? Please?”

Asher tried to stand only for the wolf god's paw-like hands to push her back down. They remained grasping each shoulder firmly, but gently regarding the wing joints squashed against the icy stone floor. She gave a sharp bark, glaring up at Håvard straddling her thick curves.

“Changing you back would ruin the point of my moon dust trap.” Håvard gave a long lick across Asher’s cheek. The warm contact of his saliva sent a jolt through the vixen’s brain, relaxing all her muscles with a pleased churring noise. “Besides, werefoxes are cute, and having a dragon’s purpose means you can bare me many new followers in a single clutch.”

“Oh...” The only thing Asher understood from that was that her handsome god thought having a mixed form was cute. At least until his hips shifting and moonlight glinted off the shiny red skin of Håvard’s erect wolf member. “OH!”

Seeing such a thick tapered head preparing to dive in would probably sober anyone’s mode. Asher’s attempts to thrash the wolf off resulted in failure. Hand claws dug into the fox-dragon’s shoulders, bracing her for when Håvard rocked his hips forward. The length of his member speared into her waiting pussy, sending tits rocking as their bodies slapped together.

There was a sharp pain with Asher’s fresh maidenhood breaking under Håvard’s intrusion. But her high yelp quickly lowered into a rolling growl to the unrelenting pleasures radiating from their connection. Somehow she took the entire thing in without dying and relished how stretched it left her.

She only got lifted to further heights when the wolf god began undulating his hips. In and out, the thick member hammered into Asher, sharp yips escaping from her muzzle each time their flesh bounced against each other. He was hitting sweet spots she had not yet realized, making her thighs pull apart wide to allow her new god deeper access.

The monstrous hands released their hold on Asher’s shoulder, Håvard knowing there was no longer a need to keep the vixen pinned. Instead, he focused on Asher’s jostling breasts, kneading them as best he could with their rapid lovemaking.

Their moans sang together in a bestial chorus. Asher’s body bucked off the floor to meet Håvard’s thrusts. Through the rising pleasure, she still felt the sting in the back of her mind that this should not be happening. One sliver of the ex-humans old self stubbornly clung on, trying to fight back against the animal person she had become.

It was far too late for that, and such a wills persistence rather annoyed Håvard. Asher grew tense, feeling her first female climax reach its peak. Her increasing devotion to the godly wolf lover fed him enough power that wiping that last remnant of humanity was a simple effort, like flicking a bug.

Good thing too, because the hard contractions of Asher's vagina around his member soon had the big wolf howling to the moon baring witness to their mating. Heavy loads of cum gushed into Asher's womb, filling her with a heavenly warmth that helped ease her into an exhausting afterglow.

Håvard shook himself as he withdrew from the heaving vixen. Her complete devotion had swelled his body larger, showing bulges of muscle when he moved his limbs now. It was still a far cry from his true power, but enough to conjure a pillow for his new follower to relax on. Leaning down, he gave Asher a kiss on the forehead, finding it cute that her leg still kicked in her drunken pleasure.

"Now that my first generation of new followers is on the way, you relax here and wait for them," he instructed with a voice more fitting of a man in his prime. "I need to go tend to your other outlaws."

"Mmh! A...as you wish." Asher gasped the words out watching Håvard's firm, muscular backside as he exited the chamber.

She had almost drifted off into a restful slumber when a strange twitch in her loins brought things back into focus. Asher rested her hands above her slit, looking at her stomach with a raised eyebrow. It almost felt like the god's gift of seed was still moving inside her, burrowing deep inside the end of her tunnel.

"Yeep!" A rush of tension surged into Asher's womb, prompting her slim belly to push against her hands into an inflating bulge.

* * *

Forget student debts, Mephia felt this mini-vacation would set her for life. She dashed into the treasure room ready to be content if it had anything of significant value. No one could have expected after centuries of abandonment for it to still have priceless bling stacked from floor to ceiling. She immediately brushed stray black bangs out of her eyes, realizing she had not brought enough sacks for this.

That did not stop her from partaking in the proper sorting of wealth. Setting her pack by the door, Mephia produced her favorite crowbar to take inventory. They pried crates and barrels open, revealing one bundle of handcrafted trinkets after another. Clay pots smashed against the floor, releasing deposits of silk threads or spilling useless paint powder along the walls. It was amazing how well preserved for their time everything looked. There were even blankets that might fetch a good price once run through a washer.

“Excuse me!”

“GAH!?”

In Mephia’s defense, the booming voice of an otherworldly being would have scared anyone into hurling the ceramic pot held in their greedy paws. It hit the unintended target right in his big wolf nose. Not that such a projectile seemed to hurt the stranger, but its rupture blanketed him in a fine layer of brown paint powder.

“Ack! I’m so sorry, I...uh...” Mephia squeaked out a hurried apology until she realized the silhouette in the doorway was too muscular to be either of her male companions. Cracking a glow stick illuminated a blue wolfman that gave her very nervous vibes. The thick mane and beast-like paws for hands and feet were unlike normal city anthros. “Who? What the fuck are you?”

An irritated snort projected twin streams of dust from Håvard’s nose. With a dismissive wave, the powder lifted off his fur to regather as a ball floating inches above his outstretched

palm. "I already take issue with your larceny, child, but this utter lack of respect for my possessions removes any mercy I might have granted you."

"Heh, your possession?" Mephia scoffed, about to invoke the ancient rights of 'dibs' until the striped fur reflected off her glow stick. Her face turned pale, recognizing their haunting glow. "Wait, are you...Håvard Frostmoon?"

"Mmmhh!" The wolf's head rocked slightly with a pleasant growl. In the dim light his shadowy form visibly grew to fill the doorway, muscles rose from his luscious fur coat into round bulges. "Thank you. As more become aware of my existence, the stronger I become. There is potential you might make a decent servant yet."

Mephia opened her mouth to respond only to get the ball of condensed dust sent hurtling at her face. A smokescreen of brown dust engulfed her being, sending the woman flailing about in a mix of coughing and curses. She tried groping for a towel or mask from her tool belt, but it was no longer around her hips. In fact, her pants were feeling disturbingly loose, fluttering with her frantic movements. The weight of her backpack also vanished.

"Well, this is a start," Håvard said mostly to himself, looking over the maid dress Mephia's hiking gear had shifted into. The full moon's influence urged him to alter her body, but into what proved taxing. To blatantly steal was one thing, but also acting like she owned the place was unworthy of a werewolf's majestic strength, or a werefoxes beauty.

Taking a brief pause to ponder ideas gave Mephia enough time to cry the dust out of her eyes. Her snarl at the wolf god was rather unbecoming of a caretaker as well. "What the fuck did you do that for, jackass?"

Håvard's ears flicked, golden eyes flashed with an unwitting inspiration Mephia provided. "You are one to fling names, my dear."

A snap of the wolf's fingers reverberated off the stone walls, sending a chill across Mephia's body. It promptly turned into an itching that no amount of scratching could ease. The

dust refused to leave her skin. If anything, it became denser as she racked darkening nails through it.

“...oh.” Mephia gasped as she raised an arm for a closer examination. The usually sleek feminine limb had grown several times more toned with muscle mass and grew fine layer of dense brown hairs. A quick check of her face and under the skirt confirmed the fur had grown over every inch of a solid, muscular body. “What the HAAWW have you done to...me?”

Mephia’s hands shot to her mouth, horrified by the strange bray that slipped into her words. Moments later, her nose pushed both palms aside in a rapid growth. Jawbones cracked and stretched as they grew out, widening her nostrils to become flush at the tip of a thick equine snout. Teeth swelled into the flat grinders of a herbivore while ears sprouted nearly a foot long through the black mane atop her head.

Hard cramps seized her hands, compelling fingers to press against each other. Their flesh flowed easily as putty until each extremity only had three meaty digits to them. Fingernails turned a deep black, warping to encompass the wide tips in a hard chitin shell.

“W-what’s HAWppening to me!? Make it stop, please-EEHAW!” Mephia screamed, her voice carrying a harsh nasally tone to it now. A glance down confirmed that not only had her feet become encased in the same cold chitin to become hooves, but her tits had also swelled considerably to stretch out her blouse.

From under the maid's skirt slinked out a thin tail coated in the same grey fur. As it dropped to just around her knees, a tuft of thicker black hairs formed, which gently brushed her muscular thighs as fresh nerves connected to her brain.

“I would, but seeing as this is my home, it’s only fitting a jackass like you show her true face.” Håvard chuckled at the furious blush spreading over Mephia’s were donkey face. “Now then, kneel.”

“Ah!? Hey!” Mephia said as her body moved against her wishes. Leg’s bent into a gentle rest upon the floor, hoofed hands folding expectedly in her lap. “Don’t just start with this ‘magic puppetry’ bullshit. You can’t strip everything a girl has and expect to...oh...shit.”

The looming red member of Håvard’s penis floated in close until its head pointed inches from the donkey woman’s wide nose. Her tirade drifted off into quiet lip fluttering, a blush burning across her muzzle bridge. Maybe it was her imagination, but at this range, it looked like the wolf was developing a thick set of abdominal muscles, among others. His sac especially seemed to grow into a low hang between his buff thighs.

“I’m sure a weak spell like this could be resisted if you truly wanted it.” A knowing smile behind Håvard’s large fangs beamed upon his perfect weredonkey. “But behind your harsh front, I feel that you are weighing the possible benefits of helping a god regain his former glory. I can guarantee there are some treasures in this world beyond the wealth of gold.”

This was a very rare moment in Mephia’s life where she could not come up with a sarcastic response. She could only bite her lower lip with heavily pronounced front teeth while pretending to take an interest in the floor. The heavy musk of an otherworldly werewolf made for a convincing sale. To her loins, anyway.

“If you wish to accept my blessing, all you have to do is feed.”

“Oh, you son of a...fine! I’ll suck ya dry out of spite!”

Mephia’s head jumped forward, swallowing Håvard’s cock before she could finish. Both were a bit surprised by how well her extended muzzle could take the whole rod. The scent of musk, both Håvard’s and something else’s, burned at her improved nostrils, fogging Mephia’s mind with feelings that made her loins damp.

She could not dwell on them long, for her head began rocking back and forth. Thickened donkey lips polished the sensitive red skin while Mephia became forced to sample the first spurts of Håvard’s pre. A simple gesture, but effective if the wolf god’s growls were any sign.

Håvard's paw-hands latched painfully onto Mephia's lengthy ears, using them as handles to put more effort into her rocking motions. Whatever protests the pinching brought only came in sputtering snorts around his throbbing meat. That just added to the pleasure she sent across Håvard's loins, his head rolling back in a small bark at the ceiling.

It did not take long before the forced blowjob bore results. Mephia felt a sizeable lump inflate around the base of Håvard's cock, recognizing the canine knot only seconds before the member began pulsing against her cheeks. The bitterness of salt overwhelmed her mind since the lack of room forced her to swallow her god's thick cream with tearing eyes.

A jolt ran through Mephia's body the moment Håvard's seed landed in her belly, sparking her loins to convulse in an unexpected, yet intense, orgasm of their own. Muffled brays resounded around the wolf's members, the weredonkey's body forced to only give the slightest of twitches in its locked state.

All these sensations were Håvard's perfect distraction for the numbness that settled over Mephia's mind. The process was so gradually that she never noticed. Her last thoughts lingered on the warmth of afterglow before her body fell limp against her god's knees.

"Be a shame to completely quell such a passionate fire," Håvard mused as he withdrew his cock from the limp maid's snout. "Maybe we should just give it a more obedient fuel to burn off."

Another snap of his fingers and Mephia jumped to her hooved feet with a resounding clop. Eyes gazed around the room in a panic before recognizing the wolf supporting her, pecs bulged broad and strong for her admiration under that thick mane of his.

"Haaw!? Master, why am I still here?" Mephia grumbled as she bowed in devotion to Håvard's glory. "I know you're better than mortal men, but at this rate, I'll never get the cobwebs off this temple."

“Very well. Best you start by cleaning this place up.” Håvard gave the donkey maid a pat on the head and left for his last burglar problem.

Mephia watched the god’s broad giant back bend slightly to exit in a dreamy gaze. Seriously, it felt like the god was getting bigger every time he showed up. Whatever joy his hunky presence brought unfortunately left with him too. The weredonkey smoothed out her skirt and then realized just how trashed these storage rooms had become.

“Oh, for Lord Håvard’s sake,” she said aloud, already getting to work with a broom that had spontaneously appeared in her hoofed hands. “What senseless chuckle-fuck just waltzes into a room and smashes everything?”

* * *

Was this temple from a lost society or a cult?

The longer Kyari explored, the more his suspicions drifted towards the later. So far, he had found no evidence to support this place had been part of any thriving community. It had been a bit exciting to find glyphs implying his tunnel lead to some archives, but the cheetah entered a chamber severely disappointed.

Shelves stood lined in several rows, each bare and layered in thick dust. His glowing slit eyes scanned every nook with a flashlight, finding no books, scrolls, or even a carved tablet. Maybe there was some story to be told in the wall carvings, but that could take months of studying to figure out. They probably only had a few more hours if they wanted to use the dark to sneak back to the hotel safely. Kyari just wanted something to help cross-reference this stupid tome's validity.

A strange fluttering broke through the silent room. Kyari’s rounded ears perked before glancing upwards. A long roll of parchment promptly landed upon his face, causing a momentary blackout. Carefully pulling it off, the cheetah’s tail wagged. His torch highlighted about six horizontal lines of glyphs on them.

Kyari propped up onto his toes, trying to view over the top shelves. It was the only place it could have fallen from, though he wondered why it was cleaner than anything else in here. Feline curiosity quickly pushed that mystery aside, encouraging him to flip through Mephia's book. At least there was an index for pronunciations, with some meanings behind words taking a bit of guesswork.

"Let's see here..." Kyari juggled the sheet and book between his hands, slowly piecing together the top line of symbols. "Okay, so this sounds like ka'ar bamerra tashra-marby'ok dyr osh. I hope I'm not butchering the tongue rolls. The second line is a-WHOA!"

Fire engulfed the page with no source or reason behind it. Kyari threw it away in a panic, but only a second before it exploded in a blast of powerful wind. Arms instinctively raised as a shield, which did nothing to keep the activated surge of magic from soaking into his body. Dust washed off the shelves to form a blinding smoke cloud, leaving Kyari coughing amidst violent cold shivers running down his spine.

Somehow he found the exit arch through the haze of his light beam. Once tears cleared out his eyes enough, he could see this lead to a bedroom. A hollowed stone box laid out filled with a mess of straw and blankets, with a bedpan and table lamp set by its side.

Shame, there was no water source. Damn dust really itched at Kyari's exposed fur while he removed his pack. His search through pockets for a cloth left him oblivious to an increasing weight on his tail. The fur along its length grew into a very thick bush, blotting out the yellow and black spots for more solid brown coloring. Ears flicked about as they grew into pointed sharp triangles of the same chocolate color, which drizzled down to paint most of his head.

Kyari only noticed something wrong when he pulled out a towel and saw the hand holding it. Both towel and flashlight slipped from fingers that were popping longer and thick with muscles. He turned them over dumbstruck, watching the claws darken to black coals. Sleek feline weapons lost their edge, becoming blunt sickles better at grabbing. Fingertips burned for a few seconds, which Kyari realized was his covert sheaths sealing themselves.

“Holy hell!” he cried when the spots of his more paw-ish hands faded under plain brown hairs. This continued up his arms, prompting the cheetah strip off his jacket and shirt.

Every hair fiber was becoming consumed by this strange infection. Kyari rubbed at the thick creamy white tuft of his chest as if that could stop its browning, which soon claimed the spots along his back too.

After a moment’s hesitation, he dropped his pants, confirming the feline’s pelt had thickened into a dark-colored mat. More alarming was how the bulge in his briefs inflated like it had an air hose attached. In two blinks, it pushed aside the white elastic band so a glimmering red dick could rise out. The increasing girth in his balls only pushed it down further, exposing a knot four inches wide.

“What is...happening to...to...hnngh!?” In one hard flex, Kyari’s lithe frame swelled with a surge of dense muscles. It was no powerhouse, but his biceps swelled to impressive grapefruit sizes. Not a second later a harsh pressure sent his cheetah muzzle extending outwards. Nostrils grew wider while many more meat tearing fangs grew in the increasing space of canine gums. Unable to handle the throbbing changes to his face, he rocked back to scream at the ceiling. “Ahh...haah...A-awwoooo!!”

“Not a terrible howl for such a scrawny pup.”

A sudden voice, powerful in the room’s acoustics, sent Kyari tripping over alien canine paw feet. Laying across the bed as if he had always been there was a blue-striped wolf covered in a creamy sky blue mane and enough bulk to cover the blanket’s surface. One monstrous paw-hand lazily supported his head as he gazed and the transformed werewolf. Tongue rolled out to lick his lips over enormous front fangs hungrily.

“Who are you!?” Kyari said, scrambling to stand. A hard task with his heels forced to arch him onto tip-toes. “What’s going on?”

“I am Håvard Frostmoon. For having one of my old spell books, you are not that versed in magic.” The big wolf rolled onto his much larger paws, approaching a shaking Kyari with a surprising grace to his hulking physique. One hand raised towards the smaller wolf, causing him to flinch.

Kyari offered no resistance while the bigger werewolf plucked the tome from his grasp. Håvard flipped through a few pages with a bored-looking expression before absently tossing it onto the bedside.

“Didn’t anyone ever tell you not to read a spell out loud, unless you mean to cast it?”

“N-no. I...there’s no such thing as magic.” Kyari felt along his thicker wolf’s nose, choking out a forced laugh. “You’re not a god. You’re not even real. I didn’t really turn into a...a werewolf.”

The grin slowly dropped from Håvard’s snout. “Such harsh denial of your own senses. You read the contract I offered you perfectly too.”

“Contract? No! What contract?” Kyari continued smacking himself, but it never changed the fact his body was that of a strong beastly lupine. One with a thick, tender cock. “You’re lying! This is all me hallucinating. Maybe there was asbestos in all that dust. Oh god, this is my brain going into a coma as I slowly die on the floor.”

“...really? You blame my divine appearance on mold?”

“It’s the only thing that makes sense. You’re not real. I’m a cheetah, not a wolf.”

Håvard could only look on with mixed emotions. The state of irritating chanting about reality his would-be robber broke down into was pitiful. On the flip side, this harsh string of blasphemy was not something deserving of mercy.

“Silence!” Håvard barked, causing Kyari’s muzzle to snap shut. The smaller wolf’s blazing red eyes grew wide in the horror that he could no longer speak. That was why Håvard added in a softer tone, “Calm down.”

Just like that, tension evaporated off Kyari’s shaggy body. A powerful cloud settled across his thoughts. It allowed him to contemplate the situation while somehow suppressing the need to panic. It perturbed him how each command word sent a ripple through his pelvis. The tip of his wolf dick pulsed softly, trickling a strand of pre down its sensitive underside.

“Now then,” Håvard continued. “You seemed interested in learning about my ways, so I offered you that indentured servant contract. By speaking its words, you blindly accepted its terms, allowing me to mold you into a better-suited form. However, I’m already finding your wanton heresy to be vexing. Apologize now, and I can make your next two hundred years rather pleasant to work through.”

A tickle in Kyari’s jaw let him know he could speak again. Blackened wolf’s lips quivered, mostly from another series of pulses that drew his heavy balls tense between strong thighs. What courage remained billowed forth, opening his muzzle in rapid firing yelps. “You can’t do this! This isn’t happening! You’re not real!”

“Oh...” Two fingers drummed on Håvard’s temple, doing nothing to ease the dull ache this stream of negative influence caused his physical form. “I’m so glad I took the other two first. You might have made my regeneration near impossible to accomplish.”

With a snap of his fingers, Håvard sent the strongest burst of moon magic he could into Kyari’s being. The other wolf’s cries of denial turned to a howl of pain. Paw feet wobbled for a few seconds before the net wrapping around Kyari’s brain brought him to his knees. Hands clasped at his bent wolf’s ears trying to block out the influence muddling his thoughts.

Kyari continued the chant over and over in his head. This could not have been real. No way a god could exist, much less influence him. Any second now, Mephia or Asher would come along and treat whatever hallucination he was on.

It did nothing to stop the net tightening around the essence that made Kyari. His shafts pulsing increased until it was thrashing around in rhythm to his heartbeat. That was fine. None of this was really happening. He could fight a mere hallucination. No way was he going to lose.

Until he felt Håvard trace finger pads along the underside of his member. The light contact full of wolver magic was the last push that crushed Kyari's resolve. A shocked yelp escaped his muzzle, feeling the muscles in his pelvis clench. The poor werewolf only held on a few seconds before his dick's hard contractions sent him in a blissful spiral.

“AAWWOOOO!!!”

Håvard grinned, letting the onslaught of cum drape across his mane. It was only polite to accept the first offerings of his aspiring new thrall. The net encased around Kyari's mind was giving its squeeze on the smaller wolf. With each stream of milky fluid fired, more of the educated intelligence drained from their mind. Historical facts, scientific logic, even their own history departed through his balls, making space far less offensive thinking.

“Very good,” Håvard said with a pleased growl. “You have some promise yet.”

He released the magic hold on Kyari, allowing the other wolf to fall on hands and knees, gasping for breath. While that might have been mistaken as worship, it was probably more from his orgasm continuing to seep drops of fluid down his shaft. Håvard casually reached out to run claws gently through their head scruff. That quickly got Kyari's tail wagging.

“Ready for your first night, servant?”

“Oh, yes, master!” Kyari’s head shot up with the excitement of a bouncy puppy. “I live only to breathe in your musk and lick the dirt from your paws. Anything for the blessing of your attention.”

Håvard’s ears dropped slightly, wondering if he overdid the spell. Oh well! Not like he could undo anything now.

“If that is your wish.” The wolf god pointed to his mane, still glistening with warm cum in the light. “Clean up your mess first.”

Kyari gave off a delighted squeal, seeing the degrading command as a treat. Without a second’s hesitation, he was clambering against Håvard’s wall of abs to get at the rich fur across their chest. Tongue eagerly lashed out through the thick hairs, savoring the flavor of his god while sampling their divine animal scent. Hopefully, if he did a suitable job, they would allow him to rest on this mane as a pillow for a while.

As Håvard enjoyed his warm bath, he helped decide on more appropriate attire for Kyari. The white briefs stretched across Kyari’s buff backside shifted to a dark black latex, leaving a hole open in the front for his retracting cock and sheath to hang out. From it emerged several thick tendrils that wound around the wolf’s toned torso and limbs, binding into a harness. A matching leash appeared in one of Håvard’s hands, leading back to a collar appearing around Kyari’s neck.

“Best hurry now,” Håvard said, though even he could not keep a steady voice under Kyari’s licking assault. “My new brood mother should be done delivering her first clutch soon, and will need help caring for my new following.”