

Birth of a WereWoman

For ryu298

By TheSpiralledEye

After a wild night of passion Dustin ends up being bitten by a werewoman and finds himself becoming one himself!

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Dustin rubbed at his neck as he scrolled mindlessly on his phone. He could still feel the indents in his neck where that psycho girl he'd brought home the other week bit him. Being on the pudgy side, Dustin wasn't used to being successful when it came to chatting up chicks. In fact, he barely ever did it at all, it was only because that cute girl with the boyish hairstyle had approached him first at the love dive that he'd even attempted it.

Foolishly, he'd been flattered by her interest and thought perhaps he had finally found a girl who was interested in him. When they got back to his place the sex had been good, just a little rougher than he would have liked. The girl behaved like a damn animal; which at first he had to admit, had been hot.

She had ridden him hard and fast, moaning and throwing her back before leaning forwards to kiss at his throat. Then, all of a sudden, she had sunk her teeth into his neck so hard he was surprised she didn't break the skin. He'd cum hard a moment later; which he put down to shock not because he liked it. Things had gotten awkward fast after that and she'd left him alone with just his anime posters for company.

Dustin winced as his fingers brushed against the indents once more, he swore they were healing but for some reason tonight they were starting to hurt again. Well, hurt was perhaps too strong a word, itch more like it. He felt fidgety, even now, reclining on the couch with his cat he felt his foot tapping in irritation at the strange buzzing energy beneath his skin.

The light in the room shifted as outside the clouds moved across the sky. What had started as an overcast night was slowly shifting to a clear one and the bright light of the full moon fell against him. A strange compulsion washed over Dustin and he felt his head moving of its own accord. Eyes locking on the great silver orb in the sky; the moment they did he felt a jolt in his stomach.

He stumbled to his feet before doubling over. It felt like his stomach was being sucked inwards by some sort of black hole in his centre. He grabbed handfuls of the flabby

stomach only to find it disappearing; his stomach was shrinking and smoothing before his very eyes.

“What the h-hell-UGH!”

The fat didn't seem to be disappearing, just redistributing. He felt his butt beginning to grow as his stomach shrank. The flat, unappealing cheeks turned round and bouncy as the skin smoothed and strained against his cargo shorts, slowly darkening as it changed. It was so heavy Dustin began to feel himself tip backwards as it weighed him down before his hips suddenly expanded in order to support his new rump. His cat hissed, arching her back before running to the bathroom.

“Oooohhhh, why does that feel so weird and...nice? Fuuuuck m-my feet!”

He rocked back on his heels, feeling his feet shrink and his legs lengthen, once again knocking him off balance. His knees pressed together in an awkward half squat as he desperately tried to maintain his footing while his skin and muscles warped. His middle was now lean and smooth, with a V shape forming on his lower stomach as small yet distinct abs formed above it.

He could feel the muscles in his legs and arms growing more defined, yet not large. Almost like that of a gymnast, athletic but lithe. He stumbled forwards again, trying to stand upright and stepping right out of his now oversized sneakers. His feet were small, yet powerful and he could feel the burn in his arches as he strained and stretched trying to keep an eye on every inch of his shifting form.

His head was whipping from side to side trying to keep up with everything. He moved with such speed his glasses slipped off his round face as he felt it thinning. His flabby cheeks were disappearing and instead moulding into high cheekbones and a pretty heart shaped face. He could feel the hard edges smoothing and his Adam's apple slowly melting away leaving his gasps breathy and high in pitch.

His hands flew to his face, mouth agape. He could feel the skin shifting beneath his fingers. The tips of his fingers brushed against his lips as they started to tingle and swell, plumping and turning full with a pronounced cupid's bow. His bulbous nose shrunk, becoming cute and button-like to match his sharper features. Even his eyes seemed to take on a different shape as his lashes grew and his lids became more hooded.

That same swelling tingling sensation was spreading now to his chest and Dustin felt himself panicking a little. Was this a heart attack? Was he hallucinating as his heart gave out? With trembling fingers he ripped open his dress shirt, sending buttons flying in all

directions. It only struck him as he heard them clattering across the wooden floor that he normally wouldn't be strong enough to do that. Those new muscles weren't just for show! Despite all the panic in his soul his pride flared at the realisation.

His now smooth pectorals continued to tingle and the reason was obvious. On his chest was a set of pert, pretty breasts. Just cute little A cups so far but with each breath he took in they seemed to grow, almost as if the air was pumping them up like balloons. Suddenly, his nipples seemed to sprout forward, turning dark pink. He gasped and felt his middle suck in even further, leaving a gentle curve hourglass between his wide hips and breasts.

The waistband of his cargo shorts strained, cutting into his skin until finally it gave out, the pressure of his growing hips far too much for it to handle. The material snapped and his pants and boxers fell halfway down his thick thighs. Dustin stared down, barely able to see his cock and balls over the increasing heft of his boobs.

“N-not that!” he cried, realising there was another reason he was struggling to see his manhood; it was disappearing.

That sucking feeling that had made his pudgy stomach disappear was now forming between his legs. A vacuum seemed to be sucking his length up into his body, the skin melting almost like wax as it reformed against his crotch. His whole body shuddered as a brand new sensation filled him, or perhaps filled was the wrong word as a deep emptiness seemed to take hold. He could feel part of him opening up inside and it made his whole body quiver. The hair around his crotch vanished, receding back into his skin leaving beautiful, deeply tanned skin in its place.

The colour seemed to deepen in the middle before two soft lips slowly pulled apart as he shifted his legs apart. A pussy, wet and glistening formed where his manhood had been mere moments ago and the sensation of his hole forming deep inside him made Dustin moan. He could feel his insides changing, his velvet passage forming and aching inside him and his new clit bulging, begging to be touched.

Dustin couldn't keep his head straight, his clothes were half hanging off him now. He tried to grab at his shorts to try and retain some level of dignity but the fabric slipped through his fingers. He fumbled for them as they fell and paused, watching his fingers slowly lengthening; what started as stubby sausages turned thin and dexterous. The nails he'd chewed down to nubs growing in smooth half moons.

“Oh nooooo...” He moaned, feeling his skull begin to tingle as his hair sprouted at an alarming speed.

Dustin winced, expecting his dark hair to start flowing down his back but instead it stopped around his ears, barely an inch longer than usual and still somewhat spikey. He ran his now super soft fingers through the locks, feeling a stylish, tomboy style haircut. At least that wasn't too big a change.

With one final gasp, Dustin felt the transformation finally come to an end. His shorts were around his ankles, his shirt hanging off his now sloping shoulders. There was no point trying to put either back on; even if they were intact there was no way they would fit him.

Lacking any better ideas Dustin let the clothing fully fall off him and stood naked in the moonlight. The bite mark on his neck now faded and barely visible when he checked in the mirror. He could feel something odd shifting within him, not physically now but mentally. He knew, logically, that he should be panicking right now. After all, he'd just been turned into a woman by the light of the full moon!

Yet he felt calm, more than that, he felt great! It had been forever since his body felt so light and he jumped on his toes a little, punching the air and grinning at the power behind each strike. He felt like an athlete, a warrior! He was even an inch or two taller thanks to his legs growing. And all it took was a set of tits, who knew?

He didn't even feel that girly; he wasn't compelled to go put on makeup, or act like some bimbo. Instead he felt compelled to run, to show off this hot new body to anybody who would see him. Maybe even a man...that could be fun. He'd never submit though; if he was going to have sex with somebody in this form he was going to be in charge. Oh yes, he would let them know it too!

Filled with confidence he placed his hands on his hips; enjoying the way they tilted naturally now. He couldn't go out naked though, he'd have to find something to wear. That was going to be a challenge, all his clothing would be five sizes too big for this amazing body. Eventually he pulled out a pair of jeans and an old singlet top that had belonged to his sister and had been left behind last time she came to visit. With a bit of quick scissor work he had a pair of booty shorts and a crop top that perfectly showed off his new athletic build.

He posed before the mirror, taking in his incredible new form. It was not super curvaceous; oh he certainly had tits and ass, that was for sure. But they were not huge, bouncing things. No they were tight and firm, perfectly complimenting his slightly muscular physique. His tomboyish hairstyle was stylish and short, yet undeniably feminine, especially when paired with his full lips and the dark lashes framing his eyes.

He flashed a smile at the mirror and was almost blinded by the whiteness of his teeth. He could see his sharp canines catching the light, almost like fangs. Something about them made him feel hot between his legs and they ground together as he fought the urge to

bite down on something. Perhaps the same urge that had led that woman to bite him in the first place. Something he was swiftly becoming grateful for.

Unconsciously his hand went to the curve of his neck, feeling the slight mark left by his bite as he gazed back at the window. The moon was high in the sky and instinctively he knew he only had until sunrise to enjoy this new body. Dustin was now a werewoman in true now and he knew he had to make the most of the opportunity he had been given.

With a spring in his step and a mischievous smile on his face he grabbed his hoodie and headed for the door. It was time to take on the night.