

The Black Flame



A Story By
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June rubbed her eyes while leaning back in her chair until it creaked ominously.

*Everything is so damn **ancient** here*, she thought to herself, almost saying it out loud until she felt the weight of the oppressive silence bearing down upon her.

The Carpenter Library was the oldest building on campus and it showed in the state of the original furniture strewn about the enormous structure. Historical documents listed it as the only original building left from the founding of Innsmouth, having survived a great fire that razed the rest of the village to the ground. The owner's name was lost to history, but his immense wealth - donated to the city with no descendents on record - was used to rebuild everything and his personal library was the cornerstone of the first university built in the country, decades before Harvard.

It was renamed years ago when a wealthy alumni attempted to assuage his guilt by throwing money at the school to pay for repairs and upkeep. It didn't appear to work as the man took his own life a few months later in a grisly incident that left some whispering that it wasn't a suicide like the police firmly stated.

Tia sat to June's right, bent over her textbook with her fingers through her curly black hair. She tapped a pencil against her lips before bringing it down to write a few notes.

To June's left was Nicole, also studying, but her phone was out and she nervously checked for notifications every few minutes before sighing and returning to her open books.

They all floundered in the absence of Emily - their resident genius who rarely **had** to study anything all yet still found herself squirreled away in her rented house studying whatever new thing had her attention at the time.

Machine Learning, June remembered suddenly while lowering her chair carefully down to the carpeted floor. *Something to do with artificial intelligence. Whatever it is, she's ignoring her damn phone.*

They'd all messaged her separately, reminding her they'd promised to meet and study together in the library.

"I need to walk a bit," June whispered to the group. Nicole sheepishly jerked her hand away from her phone, but June caught a glimpse of a dating app on the screen. Tia stretched and nodded quietly.

"We'll be here," Nicole whispered back. "Wait, you're not leaving us for the party, right?"

Her boyfriend - June caught herself and restarted her thought process. Mike wasn't her boyfriend since they'd just started seeing each other and neither of them had specifically asked for exclusivity even though to **her**, she thought that should be implied despite-

"Ugh, no, and that's tomorrow night anyway," June said. She punched Nicole's shoulder before taking the girl's phone, turning it upside down and moving it further away from her. "Don't be so desperate, Nicki. And study your stuff or you'll fail and we'll leave you behind."

"Way behind," Tia said quietly while pushing her glasses up to massage the bridge of her nose. June touched the girl's shoulder and Tia nodded her acknowledgement before returning to her studies.

"Ooooooaaaay," Nicole sighed quietly while stretching her arms out on the table before her and lying her head down on her book.

June went up to her tiptoes to stretch. After a quiet, satisfied sigh, she walked away from the table. Her black tights soaked up the dim light far overhead. She thrust her hands into her pink sweater, emblazoned with the university's name and a black flame they used in their designs.

She took the opportunity to go up the spiraling steps to the second floor for the first time. A senior glanced at her where he sat in a leather chair, pouring over an enormous book with gaunt, tired eyes. She frowned at him and took two steps to the side before choosing a different path. Away from him.

A sense of claustrophobia seized her when she stepped into one of the aisles. There was a musty, faintly rotten smell permeating the floor that deepened when she walked between the books and the light seemed to fade even further, leaving her with a sense of foreboding that made her back itch.

English slowly vanished from the spines of the books, replaced with Latin and other languages. They were ragged things, worn down by centuries even though students rarely visited the mostly abandoned section. She raised her left hand to the books as she wandered with her eyes unfocused into the distance.

The other girls looked to her as their leader. She was the extroverted outspoken one, stolen away from the popular crowd when they tried to bully Emily back in high school. She'd stood up for the geeky girl their freshman year and was ostracized for it, which went poorly for that little group when her own popularity didn't waver. Afterwards, she'd gravitated towards Emily, eventually befriending her while gathering Tia and Nicole to create their own motley crew.

"And then you went off to your *nerd* school," June whispered. There was nobody around her - nobody to hear her speak in her normal voice and yet she found she couldn't summon the strength for it.

Emily had spent her junior and senior high school years at a gifted school, only returning briefly over summer before vanishing again.

June had suffered through a few thoughtless comments asking why *she* hadn't gone to the same gifted school. Because, after all, she was *Asian* and all Asians were smart.

June Hosaka sighed. Her parents immigrated before she was born. Both were loving parents that wanted nothing more than her happiness, stereotypes be damned. And she hated the few kids that teased her about becoming a doctor since that was actually something she was considering. Helping others. Healing them and seeing them recover, knowing she did her part to save someone's life - all of it guided her.

And now they were in college. Now, they were together once more.

Hopefully for a long time, she thought to herself. A gloom settled within the aisle, too slow for her to notice until she was surrounded by it. The pressure increased as the shelves bowed inward around her.

June gasped and jerked her hand away from the book she'd just touched. She turned while massaging her finger to stare at what she'd just felt - warmth.

In the sea of black tomes, embossed with gold, rested an unmarked book the color of bloodless human skin.

She approached it carefully with her breath held, cocking her head slightly to the left and then the right before going to her tiptoes to see past the covers to the pages within. Her hesitant, slightly trembling hand reached out. With her index finger barely an inch away from the spine, she paused. Finally, she frowned, firmed her lips and felt the cover once more.

The girl exhaled a breath she hadn't realized she was holding when she felt nothing but the cool touch of old leather. She pulled it away from the shelf and goosebumps rose along her shoulders and forearms when the vacuum created by its sudden absence made an all too-human sounding sigh.

An outline of a black flame was stamped into the center of the supple cover, eerily reminiscent of the school's log but rougher.

"Whoa," she whispered while tracing the groove with her fingertip.

Voices whispered behind her.

June spun, suddenly sure that someone stood next to her, staring over her shoulder with the weight of their presence engulfing her. Her stomach dropped while adrenaline spiked and her heartbeat stuttered beneath her chest.

There was no one, of course. She opened her mouth to call out but words failed her. Instead she looked through the gaps in the books, even squatting to peek through the bottom shelf. Horror movie scenarios filled her mind. Her skin ran cold while sweat broke out over her body.

She was fully prepared to see a pale child on all fours with eyes too large for her head, crouched on all fours. Perhaps even with her head twisted upside-down. Fanged, of course, with blood leaking from eyes and ears, all while grinning.

"Nothing," she said when she finally gathered the courage to look. "Thank God."

The sensation of someone watching her was unshakeable. More than one person. Her hackles lifted and her father's stern voice echoed in her mind: *Always follow your gut instinct.*

She left, quickly, with the book held tightly against her chest. Each step was faster than the last.

The presence had returned. Sharper than before. The aisle seemed impossibly long, stretching into the distance as her vision narrowed.

"Damn it," she gasped, switching into a quick jog in defiance of the solemnity of the library.

June reached the end of the shelves while nearly out of breath. The same young man glanced up at her irritably when she leaned over the glossy wooden railing. She gasped and wheezed and waved her hand at him in apology.

After she'd properly calmed herself, she slipped past the studying senior as quietly as possible before making her way back to the main floor. Her eyes narrowed when she spied Nicole with her phone in hand and her finger tapping on the screen. The other girl squeaked when she spotted June in the corner of her eyes. She powered her phone off and nearly tossed it away while adopting a crooked, innocent-ish smile. June rolled her eyes in return.

"You found something?" Nicole asked, desperate to shift focus from her phone.

"I-" June jolted when she realized she still held the book. "Uh. Yeah. Check it out."

She took her spot back at the table, in between her friends. Tia glanced at the cover and her hand reached up to touch the small cross she wore around her neck.

"What in the world is *that*, June?" Tia asked with a bewildered frown.

"I know, right?" June said. She opened the book, eager to see how old it was and who had last checked it out. The thought of finding something last borrowed centuries ago made her giddy. "Oh."

There were no stamps inside, no card with names or anything else. The pages were coarse with threads sticking out from the edges. No publication date was marked - the book simply began with a chapter heading and flowing, handwritten text beneath that.

In Latin.

"Well, that's ominous," Tia whispered. She reached out to touch a passage at the bottom of the page with her fingernail. "Is that Arabic?"

"Does Arabic have wavy lines and boxes with circles in them and- and whatever the hell **that** is?" Nicole asked while tapping a five-by-five grid of tiny circles in between the other characters. Three of the circles were larger than the others.

June shooed their hands away before flipping through the rest of the book. Nearly all of it was Latin but the strange unidentified script was interspersed throughout with a scattering of random sketches included in the margins.

"Emily knows Latin," June said suddenly. A few people glanced her way and she lowered her voice in return. "She took it instead of Spanish at her fancy school."

"Huh," Nicole said while flipping through the pages. Her hand froze and she blinked twice while her lips opened in a soft 'o' shape. "Oh, gosh."

"Wha- oh, what the heck, June," Tia gasped.

The page showed a rough male shape with his hands raised. His fingers were touching together with circles drawn around them and imperceptible symbols drawn around the circles. Three nude women were genuflecting before him. Before his naked erection.

"This is a spell book," Nicole said with a squeaky voice. "Look, look, next to the picture."

"I'm **not** looking at that," Tia said with her hand up to her face, blocking her eyes.

"These little paragraphs are numbered," Nicole continued. "I'll bet you anything it's some weird spell book. That's amazing. Like mind control or something? Sexy magical love potion? I could use some of that."

"Nicole!" June hissed.

"With, uh, with consent," Nicole added. "Consensual. Um. Mind control. To, uh, make my own personal, yet consensual, man slave. June, come on, I'm drying up!"

"Nooooobody wants to hear about the desert between your legs," Tia groaned.

"I'm going to check it out," June told them.

"You can't," Tia said. "There's no card for it. And it looks like an antique. They'll probably take it away to store it in that section with-

"No!" June snarled.

"Christ, lady," some random man said from two tables away. "Can you all just shut up? I'm trying to study."

"We're going to see Emily," June whispered. "Field trip. If she won't come to us, we'll bring the party to her."

"A... study... party?" Nicole asked with a glance towards her phone.

"Sure."

"Eeeemillyyyy!" June called out while bonking the bottom of a wine bottle into the girl's front door. After waiting a few seconds, she knocked with a second bottle she held in her other hand. "Emily, let us in!"

They waited, shivering in the cold while snowflakes whirled around them on gusts of biting wind. Tia pressed herself against Nicole who wrapped her arms around the petite young woman.

Finally, the sound of a deadbolt clacked and the door opened.

"I forgot," Emily told the three girls when they hustled into her room. "I'm sorry, I was just really caught up in what I was doing. I didn't even hear my phone buzzing."

"You're forgiven if you can grab some cups," June said while placing the two bottles on an open book filled with code and mathematical formulas. Emily swiftly relocated them to an empty space instead.

"I don't have a corkscrew," Emily told her. "And, anyway, how did you buy wine?"

June snorted. "With my charming personality, brilliant smile, and blurry fake ID. And if you think I'm rich enough to buy wine with corks, you're sadly mistaken. I almost got boxed wine but these were on sale. They twist off. We live like kings! Uh. Queens! Grab the cups, woman!"

Tia shuffled over to the threadbare couch facing Emily's computer desk while Nicole took a small beanbag chair and June spun the computer chair to sit facing the couch.

"And some snacks! Please!" Nicole called out as June opened one of the bottles.

Emily returned with a stack of plastic cups and a bag of pretzels. She set everything down on the tiny coffee table sitting in front of the couch before taking a seat next to Tia. June separated the four cups and poured generously into each until Tia shook her head with a quiet 'no thanks.' Instead, Emily grabbed an unopened water bottle from a pack on the floor. She handed it to Tia who twisted the top to take a sip.

"Not really the right... kind of... what's that?" Emily asked when June pulled out the book she'd taken from the library.

"Our house warming gift," June told her. She held the book out and Emily took it carefully.

"Whoa, this is real leather. Really really old leather," she said. Her fingers caressed the cover while her nail traced the outline of the flame.

"Open your gift!" Nicole exclaimed. She took a cup, sniffed it and settled back before taking an experimental sip. When nobody moved towards the pretzels, she leaned forward to snatch the bag.

Emily touched the edge of the cover carefully with her fingernail to turn it.

"Oh, wow," the girl said. Her eyebrows bunched together and her lips moved soundless as she translated the text. "It's hard to read. I don't know a lot of these words and that's weird."

"Weird why?" June asked.

"Um," Emily hesitated while trying to think of a way to explain it. She took a cup while her eyes swept over the page. Her nose wrinkled when she drank from the cup. "It's, well, it's not quite Classical Latin. Or Vulgar. Definitely a bit of Old Latin in here with alterations to the endings but the roots are different. A lot of them. Like, um, twisted? In some way. Mixed with something else. And I have *no* idea what this other language is."

"Not Arabic?" Nicole asked.

"No way. I mean. I guess a little of it is visually similar? That's it. I only know a little bit, of course. This is nothing like that. And it looks like it was added in later. Squeezed in at the bottom of the page. Maybe by a different author?"

She massaged her temples as she focused on the strange text. A blood vessel burst in the corner of her right eye, as thin as a strand of hair. She groaned and blinked and rubbed her eyes while shaking her head. Tia frowned at her.

"So, what is it? The book, I mean," June prompted after a few seconds.

Emily turned the page and then another.

"A diary, I think," she said. "A man. Um. I think it says 'From the depths beneath the land of-'
uhh, the name is hard to hard. 'Ishuel'? And that might be 'mines' instead of 'depths'?"

She read silently for a few more pages.

"Says he's a, well, basically a sorcerer," she told them. "Although here he says more like 'soul taker' or something like that. Not 'soul' but more like the essence of humanity. Buuuut, he goes on to describe that he can twist it. Or he learned how to do it from an unnamed group of people. So, anyway, he can twist or- is that 'corrupt'? Something like that. He can change his own essence or others to- Oh."

She paused on the page with the sketch of the man and three women.

"Well. Like that," she finished. "Subjugation. He even lists steps-"

"A spell!" Nicole crowed. "I knew it!"

"Yeah, kind of," Emily told her. "It's *really* hard to translate so a lot of this is me just filling in the gaps and, well, guessing a little. It's pretty fascinating. It sounds like he found a group that was cast out, learned a few spells from them and then divined their original location and descended. And found an ancient civilization. The sketches are from things he found there. And the, uh, spells. Most of their underground city was- was burned? The word is wrong here. I *feel* like it's saying the civilization was destroyed. Or imploded? So all he found was scraps."

Emily tipped her cup and was surprised to find it empty. Red warmth touched her pale cheeks and the tips of her ears. June took the cup and refilled it with the remains of the first bottle.

"He traveled for years," she continued. "Always down. It says his beard turned white and that's how he knew how long he was gone. Nnrgh."

"You okay?" Tia asked.

"Yeah, dunno, my head hurts a little," Emily said. She looked up from the book. Tia reached over to rub Emily's back until Emily mouthed 'thank you' at her. "The further it goes, the less Latin there is and the more of that other language until that's all there is."

"Is there a spell that will get boys to message me back?" Nicole asked with a slightly hopeful smile.

"I told you, Nicki, you just need better pictures," June sighed.

"If I show any more cleavage, I might as well just go topless and- oh, hey," Nicole said while tapping her lips and pressing her impressive tits together with her arms.

"No," June told her. "Bad girl."

"The spells are even more difficult to understand," Emily told her. "Because **he's** translating the other script into his own language. I can pick one if you want, but I don't know how exciting it'll be."

"Yes!" Nicole yelled. She held out her cup. June raised a single eyebrow in return. Nicole sighed and made a mock bow from her beanbag. "Oh. Please, may I have some more, madame?"

"You may," June told her while opening the second bottle.

"Ummm, let's see," Emily muttered while flipping backwards through the book. She stopped and her lips moved once more with her fingernail touching individual words. "This one changes *self* while granting... power? It's a strange word. Like dominance almost. There's a note he copied down below it. Sounds like it was a holy ritual of some kind. Um. Creating a deity? No, that can't be it. A guardian? No, not quite that, either. Almost, though."

"Just read it," Nicole told her. "If any of us is closest to a goddess, it's you and that brain of yours."

"Do you have any cheese?" June asked.

"In the fridge," Emily said with a distracted voice. "And some crackers. Cupboard."

June walked towards the kitchen while Tia leaned into the arm of the couch to watch Emily. Nicole nibbled on a pretzel and her eyes shined gleefully.

Emily cleared her throat before speaking. She enunciated slowly, haltingly. Her vowels were uncertain and her consonants subdued. However, the more she spoke, the more confidence she gained and her voice grew smooth. Deeper. Tia frowned and reached out, touching her shoulder when she grew concerned at the dazed look in her friend's face. Her other hand touched the cross she wore on the golden chain around her neck before going down to Emily's thigh.

"**Mutashtos**," Emily finished, just as June walked back into the living room with a plate of food.

The word hung in the air. The howling wind outside the house fell silent. Tia snatched her hand back from Emily with a sharp 'tsk' of pain. A glistening line of drool slid down the corner of Nicole's mouth as she stared past at the top of Emily's head.

A sulfurous smell wafted from between Tia and Emily. Tia gasped when the gold chain slid around her neck and down her chest. She grabbed it and blinked at it, confused until she realized the cross was gone. Her left hand touched her chest and the subtle, pale cross-like mark on her dark skin.

"See it," Nicole whispered. Her pupils were fully dilated as she continued to stare at the top of Emily's head. "The burning crown, I see it. I- I-"

"Soooo, what did I miss?" June asked while glancing around the room.

Something slammed into the window. June, Nicole, and Tia shrieked. Crackers slid from June's plate. Emily blinked rapidly while the book slid between her thighs to fall to the floor.

"What the hell was *that?*" June asked.

"I'll- I'll go check," Nicole said. She stood and swayed until she reached out to steady herself with her hand against the wall. "Whew. Wow."

Nicole kept her hand braced against the wall as she made her way to the front door.

"You- you okay, Emily?" Tia asked.

Blood rushed through Emily's body and a great roar filled her ears. Her tipsy, reddened ears and cheeks deepened while a dark crimson blush bloomed over her chest. She panted through her parted lips, as if she were unable to fully catch her breath. Her fingers trembled on her knees. They jerked, clenching and clawing at her skin.

Emily's heart beat like a powerful drum, pushing pushing *pushing* the blood down until her pussy ached from it. Her labia swelled and her clit emerged from its fleshy hood.

A tiny bump showed against the girl's gray sweatpants. She groaned, biting at her lip and the bump grew. Her smooth clit lengthened slowly, stretching outward while dragging against the inside of her sweats. The girl arched her back and sweat soaked into her t-shirt.

She could feel it. Aching as it grew. Bulging slightly when it stopped, almost half an inch long from the base. Her teeth grinded together in an attempt to ease the throbbing pain in her gums.

The girl pawed at her clit. Pushing it down until she felt the burning wetness of her dripping pussy smearing over the smooth pink tip. A single red hair emerged between her shoulder blades. Another grew below it. A third, jet black, emerged further down. More appeared, red with a few black hairs, scattered over her spine. Trapped by her shirt, they flattened against her body, slick with the sweat forming over her skin.

"-ly? Emily!" Tia yelled while shaking her friend.

"What?" Emily asked.

"You're freaking me out a little bit, girl," Tia said. "Are you okay?"

"Guys, there's like a dead crow outside," Nicole said when she rushed back into the house. She paused, tilting her head with a thoughtful expression. "Raven? I dunno. Right outside the window."

"Let me **go**," Emily growled harshly while pulling her arm away from Tia.

"Emily!" June said.

"I just- I just need to-" she mumbled while rubbing the base of her palm against her swollen clit.

The girl bounced up without finishing her thought. She walked past June and into her bathroom, pushing the door half-closed with her heel before leaning over the sink. Her flame red hair slid over her shoulders to fall around her face.

"Show me the bird, Nicki," June said from the living room.

Emily rubbed at her pounding head, massaging her temples and then twisting her hands to scratch at her forehead, deeper and deeper with every passing second until dead skin flaked away. Her nails scraped against a thin layer of keratin forming high on her scalp, along the sides of her head.

"Emily, are you sure you're-mmph!"

Tia stepped into the bathroom to check on her friend and was slammed against the wall when Emily turned and pushed into her, pressing her lips against Tia's mouth with her tongue slipping inside.

"MMmmph!" Tia's voice was muffled as Emily moaned and thrust her tongue deeper. The flesh stretched, reaching for Tia's throat while her hands massaged Tia's ass and back.

Layers of new nails grew out from her nail beds and down, anchoring them to the bone while the nails themselves folded into sharp little claws that scored Tia's body to leave marks on her skin.

Emily grinded her erect clit against Tia's belly while Tia beat her hands against the girl's shoulders. Suddenly, her hands slowed and her tongue writhed, twisting with Emily's tongue. Tia wrapped her arms around Emily's body, pushing into her for-

"No!" Tia pushed, separating them. A line of drool connected their mouths before collapsing. The girl's nipples were hard bumps against her t-shirt.

Emily stumbled back against the bathroom sink while wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. Her stomach *pulsed* with the need for release and she growled. Her canines flowed, enamel sliding over their tips before curving away to push at her lips. The new fangs scraped together when she closed her mouth to swallow.

Tia felt dazed. Drugged. She moaned and her head swayed back and forth. The girl slid to the ground and was barely able to raise her head. Emily growled again and shoved at her sweatpants and panties to expose her clit. Fine little rust-colored hairs, peppered with black, pierced the wrinkled skin of her hood as she pinched the clit and stroked herself. Her thumb rubbed the tip and she bucked. And snarled. Clear liquid seeped from her pussy lips, sliding down her leg in thin lines before soaking into her sweatpants.

"Nuh- Nuh-" Tia tried to say. Her body was aflame and her knees spread apart while her hand, resting on her stomach, strayed towards her own pussy.

The girl had never masturbated. Her father was a conservative Baptist preacher and both he and her mother beat the fear of God into her, along with the horrors of what they viewed as sin. Despite the occasional urge to explore, she'd been able to resist.

Now, as she watched Emily touch herself, her head began to pound and an aching, empty need spread through her belly.

Thick hairs spread from the base of Emily's hooded clit. The fur spread slowly through her well maintained pubic hair and outward, reaching out into a wild, curly peak up to her belly button and off to her hips.

Release.

Drool dribbled from the corners of Emily's mouth while spittle flung from her fanged lips. She snapped at the air as she orgasmed and her pussy clenched, tight pink muscles gripping and loosening while she snatched her hand away to grab the edge of the sink to steady herself.

Tia's hand rubbed her stomach and she gasped. Her eyes rolled back. She spread her fingers wide and dragged them back and forth while rubbing her legs together. Lightning shot through her body, up to her nipples and further to the roof of her mouth. She pressed her tongue up and swirled it in endless circles as she continued to stroke the strange new flesh growing beneath her stomach.

"Tia," Emily groaned.

As her orgasm finished, her mind began to clear and she dropped to her knees. Just as she was about to touch her friend's wrist, she realized her pants were down. The girl yelped and

pulled them up and then winced when she felt the squelch of her soaked panties against her crotch. Her clit retreated slightly back within its hood with the tip peeking past the opening.

Sharp red and black hairs pierced Emily's swollen outer labia. More and more gathered, covering the puffy skin before trailing outward to her thighs. She knelt and her skin shifted around the muscles bunching within her legs.

"Tia," Emily said more urgently, pulling at her friend's arm.

Silky sable hairs grew between Tia's small breasts in a thin line that began to creep down her chest towards her stomach. They grew long but scattered, surrounding her belly button and continuing down through her plain, triangular pubic hair.

"-what killed it," June said as she walked back into the house.

"Tia!" Emily whispered fiercely while closing the bathroom door with her shoulder. Her fangs rubbed against the inside of her lips and she was forced to swallow an excess of drool when her thick tongue moved awkwardly in her mouth.

"Wha- Emily?" Tia asked. She let Emily take her hand and she stared at the traitorous limb that had just, moments before, caressed her body. "What's- what happened?"

Emily could still feel it. The throbbing ache centered at the apex of her pussy. Her short fangs screeched when she grinded her teeth. The girl's ears twitched at the sound just beyond her hearing.

"I- I don't know," she said while wrapping her arms around the girl's chest. She exhaled and her clit stirred when she felt Tia's erect nipples rub against her. "Come on, get up. I'll help you up."

Muscles tensed in Emily's legs. Her own strength surprised her and she nearly yanked Tia to her feet with force when she lifted the other girl.

"There, I've got you," Emily said. She licked her lips. Moaned. Tia's scent filled her nose - soap and flowers and the sharp scent of her wet pussy. Once more her clit slipped past its hood to rub against her soaked, warm panties. It was painfully distracting, but she did her best to ignore it in order to help her friend.

"I feel dizzy," Tia mumbled.

"You're burning up," Emily told her with a frown. Sweat welled from Tia's forehead before falling down her cheeks and nose. "Here, lean on me. I'll get you to the couch."

"Is she okay?" Nicole asked when the pair stepped out of the bathroom.

"She's feverish," June said when she reached out to help.

Tia moaned and twisted. She pushed away from June and harder into Emily's side.

"Help me get her to the couch," Emily told June. Although she asked for help, Tia seemed to weigh nothing in her arms. Emily's shoulder blades flexed, pushing against her shirt while muscles shifted in her back. A single vein stood out on her small bicep.

They both laid their friend down and Emily stroked Tia's hair with a gentle, caressing touch. June left her to grab a wet washcloth, leaving Emily with Nicole hovering anxiously over her shoulder. When June returned, Emily took the towel and used it to wipe the sweat from her friend's face and chest. After a moment, she took her friend's glasses, folded them and set them on the end table.

A single curly black hair lay exposed on Tia's chest, just above her sternum and the collar of her shirt. Above it, where the faint cross shape marked her skin, a white hair grew inside its boundaries. Emily stared curiously at the two hairs until Nicole spoke behind her.

"Should we take her to the hospital?" Nicole asked.

"Can you get my thermometer from-" Emily started to ask.

"On it," June interrupted, bouncing away only to return with the device.

Emily wiped the towel over Tia's forehead and June swiped the thermometer over the girl's bare skin.

"Ninety-nine point four," June read.

"That's not terrible," Emily said. "I'll keep her here tonight. If she's feeling better in the morning, I can bring her to class. If not, it's Friday tomorrow so she can skip and take the weekend to recover. And I have a car if she gets worse."

"It can't be the wine, could it?" Nicole asked. She fidgeted in place beside the other three. "I feel a little off, too."

"I feel fine, so I don't think so?" June said. "Emily?"

The past ten minutes were a blur to Emily. She felt **off** like Nicole had mentioned and, with her mind wandering, she realized she was strangely horny and **that** was disturbing with her friend laying on the couch with a fever. Worse, the whole thing was an odd sensation - her entire body ached and her teeth were sore. She had a strange urge to grab and...

Bite? she thought while rubbing her tongue over her teeth. Her entire body was on edge.

"I'm okay," she lied, unwilling to give details in case they asked for them.

Emily glanced down to see a wet spot showing in the seat of her sweatpants. Worse, she found herself spreading her legs slightly and swore she could feel the stickiness of her pussy against her thighs and she was terrified that the others were able to smell her as strongly as she smelled herself. Strong enough as if she had her own head buried in her crotch like a bitch licking herself clean.

"You guys head out, we'll be fine," Emily said while forcing her legs together.

June stared at Emily with a puzzled look as she tried to figure out exactly what was out of place on the girl's face. Noticing the look, Emily blushed and turned away, pretending, instead, to busy herself with wiping Tia's forehead.

"Alright," June said. "Come on, Nicole, I'll walk you back to your room. Nicole? Nicole!"

Nicole jolted in place. She'd been staring at Emily. Inhaling deeply and leaning forward. There was a peculiar scent, something she'd never smelled before. Something that tickled a deep, primal part of her brain. She exhaled and a soft, animalistic whine escaped her lips. New urges began to form, triggered by the other girl's scent and a chain reaction rippled through her very soul.

"S- sorry, what?" Nicole asked, licking her lips as she turned to June. Her pussy began to **throb** with the need to be filled and pounded.

"We're heading out," June repeated. "I'll walk you home."

"Yeah. Yeah, okay," Nicole said. Her eyes flicked to Emily's shoulder. Down her arm to her hand on the towel. Her fingers. She could almost feel them in her own hair, grabbing a fistful of her wavy hair from behind as she-

"Nicole?"

"Yeah, coming, sorry."

Nicole followed behind June with one last glance towards Emily. For a brief, confusing moment, she swore she saw hair on Emily's back, in the gap between her pants and t-shirt.

"Fuck, it's cold!" June gasped when the wind howled around her. "Come on, come on. My old-ass car won't start if I leave it too long at this temperature."

Nicole stumbled along. The cold soothed her body, but she also felt it as the touch of a ghostly lover caressing her body. Her nipples stiffened, the wrinkled flesh twisting while bumps

appeared over her brown areola. She paused at the foot of the stairs, gripping the freezing metal structure while biting her lips to hold back a moan. The phantom fingers slipped beneath her clothes, stroking her ass and breasts. Goosebumps rose in a wave down the back of her neck and arms. Her pussy ached for attention and she shook her head when Emily's face appeared in her mind's eye - her friend's face between her thighs.

I'm not- I'm not interested in girls, she told herself, pushing away from the stairs to hurry after June when the other woman slipped into the driver's seat of her car. Nicole followed, sitting in the passenger side while pressing herself against the door with her knees bent and pressed together and her hands clutched in her lap. The seat belt slipped uncomfortably between her large breasts and its presence only served to distract her further. **Every** part of her body felt more sensitive than usual.

"I hope Tia's okay," June said after backing out of the parking lot.

"Yeah," Nicole agreed, barely paying attention.

Her eyes swept to the side to make sure June was focused on the road. She raised her left arm to block the view of her right hand as she pressed it against her soft belly and down beneath her jeans. She sighed with pleasure while stroking her curly pubic hair and then, with her heart racing, she slid her hand further. Her teeth bit painfully hard into her lower lip when she touched her clit.

The girl began to pant as she rubbed the length of her finger over the clit and down to her fleshy inner lips. Her puffing breath steamed the window next to her. A thrill traced down her spine as she glanced at June once more. Her friend sat so close and was blissfully unaware of what Nicole was doing. The thought of it drove Nicole wild and her finger sped up before dipping between her slick lips.

Brown hairs grew over her mound, joining the feathery soft hairs on her smooth skin. The new hairs thickened and lengthened, curling as they spread down over her swollen labia.

Nicole grunted. Her tailbone cracked painfully, freeing the tip. Despite the dull pain, she continued to masturbate slowly. She adjusted her hips and the pain eased. Hidden beneath her hoodie, a bump formed low on her back. Hairs emerged from the bulging skin, barely hiding the vague shape of the vertebrae pushing into the flesh beneath, forced outward by a new piece of her tail growing in place.

Close, so close, she thought to herself. Her hips began to rock, as if she were riding her dildo - or a fat cock. *Thrusting into me. M- mounting me. Breeding- oh fuck- FUCK! Breeding me!*

She came and her finger curled inside while the others gripped the tuft of fur covering her pussy. Nicole's nostrils opened and closed and she swallowed the whine that so desperately wanted out.

The girl trembled and turned, lifting her shoulder to press her face into it in order to muffle a soft moan. Her fingernail slid against the slick walls of her pussy, lengthening over the tip of her fingernail while folding and bulging. Her other fingernails followed, scratching the skin and the palm of her hand.

"FUCK!" Nicole cried out when a smaller orgasm cascaded through her body. She snatched her hand away and her throat vibrated with a nearly silent growl.

"Jesus, you scared me!" June said while correcting her swerving car. "What's wrong?"

"I- I- I forgot-" Nicole stuttered. Her tail stretched, caught beneath her jeans, to rub between her ass cheeks. "My. Um. My. Purse. At Emily's house."

"Do we need to go back?" June asked while praying that they wouldn't.

"N- no," Nicole said. She turned towards the car's door and sniffed her fingers. Once more her throat vibrated and she growled while licking the cum from her hand.

"Nicole?" June said with a quick peek at her friend.

"Sorry, just, like I said, umm, feeling a little off," Nicole told her. She reached her left hand out, placing it against June's thigh as if to reassure her. Her short claws pierced June's tights when she clenched her hand.

It was a lie. She felt **amazing**. Horny but full of energy. She wanted to move. And run. And **fuck**. Be fucked.

Like a dog, ass up, all fours, she thought, eyelids fluttering as she pictured herself on knees and forearms like a bitch in heat. Her stubby tail wiggled between her ass cheeks and the fur covering it dipped into the wetness spread by her pussy.

"Whoa, I think you need a pedicure, girl," June said.

Nicole swallowed excess drool. The narrow, rounded tip of her tongue quivered. She swallowed again and nearly gagged as the flesh flattened. And widened, flexing at the tip to brush her uvula before she let it rest against her lower lip. It bounced as she panted.

Her hand slid higher on June's thigh, clawing her leg. She tore tiny holes in the stretchy fabric.

"Hey!" June called out while slapping Nicole's hand. Nicole snatched her hand away.

"S- sorry, I- I just, sorry. Let my mind wander, sorry," Nicole apologized while rubbing her hand. Her thumb dug into the bottom of her and her claw scratched against a thin callus forming on

her palm. Her fingers curled and her thumb dragged back and forth against the bottom of them - against the roughened skin growing along the segmented digits. The girl moaned, softly, and did the same with her other hand for the rest of the drive.

"Nicole. Hey- Nicole! We're here," June said. She poked the other girl and Nicole jumped, startled out of her pleasurable thoughts. "You- uh."

Silvery moonlight shined off of the backs of Nicole's eyes for a brief second, reflecting from the tapetum lucidum until she cocked her head and blinked.

"Huh. Uh. We're here," June said.

Nicole pulled at the front of her shirt, dragging it down to highlight her breasts while staring into June's eyes. She wanted Emily. She could still smell the other girl's scent. A small part of her knew that if she wanted to, she could track the strange, powerful aroma back to her apartment. To anywhere in the world, if necessary. She wanted Emily but would take June instead. Grinding against her, legs wrapped around-

"Nnngh-" the girl groaned, clawing at her temples. Brown vellus hairs spread over the backs of her ears in a leisurely crawl. Her broad tongue licked her top lip and nearly touched her nose. The thought of fucking another girl was alien to her. Wrong.

Isn't it? she asked herself.

'Are you sure you're okay?' June asked her.

"Yeah," Nicole answered with a husky voice. She opened the door quickly and stumbled outside into the snow, in a hurry to get away before she lost herself. The urge to kiss June was far too tempting. "I'll text you tomorrow."

Nicole forced every step along the way to her room. Her ears twitched as she caught faint conversations behind the other doors. A few deeper voices of men with their girlfriends. She paused at one and leaned in to listen to the moans of two girls and their whispered words to each other as they made love. Her own hand rubbed at her clit on the outside of her jeans until **she** moaned from a small orgasm and clawed at their door frame, shaving slivers of wood that fell to the ground.

When she reached her own room, she collapsed to the floor just inside, dropping to her knees with her hands out before her. Grinding her teeth. The girl shoved her ass back against the door and her wide tongue dangled with drool dripping from the tip.

"Feels so fucking good," Nicole moaned. She sat back, pulling at her hoodie before throwing it. Her shirt followed. She pulled her bra down over her breasts and they jiggled as she spun it, turning it until the clasps were in front in order to unhook them.

With a low, grumbling moan, she raised her tit and her long tongue reached out to flick her nipple until her lips touched the erect flesh and she sucked herself. She held her breast with her left hand and reached for her pant's zipper with her right, wincing when the teeth caught in the fur beneath. The girl pulled at the thick hairs covering her inner thighs. They were slick with her cum and the pain of the roots pulling her skin was a delicious contrast to the pleasurable lightning arcing down her belly from her nipple.

"Emillyyyyy," Nicole groaned, releasing the nipple with a wet pop. She leaned forward until her chest touched the floor. Turning her face, she rested her cheek against the ground and reached back to slide her pants and underwear over her wide hips and thick ass.

Thin sheets of her juices connected from her crotch to her jeans and the crotch of her panties. They swung to her bare skin and the scattered fur high on the inside of her thighs.

Her tail, barely two inches long, curled behind her. Nicole shoved her fingers into her pussy and she snarled when her claws scratched the pink skin within.

Giving into the animalistic urges filling her body propelled the changes. Her feet slid out behind her while she braced herself on her chest. Bright red nail polish flaked away from her broad toenails when white fracture lines appeared and her nails bent. Keratin flowed over them, creating sharpened tips that grew deadlier with every new lawyer. She snarled when the nails bit into her flesh, diving down to surround the bone and lock in place.

Fine brown hairs grew from the webbing between her toes with more growing from the back of her feet. Tendons stood out on the delicate skin while muscles grew within, tugging and pulling, forcing her forefeet to widen into the start of her paws.

Nicole screamed when she orgasmed. Lights exploded in her eyes and her new claws tore at the floor when her legs quivered and refused to be still. She'd never felt anything like it. Drool dribbled from the corners of her lips while her pupils dilated. Goosebumps rose over her skin. She snarled and snapped her short fangs, desperately trying to seize control of her spasming body.

The vertebrae in her spine pushed into the flesh above and she followed involuntarily, pulling herself up to her hands and feet.

Like a proper bitch.

Fur pierced the skin over her spine, from the base of her tail up to her nape. Inches of bare skin separated the hairs by they thickened into scattered clusters until her spine relaxed and she slumped to the ground in a daze.

Sleep followed soon after.

Emily held the towel in her lap while staring down at Tia's sleeping body. She licked her lips and glanced at her door as if June would walk back inside at any moment.

The petite girl moaned in her sleep and Emily groaned in return. She couldn't stop staring at Tia's nipples - still impossibly erect - where they pushed against her shirt. And the black hair just above the neck of her shirt. There were three curly strands and a second white hair above the first.

Emily's eyes swept up to Tia's shoulder and the smooth, dark skin curving up to her neck. And her jaw. Emily's exhaled breath was sharp. Hungry. She reached out a tentative hand before clenching it into a fist over the girl's chest. Instead, she leaned in to kiss her forehead.

Inhaling.

Moaning.

Lips lightly touched Tia's temple. Hand resting on her midriff. Teeth on her earlobe, hot breath puffing from her nose. Tia groaning, twisting. Eyelids fluttering. Nuzzling into the girl's neck with a low, grumbling growl and her hand massaging, kneading the other girl's stomach. Alveoli and milk ducts continued to form beneath Tia's stomach and the girl whimpered in her troubled sleep.

Emily's tongue slid past her lips, covered in drool to flatten against Tia's neck. She moaned as she licked Tia, tasting her sweat and the subtle sweetness of her skin. The wide tip folded when she dragged it up, over the girl's jaw. Her hand relaxed, moving until she felt the small contours of Tia's breasts.

Tia gasped. Her eyes moved beneath her closed eyelids and she writhed, lifting her hips and back in a wave while biting her lip. The sharp scent of her sudden wetness wafted to Emily's nose.

The skin parted at the corner of Emily's nostrils, creating slits that trapped her friend's scent even as she breathed out. Faint gray lines appeared on the rounded flesh at the tip of her nose. She inhaled and more drool slid down her cheek as the marks darkened around her nostrils and lifted, creating a pebbled texture. Her tongue swept down over Tia's lips, dragging over their soft, upturned curves.

Emily's clit throbbed, free of its furred hood. She reached down, shoving at her sweatpants and panties, snarling as she clawed at her pussy with her palm rubbing her clit. The soft skin on her palms became wrinkled, hardening slightly into a wide, rounded triangular shape that dragged

against her swollen clit until the new flesh filled out. She **squeezed** Tia's breast, compressing it against her new paw pad while bending to kiss the girl's thick nipple through her shirt.

"Mmmm, haaaaaa..." Tia moaned in her sleep.

Emily's eyes widened. She forced herself back while staring at Tia's prone body in horror. A large wet spot soaked into the other girl's shirt where she'd briefly sucked on her nipple, drenching in with her drool.

Soft red fur spread over the backs of Emily's ears. They unfolded and stretched, sliding through her hair. Wispy black hairs grew from the tips in bushy little tufts. The fur caught against her bangs, parting them briefly to show the hardened nubs of horns at the side of her head.

"Oh god," Emily moaned. She looked down and only just now realized she was rocking her hips against the two fingers she was thrusting into her pussy. Cum flung away from her tight inner lips and the skin pulled outward, refusing to let her fingers go when she pulled them free. "Fuck! What the hell is **wrong** with me?!"

She stood. Stumbled. Nearly running to the bathroom to turn on the water in order to wash her hands.

"Oh. Oh God. Oh God, what the hell is this?!" Emily moaned while staring at the claws tipping her fingers. They'd had grown while she finger-fucked herself, two inches now and no longer translucent but obsidian and glistening in the overhead light. Coated in her juices. Clearly defined paw pads covered her fingers and palms and red fur littered the back of her hands and forearms with black hairs strewn among them.

The girl looked up and nearly screamed. Fangs jutted from her mouth and her long ears lay trembling back at an angle. When her pupils narrowed, they quivered and compressed into vertical slits.

She pawed at her mouth while leaning into the mirror and the change in position let her see the black tips of her horns beneath her hair.

"No no no no no! This- this can't be real! This can't be-" she froze. Her mind scrambled before settling on a clear cause for the changes. "The book..."

Her ears twisted. She grabbed at them, pulling and wincing in pain. Muffled sounds came from the living room. Moans.

Emily leaned cautiously out of the bathroom to spy on Tia. The other woman had her back to Emily with her knees bent. Emily's claws tore at her bathroom wall. She couldn't stop inhaling, breathing in Tia's sweet smell and the heady scent of her pussy. Without realizing what she was

doing, she grinded her clit against the rough edges of the doorframe, humping it with a quiet growl.

"Tia... You-" Emily moved, walking over to her friend to stare down at her.

Both of Tia's hands were between her thighs, rubbing at her pussy. Emily gnashed her teeth. Her body felt tight, as if something was pushing against her skin - clawing at her flesh. Expanding within her and desperate to be out. She was riled up beyond anything she'd felt before. Her gums ached and she found herself clawing at her thighs. The completely alien sensation filled her with an aroused aggression and silent voices echoed through her mind - screaming at her to rip Tia's clothing apart, to shove her to her stomach, lift her ass and-

"Tia!" Emily yelled, focusing on her friend in order to stop the urges. She grabbed the girl's arms and pulled, rolling her to her back.

Tia's eyelids fluttered open. Her brow creased as she tried to make sense of Emily's face but Emily turned away before she could see her clearly.

"Emily?" Tia asked, suddenly uncertain.

"Don't," Emily growled. She reached out. When her padded palm touched Tia's cheek, she pushed the other girl's head to the side. "Don't look at me."

"You're scaring me," Tia said. "What's happening? I don't- I don't remember anything and- and I feel- Emily- that smell, I- I-"

Tia moaned and licked the claw Emily held against her lips. Before Emily could react, Tia shifted her head to suck the claw into her mouth with her tongue wrapping around it, licking Emily's cum from the dense tip. Her right hand stroked inexpertly at her own clit and she moaned louder while sliding her head back and forth.

"Tia, stop! Stop it!" Emily shouted while pulling her hand away.

Tia's hand pressed hard against her clit and she lifted her chest while turning back to Emily. Her expression was dazed with her lips parted.

"Feels... Feels..." Tia panted. The fur covering her chest spread lazily, needles pricking her breasts as hairs grew out from her sternum towards her areola. More spread from her flat pubic hair and down over her pussy while stubble formed on her ass cheeks. Skin bulged above her slender ass and she groaned loudly while shoving her back into the couch to grind the rough fabric into the tail forming beneath her skin. "Hot. Good, Emily. I want- More."

"Tia, shit, Tia, snap out of it!" Emily shouted while shaking her friend. She was desperate to stop her - not just for Tia's sake and sanity but also because her own self control was eroding quickly.

"I- Emily. Emily. Something's wrong with me," Tia moaned. She raised her hands to her head.

"Look at me, Tia," Emily commanded with a sultry, low voice.

Tia obeyed at once, turning to stare. Her eyes darted over Emily's face and comprehension dawned slowly.

"Oh! Emily! Oh sh- shit! Emily, your face! What's, Oh God. Oh God oh no, Emily, what's happened to you?!"

Tia burrowed deep into the couch to get away from her friend. She pushed herself up and slid to the side, raising her knees defensively before wrapping her arms around them.

"I don't knooooow," Emily groaned. She bowed her head and laced her hands together, staring at the strange, deadly claws. "I- I think- I think it's the book. I think reading that spell caused this to happen."

Tia unwrapped her arms to touch her face as fear contorted her features. Her tongue explored her teeth while her fingers touched her forehead and ears. She only relaxed when she realized everything was normal. Her hands slid between her thighs and her belly with her heels against her ass. As she stared at her friend with horrified wonder, her fingers slowly massaged the flesh growing beneath her belly.

The girl was mesmerized by Emily's changes, now that she'd had a moment to collect herself. Her breathing calmed and she licked her lips. And inhaled. Deeply. Taking Emily's scent into her. Feeling the way it coursed throughout her body. Goosebumps rose over her shoulders when she pictured the other girl's teeth biting into them while her body pressed against her from above.

"Are-" Tia's voice cracked. She swallowed and licked her suddenly dry lips while bowing her head. Hidden behind her thighs, her hand slipped beneath her shirt and she caressed the soft black fur spreading over her belly while clenching the muscles of her pussy.

What is this? This emptiness? she asked herself. This smell? Hers? Emily's? So different from mine.

The skin pinched on the tips of Tia's fingers when her clear nails gradually began to fold and she clawed at her stomach where the taut skin loosened slightly before twisting into a tiny, wrinkled teat.

"Are you okay?" Tia gasped finally. "I- I mean, otherwise?"

"I- I think so?" Emily said. She brought her hand to her nose to rub it before narrowing her strangely slit eyes to stare at Tia's ass. "I- And you're sure **you're** okay?"

"Yes," Tia lied as she pinched and pulled at the teat. Milk welled from hidden holes surrounding the tip. She forced her hand away and swallowed the needy whine that built within her chest.

Heat thrummed within Tia unlike anything she'd felt before and as her eyes fell upon the defined lines of Emily's forearms, she realized she ached to feel the other girl wrapping them around her. Holding her down. Touching her until-

"Yes," Tia gasped, answering the question again while expressing her need at the same time.

Emily squeezed her black, pebbled nose while growling. Her ears tilted back. She had to physically force herself to look away from Tia when her mind began to force fantasies into her thoughts.

"I, umm, I'm going to, uhh, read the book again," Emily mumbled. "In my room."

Away from you, Emily thought. Despite pinching her nose, she could smell the other girl's powerful scent and it was getting worse. Drool formed at the corner of her mouth and when her thick tongue cleaned it, Tia moaned quietly, causing Emily's ears to tremble.

"I think," Emily continued. "I think it must be just me. If you're fine, the others must be. I spoke the words. Whatever it is, it- it changed me. I think me being near you is- is affecting you on a different level. There has to be a way to stop it. To- to change- change back."

She wanted to rake her claws over Tia's back. The physical urge made the nerves stand out on her body and ignite. She turned her head and grinded her teeth. Her palm pushed at her clit and then jerked at how painfully sensitive it was.

"My- My- Room-" Emily gasped. She stood, suddenly certain that if she didn't go now, she would force herself on Tia. The girl stumbled away. When she bent to grab the book, the back of her sweatpants lifted from her short tail curling to balance her. "Stay. Um. Stay. Here. On the couch. Sleep here. And. Umm. Just. Be safe."

Emily ran to her room, closing the door and shoving into it. Panting. Trembling. Her body was burning.

And still Tia's scent wafted to her. Emily grabbed her bath towel from the top of her dresser where she'd left it earlier. She rolled it and placed it against the bottom of the door to block the airflow. Her claw clacked against the light switch when she turned it off. Darkness settled

around her but she stared, in wonder, as her vertically slit eyes widened and a strange new light filled the room. A faint silver glow highlighted the items scattered throughout her room.

She growled and padded over to her bed. Her heels lifted from the floor, forcing her to steady herself on her forefeet until she leaned forward to crawl onto the bed. She touched the switch on her nightlight carefully, focusing on using her fingertip rather than her claws in a small gesture of not giving into her changes.

The girl sat on her bed. She fluffed her pillows and leaned back with her book in her lap. Her long, furred ears tweaked and twisted, catching faint faraway sounds that distracted her. The sounds of prey-

She shook herself.

Small animals, not prey, she corrected.

Small animals and loud cars and the hum and buzz of the nearby campus along with the howling, gusting wind. She leaned over. Her claws cracked against the little white noise generator she kept at her bedside, nearly shoving it over the edge until she turned her hand and carefully tapped the button to turn it on. The sound roared in her ears, but she still tapped the volume button to make it louder until she was unable to hear anything else.

She closed her eyes, ignoring the throbbing between her legs. Slowly, her clit retreated back to the furred hood. The intrusive thoughts continued but, bit-by-bit, began to fade when she forced herself to meditate and clear her mind. It took deliberate effort that slipped occasionally but, eventually, she was able to visualize an empty room in her thoughts.

Enamel cracked. She licked her lips and swallowed as her fangs receded slowly, pulling back into her gums. Emily felt a thrill of excitement and satisfaction when she swept her tongue over the teeth. She reached up, touching her lips and her fingers popped when the claws broke free from the bones.

Her eyes opened and she held her hands out. She watched the claws seemingly melt away. They grew brittle, with tiny crumbling pieces falling to the blanket beneath her, but the rest appeared to flow back into her fingers until her claws unfolded to lay flat. Her fingernails were jagged now, as if she hadn't clipped them in years. And yet, they were plain, translucent fingernails.

"Thank God," she whispered.

Calmness allowed the changes to revert. Happy tears filled her eyes and her pupils, thin slits against the bright light next to her, widened into perfect circles.

She opened the book to the first page. Taking a deep breath, she braced herself for the headache that would follow from reading the strange words. Her rough nail touched the glyphs on the bottom of the page.

They seemed different. Her brow creased as she studied them, unaware that no headache would come now. The symbols appeared almost like letters and now, try as she might, she couldn't remember how they had looked before.

Although she couldn't identify the actual letters, she felt a **sense** of what it was trying to say. Or, at least, she almost did. It toyed with her, just at the edge of her comprehension in a maddening way.

Emily yawned until her jaw cracked. She grimaced, raised her arm and sniffed at her clothes before bending in huff in rapid succession with her nose pointed towards her crotch. The smell of her pussy was overpowering and she hated the thought of going to sleep while covered in her own cum, especially with how tainted it was due to the strange lust she'd felt towards her friend. She stripped and tossed her clothes in the rough direction of her hamper.

When she yawned again, hiding her mouth behind her hand, her head drooped slightly. Loose red and black hairs floated away from the back of her hand and forearm to litter the bed. She'd barely slept the night before, instead spending the night writing code on her laptop. Combined with the wine and the stress of her changes, her eyelids drooped and the book slid from her lap.

Tia watched Emily leave. Her eyes trailed down her friend's body to settle on her ass and she found herself leaning forward, huffing like a dog when she spied the enormous wet spot covering the other woman's sweatpants. Tia's lips trembled when her hand slipped beneath her pants to touch her swollen pussy.

She whined and the tips of her lightly furred ears unfolded to sharp tips. Her tongue circled her lips as she stared between her retreating roommate's thighs and it bumped over her lengthening canines.

When Emily's bedroom door closed, Tia fell to her back. She pushed her heels into the couch with her hips raised.

The heat consumed her. She'd spent nearly two decades denying herself the pleasure she now felt and the floodgates weren't just open, they were crumbling. The girl cursed her parents for what they'd done - dark thoughts churning through her head while her hackles stood on end. Small hairs that multiplied and lengthened over her nape and down into a thin mane of fur that reached her shoulder blades.

She thrust her fingers into her pussy with abandon, flinging cum over the couch while her palm slapped her furred crotch with a hard, wet smack. With every strike, the harsh sound lessened, softened by the leathery skin growing from her palms.

When the skin inflated on the bottom of the two fingers to create her bulbous, charcoal-colored padding, she bucked from a powerful orgasm. The young girl turned her head, shoving it into the cushions to muffle the sound of her howl while her hips spasmed. Two spots of rough, textured skin rasped against the couch when she rubbed her forehead into the seats beneath her. She rolled her head, scratching the raised, flat foundations of her horns before turning her head to the side to stare at Emily's bedroom.

"Have- have to see it," she mumbled. Rolling from the couch, she landed on unsteady legs and shuffled to the bathroom.

She knew what to expect. She'd seen Emily and she'd lied when she'd told the girl she was fine despite the changes spreading over her body. Changes she could feel happening even as she voiced the deception.

Vertically slit brown eyes ringed with gold stared back at her. The limbal rings surrounding her irises expanded, pushing the sclera away until only ebony remained. She groaned and stepped forward while reaching a hand up to the mark on her chest. Ivory hairs littered the strange brand with black hairs outlining it. Her palm flattened on her skin while her fingers spread. Curving obsidian claws dented the flesh.

With a start, she realized that everything was painfully clear and her hand reached, by reflex, for her glasses. Glasses that she wasn't wearing. She couldn't help but see it as being healed. Being made whole. Like the other changes happening to her. They were **right** and **good** and she welcomed them as her body tingled, eager for more.

She snarled and tore at her shirt, ripping it to free her small breasts. They quivered within the simplistic, thin bra she wore until she grabbed it, growled and pulled. Fabric bit into her while her biceps swelled and the clasps pinged. She flung her bra away and stared at her own breasts. At her hardened, black nipples and the short fur growing over the surrounding skin.

Sex wasn't the only sin. Her parents had forbidden her from even looking at her own naked body. Her breasts were a tool for feeding her own children and nothing more.

Droplets of milk welled from two of her teats when they tightened and twisted low on her belly. They merged into fat drops that fell from their own weight, creamy white sliding over her taut, dark body. She reached for one of the drops, collecting it in the curve of her claw before bringing it to her mouth to taste.

Feeding her babies.

Feeding her pups.

Her lips trembled and her knees grew weak, forcing her to grab the edge of the sink. Again the image of Emily filled her thoughts, dominating them. Emily above her, teeth in Tia's shoulder. Pounding and pounding into her.

"Breeding me," Tia moaned while standing up straight.

Tia's hand slid through the thick line of curly black fur covering the middle of her body until she reached her breast. She growled when her fingers caressed the delicate skin. After squeezing herself, she trailed her claws over and up to her nipple. Teasing it while she panted and stared.

She could feel bones grating on bones while muscles contracted in her back and her tail wagged slowly. Looking down, she stared at the wet curls of fur covering her crotch and hiding her aching, empty pussy.

This was *life*. She'd stumbled meekly through it before, doing as she was told. Obeying her parents while restricting herself according to scriptures written over hundreds and hundreds of years by a collection of aging men who put their own twisted fetishes into texts they claimed to be holy.

Living and dying by the standards of men whose bones were dust.

"F- fuck you," she snarled, tasting the word in her mouth. Tasting her defiance and the thrill it sent down her spine.

She walked back to the couch and padding spread over the balls of her feet before flattening beneath her within the confines of her shoes. Forcing her up with her heels raised. Her short tail lashing angrily behind her. Until she flopped back into the old cushions.

Flesh squirmed against her ass cheeks. Her tail wiggled between them when she lay back down, panting with her tongue resting against her cheek and drool dripping from the rounded tip. Her hand slid between her thighs once more. Dragging through her fur until she touched her swollen inner lips.

Her respite was brief. Even after her last orgasm just a few minutes before, the urge for more filled her and she tensed, crushing her fingers with her tight pussy. She wanted something more. Something bigger.

A male to mount her.

Tia growled and shoved, snapping at the air when her fangs curved away from her jaw.

She rolled. New instincts forcing her to her stomach and up on her knees. Raising her ass like a good bitch.

Deeper! Deeper! FUCK YES DEEPER! she thrashed on the couch, lost to the beast within. Lost to its carnal desires with Emily's scent still whirling in her brain.

As if responding to her wishes, her claws thickened, bulging at the tip of her very finger to press into the slick whorls and ridges of her pussy while the tips slid past her fingertip, expanding within her pussy as she thrust harder and harder. Her free hand reached up to her shoulder and those claws pierced her skin as she imagined Emily's fangs would.

Tia's tail trembled as she came again. It was even more powerful than before. Tendons stood out on her slender neck while wispy black hairs grew over them. Her pussy clenched against her fingers, pushing them out and she gasped and whined and squirmed uncontrollably on the couch.

When her body would listen to her again, the young woman stood in the living room. Even now her legs wobbled and threatened to give out. She shoved her pants and panties down to pool around her ankles.

The front of her shoes were ruined. She smiled, a toothy, wicked smile as she wiggled her toes and watched the short, ebony claws move in the holes they'd made. Her tail waved slowly behind her, pulling at her back muscles and ass cheeks as she stepped out of her shoes to stand completely nude.

Properly naked like the beast she was.

The power flooding her body was incredibly addictive and she had no defenses against it. Sex and even masturbation were forbidden to her - sinful activities according to her parents and she'd been too afraid to disobey in order to explore even a tiny bit when she felt the strange itch between her thighs. And so it steamrolled through her, granting her greater ecstasy than she ever thought possible.

It made her feel alive and there was no end to it. Every successive orgasm was better than the last.

Tia growled. She raised her hands to her head, clawing through her hair and down, squeezing her breast with one hand while the other spread to flick her fingers over her teats. She sat back on the couch with her knees spread and feet braced on the coffee table, staring towards Emily as she slid fingers into her pussy once more while pinching and pulling her teats. Clear juices dribbled down to the wild fur covering her crotch before dripping to the floor in a widening puddle.

Nicole groaned. She realized, slowly, that she was naked. And on the floor by her front door. The thin padding on her palms dragged against the ground while her toes bent behind her, sliding out as she raised up to her hands and feet in a full body stretch with her short tail trembling above her back.

Her heavy breasts hung to the floor with her nipples brushing the hardwood panels and little electric jolts fired down her belly before branching off to six distinct points on the side of her body, beneath the skin.

She stood and searched for her hoodie in order to find her phone, but it wasn't in her pocket. The girl scratched the fur over her spine and then up, clawing at the thick tuft on her nape. Her bedroom crooned to her and she listened, dropping her hoodie to the ground and lowering herself to all fours at the foot of the bed. Her claws click-clacked against the floor until she climbed into the bed and curled into a tight ball with her short, furry tail tucked between her thighs and her face buried into the tops of her breasts.

Emily's lips trembled in her sleep while her legs kicked out behind her. She grew calm as her door opened silently. A shadow figure entered on nearly silent, padded feet, ruined only by the faint 'tic' of the figure's claws touching the floor.

Tia leaned over the side of the bed. Her pure, golden eyes glowed from the reflection of silver moonlight through the gaps in the bedroom curtains. Orange clouds streaked the dull gray morning sky outside.

Her shoulder blades shifted and the thick mane of fur covering her spine moved with it as she crawled into the bed. The girl's sharp claws tore into the blankets and sheet and foam topper.

She held herself on hands and knees, moaning quietly as she inhaled Emily's peculiar scent. It filled her throat and lungs and warmed her skin until her nerves stood on end. She moved, hips swaying until she turned to lay down, pressing her naked body into Emily's bare back.

Tia's hand caressed Emily's hip before sliding over to the front of the other woman's bare thigh and down to her mound. She moaned as she felt the thick fur still covering the woman's pussy and lower belly. Her claws slipped through the hairs to the skin beneath when she stroked Emily's body.

"Mmmm, wha-?" Emily asked sleepily.

"I'm lonely," Tia told her. She raised her hand to Emily's stomach while rocking her chest back and forth to rub her nipples into the traces of fur scattered over Emily's back. At the same time, she gently nuzzled into the curve of Emily's neck. The curly fur covering Tia's breasts and stomach latched onto the fur on Emily's and Emily shivered when the other girl moved.

Emily's ears, shorter than earlier in the evening but still pointed, twitched. She blinked slowly and exhaled and her long tongue reached out, stretching towards her nose. Tia's warmth soaked into her, seeping into her pores.

Comforting her.

Exciting her.

"Tia, you shouldn't," Emily told her. Something was wrong. Something tickled the back of her mind at the situation. A warning flag waving weakly in the air.

"Will you hold me?" Tia asked. Her breath was hot, swirling over Emily's neck and chest, down to her flat nipples. Her low, hungry voice rose higher until it was almost a whine. "Please?"

"I- I-" Emily was confused. Disoriented. Her brain refused to work properly, leaving her to rely on the urges and impulses growing within. "I guess?"

Tia purposefully rubbed her body against Emily as she moved and Emily's breath caught.

"You're naked," Emily stated.

"So are you," Tia told her while crawling over her.

"I- Tia, I-" Emily swallowed. Her tongue reached out, flat against her upper lip. "I don't think we should- oh."

Tia lay on her side. She wiggled, shoving herself back until her bare ass pressed into Emily's lower belly. Emily froze as Tia reclined into her until Emily's breasts flattened into Tia's shoulders.

"Mmmm, that's nice," Tia moaned.

"Tiaaaa," Emily moaned. She bit the inside of her lip and closed her eyes, focusing on the white, empty room within her mind. Her gums throbbed as the roots of her teeth started to ache.

"Here, Emily," Tia said, reaching over to take Emily's hand. She brought it over to place it against her breast. When Emily tried to pull it away, Tia whined and clenched her hand, allowing her claws to bite into her friend's soft skin.

Emily growled at the miniature display of dominance. She flashed her teeth and then breathed while closing her eyes once more.

Tia's nipple was erect against the center of Emily's palm.

Emily felt it again. In her aching teeth. The urge to bite. Her hand clenched against Tia's breast. To claw. Tia moaned and rocked back, rubbing her ass into Emily's crotch. Blood rushed through Emily's body. The fleshy hood pulled back from her clit to leave it exposed. The tiny, pink nub pounded in time with her heartbeat.

Fine red and black hairs pierced her wrinkled hood. She pushed, shoving into Tia's ass by reflex when the smaller girl continued to grind backwards. The pressure built within her crotch, foreign and strange. Her lips touched Tia's shoulder. She kissed and felt patches of fur on her mouth.

"What- what is-" Emily whispered. More fur rasped against her palm when she continued to squeeze Tia's breast.

"Mmmm, yessss, Emily yessssss," Tia whimpered. The girl exhaled with a high pitched whine and leaned her head back.

"No. Tia, stop. Tia!" Emily tried to move but the girl moved with her, rolling when Emily went to her back. "Tia, you- you're changing! Like- rrrrrr-"

Emily growled. Her canines reshaped, flowing outward. Curving, cracking her nearby teeth. Tia kissed along the firm flesh of Emily's belly. Her fingers pinched and teased Emily's nipples until her lips reached Emily's mound. Here she moaned and rubbed her face into the thick tuft of fiery red fur.

"So good. So soft," Tia said. Her claws drew crimson marks down Emily's side and Emily cried out while bowing her back.

"S-s-s-stop," Emily said, but her voice was soft and she stared down at the other girl while blushing deep crimson and she watched as she spread her own knees apart. "You- you can't- I'm- I'm not- I'm- OH!"

Tia's broad tongue flattened against Emily's pussy. It folded slightly, dipping within and Emily snarled while reaching down to grab Tia's hair. Her nails cracked and pain flared in the tips of her fingers when they bent, pinching the flesh beneath. The tips of her claws raked Tia's scalp as they began to lengthen.

"You taste so fucking good," Tia growled. It was the first time Emily heard the other girl curse but the inconsistency was lost to her when she pushed into the wet tongue, praying it would slip inside of her. "Do you like this?"

"Yes!" Emily snapped, sharp and quick and breathless.

"I never knew what women tasted like," Tia said in between long strokes of her thick, dog-like tongue. "Sweet and salty and sweaty and sooooo fuuuucking goooooood."

Tia ended the drawn out words with a growl while bringing her claws up to dig into Emily's thighs. Emily snarled and thrust up.

"In. In me. Inside of me!" Emily demanded.

Desperate to obey the sudden command, Tia whined and her ears flattened submissively. She thrust her tongue between Emily's inner lips, slipping easily inside due to the wetness flooding the other woman's pussy. Tia leaned into it with her claws sliding down, fingers digging into Emily's ass cheeks with her thumb claws biting into her friend's hips. Holding her in place while her tongue writhed.

"Like that?" Tia asked after pulling out. She wanted nothing more than to please Emily. Some new, deep part of her new she would do **anything** the other woman asked, and she'd enjoy every second of it. Where her parents forced her submission by threat of damnation, she willingly accepted her obedience to Emily in order to bathe herself in the ecstasy of their passion.

Or so she told herself. The connection made after the spell was cast tightened around Tia, binding her permanently to her friend.

"Don't. Stop," Emily growled ferociously. She yanked Tia's head back to her crotch and Tia whined before shoving her tongue inside once more. "Fingers. One finger. Inside. Up. Up inside.."

Tia followed the command, pushing on her tongue with her curved finger up to rub a ridged section of soft skin.

Emily howled. She snatched her hands away and thrust them back against her pillow, tearing it apart with her claws. Her ears popped and flexed and expanded, once more sliding through her hair while Tia's claw rubbed her g-spot.

Fur continued to grow over Emily's hood while more skin gathered around the base of it. Her throbbing clit pushed past the hood while widening, growing thicker with every passing second until it was the width of her pinky and longer than the first joint of it.

Emily snarled and grabbed Tia's head once more. Holding her tight while grinding against her face. She felt it now - her clit rubbing the other woman's nose. Sending explosive jolts up her body with every contact. Her growl was low and continuous and harsh as she neared the edge of her orgasm. Bones popped in her hips. Vertebrae pushed her tailbone out. She raised her hips and adjusted for her tail before shoving back into Tia's face. Growling gave way to panting, with drool sliding down her jaw.

Emily came, finally, and she collapsed to her bed with her chest raised while gasping for air. Every tendon in her body pulled tight as her muscles contracted. Her jaw widened. Cracked. Skin tightened on her cheeks, pulling her face forward into the hint of a muzzle. Tiny gaps appeared in her gums and enamel flowed over her premolars, dragging them out to new fangs.

Thick red, curly fur spread slowly up and around her belly button, creeping towards her quivering, quaking breasts while black hairs mixed in with them. Fatty tissue formed beneath the padding on her hands and fingers.

Tia growled quietly as she looked up at the intense pleasure filling Emily's features. Her long tongue made a slow circuit of her mouth with a loud 'schlop!' sound as she cleaned the juices from her face. A dusting of soft sable fur slid down from the base of her ears and along her jaw.

The rough, horny texture on Tia's delicate nostrils spread up to the tip of her pert nose. The mocha coloring of her philtrum darkened to pure black that leached into her soft, ruby lips. She kissed the fur on Emily's belly as she crawled over her body and up to her breast to suckle from her nipple - one and then the other - with a soft whining moan.

Tia's tail curled as she sat back, straddling Emily's legs. Cum dribbled slowly from her pussy, dripping down into Emily's fur and onto her distended clit. She reached out with her clawed, pawed hands, placing them on Emily's breasts to knead the soft skin while slowly lowering herself down onto the jutting clit.

The faint sound of crunching gravel reached their sensitive ears and Tia snarled while reaching up and clawing at her forehead. She grabbed at the stubs of her horns and they slid through her paws. The smooth, ivory like material glided against her paw padding as rings formed and the horns curled back, parting her hair as they grew.

A sudden wave of heat and aggression filled Emily. She'd never felt anything like it and it shocked her. Even as her clinical mind tried to parse the information and calm herself, her left hand grabbed Tia's hips hard enough that her claws drew a few drops of blood. She growled and pawed at the girl's tit with her right hand while lifting her hips. Trying to thrust herself into Tia's pussy. New hairs grew amongst the thin fur covering Tia's breasts and her nipples slowly vanished beneath the thick black curls.

Her position was wrong. Emily rolled, dragging Tia with her until the other girl was on her stomach with Emily behind her, one paw on the back of Tia's neck and the other holding Tia's left hand against the bed. Emily's eyes narrowed to vertical slits. Drool dripped from her tongue. Flesh separated at the tip of her tongue, splitting it into two forks with drool dripping from the ends. Her drool sizzled where it touched Tia's body.

Emily's growl was low and dangerous as she leaned in. Tia whimpered and raised her ass. Her tail touched Emily's stomach before sliding through the other girl's fur to rub against her side.

Emily, still growling with her eyes focused far into the distance and her mind filled with nothing but the need to mate and breed, hunched her hips.

"Gonna... gonna... gonna **fuck** you," Emily snarled. Her tongue lashed out, flicking against Tia's shoulder. Bones cracked and her face pulled forward again while her nose was forced backwards, leaving her with a more noticeable muzzle that could no longer be confused for a human face.

With a grunt, the red headed girl worked her hips, humping Tia's ass. Fur lengthened and multiplied between Emily's shoulder blades. She pressed herself down, flattening her breasts into Tia's back.

Emily's clit swelled. Its growth pulled at the hood, dragging it upward while more fur pierced the gaps that were created in the wrinkled flesh. A thin, webbing of skin pulled away from the base of it, connecting the furry little sheath to her stomach. She thrust her clit blindly between Tia's ass cheeks while her pebbled, black nostrils flared with every inhaled breath.

Her right hand slid down and around Tia's side, clawing through her fur until she felt the bump of the other girl's teats. Tia cried out and shoved back into the questing clit but Emily snarled and sank her fangs into her friend's shoulder to force her stillness.

Jolts of pleasure filled Emily when her clit brushed the shaggy fur covering Tia's ass and thighs but it wasn't enough. Bowing her back, she pushed her clit down until it pressed into the skin beneath the base of Tia's tail. Her wide, forked tongue swirled against fur and skin and the tangy, metallic taste of blood, driving her wild as she began to thrust once more.

Tia's hips cracked and bones moved within. Altering her posture. Changing the angle of her pussy as her body readied her to be a proper bitch - to walk on all fours like the animal she was becoming.

The new position shoved Emily's clit, pushing it down. Tia's pussy juice coated the smooth, pink flesh.

Emily raised her head and let out a long howl when her clit slid between Tia's pussy lips. It nearly slipped inside, but it was too short and even the sensation of it gliding against the cum-covered inner lips sent the over-stimulated girl barreling over the edge.

She came and her ass trembled while her fangs sank deeper into Tia's shoulder. Fur shifted around her pussy when it pulsed, clenching to expel thick globs of her clear juices to create a puddle beneath her while some latched onto Tia's fur. The strange pressure low in her stomach, centered around her clit, eased slightly.

Slowly, slowly, Emily's tail lowered until it rested between her thighs. She moaned, bucked and pulled her fangs from Tia's shoulder to lay her head against the other woman's back. As she clenched the muscles within her pussy, her clit contracted with them.

Reason returned in time. Emily's eyes widened when she realized what she'd done.

"No! Oh- Oh shit!" Emily shouted while shoving herself away from Tia. She fell from the bed, caught herself on her hands and feet and leapt up. Powerful muscles flared in her thighs and back. Her chest heaved as she stared at Tia's prone body. "Oh God, Tia, I'm so- I can't- I'm so sorry!"

Tia groaned and stretched out. Her toes clawed through the mattress until she lifted her upper body onto her forearms. Emily was horrified to see that her entire body was covered in sable fur with a thick mane between her shoulders. A white of white fur showed between her breasts and neck in the rough shape of a simple cross.

"Oh, oh no, Tia," Emily gasped when the other girl turned to her.

Twin curling horns swept back from a shortened muzzle half-covered in dark hairs. Her golden eyes stared at Emily's clit and she moaned. Tia's tongue slipped out. It circled her lips and Emily moaned when she watched the tip split to create thick, snake-like forks.

"I want mooorrrrrre," Tia growled. She was unsatisfied. Having brought Emily to multiple orgasms, her own body was screaming for release and it was made worse by the small, incomplete taste of being mounted.

The rounded, pink tip of Emily's clit peeked just beyond the surrounding curls of red and black fur. Tia drooled as she stared at it. Mesmerized by it. By the thought of it inside of her. Filling her up. Pounding into her. **Cumming** inside of her and soaking her womb. Filling her belly with Emily's pups. Her brain burned while her lust consumed her, destroying her reason.

Tia slid from the bed while Emily backed up further until she bumped into the wall. The tip of Emily's tail swept against the back of her knees.

"T- Tia, you're- you're not thinking right, you- Something's *wrrrrrong* with us," Emily growled, twisting her head while her deadly claws tore plaster from the walls and wood from the studs beneath.

She knew she should do **something** - help her or run or... **anything**, but she couldn't make herself move. Her heart beat so quickly beneath her chest and it was echoed by her clit. Her nerves felt like they were on fire - like her entire body was on fire and the way Tia moved - crawling over the bed on all fours - did something to her that made her growl and grind her fangs together.

Emily couldn't help staring at the other woman's hips as they swayed. The memory of being on top of her was fresh and overwhelming. Her hand crept over her thighs to her pussy. She touched herself while gripping her clit with the soft webbing of skin between her thumb and index finger. Stroking herself. Pulling the fleshy sheath over the length of her swollen clit. Her split tongue bounced against her chin as she panted with unfocused eyes.

Tia touched the floor. She pulled herself along until her knees were down.

Painful spasms wracked Tia's body when she tried to stand. She hissed and froze, staring at the ground beneath her. After a few seconds she tried again, but her mind resisted.

"I- Emily, I- I don't remember how to- Emily! I don't remember how to stand up!" Tia yelled in a sudden panic that pushed away her arousal.

The process eluded her. She willed it to happen and her legs slid backwards until she was on her hands and feet. Vertebrae crunched in her neck. Tia's narrow eyes widened from the agony radiating from the cracking bones. Her skull **moved**, rotating upwards until she faced Emily directly with her head parallel to her back.

"H- help. Help me, I- nnngh!" Tia groaned.

Emily tried to feel panic - to feel fear for her friend. Instead, her lips trembled, showing her fangs and her hand moved faster, sliding the skin over her clit while the tips of her claws on her other fingers dipped between her pussy lips.

Joints snapped, forcing Tia's knees to slam to the floor. Her hips dislocated. Muscles dragged her tendons forward and the padding covering her forefeet slid on the floor, closer and closer to her hips. Her entire body raised while her tail lashed behind her. The dull, rounded end split and new skin spread past the surrounding fur to create a spade-like tip.

Tia stood properly on all fours, staring up at Emily as the other girl stroked her thick clit. Long strings of her cum swung between her shaking thighs. The smell of it drilled through Tia's brain and her panic began to subside. It was **right** to be on her hands and feet. On paws. On **her** paws.

The light dusting of black fur covering Tia's caramel cheeks spread as her skin stretched forward. Gaps in her gums split when her muzzle clicked into place. The tips of her new fangs pierced the red flesh while her canines began growing once more until they slid past her lips towards her jaw, easily as long as the claws tipping her wide paws.

She stretched and shook herself, casting loose fur around her before bowing with a low, deep growl. With a sly glance at Emily, she turned and lowered her chest to the floor. Her ass raised and her tail curved to touch her neck. Fatty tissue melted away in her breasts and the skin

tightened, pulling them back against her chest until her nipples were just another set of teats lining her belly.

Tia's haunches spread and the soaked fur covering her crotch appeared to move when blood rushed to her soft, dark inner lips. They opened, spreading to show the slick pink muscles within until the lips bulged, the thin edges becoming rounded. Her clit folded upward as the hood thickened to match the lips. Her changing pussy pushed through the fur, distended and swollen to become her new spade.

Emily cried out. Her hips bucked, slamming into the wall behind her. The woman's tail, shorter than Tia's and half-covered in black fur, slid against the patches of fur covering her calves.

A pure gold flame guttered between the nubs of Emily's horns before vanishing to leave the faint scent of sulfur in the air.

"No no no no no," Emily moaned when she realized what she'd done. And then she gasped as she stared at the huge black hellhound presenting herself before her.

With a harsh, hungry growl, Emily took a step forward, fully intending to kneel and shove her face against Tia's pussy, licking and sucking before mounting her and pounding her flat into the ground and-

She ran, claws striking the floor hard enough to break the wood. Emily crashed through the bedroom door, ripping the hinges and a large chunk of the wood from the frame. The bathroom was to her left and she rushed inside before closing the door.

A furred horror stared back at her from the mirror. The obsidian, rounded bumps of her horns stood out from her brilliant, flame-red hair with wide, triangular ears, tipped with black fur, trembling where they canted at an angle to the side of her head. Her lips couldn't hide her sharp, fang-like canines and her hands were larger when she brought them up to her face. Larger, dotted with red fur and tipped by two inch long claws that matched the color of her horns.

Thick, curly red fur, mixed with sable, covered her hips and more lined the middle of her stomach, up between her breasts. She moaned when she felt the base of her tail press against one ass cheek and the other. As soon as she noticed it, muscles contracted and she realized she could control it if she concentrated enough. And that she could feel the roots of the fur pulling on the flesh covering the length of it. She gripped the edge of the sink. Its cool surface was dull where it touched the thin padding on her palm and fingers.

A loud huff-huff-huff of air sounded behind her, startling her. Her biceps bulged and the sink cracked. Most of it broke away before smashing against the tile floor and a slow drip started in the old pipes set against the wall.

Tia's pebbled nose slipped through the gap beneath the floor. The girl's wide, forked tongue reached out before bending to wet her nostrils. Claws raked the other side of the door.

"St- stay out! Go- go- go lie down! We have to fix this!" Emily shouted. The words were difficult to speak due to her fangs changing the shape of her jaw.

More huffs followed and then a soft whine. Tia obeyed. Her nose vanished and Emily could hear her claws clicking as she retreated to the living room.

There has to be something in the book, she told herself while staring at the door. At Tia beyond the door. She could smell her clearly and her clit lifted, burrowing through her fur while slipping out of its sheath.

"The library," Emily said out loud. "June found-"

She froze. Her slit eyes widened and she opened the door. Tia lay on the floor but immediately stood when Emily walked out and her tail wagged behind her. Early morning light filtered through the edges of the curtains.

"My phone, my phone..." Emily muttered.

She grabbed it when she found it and it took three tries for her to unlock the phone with her PIN due to the absurd size of her claws.

Nicole wasn't feeling well when she left, Emily thought as she listened to the dial tone. Something was wrong with her. If she's changing as well, she's alone.

Hidden beneath the passenger seat of June's car, Nicole's phone buzzed in the darkness.

Nicole moaned. She clawed her nails over her naked body and growled quietly.

"FUCK!" she yelled, jerking upright in bed. Her breasts slapped together. She whimpered and rubbed them while blinking her eyes at the windows. At the bright light shining through them.

Her brain clicked. Clicked. Clicked. Clicked once more and her eyes widened. She spun, slamming her hand against her nightstand. It buckled beneath her new strength and shattered, surprising her. The young woman growled at the absence of her phone before bending to look if she'd knocked it to the floor.

A quick phone hunt followed, leaving her frustrated when she couldn't find it. Instead, she woke her laptop and cursed when she realized how late it was. She'd already missed over half of her morning class.

Being late was the same as being absent for the professor in question, so she sighed and trudged towards the bathroom and into the shower stall.

Hot water streamed over Nicole's curves. She turned in a lazy circle with a happy sigh that slowly turned into a low growl. The girl turned while sliding her hands over to her wide hips. Soap flowed down her body and into the drain near her feet.

"Sooooo goood," she said, drawing out the words with a luxurious moan.

She adjusted herself, letting the streams drill into her nipples before reaching to grab the wand beneath the shower head. Her thumb adjusted the flow until it was concentrated in the center.

"Haaaaa!" Nicole cried out when she guided the water towards her clit.

She spread her legs with her knees bent and her head back against the wall. Eyes closed. Imagining her lover's touch. Cock spreading her open. Teeth on her neck. Fur on her back. Weight pressing her down down down down until she was on all fours.

"Mounting me," she whispered, jerking and snarling quietly as brown fur pricked her skin, spreading over her mound and down to her labia. Her tongue licked her lip, stretching towards her nose. Bumping over her canine teeth when the tips curved past the flat edges of her incisors.

It was so clear in her mind that her hackles raised - tiny, almost invisible russet hairs that lengthened and leisurely spread down her nape towards her shoulders and beyond in widening line.

She squeezed her own breast, raising it towards her long tongue to swirl the tip around her nipple and then up to suck and bite at the tender flesh until it began to harden. Sucking as she'd imagine her own pup would after she'd been bred like a proper bitch.

Nicole snarled as she came, but she kept the wand in place. Her free hand dropped her tit. She stared down at the fur creeping over her stomach with lustful, unfocused eyes, hypnotized by the beads of water hanging from the tips. Her free hand stroked her pelt until she adjusted the water up and to an angle to make room for her wrist and fingers.

She played with her pussy lips, growling softly while rubbing her fingers back and forth over them, coating them with the slick juices before slipping her fingers inside.

The wand clattered from her hand. She leaned forward and her breasts swayed beneath her. Further to her hand and knees with her fingers thrusting in and out of her pussy.

With her libido awakened once more, Emily's scent filled her and her lips trembled over her fangs.

"AH!" she gasped, bowing her back. Her tailbone snapped and flesh, dotted with brown stubble, bulged from the tip of her tail pressing into it.

Her cum splattered the wall behind her as she began to thrust harder. Deeper. Pounding her hand against the fur spreading over her crotch. Her nails bent and they scratched the delicate, sensitive pink muscles within, causing Nicole to growl from the ecstasy of the pain.

"Like an animal," she panted, licking the tip of her nose. Her heart pounded. She shoved her ass back into her fingers as she imagined being fucked doggy-style from behind. Fucked by a slick, reddened cock that inflated at the base. "YES! YES! KNOT ME! BREED ME! MAKE ME YOOOUUURRWWWWWWL!"

Nicole's legs trembled. Her pussy crushed her fingers, forcing them out while a thin stream of liquid sprayed from her swollen lips. She raised her head in a howl, baring her fangs and forcing the sound from her human throat. It felt *amazing* to sing her pleasure - to express her joy from engaging in her base, animalistic urges. The tips of her ears unfolded into sharp points with silky brown hairs growing over the edges to create soft little tufts of fur.

On her hands and knees with the wand spraying water against the wall, she panted and shuddered. It took effort to stand again and step out of the shower and even more to dry herself off. A tiny part of her wanted to stay as she was - naked and dripping wet. She rubbed at her stomach, at the bumps beneath her skin while staring at her towel - as if trying to remember how to use it.

Finally, she grabbed it and rubbed it over her body in a mechanical fashion, relying on muscle memory more than anything else. When she dragged it against her pussy to pat herself dry, she whined and leaned against the wall and lost herself to it, sawing the towel back and forth against her clit.

The girl barked when she came, a loud, abrupt sound that echoed through the bathroom. Her tail, barely longer than her thumb, pulled at her back, straining to match her trembling body.

Loose fur littered the towel - from her back where it was covering her spine and her belly where it spread from one side of her hip to the other. She scratched the hairs on the curves of her breasts and dropped the towel thoughtlessly to the floor.

She dressed slowly, again needing to force herself to remember how everything worked. Her panties puffed out over her fur and she scratched the curly hairs covering the fold of skin where her thigh met her hip and down to the hairs on her thigh as well. She decided on a pleated skirt with a simple top while forgetting to wear a bra, leaving her nipples pressing hard into the shirt and her large breasts pulling the neck of the shirt down to reveal her ample cleavage.

Just as she was leaving, she stopped and sniffed, raising her chin like a dog with her nostrils flaring. Drool formed at the corner of her mouth. She slid to her knees and then her hands, lowering her head to scent the ground with her human mind driven far away by the intense smell of Emily.

The other woman's scent suffused her hoodie after hanging out with her the night before. It lay on the floor where she'd dropped it. Now, her nose bumped into it and she grabbed it with her teeth. She shook it and her tail wiggled beneath her skirt. Nicole rolled on the ground, huffing as she turned from one side of her body to the other and then back again. Her tongue licked the hoodie as if she were licking Emily's bare skin. Finally, sitting back on her heels, she dropped the hoodie from her mouth, caught it and slid it over her head before hugging it against her body with a content growl.

Nicole left, stepping into the freezing cold with her fur and hoodie providing her warmth despite her skirt. She paused and closed her eyes. The tips of her ears twitched. Steam wafted away from her face as she inhaled deeply and exhaled. And again. Her eyes opened, shot through with gold as she faced the library.

Emily ducked her head as she passed a pair of female students. And still she turned to follow them while breathing in their scent. Growling, she forced herself to keep walking. The early morning sun did little to warm her but, as she walked, she began to sweat despite the snow pelting her.

Goddamn fur, she snarled before adjusting her path to avoid more students. She grabbed her hood, holding it in place when wind swirled around her. She wore a beanie beneath to hide her ears but it didn't cover the hairs on her jaw and neck. Not for the first time that morning, she chastised herself for not shaving. She'd just been in too much of a hurry to leave and find a way to fix everything.

And to get away from Tia. She growled again and shoved her hands into her pockets.

Tia, she thought and she sighed. She couldn't stop thinking of their time together. Of the girl's tongue against her.

Humping her.

She'd talked to her briefly before leaving and she'd been both grateful and horrified to learn that Tia could understand her just fine. Tia had tried to follow her until Emily commanded her to stay behind. The woman had turned and whipped the air with her tail before climbing up onto the couch to lie down.

Facing away from Emily. Tail to the side. Leg stretched out over the edge of the couch, allowing her glistening black spade to show in the overhead light. It had taken every ounce of

Emily's willpower to leave her house. Her entire body howled at her to fuck the woman. Creature. Whatever the poor girl had become.

She'd brought her backpack with her but emptied it to leave nothing but her wallet, keys, and the book June took from the library.

Emily waited on the grass in front of the library. She wore no shoes - none of them would fit her expanded feet. They were swollen from the padding as well as the thick muscles winding throughout her entire body. Instead, she wore dark stockings to try to match her claws where they pierced the front.

Her tail twitched within the confines of her stockings. She'd almost used medical tape to hold it in place, but she hated the idea of having to rip all of it off afterwards. Off of the fur covering it. **Her** fur. The spade tip squirmed against her ankle, bulging awkwardly against the black fabric.

When she'd first stepped out of her house, she expected to freeze on her walk. Soon enough, she learned that the dense padding protected her feet from the cold and any trash or thorns hidden in the grass. Nobody seemed to notice the difference, especially as they rushed through the freezing wind to get to their next class.

She hid near a marble column at the front of the library until it was clear. As she stepped from the grass onto the building's façade, her foot compressed to leave the outline of her paw from the snow melting on her foot. The wet prints continued until her feet were dry and she stepped inside to walk along the edge of the enormous interior in order to avoid everyone else.

Her pupils narrowed to slits while the fur stood on the back of her neck. Emily raised her head and her lips pulled back to flash her fangs.

Something **bad** existed on the second floor. Something she'd never noticed in all the times she visited the library. Something rank and diseased that made the skin wrinkle on the widened bridge of her nose.

She ducked her head to hide her face. Everything was itchy. Everything fit wrong on her body.

A twinge shot up Emily's back, causing her to growl and then immediately clamp her mouth shut. When she leaned over a table, the pain vanished - her body trying to force her onto her hands and feet.

Her tail tried to lift, to curl, and she was suddenly intimately aware of the position she held herself in.

Shit. Shit shit shit shit! she thought to herself.

It felt good to be bent over. Almost on all fours. Her thoughts flashed to Tia as she leaned further to rest her forearms on the table. Tia, in her mind's eye, sliding to the floor from the bed.

I won't, she growled at herself. *I won't do it. I won't-*

Emily shivered. Wood curled away from the tips of her claws when she raked them over the surface of the table. She gasped and pressed her forehead against the cool surface. An image of Tia presenting herself filled her thoughts. The other girl's scent flooded her suddenly. Her hips jerked. Thrusting against the table. Humping it.

Nooooo, dammit! she cursed while clenching her fists.

She stood straight, winced, and brought her hand around to rub her back before continuing on her way. Wandering through the library, she continued to curse at how strangely busy it was. Students milled about, leaving her with no corner to hide away. She stopped. Her head swiveled towards the second floor. Fur lifted on her nape and her fangs flashed.

With no other options, she made her way to the second floor. Her eyes tracked the miasma the entire way. She hated it without knowing why and the closer she got, the worse it became until her knuckles whitened on the bannister. The wood **groaned** while her corded forearm muscles flexed and her fingers sunk into the wood like it was clay.

Its very existence was anathema to her without even knowing **what** it was. The sparse fur over her back raised, pushing against her shirt and hoodie. At the top of the stairs, she took a step towards the area. Her head throbbed while her hands clenched at her sides. Ready to fight. Ready to *kill*.

The book, a quiet voice whispered. Her ears twitched beneath her hood.

It took physical effort to pry herself away from that strange section of the second floor. She hated having it at her back, as if it were a deadly creature stalking her, looking for weaknesses.

Emily lost herself in the maze of shelves. The books muffled the sounds of the students whispering around her even to the point where her heightened hearing caught nothing but her own breathing and heartbeat. She pushed her back into a corner, dropped her backpack to the floor and slipped the book from where she'd stored it.

Whatever that **thing** was, it had to be related to the book. Her claws hooked into the pages, turning them carefully as she once again read the explorer's account.

The story was the same, but her eyes strayed to the unknown script. It felt familiar to her in an undefinable way. Soothing, almost. The words gave a subtext to the man's travels that didn't exist before.

They detailed his descent into madness. There was no comfort in his descriptions and, instead, he wrote of dreams filled with darkness. Of twisted creatures spying on him from alcoves. Taunting him. Whispering promises of power with chittering teeth and shadowy fingers that stretched over walls and floors to burrow into his brain. They needed a host to finish their corruption of the fallen civilization. An agent of disease to infect the living heart chained in the depths.

Latin gave way to the unnamed language as their demonic influence increased and the explorer plunged into the depths.

He fought them at first but soon came to desire the power they offered. Living descendants, hiding in terrified, isolated groups, ran from his approach. But not fast enough. He caught stragglers. Experimented on them while the voices guided his hand.

They banished him. An entire clan sacrificed themselves, burning themselves alive to expel him from their realm. The blowback burned Innsmouth, leaving only the library. The man found hidden records that showed the owner dabbled in the occult, creating a weak point in reality for the clan to exploit with their magic. His own personal charms of protection, painted on his body from the bloods of innocents, protected the library itself.

He spent hundreds of years finding a way back while hiding from the advancement of civilization. No longer entirely human, he hunted his prey in the area while changing those around him - kidnapping women, children, men, all who he would transform into monstrous beasts to aid in his plans.

It ended with him finding a cave on the outskirts of town. He perverted the clan's own magic, murdering a neighboring town to fuel the inverted spell and break through once more. The shifting, labyrinthian civilization waited for him. It would take decades for him to find the way once more, but he-

Footsteps. Emily's ears twisted. Movement through the shelves around her. She hid the book in her hoodie and dropped low, crouching before reaching her hands out to crawl on all fours as if it were natural for her.

"... said he's not going!" a woman's voice said with clear anger. A cheerleader, Emily noted, admiring the girl's bare legs and toned ass beneath the short flared skirt. "My own birthday party! I broke up with him. No. No, we'd only been dating for a month anyway. The whole party is for me tonight and he can't be bothered to make it? Fuck him."

Emily could hear the other person's voice through the tiny speaker in the phone. She froze when the girl turned to pace while ranting to the woman on the other end of the line.

"At the library, yeah," the girl continued. "Waiting for them to find a book I need. It's creepy on the second floor. Have you ever been up here? There's like, nobody around. Ever."

The cheerleader turned to lean back into a shelf with her back to Emily. Emily reached up, hand against the shelf, claws clicking quietly on the metal surface. Staring at the gap between the girl's thighs.

She could smell her - the other woman's clean scent. Emily growled quietly as she inhaled. Her hand reached down just as her clit stretched outward, pushing forward while the furred hood slipped down. She moaned when she touched her engorged clit and the slick, furry pussy lips beneath.

The other girl had masturbated that morning and the aroma of her sex swirled around her. After being surrounded by nothing but ancient books, the scent slammed into Emily's nose.

Need- need to- get away, Emily panted as her short claws stroked between her lower lips. She clenched her thumb against her clit and gnashed her fangs with her head bowed. Claws plunged into her pussy while she stroked her swollen clit, pulling the hood up over the sensitive pink nub. Her other hand pawed at her hoodie to massage her breast.

The stockings she wore beneath her sweats reached up to her waist. They were too tight, making it awkward to touch herself.

Off, take them off. The thought wasn't her own. It was a feral animal urging her on. A creature prowling through her subconscious, permanently a part of her now and growing larger.

Sweat dappled her skin. Emily panted as the heat bloomed within. She prayed the girl would leave, but the cheerleader simply bounced against the shelf while talking on the phone and Emily stared at her ass the whole time. At her hidden pussy just barely out of reach.

Fur spread lazily from the middle of Emily's back towards her sides. She gasped and took her hand from her pants in order to pull her hoodie from her body, dropping it to her side. Emily grinded back against her heels, pulling at her sweatpants. Her tights scratched against the fur creeping over her legs. Annoying her.

She stood while hooking her thumbs into her pants. Her claws marked her skin when she shoved her sweatpants, panties and stockings down and off. Now free, her tail curved behind her and she moaned from the way it pulled at her body.

And it wasn't enough. Emily grabbed the neck of her shirt. Her biceps tightened, shifting the fur growing over them. The fabric ripped down the front and she was finally free.

"Wait, hold on," the cheerleader said, pulling the phone from her ear.

Emily dropped to her hands and knees. Alert and watchful once more. Her hand slipped between her thighs, through her shaggy fur to push her clit with her palm, rubbing it back and

forth before gripping it once more and touching her claws against her pussy. They lengthened, sliding between her slick lips until she could clench them.

Deep within Emily's womb, her ovaries vibrated and detached. She grunted. Growled. Licked her lips and leaned forward, slipping her shortened muzzle through the books to sniff at the other girl. Her smooth, puffy outer labia grew wrinkled as her ovaries retreated.

She could feel it coming. Her head buzzed while her face burned and she stroked faster.

Skin parted on the rounded tip of her clit, creating her urethral opening. It grew longer in her hand. Sliding slowly against her palm. Sending shivers down her spine as new nerves formed and connected beneath the stretching flesh. She grunted. Snarled and gnashed her teeth. Her burning face popped as it began to pull forward again, forcing her miniature muzzle outward.

Emily bucked when she came and she raised her head into a silent howl with her lengthening ears tilting at an angle. Her short fangs widened as they grew again, curving outward just as her nose pulled flat on the front of her snout.

Pre-cum dripped from the slit on the tip of her clit while juices dribbled liberally from her clenching pussy. Tendons stood out on her reddened neck before the skin was devoured by blood-red fur. Sable hairs grew between them.

With a pop, her ovaries pulled into a sac formed by the loosened skin of her outer labia and her pussy clenched in response. Her claws were forced out and the soft lips pressed together.

Thick ropes of drool hung from Emily's tongue when she bowed her head. She felt drunk. Senseless. Her hand gripped her clit as it continued to expand. When she reached down to finger herself, her claws met solid skin.

"Wha-" Emily moaned.

She leaned back while spreading her knees to stare at the bulge of flesh hidden by fur.

At the three inch long throbbing clit with the strange hole and the clear cum welling from the tip to slide down to the thick, furry sheath pulled back by her padded hand.

Her testicles latched into place and Emily's eyes widened at the alien pinching sensation. She clawed at the ground when a sudden wave of hormones crashed into her. Red hairs spread from the base of her ears with more piercing her cheeks. Black hairs spread over the bridge of her nose.

"Oh god," Emily whispered when she gained control once more.

She touched her pussy to find testicles instead. Her hand tightened against it and pain radiated outward, causing her to snarl.

"Is someone there?" the cheerleader asked. After listening for a few seconds, she spoke more quietly into the phone. "I don't know. I keep thinking I'm hearing something. Maybe I should go check on the book."

NO! Emily thought.

"No," Emily moaned, shaking her head.

It ached. Ached to be touched. Pressure was building within and it throbbed in time with her heartbeat.

She stared in horror as her clit - a cock now, even as small as it was, continued to grow.

"No, please, I'm- I don't want-" she said but her hand reached for it .

Squeezed it.

Stroked it.

The girl's long, split tongue bounced against her chin while her unfocused eyes stared down. Skin separated beneath the tip of her cock, flaring to create the head as it stretched out to a rounded point. Her padded palm slid her sheath up and down and she jerked when it rubbed against the new head.

It was less sensitive than her clit but, barely, and she snarled at how uncomfortable her hand was against it. How rough her leathery padding was.

I need- I need- she thought to herself, chest heaving with her brow wrinkled confusion. *Stop. I need this to stop. This- this is wrong, I'm not- I don't have-*

Her testicles swelled and she groaned at how **full** it made her feel. The pressure was almost painful. Two lumps formed at the base of her cock. She watched, with her lips parted and strange desire painting her wolf-like muzzle, as the lumps inflated. With one hand stroking her cock, she reached down to squeeze her knot. And growled.

"This- this isn't funny," the cheerleader said. "Angie, I gotta go. There's something here."

Emily's sheath stretched over the knot before being pushed down, leaving her massive, throbbing cock bobbing in the air before her with her furred, bloated testicles beneath.

I'm a freak, she whined. *I'm a- a- that- that smell...*

Emily raised her muzzle. The cheerleader had her purse clutched against her chest. She spun in a slow, anxious circle as she looked around.

Stretch marks appeared on Emily's body when her muscles expanded and her bones grew more dense. Her shoulders popped from their sockets, broke and healed, longer and longer as her narrow frame widened. The stretch marks healed nearly as soon as they appeared. Power pulsed through her body.

Soft, Emily thought to herself while staring at the girl's thighs. At her pussy. She snarled and squeezed her cock. *Soft and wet. Around me. Around my- around my-*

She moved with her tail high, crouched and walking on her feet with her hands touching the ground. When the cheerleader turned to leave, Emily moved. Her feet were nearly silent even with the thin layer of padding but her claws ruined her stealthy movement.

"What-" the cheerleader turned and opened her mouth to scream.

Emily's hand clamped to the girl's face. She leaned in and her forked, broad tongue licked the curve of the cheerleader's neck, up to her jaw, coating her in drool. One hand gripped the girl's blonde ponytail.

"Quiet," Emily growled. "Be quiet. I need. Release. I need it. I won't. I won't make you."

Emily wrapped her arms around the girl. A pure, golden flame guttered between the stumps of her horns.

"Please, just let me- mmph!" the girl cut off when Emily kissed her, shoving her tongue deep into the girl's throat. Her claws tore at the girl's skimpy cheerleader's outfit, ripping it to shreds while marking her body with red lines on her pale skin. She tasted blood, briefly, and pulled away with a snarl.

"S- sorrrrrrry," Emily growled while wiping the back of her mouth. She staggered backwards and the cheerleader fell to her ass.

"Please, please just let me go, I swear I won't- won't- I- haaa-" the cheerleader pressed her lips together and breathed through her nose. "What's- what's that- nnngh!"

The girl clutched her stomach while pulling her knees up.

"GOD!" the girl cried out. She threw her head back with her mouth open wide. Her canines were sharp points beyond the surrounding teeth. Raising her hands to her temples she shook her head. Sweat dotted her brow. "No no no no Gooooood I'm burning up!"

The cheerleader grabbed her top. She pulled and pulled while grunting and growling until she'd freed her breasts. A fine spray of blonde fur covered her sternum.

She leaned forward onto her hands and knees, staring at Emily. At Emily's cock. Slits appeared at the corner of her nose when the flesh separated from her face.

"I can smell you," the girl whispered. "I- I can *feel* you. In my- In my head. That **SMELL.**"

The cheerleader growled and pawed at her breast. She dropped her hand and moved, rocking her hips as she made her way to Emily. Emily groaned and grabbed her cock. A thin string of pre-cum dangled from the head. The cheerleader reached her and arched her back, raising her head with her tongue out. The flesh stretched while the tip split when it touched the pre-cum dangling from Emily's dick.

"D- Don't," Emily groaned while staring down at the girl. She would lose herself, she knew. As soon as-

The long tongue stretched until it touched Emily's cock and Emily snarled. The cheerleader's tongue flattered around her while dragging up, licking the rest of the pre-cum until she got to the tip. Here she swirled her tongue around the tip and reached up, gripping the monstrous cock with one hand to pump from the tip down to the swollen, bulbous knot.

Emily stared at the girl's back as muscles pushed against her skin. Bones tore through flesh as they traveled within her body, forcing the petite, athletic girl's body to stretch and grow. Her ribs groaned before the bones fractured and healed, painlessly breaking several times to make room for her expanding physique.

Blonde fur gathered over the kneeling girl's nape, growing dense as fine hairs escaped down her back and a bulge appeared above the split of her taut ass cheeks. Emily growled and reached down to stroke the girl's hair. Her claw snapped the hair band holding her blonde hair into a ponytail, freeing all of it. The girl's loose hair settled against her spreading fur.

When Emily's claws caressed her, they scratched against hardened keratin on the side of the other woman's head. She gripped the cheerleader's horn, rubbing it with her thumb as it slid through her hand. When it was long enough, she held both horns to keep the girl in place.

The urge to thrust became compulsive. Her hips moved around the other girl's cracking jaw. Drool slid down the cheerleader's muzzle and she moaned as she pushed forward until her pebbled nose touched the wild fur at the base of Emily's massive cock. The tips of her fangs brushed the shaft and she adjusted with a whine when Emily snarled at her.

'NO!' Emily yelled, shoving her away. Her cock was slathered with slobber, thick enough that it ran down her shaft when, freed from the cheerleader's mouth, it bounced upright. Erect and throbbing for release. "No. I- I can't still- I can still stop this."

Emily leaned into the shelf next to her. Panting with her ears down. Pain shot through her back. Bones shifted within. Trying to force her down to the ground.

"Burning up," the cheerleader whined. Patches of blonde fur covered her body. She whined and licked her nose while squeezing her tits. Her whining was high pitched - bestial. "Need it. I need it in me. Need your cum in me. Need you to breed me like a good bitch."

"I don't- nnnnnrrrrrrrr- I don't have- I don't -" she shook her head.

Muscles spasmed in Emily's back. She fell with her spine popping in a wave that forced her to hunch. Her hips popped and her thigh bones grated in their sockets when her legs were pulled inward.

She clenched and her cock bobbed beneath her, bouncing down and then up to smear pre-cum into the fur covering her belly. More dripped down to the floor beneath her and smoke wafted from where it touched the ground. New layers grew over her horns. They swept backwards, spearing through her hair. The black growths were ringed with gold that matched her eyes.

"M- mount you," Emily panted. She growled and a small gout of white flame shot from between her fangs. It was getting harder to talk. Her thoughts swirled as her jaw widened and pushed forward. Yellow lines fractured her emerald eyes while the limbal ring devoured the surrounding white to leave brilliant golden irises with vertical pupils surrounded by onyx. "Brrrrrreed you."

"YES! YES MOUNT ME!" the cheerleader screamed. She turned and bowed, presenting herself with her chest against the ground and her ass up. Her skirt slid up and she reached beneath herself to pull her thong to the side.

As Emily stalked over to the woman, a flame ignited between her horns - a ghostly, golden crown that guttered from a non-existent wind. She stared at the swollen, dripping pussy before her. When she was close enough, she huffed at it and gave it a quick lick before continuing forward. The cheerleader's short tail dug into her stomach as Emily pressed herself down, probing the other woman's pussy with the flared, pointed head of her cock.

The cheerleader was snarling and snapping and thrusting back. Her muzzle was complete, stealing her speech. She reached back but whined when her arms refused to work properly. Her fingers popped and cracked as they shortened with her thumb pulling backwards while the other fingers jolted forwards. Joints melded in her thumbs while the nails grew dense and curved into dewclaws that mirrored the changes in her big toes.

Frustration grew within the blonde-haired girl until muscles tugged at tendons and bones, shifting her pussy into a proper position for a bitch.

Emily's cock spread the girl's pussy lips apart.

*Feels so good, feels so fucking good, I had no idea, no fucking idea how good it would feel with her wet, hot little tight pussy clenching against me. Against- Against my- my **cock**.*

Emily leaned into the girl, licking her ears as they stretched and expanded. Licking the fur spreading over her shoulder before biting into the skin to hold her in place. Her hips rocked as she thrust into the girl and her tail waved behind her. Powerful muscles tensed. Her breasts swayed beneath her until the fat was consumed to fuel the growth of her muscles. Fur shifted on her chest as her breasts retreated to lay flat on her chest.

Mount her like a dog. Like a bitch. Mount her and- and cum inside her little pussy. Knot. Knot her. Knot her. Locked into her. Wanna. Want to knot my bitch.

Her growl was harsh and continuous as her testicles slammed into the cheerleader's clit and wet crotch. The girl screamed when Emily's knot threatened to split her apart, but she still shoved back, desperate to feel it inside of her. Desperate to be locked together with Emily. To feel her cum filling her womb with no chance of escape.

The cheerleader snapped at the air when she came and her claws tore into the floor. Her pussy clenched around Emily's thrusting cock, but Emily continued pounding while her tongue swirled around the fur covering the cheerleader's shoulder. Creamy juices slid down the girl's pussy lips towards her clit before dripping to the floor beneath her.

Her tail slid against Emily's stomach. It curved as it dragged through fur and the skin beneath. Skin sagged at the tip before filling out and hardening into a dull, rounded spade.

The thin lips greedily gripping Emily's cock stretched out around the red shaft. They began to fill out, bulging as they steadily pushed away from her crotch and past her furred outer labia. Her hood gathered and flowed, covering her exposed clit before pushing it inward towards the rolling, swollen lips of her pussy.

The girl's glistening pink lips folded and tightened, nearly crushing Emily's cock when her spade formed in place. Emily grunted. Growled. Tensed.

The cheerleader's muzzle tipped back while her ears angled downwards. She howled, pure and clear when Emily came inside of her. She shoved back as hard as she could while praying that she could relax enough to take the knot but her pussy resisted. Emily tried to join her howl but her still pulsing cock left her oddly winded.

Thick white cum gushed out of the other girl's pussy, spurting past Emily's knot to cover their fur. Emily licked the mane of fur on the cheerleader's back before raising her hips and stepping backwards on all fours. The other girl snarled and snapped at the air when Emily popped free with a loud, wet sound that echoed in their corner of the library.

The cheerleader forced herself up on trembling legs. She was huge - nearly twice as large as a gray wolf. Even so, Emily loomed over her, a powerhouse on four legs, covered in red and black fur.

Concerned voices called out on the first floor. A few more spoke on the stairs. Various people asking if they heard the same thing. The two hellhounds turned to stare towards the sounds.

Julie pressed herself against Emily's side. Everything was strange and overwhelming, but she knew that she held an incredibly deep bond with the other woman now. She tried to parse what was happening to her - what had happened to her body. What had happened to- She whined and bent, turning her muzzle towards her ass. Inhaling. Her pussy ached, but she felt so incredibly empty.

And hot. She sat and rolled, bending her chest until her muzzle was between her arched leg. As Emily listened for the slowly approaching students, Julie licked herself with long strokes of her tongue. She savored the taste of Emily's cum while shivering when her rough tongue dragged over her swollen spade.

Emily held her breath while ignoring the incredibly loud and incredibly distracting sounds Julie was making. There were tethers attached to her. One connected directly to Julie and the other girl's muted emotions traveled over the glowing, ghostly rope until Emily thought she'd lose her willpower and mount the girl again. Another reached into the distance towards Tia, who woke when Emily focused on her. The third was dull. Thin. She tried to follow it, but it slipped away from her.

With a stern growl, Emily nosed Julie's side. The other girl stopped and licked Emily's muzzle submissively before standing properly.

They wouldn't survive in public. And now, fully changed, she felt a *pull* and she turned to the south to stare at it.

The cave, she thought, certain that she was right.

The festering miasma on the second floor made her want to vomit. She marked the scent permanently in her mind and her tail flicked angrily. A wound on the world itself.

Emily padded through the library until she reached the enormous windows covering the east side of the second floor. She stared down at the snow covered grass below and the campus beyond. The students were coming closer. Whispering nervously to each other as they wondered whether someone was playing a prank on them or not.

Come to me, Emily thought towards Tia. There was a sensation of acceptance that pleased Emily more than she'd like to admit.

She prayed that Nicole and June were spared their fate - that by not spending the night, they weren't changed. Unfortunately, a part of her suspected she knew what the dull tether was. Or, rather, *who* it was.

Emily bowed her head to tap her horns against the glass with a dull *thunk thunk* before taking several steps back. Julie glanced between Emily and the window with her tail wagging slowly behind her. Comprehension dawned slowly in her eyes and her ears folded backwards when she whined. And yet, she turned and followed.

Emily pawed at the ground. She hunched, tensed, and ran, leaping with every step before bowing her head. The window shattered on impact, barely slowing her as she sailed through the air with Julie seconds behind her.

A black flame streaking through the snow storm.

Students screamed. Emily's legs absorbed the impact with her padding cushioning her paws. She rocked her ass back and ran as Julie rolled behind her. The other girl slid on her side before catching herself and popping up on all fours to follow Emily.

They raced through the scattering crowds, snarling and snapping at those who didn't move quickly enough. More screams echoed in the distance as an enormous black hellhound pounded over grass and concrete in a direct line towards Emily. Tia smiled as she ran - as she pushed her new body to its limit with her tail streaming behind her. There was power and freedom there that she'd never experienced before.

They joined together outside of the campus. Leaping over fences and cars, Emily led the other two until they left the edge of town. For a moment, she worried they would have to run the entire way to Mt Katahdin, but she sensed the cave nearby and they angled towards it as one.

The three hellhounds slowed as they approached, leaping from boulder to boulder to climb to a clearing above. Beer cans littered the ground along with old campfires and other trash. Emily huffed and sniffed but none of it was recent. A part of her hated that she knew that based on smell. The larger part of her was grateful for it.

Tia approached and bumped her side into Emily before wrapping her tail around the top of Emily's rump. Emily turned to her. Inhaled. Smelled her arousal. Her need. Julie whined and licked Emily's muzzle as she had before.

Oh no, Emily groaned. Blood rushed down between her legs. ***It*** throbbed and moved. Skin sliding against her smooth cock as it grew erect. Her furred, fleshy sheath retreated when her knot hardened. The sensation made her gnash her teeth and her tail trashed behind her. She tried to ignore it, but it ***ached*** and the pressure built while her testicles tightened and begged for release.

Her thoughts grew muddled and then vanished in white static when she turned to see Tia presenting herself with her back bowed, chest to the ground and ass up. Julie trembled as she tried to resist but soon found herself mimicking Tia's posture, panting with her tongue out and her eyes closed. She tried to picture her ex-boyfriend fucking her but her mind was filled with Emily's red, pointed cock. She whined and her hips trembled.

Emily growled before shoving her muzzle against Tia's spade.

Nicole huddled into herself where she sat in her seat at the back of class. Periodically she would jerk to look behind her, certain that Emily was standing **right there**. Only, she wasn't. And then a few minutes later, she would look again. Sometimes she'd look behind her, other times she'd look to her side as if the woman's ghost were moving around.

"Shi-!" she gasped in the middle of her silent class. There was a jolt of **something** that felt like a gut punch. People turned to her and her professor scowled in her direction, causing her to cover her face with her hand. Her nails scratched her bad enough that she hissed in pain.

"Oh, what the fuck?" Nicole whispered when she brought her hand down.

Her nails were pure black - a shiny darkness that reminded her of obsidian. Her tongue swept out and up, barely touching her nostrils in the process. The nails were bent with a large hump in the center and they curved over the tip of her fingernail, ending in sharp tips. A single drop of blood slid down her cheek but no wound remained.

Nicole's brow furrowed. She spread the fingers of her left hand to stare between them. At the brown hairs sticking out from the skin between her fingers. Sure that it was a trick of some kind or simply random hairs stuck to her hand, she pinched a single strand between her nails. Her skin bulged around the follicle when she pulled.

"The fu-" she whispered again.

She turned her hand around to get a different angle and nearly screamed. Her eyes bulged and she slapped her hand down against her lap while looking around her. And then she jumped and stared to the left when she felt Emily's breath on her neck

"Goddammit," she growled quietly.

Licking her lips and the very tip of her nose, she stared down at her hand where it was hidden by the desk.

At the hairs scattered around the vague, gray outline of a dog's paw print. The skin was raised slightly like a large callus around her palm and the bottom of her fingers.

Nicole's stomach dropped. She stared at it. Dumbfounded.

Emily moaned in her ear and Nicole twisted.

And barked.

Like a dog.

"Christ, what the fuck, freak?" someone whispered. Others added their own voices while staring at her.

Nicole pressed her palms to her ears while curling against the desk. Prickly hairs tickled her palms.

"No, please, no," she moaned while touching her ears gently. Her fingers bumped over the studs in her ears and up. To a rounded point, longer than they should be. "No no no no."

Still covering her ears, she slid out of her desk and walked as quickly as she could towards the door and then outside the classroom. Another moan. Not her own. Shivers down her nape. Hairs lifted and Nicole groaned while sliding her right hand down to touch a thick tuft of fur that covered the entire back of her neck.

Despite her predicament, she stumbled and gasped and leaned against a nearby wall. Arousal pulsed towards her. Into her and through her. For a moment, she swore she heard Emily's voice. She panted with her tongue bouncing against her chin and her hand trapped between her soft thighs. Fingers touching her pussy through her clothes. Whimpering as she thrust her ass out.

Hairs slowly pierced the sensitive, soft skin around her areola. They spread outward with the sensation of a lover's nails lightly scratching her breasts and she moaned, loudly while pressing her claw harder against her clit.

"Nicole?" a familiar voice asked.

"M- June?" Nicole said. She blinked rapidly as she tried to walk away from the ledge of her orgasm while the beast twined with her soul growled in the back of her mind in frustration.

"I came to bring you your phone," June said while her eyes searched Nicole's face. Nicole turned away from her in shame. "Hey. Are you okay?"

"N- no, and I- Jesus!" Nicole winced and grabbed her stomach while her legs trembled. She turned to her right to stare into the distance. "Em- Emily..."

"Emily? What about Emily? And what's wrong with your- Nicole, is that- is that hair on your ears? Why, why do they look like-"

Nicole whined like a kicked dog. She glanced around and then grabbed June's hand to pull her out of the hallway.

"Ow! Hey, watch your nails!" June yelled.

Five minutes later, June sat very still as Nicole finished speaking. Her clenched knuckles were white.

"I did this," June said finally. "To you. And Tia and Emily. I found the book. I did this to all of you. We have to find them."

June dialed Emily's phone. When voicemail picked up, she hung up and dialed Tia instead. When that went nowhere, she tried Emily again. Nicole touched her hand lightly with a claw.

"I- I don't think they can answer," Nicole told her. "I think they got more than claws and funny ears. A lot more and- mmph."

Nicole hid her suddenly bright cheeks. Waves of pleasure struck her and she squirmed. She bent forward to rest her breasts on her knees with her arms up and hands against the back of her head. Her feet, outside of her shoes now since she realized how cramped they were - and then realized they had paws and claws like her hands, drummed against the floor.

She wanted to tackle June. To grind against her. To press her clit into June's pussy with their legs wrapped around each other. To lick her face and mouth and tits and nipples and-

"Nnnrrrrrrgh," Nicole growled while clawing at her sides. "I- I can **feel** her. I- I know where they are. I can track them. Like-"

"Nicole, don't," June said softly.

"Like a dog," Nicole finished. "We should go before it's too late. I don't know if I'll keep changing. God. My- My connection to her is so dull, but I can still feel how turned on she is. The passion. Sex. Oh fuck, oh fuck me it feels so fucking good."

Nicole looked up at her friend and whined. Her hand slid beneath her pants. "I- I want to touch myself so bad, June. I want- I want to lick you. Mmmph, to lick- lick your pussy."

Fur spread down from Nicole's ears towards the back of her jaw. Her face popped and her lips pulled back to flash her teeth. Hairs slowly spread over her stretching cheeks while she slipped her claws into her pussy.

"Nicole! You- you're changing again! You have to stop!" June yelled while grabbing her friend's arm. Nicole snapped at her and thrust harder.

"M- mount me, I want- I want Emily- I want her- to mmmmmount me," Nicole growled while hunching over. The cartilage in her nose crunched and her hair parted to show the dull tips of her horns.

Nicole cried out and fell forward when spasms wracked her back, forcing her down. She grunted and shoved at her pants and panties, exposing her dripping, soaked pussy to June in the process. There was no hint of shame in the girl's eyes as she plunged her fingers into her pussy with abandon. Her hand's thick padding smacked against her crotch, splattering her juices over the fur spreading over her fur.

"You have to- have to- June, you- you have to gooooo," Nicole raised her head. Vertebrae shifted, re-aligned and adjusted her head now that she was properly, permanently stuck on all fours. "Can't- can't stop it. She feels too real. She feels too close. Too good! I want her! In me! Mounting me!"

"Nicole!" June cried out.

"G- go!" Nicole snarled.

June ran from the old lab where they'd taken refuge.

Nearly an hour later, after giving herself countless orgasms, Nicole lay on her side, trembling, lying in a pool of her own cum and drool. She twitched and then growled while her ears bent.

Footsteps outside.

June's scent.

I told her to go, Nicole thought to herself. She moved, weakly, to stand on all fours and face the door.

June glanced into the room through the vertical window set in the door. She frowned at the sight of her friend before firming her expression and stepping inside.

"Are," June swallowed. She held the doorknob with one hand, ready to bolt if necessary. "Are you still there, Nicole?"

Nicole nodded, awkwardly before growling as politely as she could.

"Holy fuck, you're **huge**, Nicole," June gasped. It was difficult to estimate her size, but June guessed, roughly, that Nicole was nearly four feet tall from her paws to the top of her head.

Nicole huffed loudly before sitting back on her ass with her tail slowly waving behind her.

"Can you- can you still find Emily?" June asked.

Emily was gone, but Nicole still knew exactly where she'd been right before their strange connection dropped. She stared at June and then nodded again.

"Okay, don't freak out," June said while reaching into a plastic bag at her side. "I- I bought a couple things so we can try to get out of here. It's late but there's still people around."

She hefted the backpack on her shoulders. "And I got a bunch of meal replacement bars and water and other things, too. So, umm..."

June pulled a collar and leash from the bag. Nicole stood and growled loudly.

"I know! I know," June said. "But, listen, campus security will straight up shoot you if we walk out there. If- Maybe I can buy us a couple seconds if you're leashed."

Nicole's eyes narrowed. She huffed again and sauntered over to June to shove her head and curling, narrow horns gently into the woman's stomach.

"Alright, one second," June said as she brought the studded, faux leather collar around Nicole's neck. She smiled weakly and laughed. "The great thing is, you can still wear this when you change back!"

Even at the last notch, it just barely fit.

"Good gir-" June cracked her teeth together while blushing furiously. "S- sorry."

Nicole's tail wagged lazily behind her as June hooked the leash to the collar. She stretched her neck up to lick June's mouth and face while June laughed and stroked her neck. The touch made her growl quietly. She tensed the muscles inside her pussy and her glistening black spade tightened around the slick pink within.

She desperately wanted June's mouth on her. Licking her. Letting *her* lick inside of June's mouth. Fingers inside of her. Sucking on her teats. Anything. Anything to ease the ache and emptiness she felt. Instead, she stepped back and waited.

Maybe eventually, Nicole thought to herself before closing her eyes and cursing herself.

They left the lab. The hallways were mostly empty. Scattered shouts, screams and curses followed them from the few who remained as Nicole walked beside June.

More curses when they were outside, along with shouts - from people moving far away - questions asking if Nicole was a wolf. A few people threatened to call the police and campus security but June ignored all of them. She zipped her heavy jacket up and stomped her feet in her hiking boots while Nicole waited patiently next to her. The snow didn't even begin to touch her. If anything, she welcomed the freezing wind due to her dense fur warming her a little too well.

The ones who were close enough to them asked why Nicole had horns. Rather than answer, Nicole snarled at them and they ran. It pleased her greatly to see the effect she had on them and her sable lips pulled back in the hint of a smile to show the rows of fangs filling her jaw.

They walked through the campus, down sidewalks and, finally, on the side of the road out of town. June began to suspect she knew where they were going but was still surprised to find a cave not too far from the local hang out spot.

"I've been before," June said. Snow-flecked wind whipped her hair around her head. "There's no way we would've missed a cave around here. What the hell?"

Nicole huffed. Steam puffed away from her muzzle. She took a step while pulling her head away from her friend and June stumbled.

"Oh! The leash! I'm so sorry!" June said. She unhitched the leash but Nicole growled and stepped sideways when she reached for the collar. "Really? Really, Nicole?"

Rather than answer, Nicole's tail swept behind her and she padded towards the cave. June walked quickly beside her. Darkness wrapped itself around them and the howling wintry wind faded to nothing. Ancient, rough steps led down, far beyond their line of sight.

"Oh, shit, that's creepy," June said. She unzipped her jacket when the cold faded.

Nicole looked up at her and her ears twisted. She could feel Emily again, but the connection was strange and distorted.

"Lead the way." June told her.

In a pocket within her backpack, her phone woke and buzzed with a text from Michael, asking if she would be at the party. As soon as they crossed the threshold, the screen went blank and the phone died.

Hours later, a bonfire blazed outside the cave. College students yelled to each other while music played.

"It's too fucking cold for this!" one girl shouted.

"Then get close to the fire, April!" her boyfriend yelled back. "Yo, Eve, tell your bitch ass boyfriend to grab more beer from the car!"

"Get it yourself, asshole!" Eve shouted back. She held her hands up with only her middle fingers showing through her fingerless gloves.

"Hey! Hey, guys! Check it out! There's a cave here!" Hannah said.

"No fucking way," her boyfriend said before walking over to look where she pointed. "Oohhh fuck, there is! Guys! Yo! Check it!"

The seven of them clustered around, staring into the cave.

"It's got stairs and everything," Hannah said.

"I'm going," James told her.

"No, wait!" She said, reaching for his arms. He laughed and slipped away from her. "Dickhead!"

"Whoa, it's warm in here, seriously," James' voice echoed back to them.

The other six students looked at each other. As one, they shrugged and stepped inside.

The wind howled in their absence while the bonfire danced, fluttering and guttering with vague animalistic shapes swirling through the flames.

When the fire burned out, snow sizzled on the remains until even they grew cold.

Three days later, police cars filled the area with flashing lights while investigators marked the scene and others taped off the area.

"So, where the fuck did they go?" asked one of them.

"There's nowhere **to** go," came the answer.

The first turned in a slow circle around the clearing, staring into the distance while his eyes swept over and past the cave without registering its existence. "Jesus. What'll we tell their parents?"

"Way above my paygrade," the second said. "They're just... lost. Fucked off to wherever."

"Yeah," the first one said quietly while frowning. "Lost."

