

Moonlit Werpup
By Princess_Lil
[Audio Reading](#)

Angela came to a screeching halt. She could smell the rubber burning, but she didn't have time to worry. She slipped into a parking spot and threw her door open. She didn't bother taking in the details of the storefront, instead opting to run as fast as her legs would carry her. She threw open the door and stumbled through, panting.

"Help! Miss Dama, someone told me you're the best occultist in—" Angela's desperate plea was wasted on the empty shop. "Fuck!" she yelled. "Fuck fuck fuck!"

The display room was well organized and loved. Every little trinket was in its place inside a display case. Angela didn't understand most of them, but they had to have some significance if an occultist was showing them off. They appeared to be mundane items, though there was an adorable dog collar that caught her eye.

"Is someone there? Hold on a moment, I'm just preparing a snack," a woman called out from another room.

Oh good, there was hope yet. "Excuse me, ma'am, this is really important. I'm in a hurry, the full moon will be out soon, and I won't be able to resist! I heard you're the best occultist in the country, so can you cure – you know – lycanthropy?" Angela looked to the door at the back of the room. Maybe she should just barge in.

"A werewolf? I haven't seen one in a long while. Let me get a look at you!" The door banged open. A woman with red hair, brown skin, and a disarming smile strode through the door. "Oh," she looked at Angela with a bit of disappointment. "Most lycanthropes are a bit bigger and fuzzier. Do you shave it all off or—?"

"Lady, listen!" Angela stormed up to the woman and took her by the shoulders. "I can feel the moon calling me! I'm going to—lock me up if you can't fix this, just please, I don't want to hurt anyone!"

"As you wish! But the only way I know how to fix it is going to leave you—"

"I don't care, just fix it!" Angela howled, her canine teeth already starting to enlarge. "Agh! It's too late!" Angela panicked. She could get away while she was still in control, but where would she even go? If she went outside, who knows who she might attack! And if she stayed inside—Her train of thought was interrupted by an ear splitting series of crunching.

While distracted by her impending metamorphosis, the woman slipped away back into the kitchen.

She threw her head up and howled as her body started to change. Fur grew from her face and traveled down her shoulders and back. Her legs started to shift, shoes bursting as her feet grew large, bones reforming to resemble a wolf's hindpaws. Her jeans strained under her bulging thighs before they ripped apart.

"No...! No...!" Angela grunted. "I won't!" she tried to hold her head as if she could stop the shifting of her skull. Her already fuzzy face slowly reshaped, jaw pushing forward along with her nose into a proper snout and a mouth full of sharp teeth. But even as she tried to protest again, all she could do was give a rough, inhuman bark. The noise of her bones shifting to accommodate new, wolf-like ears deafened her to everything else until the furry ears flicked up.

She clenched her new snout shut and suppressed a growl. She could hang on to her sanity! She wasn't going to go berserk! Angela focused on staring straight down at the floor, but was taken aback as she saw her fingers start to change with soft cracking. Her thumbs separated from her other fingers and slowly morphed into declaws. The rest of her fingers became padded and finally clawed. Angela's shirt ripped under the strain of trying to hold her more muscular back and arms in.

Though revealed, when her shirt ripped, Angela's breasts quickly started shrinking while little nubs of teats grew in along her belly. Hunched over on her knees, Angela's humanity faded away to a coat of fur that finished rising from her skin. She let out a deep growl before lurching forward once more, spine cracking as a furry tail pushed from her spine. She rose to her hind paws and stood at nearly seven and a half feet tall while hunched over.

She drooled. She walked to a window and caught sight of the moon hanging low in the sky. The monster howled. Angela wasn't in there anymore, a beast had taken control of her body and the beast was hungry.

"Well at least you—" Angela flew into a frenzy at Dama's voice. The beast knocked over a few of the displays while turning around. It howled at the occultist. "--didn't make a mess..." Dama sighed.

Angela crossed the room in a few bestial strides. She towered over the occultist and growled. Angela stopped, took a sniff, then another. She looked down at the poor woman she was about to eat and inspected her, almost poking her with her wet nose just to figure out what intoxicating scent was coming from her.

"That's right, I brought you some good meat!" Dama cheered as she yanked a slab of meat from behind her back and launched it up above the werewolf's mouth.

Angela snatched the meat out of the air and started chomping into it. She growled at the occultist once more before turning her back on her. She tore and ripped at the steak, unaware of what the occultist had done.

“Snoozy little girl, huh?” It took less than a minute for the concoction of sedatives to work on the monster. “Well, there’s only one way I can make sure you don’t change again, but I really don’t know if you’re going to like it.” Dama stepped over the werewolf sleeping in the middle of her display room, forepaws over her snout and otherwise stretched out. “You broke all of them, didn’t you?” Dama looked over the slumbering, almost cute werewolf. “Oh, gosh. I guess I can’t get too mad when you’re sleeping like an angel.” She reached down and took a pink collar off the ground. “I just hope this fits.”

Dama stood over the sleeping werewolf. A bead of sweat rolled down her face. “You’re going to be a good girl and stay asleep for me,” she said more for herself than to Angela. She kneeled down and threaded the one side of the collar’s strap under Angela’s furry neck. “That’s right. Good girls stay asleep. And you’re going to be such a good girl...” she looped the rest of the collar over the back of Angela’s neck and very carefully fastened it. It wasn’t straight, but that could be fixed later! Dama leaned back and wiped the sweat off her brow.

She looked down and made eye contact with Angela. She was awake. And growling.

“Before you bite me, consider that you want to be a good girl!” Angela’s new collar twinkled. The werewolf shook its head. Something was off, even with its limited intelligence, it knew that much. “Good girls sit.” A strange wave of fog blocked the greater reasoning of the werewolf. The werewolf crouched down in front of Dama and panted at her as if waiting for something. Good girl sit.

Dama, with the gentleness of a hummingbird, brought her hand to the werewolf’s snout and started petting.

Angela swished her tail back and forth against the floor. She suddenly paused, sniffed the air, and started growling at Dama.

“Good girl, yes you are.” The collar lit up again and pink magical light washed across Angela. “That’s right. Just bask in it. Let that pink light swirl around you and cocoon you~” Dama cooed. “Become nice and domesticated, obedient and sweet, adorable and harmless~”

The werewolf struggled to fight off the magic from the collar. Angela looked at Dama with a sleepy, dumb grin. Whatever Dama said went.

“Be a good girl and roll over.”

The werewolf, giant of a creature as it was, made room on the floor and laid on its back, showing its belly to Dama.

“Good girl~!” Dama watched as Angela’s ears turned from pointed to more round. “That’s it. Now be a good girl and play dead!”

The creature fell limp to the side. While it laid there, it never noticed its foreclaws blunting or its forepaws becoming thicker and more clumsy.

“Excellent! Wonderful!” Dama looked around for a treat of any sort to give, but there wasn’t one in sight. “This will have to do...” Dama crouched down by Angela’s head. She reached for her ears and started scratching right behind them. “Good girl! Yes you are! Such a precious little thing!” Dama teased.

The werewolf swished its tail back and forth faster the more Dama spoke to it and the more ear scratching she provided. She let out a shockingly cute “Yap!” But the collar was once again working, this time ever so slowly ebbing away the werewolf’s muscles and size. She continued to shrink and dwindle while Dama scratched her ears until she was no more than five feet tall.

“Almost there,” Dama looked down at the furry dog-like cutie that Angela had been reduced to. “A bit too dumb, which I mean with all my love, and plus you’ll be cuter like this.” Dama glanced at the collar still firmly wrapped around Angela’s neck. “Good girl~!”

The beast’s eyes rolled. It pawed uselessly at its snout, trying to scratch an itch her paws just weren’t made to scratch. Pink magical light swaddled the werewolf’s nose. Painlessly, it started shrinking back in toward her face, leaving her with a much more human – besides the wet nose – face. It’s fur slowly receded down its body, stopping just above the elbow and knee.

“Uhn...? What...?” Angela looked around. “What a mess... oh god!” She scrambled to get up before two hands on her shoulders pushed her down.

“We’re not done quite yet. Unless you want to continue with extra nipples.”

“Extra nipp–Ah!? What’s–what’s wrong with me!? I look so–I have fur! And what with these paws? They’re so fat and squishy and oh god my nose is–”

“Be a good girl and hush.”

“Haahaaa~ Yes mommy! I’ll be a good girl, mommy!” Angela dropped to her knees and let out a few cute barks before remembering what she was even supposed to do and going quiet.

Heat spread across her belly. At first there was an easing, relaxing sensation across her stomach, but it was followed by a much hotter sensation. She felt her chest swelling – breasts! She was getting her breasts back! But they swelled well past what Angela’s original set was.

“Awwh, cute,” Dama giggled. “Well. That’s that, you’re not a werewolf anymore.”

“...what just happened to me? Why did I call you mommy?”

“You’re a puppygirl now! Much cuter, much more manageable. Oh. You’re going to be helping me clean, right?”

“Yes mommy! I’ll be a good dog and clean!” Angela squeaked. She got to work before pausing. “Stop doing that, it’s unfair! It makes my heart race.”

“Awh, then you can just stick around. I’ll boss you around, make you play fetch, call you a good girl all you want!”

“Y-yes mommy! I wanna be a good girl! I wanna be a good girl!”

“I think you might be stuck like this. Just. You know. As a ‘by the way.’”

“...what...?”