

## **By the Silver**

*A Tale of the Far Shore*

In the weeks since her release from the hospital after a bloody encounter with a wolf infected by the lycanthropy virus, Sherri had lived a life of depressed self-selected seclusion. The doctors who had treated her bite wounds and infection had not barred her from going out, she just felt no desire to do so. When invited out by concerned friends, she insisted the issue was fearing for their safety--or hers. Though she had been assured her treatment would keep her disease in check, she had always struggled with anxiety and her developing lupine instincts to expend no more effort than absolutely necessary only encouraged her self-imposed exile.

Her continuing, life-long treatment was two sets of pills, one each in the morning and at night. The first was supposedly to keep the werewolf disease from advancing and the other was to treat the unexplained swelling she was still experiencing in her abdomen and between her legs. Both seemed only marginally effective since they brought no real relief. Her body was still enveloped in a vague heat like she was actually outside in the summertime and her center was more plump and more sensitive with each day. Really, the only effect Sheeri could say the pills were having was an aphrodisiac one--and that had only gotten stronger after her first full moon.

While the pale sphere had not turned her, the silver light of the full moon had definitely ignited a fire within her. The morning after, her depressive funk had burned away and she was filled with a burning need to do things, one of which was satisfy her swelling libido. It was not long before her days were spent otherwise occupied as she toyed with herself. With her fingers buried in her snatch, she tore through her backlog of novels and ordered more. Through orgasm after clit swelling orgasm, she caught up on all the TV she had missed out on due to being out in the sticks for months at a time. Once all of that distraction was exhausted, she turned to online classes and masturbating on camera while wearing a glittery, lupine [[Colombina](#)].

Two weeks after the moon, and six of being on the pills, her sensitivity had risen off the charts and even the caress of clothes flooded her mind with pleasure. By time the second moon was approaching, she was constantly aroused. Her fingers were hardly ever far from her pale skin as she lounged, naked, in her apartment for twenty hours a day while working out, tearing through online courses for tech certifications, eating enough for five people, and camming the entire time.

It was all thanks for her wolf-infused metabolism, which had suddenly went from resting into high gear after that first bright night. Even low-impact workouts had pronounced, near-immediate effects on her once-mousey frame. Fueled by what quickly became more than ten thousand calories a day, her physique had morphed into that of an Olympic-level volleyball player in just twenty-one day. Somehow also taller now than she had been only days ago, she easily hovered around one-eighty-five because of how she put on weight like crazy with each massive meal, filling out her silhouette with considerable additional curve that then became taut, lean bulk.

So long as she ate regularly, she looked more and more like an Amazon and everything was great. However, if she skipped a meal or two that little bit of curve melted like butter, quickly leaving her looking like a competition bodybuilder instead and really highlighting just how buff she had become. Shocked the first time, she doubled her intake for a couple days and found herself thickening up like mad, her tummy spreading over thighs that quickly were wider than she could grasp. Her plush body had felt even better to play with, but her further increased drive easily burned that fat.

It had taken some doing, but she had finally struck a delicate balance, fostered by having food delivered to her door on a regular basis. Between Amazon and Grub Hub deliveries she was a mostly satisfied, buxom apex predator that merely wanted to fuck like crazy.

As the second full moon approached, she had needed to employ an increasing amount of additional stimulation to find complete satisfaction. With the full moon only days away, her fingers simply were no longer enough to satiate her even with her clit now several very sensitive inches in length. Just cumming once or twice was not enough anymore, she had to experience eight or ten orgasms a day now or she could feel the wolf stirring within. It was no surprise to her that her needy, powerful body wore everything out within a few days like a dog with a chew toy. There was a strong possibility she ordered more sex toys than food from Amazon in this last round.

It was just after such a delivery, with her pussy and ass both stuffed by vibrating toys that would have made her blanch a month ago, that she happened to realize she had not taken her anti-lycanthropy pills in nearly a week. She had found them on the floor, right next to her pills for the cramps and swelling as she rocked back and forth on her elbows and knees like she was being hammered two lovers at once.

Did that mean her towering libido and rapid growth belonged to her lycanthropy and not as a side effect of its treatment? Sherri hardly had time to come to grips with this discovery when she caught the glimmer of something in the bathroom. Turning to glance, she found herself looking at the reflection of the silvery full moon.

Her entire body throbbed in a way it had never before as a head-to-toe orgasm made her clench around the thick toys. Not sure what else to do, she reached for her phone to call for help, but grabbed a pillow off the bed instead. Stuffing it between her thick, pulsing thighs, her already gyrating hips moved harder to grind the fat, vibrating dildos buried in her center and ass against it. Her panting became a canine whine. Her reaching hands clutched the covers as she tried to drag herself to the night stand.

A pulsing sensation was swelling within her, each burst of sensation traveling down her body and into her clit. She could feel it growing even as the rest of her began to transform. Her clutching hands cracked as her digits lengthened. Her nails tore into the blanket and mattress as they became claws. Silky black fur began to sprout on the backs of her fists and it quickly rushed past her wrists up her arms.

"Siri, Call Br--*ah!*--ddd!"

[Calling: Brad, Mobile]

The phone picked up after a ring. "Sherri!" her former co-worker said from the other end of the line. "Uh, it's great to hear from you. How are --"

"Braaad," slurred Sherri, in a hoarse, barely recognizable voice as she tried to talk with a lengthening tongue and teeth while not screaming from sexual bliss. "Please... need help... please..." *Come fuck me!*

"Sherri?" He was shouting. "Stay there. I'll call 911..."

"N-no, *come* here, don't call... *please*... just come help..."

He hung up after that and with that click she felt her mind slipping down into the hum of her toys and the feeling of fur spreading over her skin. Her curled feet cracked as the bones lengthened and reshaped. Her thick muscles began to writhe as her already elite athleticism was pushed even further. Above all however, was the sensation of her clit growing.

It was pushing into the pillow now, the length of nerves and flesh actually stiff enough to sink into the imitation down. Her paw-like hands dropped from the bed and dug into her carpeted floor as she began to buck violently against her stand-in for a partner. "F-f-f-*uuuck!* this feels so... so... *sooooo go-ahwoodddd!*"

Her burgeoning member thickened almost as fast as it lengthened, quickly surpassing the supposed average size of six inches and swelling towards eight...nine...TEN!!

She felt the toys go crunch as her body clenched hard than ever and a flowing sensation rushed down from her tummy. Her clit felt like it was blowing up even more as a fluid pushed against her from the inside. With a peculiar tingle pushing down her length, she felt a release coming. Throbbing like mad, her clit-turned-dick erupted into her pillow. Again and again she came, the swollen, bloated feeling from the last two months fading as her uncanny testes pumped until they were empty.

The haze of pleasure was punctured by more burning pain as crack after crack echoed in the room. With staccato pops that left her whining, her jaw jutted out, then the rest of her face flowed forward to form a new muzzle. The greatly intensified smell of her orgasm and her wanting snatch made her stomach gurgle, her alternate sex already churning to create yet more thick, milky spunk.

Staggering to her feet, she was dimly aware of the toys hitting the floor as another bolt of pain struck her. With a howl, she lashed out at everything. Her sore claws tore rents in the walls. She gnawed on the door with aching teeth. Everything was so loud as her ears morphed and slithered up the sides of her head. Her spine writhed as a thick, fluffy tail pushed its way down and out until the tip was brushing her raised heels.

Why was this happening? Why did it hurt so much? She knocked more things over as she staggered towards the door. She had to be where Brad could find her. Had to be somewhere to be helped.

*But why?*

Did this situation really warrant needing help? She had not needed help before now as she lost herself in the sensations, how was this any different? This was... This was who she was now. An alpha--*The* alpha. She was strong. She was in charge. She towered over everything else in this moment.

Power was coursing through her now. Her restructured feet thumped loudly, her claws clacking on the tile of her kitchen. Her muscles buzzed with energy. Her cock was so wonderfully *hard*. She had even grown inexplicably busty, as if her rampant sex drive had awakened other aspects of her lupine lust. They were sore as she gripped them, but also so very pleasurable. It was then she smelled her old companion. The man who had stood by and let *this* happen to her. Well, not that she really hated *this*, if anything, she wanted to share what *this* felt like... (1777)