

An ALPHA LUNA Story

BETA-COLLIE: "LUNA'S INTERLUDE"

by Leonardo Vidal

This story is a companion piece to the Short Comic "Beta-Collie", which by itself it's an alternative storyline to the main series "Alpha Luna". In order to get the full experience, I fully recommend reading "Beta Collie" first. You can find it at:

<https://alphalunacomix.net/archive/>

<https://alphalunacomix.net/store/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/alfaluna/gallery/74581768/beta-collie-comic>

If you did, then just enjoy!

Leo

"I won't say it twice. Take off your clothes" Fang's words stirred Luna's expression while her features were quickly replaced with indignation. "What?! Hell no!" she retorted, with one arm defensively planted around her waist and the other firm around the leash of her canine companion.

The moon hung low in the sky, casting an eerie glow over the dense forest. Luna, Fang, and the newly transformed Collie stood together in an uncomfortable silence. Luna's face displayed deep contemplation, her brows furrowed beneath her untamed black hair. Meanwhile, Fang wore a stern expression, his eyes darting between Luna and the lupine Collie. Her new form cut a distinctive figure against the backdrop of the shadowy forest. Her fur, a vibrant blend of orange-brown, shimmered under the lunar glow. Creamy tones adorned her belly and limbs, making her stand out even more amidst the darkness.

Luna huffed, gripping Collie's leash tighter. "You can take your ass elsewhere because I won't let you stand beside me while I... you know." Her words trailed off, her gaze firm despite her cheeks tinting a slight pink at the thought of baring herself naked in front of Fang.

However, the anticipation of the upcoming full moon and the transformation it would bring weighed heavy on Luna's mind. Laced with tension and disagreement. Luna, especially, was plagued with uncertainty, grappling with the reality of handling Collie's new form and the impending complications of her new werewolf life.

"Huh?" Fang did a double-take, looking at Luna's flustered expression. "Well... I was planning on guiding you through the transformation...you know, help you out?" Fang proposed an earnest but now doubtful look on his face.

"And you expected that I'd bare myself in front of a stranger like you?" Luna retorted. "Look, I don't feel like a werewolf and I've never lived like one! But we 'humans' do care for the privacy and personal space of each other, especially between men and women. So STAY, AWAY." Her words were firm, leaving no room for argument.

"All right, all right!" Fang raised his hands defensively. "It's not like I wanted to look at you naked you know?! Because..." He found himself momentarily lost with intrusive thoughts, causing a brief moment of discomfort, only now realizing the huge mistake he was making.

"B-Because what?!" Luna asked, her face starting to blush. Fang shook his head, trying to erase his thoughts.

"Ok, it was a bad idea! Whatever, I have more important things to do, sheez!" He sighed in anger, looking over his side to regain his composure. "But, if you lose control over yourself again, you need to know you could hurt your friend here." Fang pointed at Collie who just tilted her head in confusion.

"Look, thanks for the concern. But I'll be fine, So just...go away, seriously." Luna responded firmly.

"Ok, I'll be... across that ravine over there. But if something happens, just...howl." Fang proposed, trying to offer a compromise.

"S...sure. But I'll kill you if I see you even peeking from over there." Luna warned.

"Sure, princess." He agreed, his footsteps fading away as he walked further from Luna and Collie. Luna watched him intently, her eyes filled with a mix of concern and curiosity. Taking a moment to compose herself, she released a sigh of relief as Fang gradually vanished into the distance. With a tender touch, Luna knelt beside Collie, her hands gently cradling the wolf's head, feeling the warmth of their connection and the weight of their shared journey.

"I don't know what it is, but I feel you'll help me to get through this, right Collie?" Luna asked, a faint smile on her face. Collie simply tilted her head and barked in response.

Looking up at the full moon peeking out from behind the clouds, Luna's thoughts raced. Her childhood was filled with instances where she felt fundamentally different from those around her. She had always been stronger, her senses keener than her peers. Instances of inexplicable rage that bubbled within her, taking over her rationality, suddenly made sense. It wasn't a defect or an anomaly; it was her lupine heritage manifesting itself. The moon, which had always stirred something within her, was no longer just a celestial body; it was a symbol of her true self. These conflicting feelings were overwhelming, yet Luna knew that she would have to face whatever lay before her. For now, all she could do was gaze at the moon, its silvery glow casting long shadows on her determined face.

But now, she knew what to expect and with a growing tingle within her chest, she felt it. She looked down at her trembling hands and groaned, doubling over as a painful sensation surged in her guts. "I was just thinking about you...bitch!" Luna hollered towards the fully emerged moon, her voice echoing through the quiet forest.

Collie's worried whimpers cut through the tense atmosphere as Luna dropped the leash to the ground. "My hands!" Luna screamed. Blood dripped from her fingertips as she clenched them, watching as white claws emerged through the cracks of her splitting nails. Brown, puffy pads appeared on her palms and fingertips as they swelled. Luna managed to brace herself against a tree, clawing at the bark as a wave of pain coursed up her spine, forcing her to raise her head. Her backbones cracked and bulged under her skin. Her muscles convulsed and her sweat-soaked clothes started to cling to her skin uncomfortably.

She could taste the metallic tang of blood dripping within her mouth as a pressure built around her teeth. Beneath her tongue, she could feel the sharp tips of her canines elongating, pushing against her lower lip. Luna grimaced, the taste of blood intensifying as her gums tore open to make room for the erupting fangs. She tried to focus, to ground herself in the reality of the situation, but the sensation was all-consuming. Her once mundane world of human aches and trivial worries was now overwritten by the primal senses of the beast within her.

Luna's mind whirled, "I remember this from last night...But you won't overpower me this time, do you understand?!" Luna's eyes flashed open, her fangs snapped, and with a surge of growth, they began to bleed. The cartilage within her ears strained, reshaping and appearing more pointed as they peeked out from her hair. Collie whined, sniffing and licking at Luna's left elbow which was beginning to sprout a subtle coat of fur. Luna turned to Collie, bearing the pain with a faint smile playing on her lips, an attempt to soothe her lupine friend.

"Collie...we'll get through this, together. I'm sure of this! ARGH! I need this out!" Luna cried out as a fresh wave of pain surged through her. She hastily grabbed her shirt from her neckline, ripping it in half in the process and flung it away, her bra following soon after amidst the scattered remains. An immediate relief washed over her as the chill wind cooled her perspiring upper body momentarily. "Aaah-Aaah!" she panted, her gaze dropping to her chest where her fur was spreading like a white river flowing north, thickening between her bosoms. The furry growth branched out like a tree, encroaching on her shoulders where subtle black strands of fur had already started to emerge.

"Fuck this, he may be right after all, ARGH!" Luna cursed through gritted teeth. With a swift kick, she discarded her sneakers, leaving her feet bare. While her toenails were already giving way to her growing claws. Then, she immediately reached for the waistband of her pants with trembling hands, promising, "I'll kill him if I even sense him close by! ARRGH!" With a swift tug, she managed to strip out of her pants, dropping them down to her ankles. She was left only in her panties, a last vestige of modesty. But as she bent over to remove her pants completely, a wave of pain hit her, and she fell to her knees.

Collie whined again, moving closer to Luna. Her tongue began to sweep over Luna's shoulders, and sides in an instinctive attempt to provide comfort. Luna winced, her breath hitching as she panted, "ARGH! C-Collie... NO, I... Ungh!" she complained. But a sudden moment of respite from the pain made her wonder if Collie's attentions were helping to ease her discomfort after all.

With a shaky exhale, Luna turned over to lie on her back. She kicked her feet in the air, tossing away the pants still hanging from her ankles just as her toes began to cramp and bulge, assuming a more lupine appearance. "Unggh -Ack - Ack - ack!" she groaned out.

Collie circled Luna, taking note of the origins of her pain. When Collie's tongue suddenly brushed against Luna's changing feet, Luna gasped in surprise.

Luna, with a sudden outbreak of laughter and pain, cried out, "AAH!! Collie! NO! HAHHAHA! S-STOP!!" Her clawed hands dug into the earth while trying to shift her transforming feet away from Collie's persistent attention. Despite the torment, a part of her was inexplicably joyous under her friend's caress.

Despite this, her feet were elongating, growing into formidable paws. The sight of her bones and veins popping and twisting was daunting. "AAH!-AAh!! UNGHH! UUh---," Luna moaned, her expressions oscillating between pain, and utter disbelief at the reality of her transformation.

Luna's body was rapidly gaining fur, spreading over her back and thickening around her shoulders, elbows and legs. "AARGH! GAAAAH!!!" Luna shrieked, her body gaining muscle mass around her torso, legs, and arms. Unable to bear the pain any longer, she rolled onto her knees, and positioned herself on all fours, stretching her frame out in search of a position that could relieve her pain. Her head raised and teeth bared, her screams took on a deeper, more growl-like tone.

Collie, panting, circled Luna, trying to make eye contact. But Luna's eyes were squeezed shut, grunts of pain escaping her lips. Collie nudged Luna's cheek with her nose, looking for a response, only to be met with a fierce growl of anger as Luna's wild animal eyes flashed open. Startled, Collie yelped and whimpered, stepping back and hanging her head low in remorse.

Luna's eyes closed again as a bulge began to grow from her spine, stretching out from between her buttocks and pulling her panties out. The stretching nub quickly became a branch of flesh and bone, growing fur at a pace faster than any other part of her body, while the sound of ripping fabric filled the air as her panties were torn in half by the bushy appendage.

Filled with fear, Collie's eyes bore witness to Luna's gradual transformation, as her human features were slowly consumed. The changing scent of her friend unsettled her, as Luna's body became almost entirely covered in a coat of black, grey, and white fur, leaving only her face, part of her torso, and limbs with visible skin. The air was filled with Luna's grunts as her tail reached its peak.

In the blink of an eye, Luna's eyes snapped open just to shut tight immediately. Her half-growls, half-screams echoed through the woods as her fanged mouth opened wide, followed by a loud snap - a disturbing symphony of bone and muscle contorting and shifting. Her jaw and nose began to elongate, stretching out and reforming her once-human face into the beginnings of a wolf muzzle. Luna's screams gradually faded, and the last remnants of her human sounds were rapidly replaced by distinctive lupine growls.

Across from her, Collie yelped, her whimpers growing louder with each passing second. The sight of Luna's transformation sent chills down her spine, prompting her to lower her head and tuck her tail between her legs. The sight of Luna's face, now being molded into a canine

muzzle much like her own, filled her with uncertainty. However, the final traces of her metamorphosis concluded abruptly with a distinct snap followed by an abrupt silence.

Collie's eyes didn't know what to make of her friend. Her low whimpering seemed to exude care for Luna's state of mind. Yet, the moment of silence stretched on as the recently transformed werewolf took several heavy breaths, while her tail swayed gently. The orange wolf observed the creature before her with a mix of admiration and wariness. Luna's scent was both familiar and yet different, a curious combination.

Luna was an imposing figure. Her body, now covered with shades of black and white fur, emanated power and dominance. A black mane cascaded strikingly through her upper frame, flowing just above her hips, adding an element of majesty to her lupine silhouette. Her muscular build was complemented by her sharp claws and piercing golden eyes, all contributing to her striking presence.

Collie could only look for signs of Luna's demeanor, waiting in anticipation if her werewolf friend would follow her instincts or retain her former human thoughts. But after a few moments, Luna began to rise to her feet, seeking a digitigrade stance with one paw braced against a nearby tree. Her eyes opened, taking in the sight of the bright, powerful full moon. She then closed her eyes, and let out a beautiful, sorrowful howl that filled the night. The sound of Luna's howl brought a sense of relief to Collie, her ears perking up and her tail wagging as she recognized that the creature in front of her, though different, was still her friend.

With a gasp, Luna's reflective thoughts echoed in her mind, *"I...I just did that. It felt good."* A sigh passed her lips, and just as she began to relax, Collie suddenly hurled herself towards Luna, who managed to react just in time to brace herself.

"C-Collie! Calm down, yeah it's still me! Good girl! Stop the licking! You smell...funny," Luna exclaimed, struggling to keep a firm grip on her friend. As she held Collie, she noticed the leash still attached to her collar and promptly untied it.

A sudden howl in the near distance caught the attention of the two she-wolves. "Fang, it must be him...I think." Luna speculated. Her gaze then fell upon the tattered remains of her clothes strewn across the ground. She looked at her pawed hands again, deep in thought.

"Damn, this is real after all. Collie, I really hope the morning sun changes us back or this will be quite the issue," she muttered to her friend. Luna then focused on her senses, sniffing the air, each time more intensely, as she closed her eyes.

"This is something else," Luna murmured, an awed tone threading through her voice. "I always thought I had a good nose before, but now I can almost smell everything around me. The forest, it feels..." Her voice trailed off when a new howl pierced the silence, the same tone as before but a tad sharper. "Ok, Ok. I'm going," she muttered, rolling her eyes at the impatience in the distant howl. Luna then sighed, her lips curling into a wistful smile before she sprang forward, following Collie's trail and disappearing into the forest shadows.

By the time Luna reached Collie, Fang appeared into view, now also in his werewolf form. His appearance was a striking contrast of dark and light browns. His light blue eyes, akin to

a clear winter sky, held an intense and keen gaze. Just below his eyes, a scar etched itself into his fur, a silent reminder of his past. Fang's athletic build was obvious, with lean muscles rippling beneath his fur, an embodiment of both strength and speed. But despite his physique, his height was not intimidating, his head just reaching Luna's eye level.

"It took you long enough," he grumbled, his voice rough with impatience. "So what? I'm just getting used to walking with these...feet," Luna retorted, her voice laced with a touch of defiance.

"You should use your four limbs if you want to reach your best speed. You'll need them to hunt, which is, by the way, what we're doing next," Fang instructed, his tone leaving no room for argument.

"H-Hunt?! I wasn't expecting to do that," Luna stuttered, her eyes widening in surprise.

"What?! What did you expect? To lie down and sleep until dawn?" Fang's incredulous tone echoed through the forest.

"Well, kinda," Luna mumbled, her gaze dropping to the forest floor.

"You'd feel ravenous within an hour trying to sleep after the change. There is a price to pay whenever we transform. Besides, your friend here is right now more instinct-based than any of us and, as you see, she's already sniffing out a prey," Fang explained.

"How do you even know?" she asked, her eyes darting between Fang and the orange wolf.

"She's salivating for a reason. My guess is that she's a natural tracker, and probably has a better nose than us in her present form," Fang responded, observing Collie keenly.

"Or she's just hungry," Luna suggested, kneeling down to pat Collie's head. In response, Collie barked and continued to drool.

"Let's try then... Collie, find us some prey," Fang directed, looking at Collie expectantly. Collie tilted her head, clearly not understanding the command. "Just look for an animal...a big animal," Fang elaborated, gesturing broadly with his arms in a somewhat goofy attempt to communicate his meaning.

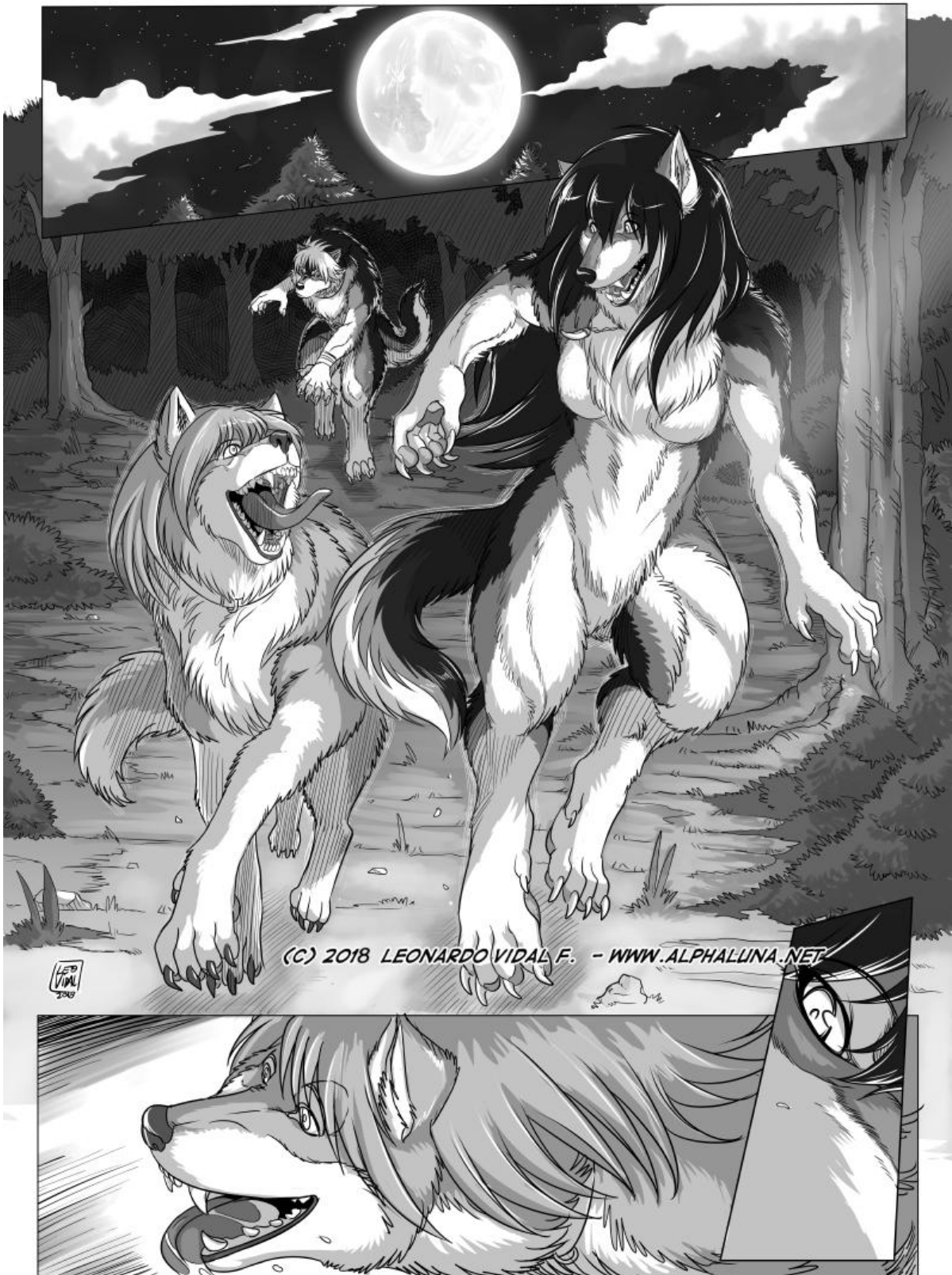
Seemingly catching on, Collie started sniffing around and soon began walking in a specific direction, leading them through the woods into a clearing.

"Don't lose sight of her," Fang warned Luna. "You don't have to tell me," Luna retorted, keeping her eyes fixed on Collie as she moved. Fang simply watched as the two wolves disappeared into the distance.

"I'm really doing this...hunting with the feral nerd and the alpha noob," Fang sighed, pondering his current situation.

Racing on her two legs, Luna began to feel an unexpected ease within her new form. Collie was at the helm, her lupine form gracefully navigating the forest terrain with Luna matching her stride for stride. Leaping over rocks, darting through bushes, and bounding over logs,

Luna found herself exhilarated by the wild chase. A glance over her shoulder revealed Fang trailing behind.



"You're falling behind," she called out, her voice echoing through the woods.

"Don't worry about me, just follow her," Fang responded, his voice punctuating the silence that followed.

Casting her gaze to Collie, Luna noted the wolf's joy reflected in her smiling muzzle and lolling tongue. The sight sparked a thought within Luna, "It seems this wasn't such a bad idea after all, eh, Collie? If she can enjoy this, maybe... I can get used to this too," she mused to herself, a sense of acceptance starting to take root within her as they continued their moonlit run.

Collie had sped up the pace, forcing Luna to change her posture instinctively. She found herself leaping onto all fours, her clawed hand-paws hitting the ground and bouncing her off with a mighty jump. Luna was now running side by side with Collie, her heart pounding in sync with the rhythm of their footfalls.

"This isn't a race, damn it!" Fang grumbled, but he too was forced to adopt the same stance as he chased after them. Jubilation and freedom coursed through Luna, the happiness bubbling up within her was unlike anything she had ever experienced before.

The sweet scent of the grass filled her nostrils, gently caressed by the wind, as she felt as though she was soaring. It was a warm, fresh feeling; familiar, yet completely new. Luna's eyes were wide open, drinking in the night around her.

Then, her mind started to drift back to a time when she had run barefoot through these same woods. The joyful memories of sun rays peeking through the leaves and chasing after a small rabbit brought a smile to her face. Her own name echoed in her head, spoken in a gentler voice by a Lupine figure running behind her. The form was similar to hers now, with black mane and grey fur but the eyes were different. They were the eyes of a mother.

Then, Luna froze. Her mind snapped back to the present, her body stilling as she tried to process the memories that had just flooded her mind. Panting heavily, she noticed Collie had stopped too, her lupine friend looking at her with concern.

Tears traced their paths down Luna's furry face as she knelt, using one furry hand to dry them. Fang, closing the distance, took note of Luna's posture and asked. "You ok?" Fang queried, concern edging his tone. "Y-Yes, it's nothing," Luna stammered. "Look, you were running so fast that you veered off the trail that I think Collie was following. But for some reason, you two decided just to keep running." Fang explained. "The trail of what?" Luna questioned. "Just come," Fang retorted. Luna got up and began to follow Fang's lead as they journeyed through increasingly tall grass, skirting the edge of a ravine.

Fang paused at the lip of a minor cliff, waiting for her. "Does your nose work? You should know by now," he prodded. A tad embarrassed, Luna began sniffing the air and the ground beneath her feet. Wet wood, sweet grass; mostly commonplace earthly scents. But amidst the riot of odors, she detected a warm, tender musk. A barrage of memories flashed through Luna's mind as she suddenly recalled gnawing on a meaty bone piece around a crackling fire during a family gathering. This particular scent triggered her salivation, and her eyes took on a wilder look as she focused on the bushes under the ravine.

"Luna?" Fang called, suddenly taken back by Luna's change of demeanor. She had begun to lower her body posture, creeping stealthily into the prey's territory. She snaked her way through the bushes, her pack following close behind. Fang observed, his attention captivated by Luna's eyes, devoid of any trace of the previous vulnerability. Instead, he perceived complete focus on the task ahead—a formidable werewolf steadfastly standing beside him. But suddenly he found himself wondering if he was merely imagining the newfound grace and beauty emanating from his companion.

Suddenly, a deer emerged a few meters from their location. Its deep black eyes darted around its surroundings, oblivious to the danger lurking nearby. Luna's muzzle pulled back, her heartbeat quickening in anticipation. Still, on all fours she flexed her hind legs, preparing to launch herself into the attack. Unbeknownst to Luna, Collie and Fang had been encircling the deer, closing in for a coordinated attack from all directions.

A wave of raw emotion swept over Luna as she lunged towards her prey. Yelps and growls filled the air, accompanied by the metallic scent of blood and twitching meat. The sweet taste of warm blood and meat juices overwhelmed Luna's senses as she found herself with her bloody muzzle buried in the prey's neck. The deer's twitching body gradually stilled, succumbing to an eternal slumber beneath her.

As Luna paused and gazed upon the motionless body of the deer, her companions were already ravaging its flesh, spilling blood onto the surroundings. The harsh truth of their actions, the life she had extinguished, suddenly shook's Luna mind.

Releasing the deer, Luna found herself panting in shock. Her breath hitched as panic gripped her, the macabre sight of her mates' muzzles, now resembled nothing more than feral animals, tearing and consuming the raw meat causing her heart to pound mercilessly against her ribcage. "I did this... Collie! I'm so sorry," she thought, guilt gnawing at her conscience. She watched in unsettling silence as her friend, with eyes alight with wild delight, devoured every piece of meat she could swallow. The sight of Collie, enjoying the carnage without a trace of human cognizance, only deepened the sense of dread enveloping Luna. She was grappling with the harsh realities of their new life, a life she felt had inadvertently dragged her friend into.

Fang had raised an eyebrow at Luna, his muzzle still buried within his meal as he noticed Luna walking away from the scene. She halted after a few steps, seemingly unsure of where to go. "Hm, are you okay?" he had called out while gulping down a piece of meat, raising his neck. Luna gave no response. Fang finally made the decision to pry himself away from his meal, approaching where Luna was standing, unsure of what exactly he should do or say. "Hey..." he began, his voice trailing off as he searched for the right words.

Luna murmured, her voice barely above a whisper, "I...I'm not hungry." Fang, his mouth still stained with the remnants of their meal, responded, "Sure. But that's not true." Luna paused, collecting her thoughts before letting them spill out, "Look, I've been thinking.... maybe what happened to Collie was my fault after all. Somehow just by being close to her, I don't know. And now...I think I may be losing her."

Fang retorted, his tone stoic, "Right now she is one of us. That is all. But tomorrow she'll be the weak human you care about." Luna's voice wavered as she asked, "Are you sure about

that?" Fang responded with a single word, "No..." Luna sighed, a heavy silence falling over them as words failed her.

Then Fang added, "But... whatever happens. I'm sure she'll still be your annoying friend." Luna whispered, "My friend..." A faint smile tugged at her lips as she remembered the day she and Collie had first held hands. The memory of Collie's bright, infectious smile filled Luna's mind. "Besides," Fang added, breaking the silence, "I can still see her in there. I'm pretty sure you'll see her as well if you look closely." Luna turned to look at the wolf named Collie, who acknowledged Luna with a gleeful, panting smile. The wolf's shiny eyes curiously waited for Luna to rejoin their feast while she sat on her haunches. Luna sighed once again, this time with a hint of acceptance.

Luna turned her back towards Fang and said, "You may be right. And you know, someday I could consider you a friend too." The grateful smile on her face was hidden from Fang's view, but for a moment Fang was startled by the sincerity of her words. Accepting compliments was never easy for him, especially coming from someone he had underestimated since their first meeting. However, he couldn't deny the honesty behind her words, and the aura she exuded now calm and thoughtful. Inadvertently to Fang's eyes, she had become a werewolf that he now could respect and maybe, even follow.

Flustered he finally replied, "Sure... Now, let's eat?" Luna nodded, "I'll give it a try." Despite her reluctance, Luna was overwhelmed by hunger. She stepped back into the feast, her senses assaulted by the delicious scents that she had been trying to block out.

Collie, her nose still dripping blood, barked happily upon seeing her friend rejoin the feast. Luna lowered her neck timidly and decided to take a bite of the tantalizing food. The sweetness was almost tangible on her tongue. It was good, surprisingly good. As Luna began to relish the meal in front of her, some of the guilt she had been carrying seemed to diminish. She found herself enjoying the meal more with each bite she took.

As dawn approached, the sky was slowly painted in hues of purple and red. The backyard of Luna's home was suddenly filled with the lively energy of three furry creatures. Collie, her tongue hanging out, dashed towards a bucket of water, lapping it up eagerly and creating a shower of droplets around her. Fang, on the other hand, was stretching his arms and observing Luna, who was busy cleaning the dirt off her clawed hands and mane. Something about Luna's eyes had changed, Fang noticed, maybe it was her growing acceptance of her werewolf's side, but at the same time, he felt something new on her he couldn't quite put the finger on.

With a sense of hesitation and an effort to break free from his wandering thoughts, Fang finally spoke. "So... I'll just go sleep over here. But you should take her into your room where she should change back soon."

"She'll wake as herself... right?" Luna asked, uncertainty in her voice.

"She should," Fang assured.

Nodding, Luna called out to Collie, "Come, into the house." Collie obediently followed, disappearing into the house as Luna held the door open for her. Alone in the backyard now, Fang settled down by the shade of the lone tree.

But right before stepping inside, Luna paused and turned to her side. Her gaze lingered on the solitary figure of Fang, his form bathed in the soft early morning light. The events of the night had brought them closer and Luna couldn't help but feel a sense of camaraderie with the werewolf she once despised.

"I...thanks, for taking us out tonight. It was a good call and... It was really fun." Luna's words hung in the air, her voice sincere. A genuine smile crept onto her muzzle as she looked toward Fang. In response to her gentle words, Fang was left momentarily speechless. He found himself feeling unexpectedly uncomfortable, unsure how to react or interpret her sentiment, but before he could reply, Luna added, "See you later." To which Fang, still flustered, managed to stammer out an uncertain, "S-Sure...huh."

EPILOGUE

As the Penguin Clock struck 12:10, Luna awoke from her slumber, her nude body and flowing black hair lay dispersed on the cool wooden floor of her bedroom. The room was bathed in the soft glow of the noon light. Beside her, nestled in the carpet floor, lay her dear friend Collie, still lost in peaceful slumber. Luna couldn't help but chuckle at the sight of her friend with her human body restored, mouth slightly agape, drooling ever so slightly, and emitting soft snores that filled the room.

But what caught Luna's attention was the unexpected sight of her lingering furry tail, swaying gently, emerging from the base of Collie's spine. It was a stark reminder of the new life they shared together. But despite this strange outcome, Luna felt a surge of relief and joy. Collie had regained most of her human side and maybe a few extra hours of rest would fade her tail away.

With a tender touch, Luna brushed a stray lock of hair away from Collie's peaceful face. She made a silent promise to take care of her friend, no matter what challenges may lie ahead. Deciding to make Collie as comfortable as possible, gently cradling her slumbering friend, Luna carried Collie to her own bed. With delicate care, she dressed Collie in a tank top and panties before tucking her snugly beneath the cozy covers. Luna couldn't help but smile as she admired Collie's peaceful countenance, blissfully unaware of the world around her.

As Luna's gaze drifted towards the window and the bright outdoors, her mind brimmed with questions. She wondered if the prolonged time Collie spent as a wolf, compared to hers and their companion Fang, had taken a toll on her body. The exhaustion evident in Collie's peaceful slumber made Luna ponder the complexities of their shared secret.

She also pondered whether any part of Collie's transformation was her own fault, still unaware that the culprit still hung from her neck at that very moment, feeling a shred of guilt. But she sighed in relief once more, recalling the ordeal they had gone through that night, and feeling grateful that they were safe and sound. She knew their lives might be slightly different on the nights to come, but for the first time, she didn't see the wolf inside her the same way anymore.