

Panting from exertion, you finally stop to catch your breath. The hiking trail is fairly steep, and even though you are a seasoned hiker, you are tired even before reaching the summit. You figure now is a good enough time to take a rest.

Sitting on some rocks, you take a moment to truly drink in the sights off the trail. The hill overlooks several valleys and peaks, stretching on for miles. The low hanging sun accents the scene rather well, making you somewhat envious. Your camping trip is only to last a couple of days, and even with your maximum level of energy expenditure, you will only see a fraction of the scenery on your weekend trip. Then, it's back to the grind of office work. Still, you intend to enjoy it while you can.

As your eyes scan the ground, something glittering catches your notice. A sharp contrast to the natural early fall foliage, a long, metal object is sticking out of some leaves just beyond the edge of the trail. Curious, you walk towards it, reaching down to pull it from the earth. It appears to be some sort of rod, adorned with the head of a wolf. Used to seeing such tacky gadgets at pawn shops, you are still somewhat impressed with the level of craftsmanship. You find yourself wondering how someone had lost such an object all the way out here.

As you raise the object from the dirt, you notice it catching on something hidden in the detritus. A quick tug tears the frozen remains of fabric left out in the autumn air. Readjusting the staff and accidentally poking your cheek with it, you rip as much of the clothing from the earth as you can. A quick inspection reveals the remnants of torn hiking clothing of a similar make to your own. Was someone killed and eaten by an animal? Is there perhaps a body or remains that you should look for, to give closure to the loved ones of whoever was lost?

A sudden tingling starts playing over your jaw, where it came into contact with the staff. Reaching up, you are shocked as the skin, muscle, and bone seem to suddenly stretch, as though heated and turned to putty. Your jaw, to your horror, is extending before your very eyes. Such a process should cause you immense pain, you think, leaving you writhing on the forest floor in agony.

Thankfully, you are only left with the warm tingling as your jaw grows to sufficient size to be seen in your field of view.

Trembling fingers explore the contours of your changing face and eventually find a coarse, damp texture moving towards the tip of your snout. Startled for a moment, you slowly realize that the blackening structure is your nose, or what is becoming of it. Flared nostrils form slits on either side that draw your nose into the flesh of your blackening, gummy lips.

Breathing deeply, your nose is suddenly assaulted with a plethora of fragrances you had previously been blind to. What was once a serene mountain trail suddenly explodes with each tree, every rock, every odor, and dropping of every creature that had been present over the last few days.

Fascinated, you start to sniff with intent, your expanding nasal cavities better able to draw in the scent molecules. Your brain has difficulty making sense of some of them, but in your curiosity, you can't seem to get enough of them!

Dizzy from the olfactory overload, you are hardly aware of the itching in your gums as your teeth start to expand in their sockets. In an attempt to feel your altered dentures, a hand reaches into your muzzle and connects with a tongue far larger than you expected. You gasp for a moment before feeling for teeth that are much sharper and more numerous than you are accustomed to.

More curious than frightened at this juncture, you try to speak, eliciting only a muddled growl from your muzzle. You try again, the mournful howl escaping your stretching lips reminiscent of a canine. Is that what is becoming of you? Are you turning into a dog, or perhaps, a wolf?

The notion should terrify you. Yet the sensations of change are warm, and you have to admit, the wider range of sensory inputs is more fascinating than frightening. A tingling in your ears draws your attention to them, and they twitch without your prompting. Their pointed surfaces curve innards, a series of new, longer hairs capturing sounds that went unnoticed by your human equivalents.

Your senses are built for this terrain in a way that no human could ever hope to emulate!

The colors of the world start to suddenly shift, and you realize you now likely have the eyes of a wolf. Though the spectrum is different, color is not lost to you entirely. Your new vision, in some ways, is superior. Like the predator you seem to be becoming, your focus is designed to take in movement, and you find yourself scanning the expanse of the trail with renewed interest!

All the while, your shifting skull forces your muzzle out and your ears to the top of your head. For a moment, you worry that your shrinking brain will eliminate your humanity. You do indeed feel a plethora of new instincts and urges that match your changing sensibilities. But you are still you, for now, even though you have a wolf's head in place of your own.

A series of contractions assault your chest, and you move your arms inward reflectively. As your shoulder blades flatten into the flesh of your widening flanks, it is obvious to you that you are becoming a wolf. Not a werewolf hybrid like films would have you believe, but a wolf as feral as any that you might encounter out here. Yet as your ribs continue to expand and your lungs swell with capacity, the idea of being a wolf in the woods seems more and more pleasant.

Realizing what is to become of you, you tear off your clothes, not wanting them to meet the same fate as the person before you. Cock erect in excitement, you lower yourself down to all fours before your body makes the position necessary. Your extending spine and flattening stomach make you reflexively dig your fingers into the dirt to brace yourself. Your lean muscles in tandem with a longer spine give you a level of canine flexibility you enjoy. Widening hips and flattened flanks solidify your position as a quadruped creature, and you find yourself growing excited at the prospect of running with your body to the ground.

Your spine keeps growing, forcing your coccyx to break apart into the beginnings of a lupine tail. A shiver runs up your nervous system as new electrical connections allow you to move it, and you relish the mobility of such an alien

appendage on your backside. You can't wait to feel it steering your sleek body as it sails through the forest!

By now, your rearranging hips and changing backside have rotated your anus just below your tail. Your modest balls send a shudder through your sex, and a canine whine of pleasure escapes your lips as your entire testicular contents are spilled onto the ground. Yet even in your post-orgasmic reverie, you are aware of the tingling that signals your sex is not finished. Though you are no longer erect, you seem to be aching, eager for more.

A lupine whine escapes your lips as your testicles deflate, pulling into your body with little fanfare. You sense the organs parting your insides until they find their place above your ejaculatory ducts. Your penis, too, follows suit, your urethral opening widening as the organ is sensually sucked inside you.

This part of the change is the most bizarre thus far, and the sensations leave you rooted to the ground as your sex opens wide. The sensitive flesh of your shaft creates a wide opening surrounded by lips that moisten with anticipation. Most exciting of all is that the glans seems to shrink into a sensitive nub encapsulated at the peak of your altered genitals.

Looking back with your new flexibility, you view what can only be a pair of animalistic cunt lips where your maleness once lay. You feel the idea should scare you; not only are you changing into an animal, but you are losing your gender as well!

Yet your changing instincts can't seem to muster the fear of loss with the intense sensory inputs assaulting your psyche. It is a small price to pay for your lupine form and gives you something additional to explore in tandem with your new body!

Your fingers suddenly lose their ability to grip the ground as the nails thicken, and your digits crack inwards towards your palms. Coarse pads elevate your stance a little as a thick layer of webbing forms between the diminishing digits. The stubs of your former fingers sit below pointed claws, your thumbs

retracted above your wrists into a dewclaw. Instead of lamenting the loss of your human fingers, you relish your new paw's ability to support you as you tear through the undergrowth.

Your hindlegs are soon to follow, the heels stretching you up as your toes reduce, and pads form from the base of your foot. Your large toes are gone entirely, while firm, blunt nails allow your stance with the four remaining digits. You can't move them but are excited by contemplating their adaptations to help you run!

Your naked body does bother you somewhat, looking unnaturally like a shaved dog. Soon, an insistent itching starts to play over your human hair. The texture softens as longer hairs form a secondary layer. Grays, browns, and blacks highlight your hair as it begins to form a shaggy ruff down your thickened neck. You realize you will soon have a wolf's pelt, and your body rejoices.

Lupine fur spreads down your forehead and all across your muzzle. Soft black under-hairs are soon covered by a myriad of grays and browns that make up your guard fur, spreading down from your shoulders and across your flanks. The hairs on your lower legs are a little shorter, but soon your entire form is covered by a lovely, wolverine coat that you take pride in.

As your changes complete, you stand there in stunned reference, marveling over the lupine capabilities presented to you. You want to run and hunt and take off into your new world. Yet the faint traces of something stimulating catch your attention, and you inhale audibly, keeping your nose low to the ground.

You smell his approach long before you see him. The scent of another of your kind makes you wag your tail and pant in excitement. Part of your new instincts is affronted by the presence of an invader. Yet another aspect welcomes the company. You know he is a male, and his masculine scent excites a new center of your brain. You can't help but feel a stirring in your feminine loins at the notion of the presence of a male.

A slightly larger wolf trots towards you, and you approach him in kind, sniffing and licking his fur in canine greeting. He carries a miasma of scents, all the places he has been and the things he has eaten. But of most interest is *his* odor, one of a virile mate that sends another wave of lust into your loins. His perfume in your nose tells you as much as the stiff prick hanging from his loins.

You are hardly aware of the implications as you instinctively raise your tail and keep your body stiff. Your human self is slightly disgusted by the notion of how enthusiastic you are to submit yourself. Yet, the needs in your body are overpowering, and the part of your mind willing to explore your new life is curious about what this action might feel like. You remain still as the male teases your sex with his tongue, then proceeds to leap on your back and spear for your opening with his thick penis.

The mating act is relatively quick, but at this point, you no longer care. The male is humping you furiously, desperate to knot your sex. You are moist and leaking, and your new opening easily allows him full entry. His thick knot stimulates you inside and out, in a way the male you could never have comprehended. You growl as your vagina strokes his knot and forces him to deposit a modest load of sperm into your womb. Your entire body trembles with orgasm as the mating act envelops you.

The male collapses on your back, and you join him, his sex tied to yours. His scent burns into your nostrils, and you drink in his pheromones and musk. You know instinctively that he is your mate now. Wolves bond for life and both males and females are equals. A great comfort washes over you, erasing any lingering doubts you have about your change. He belongs to you as much as you belong to him.

At last, the male's knot deflates sufficiently enough to allow your freedom. You pull back a little, unused to your new body. Yet the instincts are strong, and soon you are bounding down the trail, exhilarated by the speed and power in your body. Your new mate gives chase, catching you and running past, before lowering on his haunches and beckoning you to play.

You take a few moments to truly comprehend the situation. You've been turned into a wolf, along with the previous owner of the clothes you've found. He is an alpha like you now are, and he has claimed you as his mate. His intention is to have you join him as the start of his pack, along with the new life he just placed in your womb. Though he likely retains the same level of awareness as you, he is clearly in touch with his new form and instincts.

Trying to muster any fear or anger at your circumstance ends up being futile. In truth, you loved the mating and relish the power of your new body. As a wolf, you can explore every inch of these woods, as you've always wanted. And you'll have a mate by your side, a bonded male to stay with you and help raise your new family.

A sharp howl pierces your senses, and you look up to see the looming moon on the horizon. Your mate has taken off from your field of view, but that's OK. His cry signals his location to you and you alone. Raising your head, your own wolveren cry pierces the night sky to signal your rebirth. It is a song of praise, of thanks, one that you finish before taking off into the woods to join your mate.