

# ARTHALLA WEREWOLF STORIES MASTER COLLECTION

## WEREWOLF TRANSFORMATION STORIES

A wonderful Werewolf TF Story by [KiraLaugh](#).

### **UNEXPECTED WEREWOLF**

I pulled on a warm stocking cap and some fingerless gloves and headed out to the densely wooded park near my home. It was a beautiful night, but it was too late and too cold for anyone else to be out. Good, I thought. I'll have the trail to myself.

After driving to the nearby commons, I set out onto the long, winding pathway in front of me. I walked along the frosty trail, my canvas shoes crunching the gravelly earth with every step. I had neared the middle of the wooded area when I heard a low rumble in the trees surrounding me. I stopped and surveyed the area. Not noticing anything suspicious, I turned back to the path and continued walking.

After a few minutes, I heard the crispy rustling of leaves in the woods, followed by another deep grumble. This time, I turned around to see a pair of glowing yellow eyes and a set of glistening fangs charging towards me. I let out a yell as a massive beast pushed me to the ground, its claws penetrating my jacket and puncturing my flesh.

It let out a menacing snarl as it opened its fanged maw. I tried to shove the furry body off of me, but it sank its razor sharp fangs into my right shoulder, splattering me and the frigid earth in warm, crimson blood.

I kicked the wolf-like creature off of me. It glared at me with blazing yellow eyes, howled eerily and leaped into the murky forest. Clutching my mangled shoulder instinctively, I scrambled backwards as fast as I could. I had to get away from...from whatever that was. Standing up, I clumsily ran back to the parking lot, lukewarm blood seeping through my clenched fingers. Slouching into my car, I stepped on the gas and drove home. Opening the door to my small apartment, I pushed myself inside and collapsed onto my bed.

With a jolt, I woke up, the bite from the night before burned, but had almost fully healed. "Odd," I thought to myself. The image of the wolf from the woods haunted my thoughts. Although I could barely remember what happened, the terrifying burn of the yellow eyes remained imprinted in my mind's eye. With a groan, I massaged my scarred shoulder and shuffled into my kitchen.

Reaching for a coffee mug from the cupboard, an excruciating headache made it hard for me to focus. The bite wound pulsed as I trembled uncontrollably. I brushed it off. It was probably just a reaction or something. I'd call animal control later. With my ceramic mug in hand, I reached for the electric coffee maker on my kitchen counter. Before I could pour a drop of coffee, a shiver ran down my back.

Another shudder shook my body. I leaned against the countertop, my hands trembling uncontrollably. A sharp pain licked at my fingertips. Looking down, I saw the tips of pointed nails sprouting from my once human fingernails. I gasped with fear, the ceramic mug clattering to the floor. What was happening to me? The claws continued to push out of my changing hands as dark grey guard hairs began to cover my arms in a dense layer of fur. Was this really happening? It couldn't possibly have to do with that beast that attacked me last night. Could it? Were...Werewolves do not exist.

I stared in terror as my hands buckled into finger-like paws. Turning my newly transformed hands around in awe, I jerked my head back in pain. Reaching a clawed finger to my throbbing forehead, I felt the jagged tips of my canine teeth pushing further out of my gums. A cold sweat broke on my brow. The fangs were forming in my mouth as my nose began to push out of my face. My entire skull pulsed with pain. I lifted my now furry arms to my head and fell to the floor, howling in pain.

As my face grew and sprouted a long, pointed muzzle, my chest burned as muscles grew and rippled under my skin. I brought my face between my arms and my grotesquely muscled shoulder blades ripped through my striped turtleneck. I could feel my ears grow long and pointed as they brushed my arms. I was growing more wolfish by the minute. Why was this happening? Why me?

My clothes stretched with my body, but unlike me, they had a breaking point. My turtleneck finally split all the way and fluttered to the ground. My stylishly torn jeans had ripped all the way up the leg, no longer able to fit my now powerfully built legs. A pain grew at my rear as a furred tail whipped out of my back end. I let out a scared whimper as my body shifted and grew.

I felt my feet bulge in my socks. They seemed to be growing tighter by the minute. I groaned helplessly as claws ripped through them, my beast-like toes following shortly after them. My ankles elongated painfully into digitigrade legs like those of the wolf I had seen the night before. As I stretched and jolted, a wave of blackish-grey fur cascaded over my body, the remainder of my clothing falling to the floor in meager shreds.

I snarled terrifyingly as my chest heaved heavily with each breath I took in. My green eyes snapped open, no longer clenched closed in pain. Letting loose an earsplitting howl, I stood up. I stood on my hind legs, a good two or three feet taller than I had been when I woke up this morning.

Lifting my muzzle to the air, I let out a thunderous howl. Perhaps this evening had another visit to the park instore...

