

You feel the needle prick your skin, and a warm tingling around the spot signals the serum has been successfully administered. You are entirely naked, wanting to see every bit of your change as it happens. You rub your leg in anticipation, the heat rising from your flesh is a prelude of what is to come. A light itch erupts from the area, as though you are having a reaction. But the feelings your fingers report signal something else entirely!

Gingerly, you remove your fingers, allowing you full view of the pricking hairs poking from your skin. You watch in fascination as short, black hairs pepper the area around your thigh, making it hard to see your skin. You can tell the shade of your flesh is somewhat lighter than its human equivalent, but it is more difficult to see as the black hair envelopes every inch of skin in a thick undercoat. You find the black fur rather soft and enjoy the feeling as it slowly spreads from the spot, pooling over your thigh and spreading up your hips and ass, then down your calves towards your feet.

“I-it’s happening!” you shout enthusiastically, rubbing the spot as though encouraging the fur to grow. You’ve waited so long for this day, and little can stifle your excitement!

Yet even in the spaces covered with fur continue to itch as longer hairs erupt from your skin. You rub the flesh excitedly, the fur lancing up twice the length of your underfur. They are guard hairs, designed to keep you warm even on the coldest of winter nights. Unlike the soft black undercoat, your guard fur is coarser, growing thick enough to hide the close-cropped black hair underneath. The pelage is a mix of colors, mostly gray with undertones of brown, black, and white, as it comprises the beginnings of a rather beautiful pelt.

At this point, the uncomfortable itching is spreading from your leg all the way up to your torso. The itching seems to erupt all over, faster than you can rub the skin. You allow yourself to get used to the sensation, knowing there is nothing you can do for now. The guard fur remains a variety of colors, though primarily gray, to make up your classic lupine coat. Yet some spots, particularly your belly, chest, and throat, erupt with finer, almost white hair. Patterns of darker brown accent spots along your shoulders. Soon, every inch of your skin starts to tingle with what you know will be your lupine coat. Even your human beard starts to thicken into the beginnings of thicker, wolfish tufts.

You are distracted by a sensation in your spine as your coccyx starts to unfuse. You can feel the extension pressing against the flesh of your back, forming a bump of skin that extends along with the growth of bone. The five bones within start to lengthen before pinching off at the ends. As additional bones are added, the length of the bump seems to extend to accommodate them, never allowing the bone to pierce the flesh.

As what you know to be your new tail continues to grow, you can feel a new muscle swelling from your coccyx, a coccyges muscle that fills in the flesh of your new growth. As joints and tendons develop in the gaps, a jolt up your spine makes you realize you now can move the new appendage. You start to wag your tail, delighting in having something that did not exist on your body before now. Its range of motion is impressive, able to wriggle back and forth, up and down with several joints that allow independent mobility. The longer it grows, the more integrated the movements become. You can even move it down between your legs, recalling it to be a canine response of fear or a submissive response.

“Fuck... it’s so weird!” you giggle, playing with your new appendage like an adolescent pup.

A tingling in your hands brings your attention to their tips. You observe them pushing outward at the ends, their translucent shade darkening to muted brown. Soon, the nails are nearly as thick as your fingertips themselves and are starting to curve somewhat as the nails become blunt. They are not too sharp, but you know your lupine physiology will mostly require them for gripping on the ground as you run. You cannot retract them, as would a feline, but you do not need to keep them sharp and deadly for hunting. Your soon-to-be jaw will take care of that!

A similar sensation explodes from your feet, and you take a moment to observe the nails growing thick there as well. The same dark nails erupt on four of your toes, though your large toe remains absent of such an adornment. You wonder about that for a moment, but the changes pressing onward give you little time for contemplation.

The tingling over your flesh rises towards your ears now, and you reach up a still tactile hand to touch their surface. The warm skin is stretching, growing thinner as they expand towards the back of your hair. To your surprise, they seem to remain in the same location as your human ears. Their edges remain thicker, and they start to curve, allowing more space for their thinner membranes. Their edges become adorned with long, sparse hairs, protecting the inner ears from the cold while allowing the same level of auditory acuity as other canines.

Your ears jerk suddenly as developing zygomaticus and pineal muscles allow you a level of flexibility unknown to your human self. You find you can twitch them directionally in response to auditory stimulation. Your ears can detect nearly double the level of vibrations at once then your human counterparts. Though in case you are ever overwhelmed, a developing muscle allows you to close off parts of your inner ear to prevent damage and help filter certain sounds.

By now, your ears have stretched well behind your skull, twitching as they reach their proper lupine length. Your ears are overall smaller than an average canine's, though more pointed, better able to protect from colder climates. You take a moment to marvel at all the evolutionary adaptations that are slowly making you a successful apex predator!

A dull ache in your toes reminds you that your feet have a long way to go, and you brace yourself for the alteration in your stance as your lower leg shifts. First, you can feel your toes contracting, the phalanges themselves diminishing in size compared to their human counterparts. Yet you are startled to feel your metatarsals stretching, rising you up to what is essentially your tiptoes. The bones continue to expand, forcing your heels longer to compensate. Your tarsal bones are overall much shorter than your human versions, yet are still only slightly shorter than your metatarsals as your heel is forced all the way off the ground, making you wobble unsteadily.

As you watch, your large toes start to diminish, crawling up your leg as their joints, skin, and tendons all dissolve into nothing. It is a little alarming to feel them losing all their features as they both reduce to vestigial traces not needed for your body. Only a stub of a bone is to remain attached to your metatarsal, nothing visible from the outside as all that remains is a phantom tingle to denote their former presence.

The ability to flex your toes is taken from you as a thick layer of webbing starts to form from the base, spreading them apart. Your toes are more spaced out to better balance your weight. The still-bare skin thickens, bubbling up from the pink flesh as it blackens into coarse, protective pads. The level of sensitivity is almost zero at the same padding forms from the minute flesh just behind your toes. Sparse fur spreads through the webbing, allowing what you assume is further protection from the cold.

So enraptured in the sensations of your feet changing, you hardly notice the same thing is happening to your hands. Your phalanges are contracting, causing your fingers to shrink into your palms. Yet unlike your toes, your thumbs are not to become completely vestigial. They are not extending up your wrist, as you might have anticipated, but pulled along with your stretching carpal bones. All flexibility is removed as the digits stick stiffly at the sides of your wrists; a canine dewclaw.

“Huh... guess wolves don't... need hands...,” you lament, wincing a little from the discomforting sensations. Instead, you try to focus on the changes. You can't worry about what you are losing when there is so much to gain!

Your carpal bones are stretching, much as your tarsals had. Your wrists seem to lose their range of motion, only capable of moving back and forth. The same webbing causes your shortened fingers to stick together, widening as each individual digit loses mobility. Your fingertips and palms thicken with those same blackened paw pads, bubbling up from the flesh and covering the entire surface. Another patch of skin above your carpals starts to inflate outward into a much longer pad than your others. This carpal pad will help to support you when running on rough terrain.

Your hands are now canine paws, containing much less utility than their human counterparts, though still maintaining some use for your new form. You momentarily laminate the lack of opposable thumbs or digits, your hands reduced to the role of clutching the ground and supporting your weight. But there's still some ability to grip with your stagnant blunt claws.

Your hairless arms start to itch as small grey fur thickens upon their surface. The fur is just as thick as the black undercoat, except the familiar guard hairs are absent. They are short, elastic, and closely adjacent as they run all the way down to the bones of your fingers. The shorter fur seems to stop at your elbows, running under the thicker hairs that are beginning to envelop your upper arms. Similarly, the skin of your lower legs starts to itch, and you can see mostly gray hairs prickling from the backs of what remains of your new paw, running up your calves towards the thicker fur on your thighs.

The changes have been exciting, almost arousing, and had you not been alone, you might feel slightly embarrassed to notice your cock is at attention. You want to reach down and touch it, though you no longer have the ability to with your paws. Yet as it prepares to alter into its lupine configuration, you know you will soon require release!

A second layer of skin starts to form from the base of your cock, and looking down, you can tell that your foreskin is regrowing. The warm, thickening flesh runs up your cock, enveloping your member all the way to the tip like a cocoon. The covering forces your cock straight up in the air, making you moan as the flesh merges with the skin of your flattening belly. Your balls pull up under the sheath as well, becoming more streamlined than your human counterparts.

“GGGGRRRR... ROOOO GGGGOORRD...,” you growl, startled at the canine inflections that come out so naturally. It won't be much longer now, and all your excitement from transformation seems to be centering on your member!

You recall something you read about apes, how having their genitals presenting is part of their mating rituals, adaptations that were passed on to humans. Such displays are

unnecessary to canines. Your developing scent glands are a powerful attractant in their own right. As you contemplate your hidden canine maleness, a forest of white-gray fur covers the entire surface of your sheath, running down over your testicles as they start to swell with lupine seed.

Yet your erection is not to remain in its home for long. As the tip starts to peel away the foreskin, you can see the crown of your cock head merging with the shaft of your penis. The glans itself starts to compress, growing pointed as the urethral opening becomes smaller on the tip. A deep red shade runs down the entire length of your dick, and the image of lipstick makes you chuckle internally. The shaft starts to bulge a bit down its length as veins pop out from the engorged organ. You are sure it's a little smaller than your human counterpart, but you don't mind.

Something much thicker starts to balloon from the base of your flesh, pushing almost painfully from your sheath. You can see the bulbous base preparing to pop out, engorged with blood. You love how massive it is compared to the rest of your genitals, a unique carnivore adaptation, able to force into a female's vulva or a male's anus before it engorges to its final girth. Such a thing will keep you inside your mate until you orgasm, ensuring proper breeding.

The muscles and bones in your lower legs start to ache, and you lower yourself unto your front paws. Though uncomfortable, you don't want to fall awkwardly as your legs warp and change shape. Your calves shrink, though not as much as your thighs, which force your femurs to contract along with them. The loss in relative length allows your quadrupedal stance to become more comfortable, at least in your hindquarters. Your thighs are forced closer towards your hips, which themselves are starting to ache with change.

Above your femur, your hips start to compress, their wide primate stance unnecessary to your canine physiology. You pant a little, this part of the change more painful than the rest of the process. You can feel your glutes flattening, having less area for them to cover as your ass and hips start to recede. With an audible crunch, your hips are forced forward, compressing themselves in the flanks of your abdomen. Your three hip bones all move at once, reorienting their position on your spine. Your shortened femur brings your knees close to your belly, and an attachment of loose skin and fur makes it seem as though they are one with your contracting torso.

You can feel your still-growing tail itch as your lupine fur erupts from the tip and spreads all the way up to your thinning hips. Your tail is relatively longer than most canines, helping you balance during longer runs. It swishes down over your moderately long legs, which will also aid in your runs in northern climates.

Your nose starts to tingle before being followed by a warm, damp sensation. Your wet nose, fueled by the developed mucus membranes inside, will better be able to capture scent particles. You can see the blackened bulb pushing out from your face, stretching to merge with the flesh of your upper lip. Two slits form from either side of your nostrils, creating a wider opening and allowing air another exit to not interrupt the flow of incoming scents.

You can't feel the same level of complexity from the more minute changes, but you know that inside your nasal cavity is forming what is called a Jacobson's organ, running from your nose to the inside of your mouth. It is a source of secondary chemical reception to give your form an even wider range of olfactory input. You'd read that your new organ has its own separate nerve pathway to your canine brain. By curling your lip and flaring your nose, your ability to detect odors is multiplied by a magnitude of thousands!

You take a few sniffs, getting used to the sheer sensitivity you possess. You know how many people have been in here for the past several days. You can tell if they are male or female, healthy or sick, and even the last things they ate. You inhale deeply, blown away by the plethora of information the human you was blind to. Over 100 million olfactory receptors now exist in your nose, an enlarged part of your increasingly canine brain specifically designed to sift through that information. A dog's nose is up to 10000 times more sensitive than a human's, and a wolf's abilities surpassed even that much!

“MMMRRRRR... SMMEELLS... RRRRROO RRRRROOD...,” you growl, drinking in the scents as only a canine can.

Yet the most pungent scent in the vicinity is the musky stench wafting from your own genitals. The level of detail is only amplified by the development of canine scent glands, specialized for detection by other canine noses. You can smell how virile, how MALE you are. The mere notion sends fresh waves of arousal through your loins.

A damp sensation runs down your cock as your arousal reaches its peak. You can feel a tingling in your anus as the entire cavity seems to move further up your hindquarters, rotating towards the base of your tail. It feels like the shift in your perineal region pulls your penis and testicles upward as well, reorienting them for your quadrupedal stance. You know they are better positioned to mate in your new body, and the mere thought of breeding as you need sends your heightened senses into overdrive!

“GGRRRRR... RRYEEESS... MMMOOORRREEE!” you growl, loving how close you are, how deep your voice is already. The changes feel so exquisite, and you have no desire to go back.

The force of your changed pelvis, in tandem with your shifting testicles, puts intense pressure on your prostate, so much so that you don't require any external stimulation. You can feel the tension building in your testicles and know you can't hold off your release. Your knot flares as it begins to spasm uncontrollably. You moan, a deeper sound that you are accustomed to as your lupine cock shoots a modest load onto your furry belly and the floor. With your increased arousal from the change, the force of your release is stronger than anything in recent recollection!

“AAARRRRRRRRROOOOOWWW!” you howl, as more cum than you think possible coats your developing lupine form. The pungent stink of seed only serves to accentuate your release as your throbbing balls fully empty your burden.

Coming down from your orgasmic high, you start to feel the rest of the changes take hold of your torso. Your knot deflates, and you can feel your seed sticking to your fuzzy paunch even as its girth retracts into your lupine sheath. Your belly starts to thin as your spine elongates, creating more linkages between your pelvis and ribcage, giving your lower body an increase in flexibility.

You can feel your nipples tingling, moving from your still-shapely pecs to a spot just below your ribs. The surface of each starts to tingle as similar sensations run down the length of your belly. They itch a bit, and you want to rub them, the thought making your cock stick out slightly. There are four pairs in all, and you make a note to try playing over them with your developed canine tongue later. In your semi-aroused state, their sensitivity seems to be enhanced ten-fold even now!

Your belly remains streamlined right behind your ribs, giving you greater awareness of how much your rib cage is expanding. Your groan momentarily as your rib cage barrels out, deepening farther than your human body could ever support. Your ribs press against the skin, allowing room for hardier lungs, heart, and a carnivorous digestive tract. Your entire body is more compact than the average canine's, giving you a sturdy frame and allowing you room for the necessary muscle. You are a distance runner, needing to chase down more powerful prey.

Your chest continues to barrel forward, cracking as the muscle expands around your massive ribs. The force presses your shoulders forward as the blades thin, and your upper arms are pulled along your widening rib cage. You can feel the muscles in your biceps and deltoids contracting, diminishing in length along with your shortened humerus. Loose skin from your elbow connects it with your expanding chest, and you realize you can no longer move your

arms side to side. Your stance is awkward, but with your radius and ulna lengthening to compensate for a shorter humerus, you are allowed a proper length to balance your hindquarters.

The muscles in your neck start to thicken, and you know they are needed to support the powerful jaw that you will soon possess. Your trapezius, already developed in your human form, is relatively larger in your wolfen self, necessary to support your heavy skull. A crack responds in your head as your spine lengthens further, allowing more room for those expansive muscles. Your reorientated cranium forces your head forward, resting more comfortably on your quadrupedal body.

Your back is itching as the longest guard hairs yet erupt from the bare remnants of your pores. A series of coarse, black fur forms from your withers into a ruff or crest of sorts. Your own human hair is starting to reduce, changing texture and color to match the fur spreading up from your neck. The itch of your thickened beard makes you regret not having hands, but you've mostly gotten used to the sensations now. The fur on your face forms tufts that accent the contours of your more angular profile rather fetchingly.

“GGRRRRR RRROO RRRROOOOWWWW!” you try to speak once more, but your human voice is gone. Yet it only serves to remind you how close you are to your dream of being a wolf!

The only human features left on your frame are in your head as you complete your transformation. Your cranium starts to shift under the skin, and you are thankful for the painless process. You can almost feel the thickening of bone around your skull, adding layers of calcified tissue to protect your soon-to-be smaller brain. Your sagittal crest elongates vertically, giving you another layer of protection. You will need it while hunting, as damage to your skull from an errant hoof could mean your death.

Now your forehead starts to slope, extending outward as the parietal bones compress and the back of the latter creates the bulk of your sagittal crest. What remains of your forehead widens, past all other canines, and even a bit larger than your human self. You can feel your contracting skull pushing on your braincase, and your grey matter starts to reduce in mass. But not too much, not as much as many animals you could be becoming. Yours is the brain of a predator, needing to learn, to study, and adapt so that you can successfully hunt and fill your belly. And the process allows you a semblance of your human mind, allowing you to fully delve into the lupine experience.



At last, the most iconic change encompasses your visage as your face starts to extend. This growth is fueled by the extension of your maxilla, mandible, and zygomatic process, bones that are easily twice the length of their human equivalents and thicker for support.

Your masticatory sets of muscles thicken around them, providing the force necessary for your lupine bite. You experiment with your jaw a few times, loving how wide it seems to open. It is relatively blunt when compared with the average length of most canine muzzles but has the added benefit of increasing your potential bite force. Your extending maw and altering gum line force some of your teeth apart, which you find disconcerting. But you know that your new lupine teeth will soon fill in those gaps.

The force of your growing muzzle shifts your eyes slightly apart, and for a moment, you enjoy a wider range of vision than you did as a human. Yet the further away they are, the more you start to realize that you are nearsighted. Your eyes diminish a little in size, though are relatively larger against your skull, saving you the discomfort of having your eyes squeezed. Though you can't see it, you are certain your iris are turning amber, the pupils rounded to give you a menacing glare.

The colors of the room start to shift due to a reduction of cones in your retinas. The warmer shades, the reds, oranges, yellows, and even greens are lost to you, leaving only shades of beige, influenced by blues and violets. Yet with the loss of cones comes an increase in rods, and you find the fading light in the room becoming sharper to your senses. And your lack of vision is a small price to pay with all the improvements to your other sensory abilities!

As your face stretches forward, you can tell that your gums are itching, your teeth beginning to ache as they prepare to enter their canine configuration. Your black, rubbery lips start to give way to extra teeth, ten more than your human form. Two more sets of incisors grow to fill the gaps in front, bringing the total up to 12. You will use these for tearing meat from bone and now for grooming. Your premolars too increase in number, 16 total, sharpening along the tips to shear your meal. You have fewer molars than your human self, one less on top and three on the bottom. You don't need as many grinding molars for your meat-based diet.

But it is your lengthening canines that truly excite you. You maintain the same four as you did while human, yet these are much further developed. Your lower teeth thicken, becoming significantly larger than your incisions, but your upper fangs are a class of their own. You can feel the layers of dentine adding twice the size of your human equivalents, bringing them to two and a half inches in length! They are sharpened, able to puncture into the neck of your prey, killing outright or causing enough damage to slowly weaken it before you go in for

the kill. Your bite force is one of the strongest in the animal kingdom, nearly 1200 PSI, and able to crack through bone with little detriment to your mouth.

Your face has taken on an iconic visage, one that invokes both reverence and terror the world over. With that, the change is complete. You are now a gray wolf, an apex predator in your domain. You run out into the night, enjoying all the power that your changed body has granted you. Racing through the woods seems like a breeze as you work your way through branches and underbrush. You stop only occasionally to raise your leg and urinate, marking your territory with various scent glands to claim this land as yours.

At last, you reach a clearing, the moonlit sky smiling down on your feral form. You are an alpha in your domain, and you revel in the sensations. You raise your head, an urge to call out welling in your mind.

“AARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOWWWWW”!

You release an echoing howl into the night sky, signaling your presence to the world. But it is not just for yourself that you call. You know the term ‘lone wolf’ is a myth. Deep down, you long for companionship, and your siren song sings for a mate, someone to share in the powerful canine existence that you have now been blessed with.

To your delight, a corresponding howl pierces the night sky, one that signals a need as strong as your own. You race forwards, your new wolven prick sliding out of your sheath in anticipation. Every fiber of your being is focused on pursuing the siren song of a lupine lover waiting for you under the light of the moon. You sing your praise and rapture as you seek out your mate for life, looking to baptize your wolven existence with the full moon as your witness!