

By a Hair

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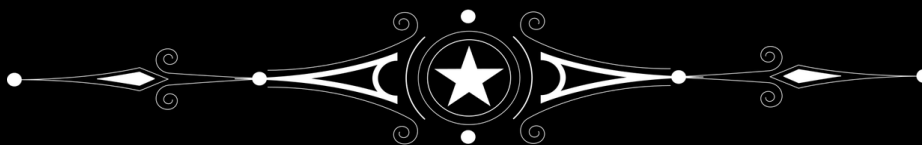
Commission for AlchemistAva

By

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The following contains: Werewolf TF, SUPER werewolf TF, muscle growth, hyper growth, intersex TG

Read at your own discretion.



Ava considered herself lucky when she didn't dislocate her shoulder ramming into the RV's steel door at a full run. Of course, she had left the thing unlocked for specifically this reason. It flew open from her impact with a loud crash against the inside counter, allowing her to stagger inside. After three steps she gave a hard pirouette that sent globs of mud and grass flying off her battered figure so she could slam it closed again.

Luck remained on her side when she dropped an equally dirty bag on the aforementioned counter that served as a kitchen. Freed hands worked swiftly and steady in a rush to slide the many deadbolts into place, only getting three before something much larger than the buxom young woman slammed into her vehicle home. Thankfully, that was enough to withstand the force. By the time her pursuer worked up another bullrush the hatch had been completely locked down. All subsequent bangs accomplished was slightly rocking her homebase on its weighted wheels. Her money was well spent making sure the force of two elephants couldn't knock this vehicle over.

There was a lot of growling from outside, followed by the scrapping of claws along the surface in a slow circle around Ava's RV. Such a deliberate scare tactic annoyed her more than anything. The walls were equally plated and the windows were barred with inches of pure silver deterrents. She flopped onto the couch with a tired sigh, relishing an opportunity to catch her breath.

"Why did I think petting a werewolf was a good idea!?" she said aloud in self chastising.

Sure. The giant hulking monsters were lethal on full moons like this. But they were also big, fluffy, canines with limitless potential for human emotions under that rush of instincts. If any normal person came by seeing one curled up and whimpering like a sad little pup because other animals made fun of it, their first reaction would have undoubtedly been to give gentle pets and tell it everything would be okay.

That was Ava's first mistake.

She was just glad when the damn beast finally lost interest in breaking her RV. A normal person also wouldn't have come out to the middle of nowhere woods specifically to find werewolves without a lot of safety precautions. Even then, it was a close call in her wild run back here when the specimen realized she was a potential meal instead of a threat. The pepper spray had barely slowed it down enough for a head start. Ava was going to have to brew something stronger for those big sensitive noses next time.

Still, the mission was now a total success. The young woman sat up with a triumphant smile as hands worked to straighten her messy thick mane of brown hair.

Like the rest of her buxom body, it was smothered in mud. Occasionally she even found sticks or leaves mixed in. Both jeans and jacket were also badly torn up from the wild chase. There were even spats of blood in off places although Ava was having trouble finding a wound under all the mess.

“Whatever. I’d feel it by now if I had a serious injury.”

There’d be plenty of time for a change and cleaning up in a bit. Ava sprang into action, snatching the bag she’d brought in before setting up a small hot plate and mixing equipment for some portable alchemy on the dinner table. Now that she got the fur and saliva of a werewolf, her experimental strength potion had the perfect catalyst. The RV wasn’t the most spacious for a complex project, so she’d prepared the necessary reagents before setting out. All she had to do was pour everything together with her monster samples and let it stew.

That part, unfortunately, was going to take a very long time. Close to a full day if she hadn’t screwed up the alchemy math. Now, though, it was the perfect time to get personal upkeep out of the way. Once she got the brew combined and simmering, Ava hopped into the compact closet of her RV’s bathroom. A nice blast of hot water and shampoo made all those aches from the encounter feel like a distant memory already.

The red abrasions around Ava’s hip and shoulder that might have once been claw marks didn’t even register while she scrubbed the mud away. They’d completely faded by the time she stepped back out to find fresh clothes. Amazing luck to go on an adventure like this and not break so much as a nail. About her only casualty of the werewolf’s chase was the number it did on her pants during the initial scuffle. Finding denim tailored for her generous backside was always a pain.

She settled on a simple nightgown before flopping into bed. With tonight’s danger wandering off to hopefully not bother anyone else, it was time for a well-deserved rest. There was just enough energy left to set her phone’s alarm before she sank into the pile of pillows with a triumphant sigh.

Next thing Ava was consciously aware of was the intro music to Mega Man 5 blaring in her ear. While this was the aforementioned alarm she’d set, the fact it was waking her up was the surprise. After bolting upright to turn it off she made a beeline to the windows. Sure enough, the day was so late she could see the sun already approaching the distant treetops on its way down for the evening. Her phone’s clock confirmed it was now late four pm, over thirteen hours since she’d gotten settled.

The exact time calculated for the strength enhancing potion to fully brew.

That reminder of why she was even out in the middle of nowhere Forestville made her whirl in place. Everything was right where she’d left it. Only now the brew had brightened to a translucent blue coloring that glowed brightly with the magic its reagents had synthesized. Ava could see from the way it gently bubbled jets of steam that it’d also thickened to a syrup consistency, making her timing getting it off the hotplate near perfect.

More so when she realized she was hungry, giving a welcome distraction while waiting for it to cool. Ava moved to the small area of her camper that served as the kitchen almost on autopilot. The primary source of nourishment for most of these experimental adventures was a stash of medium-grade MRE's. Some of her budget had to be cut with the prices of alchemy components these days and food was the easiest hit to manage. At this point quality and flavor were hardly the priority. Her stomach was demanding protein like a hungry predator.

Sixteen pouches of freeze-dried meals later, Ava let out a burp that echoed in her trailer with surprising intensity. Too bad no one else was around to brag about it. Kicking aside the many freshly open food containers littering the floor, she plucked the beaker with both hands for a hearty chug. Thank the goddess it went down smoothly. A nice beverage was just what the alchemist ordered after all that dried jerky and salted nuts.

Can't say the pine needle flavor was all that appealing. Oh well. She still finished the whole bottle in under a minute. As long as the results went according to plan that was a minor annoyance. Ava licked off the excess stuck to her cheeks while moving over to the duffle bag holding all her clothes.

It was already near six when she stepped out into the open woods again. Another good reason to have no one around was how the Hawaiian t-shirt and jean shorts hanging off Ava's curves screamed tacky. They were the only things she could find at the dollar store that fit over her already generous curves with plenty of slack. More than likely, they weren't about to last the night anyway, but at least she was going to try and retain modesty.

"Oof!"

Speaking of which, Ava didn't get far before her stomach began doing summersaults. Enough of that potion had worked its way into her system that the young woman could feel it starting to affect her physique. She dashed away from the RV so as to be better witnessed by its many surveillance cameras for later study. The footfalls of her sneakers cut into the trails of abnormally large paw prints that littered the ground of her campsite.

She got to the estimated perfect spot just in time. Another hard shift in her stomach made Ava double over with a gasp that sent drool spilling to the grassy floor. Hands gripped at her stomach, and she couldn't help smiling at how her midsection was already shifting. When she felt good enough to straighten out, she hefted the hem of the overly large shirt. Getting to see her abs puff into a chiseled six pack around a deepening belly button was such a rush Ava couldn't hold back a triumphant bark.

The noise was surprising but too much was going on for her to focus on it yet. Especially when the woman began getting taller. She dropped the hem to better admire her quick escalation of height. The way her arms slinked out of the sleeves while biceps blimped with muscles until they were straining the fabric was like out of a time lapse video. Her legs were pretty much doing the same, shoving the denim shorts harder and harder into her pelvis thanks to a drastic downpour of beef.

“Oh yeah! That’s the stuff!” Ava flexed both her arms; a bit disappointed they didn’t bloat enough to tear the sleeves. Still, she was making her bargain bin clothes strain with raw power as her size tapered off around an impressive seven feet. Things didn’t stop blimping as she felt her chest jiggling from a new mounting pressure. “Mmmmh! There we go! it’s not complete without you girls. Make mommy proud.”

The sensitive mounds groaned before billowing outward to her commands. The front of her shirt became hefted by the increasing mass of her rapidly inflating mounds until the hem rose above her buffed navel area. All the straining nerves and heat assaulting her skin sent Ava’s eyes rolling into the back of her head. She couldn’t keep her hands from stroking them through the shirt, hoping to goad them bigger and fuller. By the time they stopped she assumed to have doubled in size, which was saying something giving her a normal stash of G-cup bras. There wasn’t a lick of slack left in her cheap shirt with soft cleavage pushing out the front and a mountain of muscles pressing through the back.

“Damn nice!” She twisted around trying to admire the potions’ handy work. Ava’s glorious ass hadn’t been skipped a little addition either. Muscular glutes spilled out the high cut legs of her shorts with enough plush fat to resemble brown bread rolls. A few moments had to be spent giving both good slaps to admire their jiggle. “And those professors said werewolf catalysts would be dangerous. Wait until they get a load of...um...”

If she hadn’t been admiring her own butt, Ava wouldn’t have noticed the nub sprouting just above its crack so quickly. She continued watching in jaw dropped fascination as it slinked over the back of her shorts. New vertebrae grew within seconds, becoming connected by many nerves and muscles that she realized she could control enough to make twitch. It was only when the monstrous fleshy growth dangled over two feet long that she shivered from a series of pin pricks along its surface. In a flash, thousands of long brown hairs blossomed in a nearly cartoonish effect, leaving her with an unmistakable wolf’s tail.

“Oh right,” Ava said, raising her hands to watch the same brown hairs spread across them in a finer layer. Nails curled as they grew out into dark black claws. “Werewolves. This makes too much sense.”

Her body was itching all over from not being used to an imposing furry pelt, especially under her shorts. Shoes got especially cramped with the development of pads on significantly growing feet. But that was nothing compared to when Ava got hit in the face. Cries of discomfort turned into feral roars, deafened by the sounds of her own skull breaking and regrowing. Knowing the muzzle was coming did nothing to lessen the intensity. She was just glad when it finally ended as square glasses fell off her elongated face.

Although seeing the jet-black skin of her canine nose taking up the bottom of her vision was going to take some getting used to. Suddenly the evening forest sounded more alive. She broke into a smile of many sharp fangs as her pointed ears twitched through the top of her thick chocolate hair.

“Cool!” she said with another passive self-examination. The bushy tail was waving frantically across her broader backside with renewed excitement. “Maybe it’s just the fur, but damn I look even stronger now, or at least thicker. I should have brought the heavy weights for this.”

The initial plan for testing out her newfound strength had been some simple chores. Exercise equipment ran up cost’s way out of her budget, so there was an ax in the RV for some wood chopping instead. Maybe after that she’d take a jog around the area for an endurance check. Turning into an anthro wolf threw all projections for human limitations into a ditch. Hell, even with twilight nearing its end the full moon’s light was enough for Ava’s altered eyes to view everything bright and crisp. Any data gathering that’d satisfy her would require a fully equipped lab and three colleges for monitoring.

“HRRK!?”

Before Ava could decide how to proceed with these results the mother of all muscle spasms sent her staggering against a tree for support. Claws racked chunks out of the rough bark holding on for dear life as her pulse climbed. A long tongue dangled out the side of her muzzle with her desperate heavy breathing. The natural instinct to pant did little to help cool the heat washing over her body. Tanning beds weren’t this damn powerful.

“W-what the hell?” Ava turned with her back to the trees expecting to find herself under attack by some force. Instead, her eyes widened as they took in the blazing sight of a large spherical moon drifting in the night sky. “No... No! Crap! That werewolf didn’t get me! Right? It... c-couldn’t have.”

There’d be time to reevaluate the safety protocols for infectious monsters another night. Denial didn’t change the fact her muscles were throbbing in time with her heart. She could see the veins writhing through the fur of her arms trying to pump everything through her system at record speed. What was truly unexpected was for all that molten blood to go falling down into a new growth tenting the crotch of her pants.

“Oh, fuuuuuck me!” Ava said in a garbled growl. A trembling furry hand smacked the front of her shorts feeling an alien organ forming underneath the fabric. It rapidly bulged larger with a snug press that tickled so many nerves she’d never had minutes ago. Unfortunately, her bubbly behind was already filling out the back to near bursting, so there was little space for anything else inside the cheap denim. The moment it went from a press to hard squeezing, she panicked and yanked on the busted zipper until she split the entire front open.

The dark red cock that flopped out at half-mast was not only shocking, but also impressive in size, as were the thick furred balls ripening under it. Ava could only gawk at the growing phallus on her loins, gently feeling around it with timid fingers before checking behind the hefty load to confirm she still had vaginal lips too.

“Fuck!” she said reflexively. If it was in response to the sensitive explorations of her genitals, or the hard shifting of her body with a renewed transformation remained unclear. Ava could only snarl, one hand on her member while the other clawed at the tree behind her.

Even claws couldn't secure a grip when her feet cracked and lengthened. Tendons drew tight trying to stay connected as they forced her heels to arch out of their sneakers. That didn't stop the fronts from squeezing incredibly tight thanks to her toes popping rapidly larger like popcorn kernels. When the stitching finally gave way, the paws that rushed out in a tickle of overwhelming relief were big enough to stomp a melon to pieces.

In spite of their monstrous size, having to suddenly balance on digitigrade feet was too much for Ava. She collapsed onto hands and knees unable to hold in the snarls that became louder with the thickening of muscles on her neck. Not just there, but every bit of her flesh bubbled and bulged, adding more raw power to an already enhanced body. What remained of her pants couldn't hold back the outpour of girth in her hips. The seams split from the pressure, bolstered by her butt inflating into its own brand of full moon.

The changing wolf could barely register all the sensations going on. Her muzzle remained locked in a tight grimace as drool rained from her lips. The shirt ended up compressing hard against her lungs thanks to her breasts also filling out beyond any normal person's limits. Its front split in a series of little tears that let pinches of her soft furred mammaries poke through, but it was her drastically broadening back that finally broke through the dollar store attire. Ava's eyes shot open with a deep gasp of chilling fresh air with her clothes fully shed. A rush of lust filled her naked form to a degree she'd never thought possible. The sensation of wild freedom alone was enough to get a drizzle of pre from her throbbing member and she obeyed the urge to arch her back to face the moon empowering her.

“RrrrRRRRRAAAWWWWWOOOOOOOOoooooo... fucking hell!”

Somehow, Ava found the focus to roll into a sitting position. At least the fur had gotten thicker along with her curves for a bit of cold ground protection. Although the drizzle of moisture from her slit left her new balls fairly chilled on the night air. She tried to ignore it in the aftermath of her changes, hoping to take stock before any other surprises happened. Getting big and huge had always been a likely part of the plan, so she wasn't about to miss the plus-sized clothes she'd just demolished. Overall, she put herself large as a horse, and that was when quadrupedal.

“This is so cool!” Ava said. The gruff vibrations of her deeper voice somehow made her hornier. It was like she'd become an entirely new breed of werewolf. She imagined one of those buxom anime characters that could toss a boulder across the horizon while looking good in a dress. Hell. That sounded like a fine first test.

“Nyaaawwwooooooool!”

Before Ava knew it, she was back on all fours, body stiff, ears erect, and cock twitching. Someone had actually returned her unwitting howl? That was a pretty 'duh' moment. Of course, that werewolf from last night should still around. She thought that meant a territory dispute was imminent, but then the aching need pulsing through both her loins started pitching her wilder side some ideas.

She took a breath to give off a much shorter howl. That was just to let them know a new friend was approaching before she galloped off into the trees. It looked like she had the perfect partner lined up for a night of stress testing.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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