

Mini-Story: Doggie Style (Anthro Wolf Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

As voted upon by the Deluxe tier:

The Transformation Wave turns a meek guy into a tall/strong confident anthro wolf girl. She experiences going into heat, and has to invite a friend over to help her out. She ends up (consensually) domme-ing/powerbottoming the friend she invited over.

Doggie Style

Danny was an unlucky man when it came to women. The few girlfriends he'd managed to obtain often didn't last long, and he'd long since discovered after his last relationship that he was basically being used by fellow students at his university for helping boost their grades, only for them to love him and leave him. It wasn't like he was the most adept lover, but then if his partners weren't into it, it was an uphill climb, right?

In some ways, he couldn't blame his former girlfriends, even the ones that just used him for high marks to boost their career prospects. Danny was a thin, slightly too-short man with a pasty face and spectacles that were much too thick. His teeth were a little crooked, and his hair refused to obey the laws of physics at the best of times, spiking in different directions unless plastered down with copious amounts of gel, which only made him look more like a stereotypical nerd.

At a certain point he simply hinged his hopes on his banking career, all on the possibility that if he became very successful then his career success and wealth might be attractive enough on its own to make up for his less-than-stellar looks and overall lacking masculinity.

But then one day, while in the middle of a lecture that seemingly only *he* was interested in, the Transformation Wave occurred. No one saw it coming, and to this day no one understands its origin, just that over the population of eight billion people on planet Earth, several tens of millions were radically transformed. Some became gorgeous medusa women, others insectoid broodmothers, some simply swapped genders, or took on attributes such as cow ears or udders, or for an unlucky few went whole hog and ended up as, well, hogs with human minds. Some people underwent even stranger changes, such as the woman who developed a giant squid lower half, and now resides near the bottom of the ocean, beyond human contact.

Thankfully, Danny didn't go through that kind of change. But he certainly went through a big one regardless.

All of a sudden, he twisted and groaned. The air shimmered as the wave passed, and several students freaked out, confused as to what was going on. But as order was restored, only he seemed to be affected by it. Danny was mortified as he squirmed, nearly falling out of the lecture theatre chair as his body was overwhelmed by strange pressures. His skin itched terribly, and to everyone's astonishment, including his own, he actually *howled* in frustration.

Things changed rapidly from there. As he tried to leave the theatre, and as several people approached to help him, his entire body began to warp and change. Danny grit his teeth as all of a sudden fur *exploded* from his body, terrifying the two girls who had come to support him. They shrieked as thick brown fur covered his body, and then again as his entire form grew. Muscles expanded rapidly, and he extended in height until he was easily now the tallest individual in the room. With another mighty how he clutched the back of his ripped trousers, trembling in response to the terrible pressure there.

"AWWOOOOOOOO!!!"

The pressure became too much, and he had to give way to it. A new appendage, a long furry tail, surged forth from above his rear. He continued to howl, his voice becoming more guttural. His snout extended, becoming a wolfish jaw, complete with sharp canines. His hands gained claws, and his boots pulled off his feet, which similarly ended in talons. Various students fled the building, as well as his professor, but others remain staring at him, some even taking videos with their cell phones.

"H-HEEELLLP MEEEE!!" he cried. "OOHHHH!! AAHHHH!!! AWOOOOOO!!!"

His voice raised an octave, shifting to become low, almost sexy contralto that sounded like it belonged to a rugged woman of the mountains instead of a nebbish wannabe-banker. He barely had time to grapple with the implications of that when another surge of growth hit Danny, leaving him a mighty 6'3. His muscles expanded massively, leaving him impressively built, though not to the grotesque extent of a professional wrestler, but instead the powerful body type of an Olympic athlete and/or swimmer. Still, it was enough to cause the last bit of his shredded clothing to fall off of him in tatters, revealing his body to be that of a powerful anthro-wolf man.

Except that the 'man' part of that equation was pretty quickly overturned. Because before he even had time to appreciate becoming a hyper-masculine apex predator, there was enough lurch in his system - first below his stomach, then between his muscled thighs, and then finally in his chest. His organs were rapidly shifted aside as a womb grew into place. He whined, falling briefly into shocked silence as his manhood withdrew entirely into his body, leaving him with a very feminine opening. And finally, just to make it obvious to the remaining crowd of onlookers, his chest ballooned outwards into a large pair of F-cup breasts that he - or rather, *she* now - was reasonably certain no wolf or man or man-wolf had ever possessed. Two sets of smaller breasts

came into being below the uppermost pair, a D-cup and smaller B-cup respectfully, though they weren't exactly tiny by any margin regardless.

The changes finished. Danny was now a powerful, 6'3 wolf woman with an impressive set of three racks, and a gorgeous face that was partway between a full wolf's and a human woman's. She radiated power, athleticism, and even perhaps an attractive female quality of the dominant kind.

"I'm - I'm a wolf lady!" he cried in his new contralto voice.

Danny growled, adrenaline coursing through her new body's system. Despite the horror of what had just randomly happened to her, and the fear on the faces of several onlookers, she was also struck by a feeling of raw strength. Raw power. She'd never felt so confidence and in control in her entire life.

"This is freaky as hell. But I might just get used to this."

She got used to it a lot quicker, particularly once the hubbub died down a bit. The Transformation Wave was in the news for months, and it meant that she wasn't viewed as a monster, particularly once she got better at grooming herself and ensuring her coat was nice and sleek with just a touch of ruggedness. For once, the wildness of her hair suited her. With the help of an old girlfriend who had likewise gained some fur, she was even introduced to female fashion, which was sorely needed since she had three pairs of bouncing breasts in need of support. Custom clothing was necessary also, and it didn't take long for her to enjoy the freedom of skirts and a loose blouse that didn't smother her fur.

Danny kept her name - it worked for both genders, as far as she was concerned - but she took to displaying it on a new collar around her neck. While others, such as cow-women and snake men, were ashamed of their condition, she was overjoyed by her new speed, agility, reflexes, and overall strength. Her male friends were in awe of her, their fellow nerd buddy now looming over them with three full breasts outlining against her loose shirts. Over time, she even started to notice that a few of them were starting to look at her with more than just awe, but lust as well, especially her best friend Lawrence.

Lawrence was a fellow nerd, and equally unlucky in love. He was now so much smaller and weaker than the anthro-wolf woman, but there was something about the fragility that started to seem cute to her. As the weeks past and she began hanging out with him more and more, she even started feeling a steady warmth in her core, a desire to jump her friend's bones exactly like the bone-chasing dog she now was. It took far too long for her to realise that her body had gone into heat, and when she did finally clue in, her body was positively *aching* to be fucked. The formerly mawkish man resisted it for a mere day, but images of her friend Lawrence danced in her head. She had adapted so well to the Transformation Wave, so much so that she was deeply proud of herself.

But it was time to stop being a good girl. It was time to be a bad bitch.

Lawrence was startled by her banging on his door late at night, and even more astonished when she picked him up with her furry arms, her tail wagging in excitement and arousal, and stuffed his face right up into her upper cleavage. She was in heat, and she made sure to let him know.

"Lawrence, I fucking need you. I want you to mate me like I'm your *bitch*."

He couldn't nod fast enough, despite being overwhelmed. It didn't take long to remove her friend's clothing - she shredded it off with her claws, and her own as well. What she'd wear the next day was a problem for them. For now, she wanted this small, adorable, lustful man to caress her fur, to grab her tail, to slide into her and mate her. She wanted it badly.

She half-pushed, half-carried him to the bed, easily the dominant one of the pair. Lawrence didn't mind.

"Oh God, Danny, this is so hot."

"Just want until you're on top of me."

She leapt onto the bed, nearly breaking it. With a growl of pleasure and excitement she spread her legs, let him take in all six of her furry breasts and her athletic, womanly figure. She smiled, her anthro face beautiful and mysterious in the dim light.

"Come on, then. Try to tame this wolf."

He climbed atop her, and she gripped him. She was in control. She was the alpha. They both knew it. She power-bottomed him just like she'd once imagined the girls in her fantasies doing for her. She held him fast, ensuring that his mouth sucked on her tits before he was allowed the privilege of entering her. But once he did, she *howled*.

"AAAWWWOOOOOOO!!!! YESSS! YESSS!!! FUCK ME!!!"

It was the greatest pleasure she'd ever experienced, and she knew damn well it was Lawrence's too. He thrust into her, and she wrapped her legs around him, refusing to escape. When he finally came, she came with him, over and over again. It was only after the last tremor of bliss that she released him, her still panting like a dog.

"That - that was truly something, Danny," Lawrence said.

"There's more where that come from," she replied, nuzzling him against her fur. "A lot more. I'll still be in heat for a while. And it'd be a shame not to enjoy it while it lasts huh?"

Lawrence certainly agreed: they fucked three more times that very night, and many nights going forward. He was certainly lucky, managing to snag a wolf-woman girlfriend. But Danny considered herself luckier still. She was living a goddamn furry power fantasy, and she had the Transformation Wave to thank for it.

The End