

MR. NIBS PRESENTS



Moon Claimed

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Melanie yawned until her jaw cracked, then drove a knuckle into her right eye, attempting scrub the morning's blurriness out of it. She repeated the motion with her left hand and then licked it, palm to fingertips, before pushing her raven black bangs back into her epic bedhead. The fingers jammed against something hard and slick. Cheap plastic. With a hiss of pain she pulled it out of her hair, it came reluctantly, seemingly adhered to her head and hair by sweat. Blinking, Melanie held it in front of her face until her vision resolved it into a cheap plastic headband with two extremely fuzzy grey ears glued to it.

"Oh shit." She swore in whispered horror. Her eyes panned downward to look at herself. A skintight outfit accented with fur trim around her low neckline and wrists hugged her curves. Even thicker fur covered her legs, ending in boots shaped like massive paws. All of it was grey and patterned with large irregular spots. The only skin the outfit showed was Melanie's ample cleavage. It was the ultimate in "fuck me I'm a snow leopard" costumes.

Twenty-four hours ago the clothes had be nothing more fancy than a grey t-shirt and a worn pair of black jeans.

Dropping a string of explicative, Melanie stripped herself out of the costume. It put up a fight. The fabric clung to her skin as if it had been adhered by glue. A sound like tape coming off the roll filled the bathroom as it peeled away from her skin, leaving it stinging as if she'd ripped off a full body Band-Aid. It took a pair of scissors, usually reserved for trimming her eyebrows, to loosen the paw-like boots and all the strength she possess to slowly work them off her feet. As her toes finally came free of the second boot she hurled it against the wall with a roar of victory. Then sat there, stark naked and panting from her battle with her enchanted clothing. Steadying herself, she hauled her sluggish body up and faced the mirror with clear eyes. And swore.

Her own dark brown eyes stared back at her from her round face, framed by her long disheveled hair. Thank gods they were still brown. Once magic got into the eyes it also got into the soul and souls were nigh impossible to clean. Cleaning souls generally involved gods. Gods involved priests and priests took expensive convincing to help when you were an unlicensed alchemist. So theoretically she'd be able to wear clothing without it gaining spots sometime in the near future. That was good. More concerning was that the spell had branched out into doing her makeup. The skin around her nostrils had darken to an ashy grey and was painted in such a way it appeared flattened, giving her face a feline cast. The spell had not been made to alter makeup and staring at it produced a familiar sinking feeling deep in her guts. Gritting her teeth, she gently touched it with a fingertip. Melanie found its surface moist. No paint came away on her fingers. Worse the touch had made it itch, which produced an odd restlessness in her tongue. A definite urge to lick her nose.

"Talk about a hangover that leaves you feeling fuzzy." A voice shattered Melanie's internal cataloging of how fucked she was.

Turning towards the second door of the bathroom, Melanie found a her housemate, and more than occasional bed-mate, leaning in the door frame and radiating smugness like a lioness lounging on a rock. Tabitha, or Tammy, had clearly been up for while. Her skin shone with recent sweat and her long golden locks had been pulled back into a french braid that reached the middle of her back. Dressed in a tight hoody and yoga pants, it didn't take a genius to figure out that Tammy had been engaging in her daily rituals that maintained her lithe and muscular body.

That sexy smugness rekindled Melanie's temper and she bared her teeth. "Dammit Tammy! You were supposed to make sure I didn't wear the damn thing to bed!"

The smirk grew. "Hey Mel I warned you that getting anything plastic enchanted was a bad idea. Plastics leak."

Melanie turned back to the mirror in a huff, wrinkling her nose. "Could have be worse I suppose." She grumbled, "I just have to not act cat-like for a day or two and it should go away."

"You might want to check below your equator before you conclude that." Tammy said with a snort.

A bolt of panic shot down Melanie's spine and went a bit farther than it should have. "Fuck!" Twisting around she discovered the tiny nub of a tail, barely two inches long pressing out over her butt. The black at the tip swirled with the grey fur along its short length. Below the tail, thick fur the color of cream expanded

from the tail and curved around her ample buttocks. "Nononono." Melanie hissed as she turned back around to peer past her breasts and down her front.

Her normal, neatly trimmed triangle of black pubic hair did not greet her eyes. Instead it looked like a fluff bomb had been set off between her legs. Biting her lip, she reached down between her legs. The fur was not only amazingly soft but so incredibly sensitive that a moan of pleasure nearly escaped her throat. Doing her best to ignore the sensations, she parted the fur to find her pussy. Her questing fingers probed through dampening fur and brushed the swollen lips of her sex, sending a jolt of lightning up into her body. Far more pleasure than a simple self touch should ever produce. She had to see. Hunching over herself, Melanie saw that the edge of her pussy had turned the same grey color of her nose, but spreading open the lips revealed bright red flesh, slick and hungry for touch.

"Fuuuuck." Melanie exhaled as she jerked her questing fingers away and slammed them onto the countertop. The sting in her palms distracted her from the hungry fire erupting between her legs. This was precisely the sort of thing she had been trying to avoid by crafting a fashion spell instead of an alteration spell. And yet the damn thing had still taken root! Now not only did she have to avoid acting like a cat, she also had to avoid any sort of sex. Otherwise she'd be ripping the upholstery in very little time. Tomorrow she'd have to drag herself into the mage clinic when they opened and have a purge done, which would leave her retching for days. Between the purge and sick time, she could kiss her meager savings good-bye. Again.

Why did having fun always have to bite her on the ass? Worse she didn't even remember last night's fun beyond an alcoholic haze of sex. "Fuck my life." She told her reflection.

Tammy snickered.

"What's so funny?" Melanie rounded on Tammy. "You promised me you'd watch me!"

Tammy rolled her eyes. "It's hard to watch you when you dump me for a prissy noble prat and his half dozen tools. So don't try to pin this on me. I'm sure Magus Everett will be happy to see you tomorrow. Come down for breakfast once you're done with your pity party." With a shake of her head she left back through the door she came in.

"Hairy cunted bitch." Melanie muttered under her breath a heartbeat after she was sure Tammy had left.

Tammy's voice roared back through the doorway, "What did you say!?" She

reappeared with her teeth bared, showing sharp fangs. Her normally blue iris glowing with liquid amber from behind narrowed lids.

"Nothing!" Melanie squeaked in terror, backing away from the sink and shrinking back towards her own bedroom.

The wolverine features of Tammy's face faded as she strode forward, those long glorious legs closing the distance with remarkable speed. She reached the bedroom door the moment after Melanie's hand turned the knob and slammed it closed.

Melanie let go and began to wring her hands together, her head hanging like a guilty child. "I'm sorry Tammy. I'm just frustrated... With myself, not you. Myself. I-I didn't think you could hear."

"You know I hate that word. You know what it means to me." Tammy growled softly in Melanie's ear. "Yet I hear it muttered every time we fight. Do you really think I'm a controlling bitch wolf? Is that what you really think?"

"No..." The heat between Melanie's legs redoubled as she felt Tammy's hot breath flow over her ear. She pressed her hands flat against the door to keep them far away from her throbbing pussy and struggled to keep her mind focused "... I just want..." The words failed her and she gave a little whine, rubbing her legs together.

"You want me to rescue you? Just like I usually do when your spells bite you in the ass. Which they usually do." Tammy placed one hand on Mel's back, hard nails pressing into her spine.

Instinctively, Mel pressed back against Tammy's hand, its palm radiating warmth, waking the rest of Mel's body to just how cold she was. "Please help me Tammy. You have to tie me up. Keep me from touching myself. I don't know if I'll make it otherwise." She hoped the prospect of letting Tammy bind her with rope would be enough of a peace offering. While her sex burned for stimulation, her skin hungered to feel the werewolf's arms around her; the safest place in the world from herself.

Tammy's hand began to pull downwards, slowly dragging the nails along Melanie's spine. "What if I'm sick of bailing you out Mel? After the cowbell, the shadow tentacles and nearly turning us both to stone, your strikes are all used up." Her hand reached the small of the smaller woman's back and flipped; the fingers crawling down Melanie's spine towards the little tail nub.

Melanie's eyes widened as she realized the destination of those claw-like nails. "Tammy please!" She cried as her body betrayed her, thrust her hips back as those nails began to dig into the flesh right above her tail. Pleasure exploded up her spine

and rendered the words in her throat down to low moan. The tail slowly began to inch down toward the floor with each long, hard scratch of Tammy's fingers.

A pink tongue stole out of Tammy's lips and licked the edge of Melanie's still human ear. "After all that saving you, I think I'm entitled to be a little bit of the b-word my little furry cunt. Beside I've been wanting a pet." An arm stole beneath Mel's breasts and pulled her close.

"Nnnn-aah," Mel attempted to protest but her skin sung with the warmth of Tammy's breasts against her back, adding high notes to the building crescendo of pleasure. The fingers at the base of her tail seemed to reach up through her, touching every place that hungered for contact. Each movement fueled another inch of growth, each new vertebra a blossom of rightness, joining her body as if it had always meant to be there. New muscles swelled in her back to use it, adding their own notes to song of ecstasy inside her. The now two foot long tail curled upward, revealing her dripping sex to the world.

"Oh what's this?" Tammy took a step back, keeping up the scratching but freeing her other hand to gently seize the fluffy appendage. "Are you presenting to me? Perhaps you're enjoying this?" She slid her hand down the length of the tail.

The last strand of resistance in Melanie snapped, spun of brittle logic and fear. "Yes! Don't stop!" She cried, thrusting her hips so far out that her legs formed a right angle with her torso, savoring inch after inch of growth in her new appendage.

Tammy grinned as she watch the tail grow in an arch over Melanie back. "Are you sure? I hate to tell you Mel, but you're dripping all over the floor like a red-light incubus thrall."

Peeking down she saw that the werewolf wasn't lying. The fur between her legs had become sodden with fluid and droplets of it were raining down onto the floor. The heat of shame began to crawl over her scalp and pack into her cheeks. So *dirty*. Yet she couldn't help herself from pressing needfully up into Tammy's fingers. The sensations were lancing straight through her, like a huge plug up her ass and getting bigger.

"Look at you, a fucking cat in heat. So needy. Maybe I should stop?" Tammy's whisper had an edge of malice.

"NO! Don't stop." Melanie pleaded. She could feel herself getting close, she couldn't stop now!

Grinning, Tammy brushed a fingertip under the base of the tail right between it and the asshole. Mel shuddered and screamed, "AHHH GODS!" The tail grew nearly a full foot, the tip of it now touching the door Melanie had her forearms flattened against. Her body trembled, every cell begging for release. Yet Tammy

continued to tease her, playing with the fuzzy flesh above and below the still extending tail, it brush Mel's ear and past her shoulder. "Please Tammy!" She pleaded, as her legs trembled so hard her knees knocked together with audible slaps.

"I want to hear you mew for me." Tammy whispered.

Mel didn't even think about disobeying, "M-m-m," she stammered as Tammy seized the base of the tail and pulled, the tail's five-foot length threading through her hand. Melanie threw back her head; an animal cry rushing from her lungs "MOOOOOOWWWWWW!" as the orgasm slammed through her body. Her hips bucked as clear juices poured from her sex and onto the tile floor. Mel's legs gave out and dumped her into it with splash.

"My what a dirty dirty sneppard you are becoming," Tammy cooed as Melanie lay there panting in the puddle of her own making. Her mind still reeling from the aftershocks of pleasure and the implications of what had just happened, she could do nothing but shiver under Tammy's gentle touch. "Why don't I make us some breakfast while you clean yourself up. Up to you if you use the shower or your tongue."

Then with an affectionate pat Tammy left the bathroom.

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The first coherent thought Melanie mustered was, *What the fuck?* The second, which occurred after she hauled herself back to her feet was, *Holy crap that's a long tail; Pretty though.* And it was. Slightly longer than Melanie's height, it snaked out from her buttocks and sloped towards the ground; it's black tip curled upwards before dirtying itself on the floor. A bolt of anxiety struck her, she should be freaking out! The tail curled around her body, driving the fluffy tip into her hands. Clasping her soft tail made her feel better; it's dry fluffiness a wonderful contrast to her sopped wet nethers. Looking down she saw that the thick fur had swallowed up her thighs entirely and sent exploratory fuzz along the backside of her calfs. Even soaked through with sex slime, the fur was so more attractive than her bland human skin.

"Gah!" Melanie dropped her tail, mentally trying to bury the thought of her fur being pretty. She'd "accidentally" twisted herself several times before and while several forms had been extremely pleasurable, nothing had assaulted her self-image like this. It had been a fashion spell! Even supercharged it shouldn't be twisting her mind like this. A spark of anger flared and caught. How dare Tammy decide to play with this spell! Who knew how far it could go. Tammy should understand the dangers! Werewolf were technically illegal, while mutants and warped folk could only get jobs where no-one could see them.

No, Melanie Faswhiz would never be one of those wretches in the long robes who repaired the streets at night. She'd beat this, no matter how much easier life would be as Tammy's pet instead of her partner. This spell had to be purged.

Filled with resolve she finally swung the door to her room open and gawked. It was so much worse than she had expected. Her room, which truth be told never had any style beyond cluttered, had been completely redecorated in the style of snow leopards. Black-spotted grey covered everything, from the bedsheets to the spines of her leather-bound textbooks. The bed sported a plush furry comforter and a body pillow resembling her own tail. The feet of the bed were carved cat's paws and the headboard sported a happy cat face with huge triangular ears.

"No way. Absolutely no way." Melanie strode into the room toward her night stand, which was now styled as a huge upturned paw and snatch up her cellphone in its leopard print cover. Activating it, she stabbed a number and brought it to her ear. As it rung she stared around her room with more than a little awe. If she didn't get this fixed, folks would think she was the most narcissistic cat in history.

"Melanie," A smooth, masculine voice rolled from the phone. "What a surprise to hear from you the day after All Hallow's Eve."

"Magus Everett!" Melanie forced every ounce of cheer she could scrape together into her voice. "How are you?"

"Well enough. I'm down at the clinic."

Hope surged in Melanie's heart. "You're open? Today?" Magi usually didn't work Sundays unless threatened with execution.

He chuckled, "Well when the Duchess herself shows up at your door with a nearly catatonic son, you make exceptions. Besides mishaps happen, particularly on All Hallows' Eve."

Melanie could not believe her luck. "So you're accepting the general public now?"

But her old mentor (who flunked her out of the tower) continued as if he hadn't heard her. "Arthur was a very interesting case. His mother was convinced it was a succubus feeding and you know how messy that would be."

A cold niggle of a half remembered thought began to work itself up from the abyss of the previous night. She'd heard that name before. The presence of a succubus in the city would trigger a witch hunt and a crack down on any less than licensed magic users, such as herself.

"Fortunately the boy's soul was quite intact, just a minor draining of vitality. The little duke and his half a dozen friends will be right as rain in a week or so."

"Half dozen friends?" Melanie swallowed.

"Why yes they all apparently had a very good time with a young lady dressed as a snow leopard. They didn't get her name, but all described her as the most attractive girl they had ever smelled. All of them with the same symptoms. I found it very curious until I remembered that a vial of Succubus oil had disappeared from our stockroom. One vial out of several ordered. Perhaps the missing vial made it onto the black market?"

Melanie's eyes drifted to the curvy glass bottle on her component shelf. It had been sold to her as a generic beauty enhancer. It hadn't even been that expensive.

Everett continued. "The funny thing about Succubus oil is that when used in beauty enhancing spells they impart a little bit of a succubus' hunger to the user. You have to design the spells with a way to handle excess energy in case of a feeding. If you don't, well, funny things can happen."

"Magus Everett, I need a purge done today. Please." Her voice trembled.

"And I'd be happy to help you dear for our standard fee. But if I do find a trace of Succubus oil I've been ordered to report it directly to the Duchess. You understand."

"Yes." Melanie's voice trembled. She understood that a trip to the clinic would

come with an assault by black magic charge. "How much for a, uh, private consultation. I'd owe you a huge favor."

"Melanie, I've always admired your... shall we say, love of experimentation, but I don't trade favors with those without a license. Once the little duke and his boys has recovered then we may talk openly about your condition. Good day." He hung up.

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Tabitha's tail swung side to side in a happy wag as she laid strips of bacon in the frying pan. The sweet scent of the cooking meat was already making her salivate and she was sure that Mel's newly predatory palate would draw her downstairs any moment now. Clad only in her white cooking apron, Tabitha had allowed the wolf out a little, giving a feral cast to her human features: long fuzzy ears, sharp teeth, tufts of blond fur in strategic locations and the all important tail. The squeak of the bathroom door perked her ears. Grabbing two eggs, she cracked them open with a clawed hand. Ejected from their white prisons, the eggs fell into the bacon grease and sizzled. The boards on the stairs creaked as a certain subby housemate of hers crept down in a manner Mel believed was stealthy. The tempo of Tammy's tail increased.

"Do you have any idea how cruel you are Tabitha?"

Turning, Tammy found Mel standing at the base of the stairs, shivering as she clutched her wet tail, the scent of shampoo warring with that of the food. Sadly, Mel's transformation had not continued since Tammy had left her. That would not do. Mel needed to be much further along before she made her the proposal. Although that could be fixed easily enough. Tammy gave her a predatory grin of innocence, "Humans eat bacon and eggs. Its not like I'm releasing a live mountain goat into the living room. Now you've lost a lot of fluids so..." Tabitha plucked a beer stein the size of milk jug from the cabinet, filled it with water and set it on the breakfast bar. "Drink up."

By the time Tammy had filled a plate with eggs and a huge pile of bacon, Mel was setting the empty stein back on the counter. She bit her lip as Tammy set the plate in front of her. "Tammy," she whined, "I have-"

"To last a week." Tammy finished for her, tapping Mel's fuzzy ear before thrusting a knife and fork at her. "Now eat."

"This is a trap." Mel muttered as she took the offered silverware and dug in. The eggs bled yolk onto the surrounding bacon. After the first bite she let loose

a deeply pleased “*mmmmm!*” and began to shovel the food into her mouth with desperate hunger. She abandoned the fork and knife as soon as the eggs were gone, snatching up bacon strips with both hands to tear them in half with her teeth. Tammy watched with satisfaction as whiskers sprouted and her lips darkened to black.

Once the meat ran out, Mel attacked the plate with her tongue which broadened with every lap of the sweet grease. Still not satisfied she turned to sucking every finger that had so much as touched the bacon. Eyes closed, lost in the sensation she wrapped her tongue around each digit, each one swelling under her administrations. Even after all the traces of grease were gone, she placed them side by side on the countertop and continued to groom them. Beautiful grey fur appeared as claws split her fingertips and the entire hands swelled. As they began to resemble paws more than hands Tammy could no longer help herself. She reached across the counter and set her own hands over Melanie’s.

They were luxuriously soft.

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The mingled taste of canine and human startled Melanie into opening her eyes. She found Tabitha’s hands on top of her... paws! Instinctive she tried to jerk away, but the werewolf held them fast. Looking up she found herself staring into Tammy’s loving, hungry eyes.

“Sorry to stop you, but I thought you might want to hang on to your thumbs.” Tammy winked, her tail wagging.

Melanie bit back a whine. It wouldn’t get her any where, not when Tammy appeared to be eating her with her eyes. Of all the werewolves she could have possibly gotten romantically entangled with, she had to pick the one with a feline fetish. Each inhalation brought a reminder of Tammy’s arousal packaged with her strong canine musk. Mel knew very well what Tammy did when she got horny. The memory of just what a long canine tongue piercing her sex felt like produced a flush of heat that reached up from between Mel’s legs and cradled her breast. Tammy bent further over the counter, giving Melanie an view straight down the front of her apron. A view that Melanie would kneel before any day of the week.

Avoiding an amorous feedback loop, Mel pried her eyes off her friend/mate and examined her paw-like hands. Or were they hand-like paws? They seemed to be a bizarre combination of both, her fingers had exchanged a knuckle for wickedly sharp claws hidden in the tip of each fleshy digit. Her thumbs had simply gained

claws. Thick pads cushioned the tips of her fingers and the palms. They couldn't quite make a fist but the claws would make up for the inability to swing a punch. The fur reached past her wrists and faded back into her terribly plain human skin.

She mentally ripped up the urge to groom herself more as she ransacked the rest of her mind to find a method of buying more time.

"They are cute." Melanie conceded. *And will look much better when the arms match.* She bit down on her tongue and found her teeth sharper than she remembered.

"See! Much better than your human hands." Tammy licked her lips, then her nose. "A little more foreplay and you'll be a very lovely pet."

A hiss pushed out of Melanie's mouth, "I will not be a pet! Yours or anybody else's."

Tammy's eyes narrowed but the smirk betrayed more amusement than anger. "Oh? What will you do to stop me kitty-kat? I can make you melt with a single finger." Holding up her index finger, she made a scratching motion. Mel's tail went bolt straight.

Melanie spread her paws wide to display her two-inch claws. "Tammy I'm tired, my fur is wet, and I'm not in the mood. Come near me right now and I'm going to rip your nipples off your tits." A low rumbling growl accented the threat. As threats against Tabitha went it was a pretty good one. She could heal nearly any wound received but the process, partially to a sensitive bit, hurt like the dickens.

Tammy's expression turned to a frown. "You still don't get it do you?" Tsking once, she came around the counter. Melanie bared her new fangs and took a swipe at the approaching woman, but Tammy caught her arm and jerked her onto her feet. Tammy's arms closed around Melanie like a steel trap. A hand seized the back of her head, forcing her lips into a fierce kiss.

The tongue thrust into her mouth was like wild animal, quickly entrapping and subduing her own. Melanie struggled at first, but the raw passion of it overwhelmed her and kindled her own. A fire lit first in her loins and then in her heart as her paw-hands folded around Tammy's increasingly hairy backside. As the kiss continued Melanie pressed her body against her captor, grinding her hips needfully, desperately against Tammy's forward leg.

Minutes passed before Tammy pulled back. As the seal of their lips broke Mel emitted a needy gasp and her body slumped. Tammy did not allow her to fall, her fingers still entwined with Mel's long black hair. Instead she pulled Mel up until her ear was level with her lips. "In case you haven't noticed. I love you."

Melanie made a noise in her throat somewhere between a sob and a whine as

the words hit her like a hammer. She hadn't known but the words, the kiss, the hunger in her body for this woman who made her helpless with need, all rang like a gong. Tears filled her eyes.

Tammy continued, "I'm done doing this the human way. I'm tired of waiting for you to notice. Tonight I'm taking you as mine. Now, I'm going out to get you a collar and you're going to make yourself presentable. When I get back you are going to give yourself to me. Mind, body and soul. Then I will decide if you are worthy to be my mate or my pet. That is what is going to happen. Do you understand?"

"Y-yes." Terror and awe warred within Melanie. Tammy was going to mark her as the moon's own, as property of her pack, which consisted of only Tammy at the moment. Being claimed would be lifelong.

"Good." The steel in Tammy's voice melted into tenderness as she released Mel's hair and drew her into a tender embrace. Kissing her on the cheek she whispered, "Now you be a very good snepard while I'm gone. Once I get back I'm going to make you a very, very dirty."

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Melanie dug around in her closet searching out clothing and supplies that had escaped the worst of the spell's repatterning. A snow leopard spotted suitcase lay open at her feet not even half full. The process was difficult, her claw kept snagging on fabric as her thoughts drifting between the plan and Tabitha's kiss. Booking a bus to another city could work. If she could hold back the changes long enough she could reach another mage tower where she could purchase a purge. Maybe. It depended on the exchange rate, the laws governing warplings, and the possibility the bus driver would kick her out into the wilds. It wasn't much, but it was a chance. A different roll of the dice. Who knew? Maybe in a different city she could earn her alchemy license. On the other paw, Melanie could taste Tabitha on her tongue and hear her claim of MINE echo through her thoughts.

An old brush tumbled off a shelf and bounced at Melanie's feet. She picked it up to pack in case she couldn't get rid of the fur and tail quickly. Experimentally she pushed the brush through the fur on her hip. Her face twisted into a grimace as it pulled painfully. She was finally dry from her shower, but her pelt had clearly dried wrong. There was simply no way she could travel with her fur tangled like this. Clutching the head of the brush and ignoring its too thin handle she drove the brush through her absurdly thick fur. It hurt at first, the brush would find mats or tangles that had to be pulled out with her claws, but with each stroke the resistance lessened. That final unimpeded stroke felt like a sweet slice of heaven. Falling into a rhythm she worked her way back around to her tail. Would Tabitha brush her if she stayed? She found her spine to be far more flexible than it had been, allowing her reach the tangle that clawed fingers had left at the base of her tail. Once the knots were clear from her tail a pleasant rumbling started in the back of her throat and grew in volume as she continued to stroke.

"Damn you Tabitha." Melanie whispered as she swept the brush down her other leg. The fur had spread down her calves and across the top of her nasty human feet. They had been ugly by even human standards, with lollipop toes and brittle nails. They should have been the first thing to go. "Fuck you Tabitha." Melanie growled as she licked and sucked on the toes until they began to swell. As the bones began to pop and crackle pleasure ran up her legs and slammed into her sex, filling her head with thoughts of her wolf.

It had all started so innocently, if you could call exchanging sex with Tabitha for rent money innocent. Not that Melanie had needed a monetary compensation to jump into Tammy's bed. Melanie had simply assumed her housemate was straight. The indecent proposal had been the first mention of sex Tabitha had uttered in Mel's presence. Thinking about that first night, watching Tabitha's

clothing slowly being peeled from her body, Melanie slipped a hand-paw between her legs. Massaging her moistening pussy lips, Melanie replaying those awkward first encounters in her mind. After stripping Tabitha had sat on the bed hard, her cheeks burning red, "Don't say a word about what it looks like." She had barked, "Not a word or the deal's off."

Not really knowing what had triggered the sudden defensiveness, Melanie had only nodded and kneeled in front of Tabitha, trying not to look too curious. After a long pause, Tabitha slowly opened her legs, displaying her bestial tri-folded vagina, swollen and wet. Glancing up, Melanie saw the stoic woman biting her lip, watching, her eyes wide more like a panicked deer than a predator.

Warily Melanie had placed her hands on Tabitha's knees, then slowly slid her hands toward that animal sex. Tabitha had moaned like an untouched virgin as she spread those lips with her thumb. Then gasped as Melanie tasted the werewolf for the first time, the flavor a ripple across her tongue like a heatless fire. Each lick spread the sensation deeper into her body, a presence as ethereal as moonlight shining on calm water. That sensation mingled with the werewolf's thick musky flavor became so intoxicating that worries and cares melted away, leaving only the task to make Tabitha howl as loudly as possible.

"Ooh Tammy." Melanie moaned as she relived that first night, her paw-hand dipping past her pussy lips, beginning to delve deep inside herself. As her feet lengthened, her desire blossomed into a fiery need. Her blunt fingers were not enough to quench it, would never be enough. Even her slender human fingers could not sate her after that first night. Melanie never paid her half of the rent again. Slowly it dawned on Tabitha that Melanie hungered to paid the rent at least as much as she loved to collect it. Tabitha grew bold, demanding payment at least weekly, adding ropes, toys, and leashes. Sometimes she'd allow Melanie no satisfaction at all; other times she'd use her long tongue to make Melanie scream all night.

The thought of that tongue bid Melanie to slide the formerly useless handle of the brush inside of her. A shiver passed through her body from her nose to the very tip of her tail. There was a rightness to the changed parts of her body, a whisper emanating from those very bones that this was what she was supposed to be. I'll never be human again. This time the thought did not scare her. Nobody would take her tail from her, it was too beautiful. Tabitha loved her, loved what she was becoming. That was all she needed.

Images of Tabitha danced in her head as she plunged the stiff handle deep into her cunt again and again. "Oh gods." She gasped, as the heatless tingle spread

through her feet, pushing claws out from her toes. That wasn't quite right, her tongue strayed up to her nose and she tried again. "Ooh Luna!" At that her body lit with the tiny firecracker of an orgasm. "Yes! Oh Luna! Fuck me Tabitha!" The brush's handle seemed to swell within her, finally giving Melanie the stimulation she needed. "Oh Mistress! Fuck me so hard!" With a savage twist of the brush she drove herself over the edge. The orgasm washed over her, bringing with it a long yowl of pure joy.

Sometime later, after enjoying the afterglow and a bit of grooming between her legs, Melanie stood in front of her mirror on feline paws. She admired her form but mostly she gazed into her own eyes. Flinty grey irises filled their sockets. Inhuman, predatory eyes. The magic had claimed her soul.

There was only one thing left. She had to pass Tabitha's test.

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Handwritten signatures and scribbles at the bottom of the page, including the name "Cue" on the left and various illegible marks and names across the bottom.

The moon's light had begun to make Tabitha's skin itch when she finally walked through the door of her home. A fresh feline scent greeted her, bringing a smile to her lips. As fun as it would be to hunt her naughty snow leopard down and drag her back for the claiming ritual, the fact that Melanie had chosen to stay thrilled her. Besides, I had enough hunting for one day, she thought as she peeled off blood-stained clothing. Silversmiths should really know that when a werewolf asks you nicely for a commission, threatening to call the City Watch is considered extremely rude.

The second silversmith had been far more accommodating to her face, but then the Watch actually showed up and she was forced to make a mess.

The third had taken her money and produced what she asked for without a word, like craftsmen were supposed to. Pity he hadn't been as skilled as the other two. Seemed to have a condition that made his hands shake.

Tabitha tossed her pants into the to-be-burned bin and only then let Luna influence her athletic form. Muscles swelled as blond fur raced down from her hairline, enveloping her shoulders and snaking along her spine. Her sex pulsed with the moon's power, as her prodigious pubic hair softened, thickened and spread down her extending tail to covering her legs. Claws split the ends of her fingers and toes as her teeth sharpened. Closing her eyes she halted the progress of the transformation with a growl of effort. Her body howled for release, to obey the Goddess's call! She forced it to wait. Any farther and human speech would be impossible, and Melanie would need instruction.

Tabitha picked up the bag containing the silversmith's work as well as a few other gifts and stalked into the rest of the house. The hunt for Melanie did not last long. Laying on the couch was a creature so beautiful that Tabitha forgot to breathe. Completely feline from the waist down, Melanie had entangled her lower half in thick pink and scarlet ribbons in the manner of bondage knot work. The ribbons pressed deeply into her fur emphasizing how thick and soft it was.

And how that fur shined. Melanie'd groomed herself, Tabitha realized with a start. Actually made herself look good for her. Tabitha hadn't really thought Mel would have the guts to run, but she certainly hadn't expected total submission. Curled into a ball of self pity or masturbating herself completely feral had been her bets. Yet there Mel was, a self wrapped present. She watched Tabitha through nearly closed eyes, pretending to sleep. Tabitha's chest felt warm and she flicked away a happy tear as Melanie whispered, "I love you too."

Tabitha walked to the back of the couch, savoring Melanie's scent like a fine wine. Her felinity had a musky crispness, her heat the promise of warmth on a

bitterly cold night, and her humanity was fading, like a just snuffed candle flame. She lay on her side, hand-paws serving as a pillow. Her fur had begun to creep up her spine but the rest of her torso was smooth skin. Cool silver eyes fluttered beneath barely open eyelids as Tabitha admired her ample breasts, twice the size of her own.

Reaching down, Tabitha slipped a finger behind Melanie's ear and began to scratch. With a soft "mow," Melanie immediately lifted her head to press into the scratching. Fuzz seemed to flow out of Tabitha's claws and envelope the human skin, the ear stretched, its folds smoothing as it reshaped into a proper cup to catch the sounds of her pretty cries. Tabitha eased off the pressure, intending to pull back, but Melanie pushed herself up and offered her other ear for enjoyment. "Please don't stop."

Spreading her hands, Tabitha began to massage Mel's entire scalp, inducing a throaty purr to fill the silent room. "I've been waiting so long for this night." Tabitha whispered as Mel's back arched, her tail moving to press against the back of her couch. Black curly hair began to fall from her scalp in clumps, slipping between Tabitha's fingers. "I've always known you were a cat. From the moment you walked through my door I knew." Black and silver fur grew beneath Tabitha's fingers, a different texture than that had covered the rest of Melanie's body, soft but silky, with no plush undercoat.

"What are you taking about?" Melanie half moaned as the fur spread down her neck and across her shoulders.

"The outsized arrogance. The total disregard for rules. Your predatory schemes to make quick cash and yet mercurially, almost vindictively, kind." The hair beneath her fingers continued to grow, thicker and softer than human hair, but not quite fur either: a beautiful mane. Tabitha could no longer control herself. She hopped over the back of the couch and slid down beside Melanie. The werewolf mauled the nearest snow leopard ear with toothy nibbles as Tabitha pulled Melanie into her lap.

"I'm moowt kuuu" Melanie attempted to protest, but her speech devolved into inarticulate noises of pleasure as Tabitha's focused her teeth on the base of Melanie's ear.

"I know why you were short rent money the first time you paid me." Tabitha reached around Melanie and roughly cupped her breasts, cutting off any additional protests. "You were ashamed of that too kitty." Plunging her face into Melanie's mane she inhaled deeply, savoring her soon to be claimed pet. A tiny voice inside her head chided that she was doing this entirely wrong. A traditional ritual required

her to be stand-offish and commanding, but Tabitha dug a hole and kicked the voice into it. She had never been a good werewolf and wasn't going to start now, not with her hands full of snepard breast. Her fingers found Melanie's nipples and twisted.

"HrrrrrMMmooww!" Melanie screamed and writhed against Tabitha, her furry back caressed the werewolf's already hard nips. Tabitha twisted harder, making the snepard's body go stiff with strain.

"You hated your body, as beautiful as it was. You twisted and bent it with your magic, trying to punish it for being wrong. Searching for the proper form weren't you? Admit it." Tabitha pulled harder and harder on the pinched nipples. A human would be screaming from the pain by now, but Melanie simply yowled louder.

"F-f-fuck!" Melanie gasped as Tabitha release her tortured nubs. She slumped against her Mistress panting. "I admit it. I wanted it. It feels so right." She leaned back and Tabitha had to suppress a moan of her own as her tits were engulfed in softness. "Why does it feel so right Tammy?"

"The proper term is Mistress." Tabitha corrected, sliding her hands down Melanie front her fingers finding bumps that made her pet squirm anew.

"EEEooogh!" Melanie chuffed in frustration. "I'm yours, I'm-" Tabitha gave the second pair of nipples a light pinch. "-mmowww! I'm letting you do this to-" clawed fingers began to circle the nipples, "-meeeee!" Melanie's hips began to grind against Tabitha's lap as the flesh beneath those nubs began to swell. The scent of the cat's arousal was becoming so thick that Tabitha was finding it difficult to think straight. Melanie's defiance should be punished swiftly, but... then she'd miss the feeling of Melanie's breast's swelling against the palm of her hands. Tabitha settled for biting through the thick mane and clamping down on the scruff of the snow leopard's neck.

Mel stopped grinding as her entire back seized, a low rowl of frustration rolled up throat. "Dammit Tammy! I want you inside me! Please!" She grabbed Tabitha's hand and tried to shoved it down toward her soaking wet loins. It did not budge. While Mel had gained mass and muscle, a werewolf's strength bordered on the supernatural. Tabitha's hands remained where they were, teasing Melanie's swelling breasts, making her wriggle in Tabitha's grip.

Tabitha allowed the moon to lengthen her neck, lifting Melanie from her lap. She pried Mel's paw-like hands from the snow leopard's sex, depriving her of any further stimulation. Despite being pinned against the couch, Tabitha's tail did its best to wag as she waited for capitulation.

She did not wait long. "M-mistress please!" Melanie begged after less than a minute of dangling.

Tabitha set her back down into her lap and rewarded her pet by slipping a hand between her legs. "Was that so hard?" Tabitha cooed as she parted Melanie's dripping cunt with the tip of a claw.

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Melanie reached back behind herself to cling to her Mistress, spreading her legs wide. "No Mistress!" She panted. Her sex was so swollen that she felt stretched, her clit threatened burst. Deep inside herself burned a need she had never known before. A hunger that only her werewolf could quench.

"I could leave you like this." Tabitha's fingers continued to tease, the claws expertly stroking Melanie's pussy.

"No! Please hammer my clit! Please Mistress!" With each utterance of the M-word Melanie felt her human identity slip farther away, the magic solidifying her form as she screamed her acceptance of it. "Please I need it Mistress!"

"Oh very good my pet." Tabitha used two hands, spreading Melanie's pussy with one and very carefully stroking a marble size clit with the knuckle of the other.

Melanie erupted with a desperate feline scream as pleasure jolted through her body and pushed her to the cliff of orgasm. Yet Tabitha maddeningly held her there, somehow applying the exact amount of pressure needed.

"I don't know if I should let you come. I remember the mess you made in the bathroom." Tabitha growled in Melanie's ear. "Such a dirty, juicy pet."

"Please Mistress!"

"Tell me you're dirty."

"Ahh Luna." Melanie teeth chattered with shame. Shame of letting Tabitha do this to her. Shame of not having control over her overly productive cunt. Shame for loving every moment of it, "I'm so dirty Mistress." A hard press on her clit sent her body ringing with ecstasy. "Ooooooh I'm a filthy animal." The finger on her button began to pulse, ramping her right up to the cliff and pressing her against it. Melanie's mouth opened, her tongue curling as she quivered in a silent scream. "I'm in heat!" She whined, mentally begging Tabitha not to stop. Anything but stop.

"What are you now?" Tabitha drove three fingers deep into the snepard snatch, juices spurting out around them.

"I'M YOUR PET!" Melanie screamed as her orgasm detonated. Her sex erupted in a geyser of fluid that forcefully ejected Tabitha hand. Tabitha's other hand continued to hammer down on the engorged clit, making her pet's body shudder and buck against her; milking out every last ounce of pleasure until it died away to the barest shivers.

Melanie slumped against her mistress, panting through her mouth. After a long moment she turned sideways curling herself up against Tabitha's breasts. The werewolf began to pet her with long steady stokes down her head and back, stretching out the afterglow of her orgasm. With each stroke Melanie felt a little

more of her humanity drain away, the white fur between her legs marching up her stomach. She welcomed it, willing the fur to cover any reminder of the silly girl she had been.

Still a question remained. "Mistress?" she hesitated, waiting for a correction but Tabitha simply continued to pet her. "Did you alter my spell? It makes no sense for this to happen. Not even if I had drained that entire party of vitality. It was a fashion spell. It could have smothered me under a dress too heavy to breath in, but it couldn't have done this. What did you do?"

A deep ear scratch rewarded her, setting the rumble in her throat to an audible level. "There is a bag by the door to the room. Bring it to me." Tabitha said.

Nodding Melanie slipped off her lap and fetched the bag but did not place it in Tabitha's waiting hand. Instead she knelt at the werewolf's furry feet and began to root through it.

"Hey!" Tabitha barked.

Melanie's tail lashed with amusement. "What sort of cat would I be if I played fetch? My reputation would be ruined before I even got started." She pawed aside several interesting looking sex toys until she caught a flash of metal at the very bottom of the bag. Hooking it with her claws she fished out a rigid silver collar. A single hinge joined two crescents of the shiny metal. The latch was a self-sealing magical enchantment. Even with her very limited training in magical items, Melanie knew once it latched around her neck it wouldn't come off without a serious fight. This was originally a device used to contain werewolves, but it had been altered. The five phases of the moon were engraved on the front along with a script of clawmarks that ran all the way around the inside of the collar. Running a finger pad over the script caused the script to glow softly. Her innards shivered as the glow winked out.

Swallowing nervously she fitted the collar around her neck and snapped it closed. Instantly she felt tendrils of power snake through her body, coiling around her heart and muddying her mind. A third tendril went elsewhere, tugging at the core of her very being. Melanie fell down to her paws and knees as a sudden presences pushed down on her from every where at once. Her muscles strained to hold her up before she was forced completely prone and began to pant from the effort. "There. I'm officially yours in front of Luna. Now tell me!"

Tabitha grinned toothily, "You never do anything in the proper order do you?"

"Tell me!" Melanie demanded with a growl.

"I didn't change your spell. I changed you." Tabitha slowly widened her legs, revealing her drooling trifolged cunt nestled between her furry thighs. With her

new eyes, Melanie saw the juices glowed with a slivery light. "Did you think you could lay with a werewolf for two years and have nothing happen to you? Lycanthropy isn't contagious but it isn't safe either. You taste me with Luna's power running in my veins, nurse on my animal teats afterwards, and share my kills.

Silvery eyes blinked. "Your kills?"

The grin turned predatory. "Do you really think that bacon this morning came from a pig?"

"But..." Melanie's eyes grew round and she covered her mouth to guard against a suddenly twisting stomach.

"Think about it pet. Your charms that altered your own shape grew more and more effective? Didn't you think it was odd that a simple breast enlargement spell produced an udder that blew out a wall? Then the stone skin spell nearly killed us both. I've been marinating you in lunar magic for two years. Just waiting for one of your spells to trigger something like this."

Melanie's eyes were so wide that that you could see the whites. "The costume was your idea. We'd go as a dog and a cat for irony's sake you said."

Tabitha chuckled, "Then you used that damn succubus oil in the spell and you couldn't get a dick in you fast enough. I didn't even get a turn. I just put those ears back on your head after you felt asleep and bit you for good luck." She slipped a clawed hand between her legs, sinking a finger deep into her pussy. Tabitha gave a tiny whine before pulling the digit out, dripping with her own heady juices. She thrust it in Melanie's direction. "Speaking of rent, pay up kitty mine."

The new pet could not help herself from leaning forward and lapping every drop of juice from her mistress's finger. The taste reawakened a deep hunger. She wanted more. She needed more. Rocking back onto her hind legs, Melanie launched herself at Tabitha. The wolf's body stiffened with shock at the speed at which her pet parted her legs. Melanie ran her tongue across her Mistress's swollen lips before she had time to recover. The taste of Tabitha's juices blossomed on her tongue. A savory sweetness that danced all the way down her throat.

"Oh Luna!" Tabitha gasped, "Oh fuck me! That tongue! Ooooh."

Melanie did not let up as Tabitha writhed beneath her assault. She slid her arms beneath the wolf's legs and dug her claws into her hairy ass for more leverage. With each lap she could feel her body thicken with hard predatory muscle beneath her soft fur. Her Mistress' hands were weakly pushing against her in a vain attempt to reduce the sensation but Melanie's tongue had begun to lengthen as the shape of her skull altered. Bones crackling like puffed rice in milk as Melanie's

face lengthened with each thrust of her tongue through her mistress's swollen lips. Its rough surface scraping at Tabitha's inner walls.

The pushing on Melanie's head faltered. Then clawed fingers threaded through her mane and thrust her nose into the bestial cunt. Tabitha huffed and snorted as her body bulged and swelled with rippling muscle. Her blond fur thickened, its color deepening, becoming a ruddy brown coat of shaggy fur. Her free hand clutched at her swell breasts, desperately twisting her own nipples as her fingers thickened, becoming less and less suited to the task. "L-L-Luna!" She sputtered through chattering fangs.

Tabitha's usually smooth transformation desynched; two more rows of breasts swelled below her original while the hand clutching at them became useless paw. The leg to Melanie's right became the thick digitigrade leg of Tabitha's warform, but the left went straight the thinner leg of a true wolf causing the werewolf to list to one side. Tabitha let go of Melanie's head to clap over her mouth as she felt a true howl rise in her throat along with an orgasm of moon-shattering proportions. She couldn't howl here! Not in the middle of the city!

Yet her body had other ideas. The palm of her remaining hand stretched in a forelimb as her face pushed forward to make room for the multitude of razor sharp teeth that were erupting from her gums. Her hand fell away a paw. With nothing available to physically restrain herself, Tabitha threw back her entirely wolveren head and howled as the orgasm crashed down through her like a moonlit tidal wave. The windows rattle in their frames. One exploded into a rain of shards. A torrent of sexual fluid rushed into Melanie's nose and mouth. She had to pull her new muzzle from Tabitha snatch or be drowned. Tabitha's howl of pleasure slowly faded to a whimper as she kneeled over onto her side. Tabitha could not move. Could only lay there and pant, tongue lolling out of side of her muzzle in a muzzy afterglow.

Melanie surveyed the result of her tongue work with her tail held high, purring with pride. The werewolf before her was a mess: a mishmash of almost feral limbs with a human shaped torso sporting six mammoth breasts, all bathed in the silver light of the moon. Her half-lidded eyes told the snow leopardess that it would be some time before the werewolf found a second wind or a coherent thought. Looking up, Melanie saw that the moon was directly overhead, looking down through the skylight. The face of the moon seemed to be smiling. The goddess's attention was no longer an oppressive weight, but a companionable wind on her fur. Rolling on her back, Melanie displayed herself to her new goddess. Licking her chops in a seductive manner she ran her paws over her body, cupping each

of her four breasts in turn before displaying her glistening sex to the moonlight. With a smile on her muzzle and joy in her heart she reached for the forgotten bag of sex toys.

Yes she was owned, and yes, after that howl, they would have to flee the city. But Melanie couldn't find it in herself to care one bit about any of that. She was Tabitha's pet. Of course that did not mean she had to be an obedient pet. Her now feline soul would not allow it.

She pulled a rather interesting looking toy from the bag and eyed her misshaped mistress who had begun to snore. A voice whispered in her ear how to use it. A predatory grin spread across Melanie's muzzle. After all she was a dirty, dirty sneppard.



Moon Claimed by Nob Nibs

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