

Werewomen (TG Commission)

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Commission for danio13

Booker is a pizza delivery guy who should have been so much more. Unfortunately, a long streak of bad luck has hurt his confidence, and he has given up on the notion that life could get better for him. That is until he delivers pizza to strange gathering of men who appear almost ethereally drawn to their alpha male host. When he is invited to join them, Booker learns that these men are not all that they appear to be, and that his luck may just be finally turning . . .

Werewomen

Booker pulled up to the delivery location and whistled. He had to check the GPS twice just to make sure he hadn't gotten it wrong; the place was massive! It looked more like a private mansion than a house, complete with an electronic gate that required buzzing in. He got out of the pizza van and hit the buzzer.

'Van Galt residence. Who is this?'

The voice was deep and had an exaggerated drawl. Booker smirked; some voices just *sounded* rich. He held the buzzer.

"I have a pizza delivery - twenty pizzas from Pizza Bonanza. Am I in the right location."

'You are. And you've arrived well on time, friend. I'll keep that in mind for your tip. Come on through. The gate will open automatically.'

It did, and Booker drove up the lane, through a lush front yard, and parked in the space that had been thankfully reserved for him.

"Keep it in mind for my tip, huh?" he muttered. "Like I have to scrounge for it."

Booker sighed. It wasn't the man in the mansion's fault, it was his own, and that of his bad luck. His life plan had never involved becoming a pizza delivery guy in his mid-twenties, he'd assumed he would have finished college by now, have applied for a loan for a small business of his own, and been in the early stages of running it. Instead, he'd dropped out of college to take care of his sick mother, been saddled with her debts when she passed, been kicked out of the apartment he shared with his best friend after said friend cheated on him

with Booker's girlfriend, and now he was saving frugally by working two jobs and living cheaply. It was a streak of bad luck, one he was afraid would never end.

With another weary sigh, Booker got out of the car, and took the first case of pizzas up to the finely carved wooden door. Whoever owned this place was certainly loaded. He used the heavy brass ring door knocker; it was attached to a fantastic metal mold of a wolf's head holding it by the teeth. Inside, people laughed and chatted. A small party, he assumed.

Footsteps approached from the other side, and the door swung open, revealing a tall and incredibly masculine man who must have been at least 6'3 in height, and whose form beneath his simple white tank top was rippling with muscle. His hair was an auburn brown, long and untamed, falling around his shoulders in bristled curls that seemed to contain streaks of unnatural grey. Thin mutton chops, much more ginger in colour, gave him an almost bestial appearance, which was matched by the thickness of hair on his arms. His jeans were tight against his form, and Booker got the distinct sense that this man could just as easily kick him to death as use his hands. The man smiled, and Booker was briefly taken aback; the man's grin had the same sort of expression as had been on the wolfish door knocker.

"Well, well, look who's bringing the party," he said. "Is this everything?"

Booker smiled back nervously. The man radiated an almost casual magnetism, a raw animalistic power that was emphasised by the way he leaned his muscular form against the door frame. The delivery driver felt positively dwarfed by him.

"For you, sure. The rest I'll have to insist on going to your other guests."

The comment had escaped him before he even knew what he was saying. The wolfish man furrowed his brow, twisting his head to one side, examining Booker like a predator scans its prey. And then he raised his head and let out a great booming laugh.

"Oh, that *is* good, delivery boy! I like your energy! It's not often you see quick wit like that from the pizza man."

Booker grinned, feeling more confident. "Well, I see an order that doubles the olive servings and cuts back on pineapple and I know I'm dealing with a civilised man."

Again the man barked out a laugh. He thrust a finger in Booker's face.

"You. I like you. Let me help you get the rest of the pizzas for your troubles and we'll deliver them inside. With quick humour like that, I think you've earned a generous tip."

It was something Booker craved. He was saving well, and slowly recouping what he'd lost to his mother's debts, but a solid tip could go a long way. And yet . . .

And yet it didn't feel right, for some reason. Part of his instinct told him to refuse it, for reasons he couldn't understand. It almost felt like an omen.

"I can't possibly accept your tip, sir."

He gave a curious look. "And why ever not? My money not good for you?"

"Oh, it's just that pizza delivery guys are far too overpaid these days. It wouldn't be fair of me to deprive you of your cash stream when I've already got so much tied up in mega investments."

A chuckle, though one tinged in interest. He regarded Booker with his grey eyes, searching of him. It was slightly intimidating. Booker was no slouch in the manly department either; he didn't spend money on the gym, and couldn't be called 'buff' in any great sense, but he always took his morning runs and did his set of pushups and situps. With his dark hair and intelligent eyes, he had never felt totally lacking in confidence when it came to dating. It was just that he had been in a losing streak, and ever since he was cheated on, his confidence had been shot.

Being next to this guy though? That made any man feel unmanly.

"You sure you don't want a tip?" he said again. There was a sense of finality to it.

"Keep it. I'm good, sir. But thanks for the offer."

He gave a curious smirk, and shook his head, a little surprised. "Sir, huh? Can't say I take much to that on the personal. Gavren, that's my name."

He extended a tough hand, and Booker shook it. It was coarse in texture, the hands of someone who had worked his way up in life.

"Uh, Booker. Nice to meet you.

"It is nice, isn't it? I like interesting people, Booker, and you interest me. Have you got any other deliveries tonight?"

"This is my last one before I clock off," the delivery man replied, passing the other case of pizza boxes to Gavren, who held them easily.

"Well, pizza man, tell you what. You don't want a tip, that's fine by me so long as you insist. But that means I get to insist you join us for a spell. Eat some of this fine pizza. Enjoy a bit of the party vibe, you know what I'm saying?"

The vibe of party music and electronic beats echoed out from the house.

"I promise you, you won't regret it," he said, giving that dangerous grin again.

Booker thought about booking it. It was a joke that had been made about him in the past. But again, that little instinct was tugging him forward. Worst case, he could eat some pizza and save on the food bill for one night. He was so damn close to being able to put a deposit on a nice place, he just needed to scrimp a little more. Besides, there was something about Gavren that he liked. A magnetism that was incapable of being described.

"Sure, I'll come in for a spell," he replied, moving with the boxes and looking up at the other man.

Gavren chuckled at his words. "Spell, huh? Oh dude, you have no idea how awesomely relevant that comment is. Come on in."

The atmosphere inside was humid, smoky, colourful. The air was filled with the scent of fine cigars and even finer drinks, and expensive speaker systems blasted electronic dance music throughout the mansion, which was certainly enormous. Numerous guests laughed and chatted and drank, many of them standing quite closely together, casually placing their hands around each other's waists, practically caressing one another. There was no denying that there was an intoxicating sexual atmosphere to the party, a treacle of buzzing attraction that oozed through each room. It was fascinating to see, but what grabbed Booker's interest the most was the fact that every single person present was a man.

Some were in their forties, others in their twenties. All were adults, of course, but they ranged in colour and body shape and sense and style of dress. Two young black men in the latest street fashion joked and teased a man ten years their senior who was sporting a grey business suit, while across the room an older Asian man in a polo top and trousers seemingly pressed close to a tubby individual with early pattern baldness and a t-shirt that was a little too sweaty. Both of them were recognisable for Booker, and their identities startled him; they were two of the world's richest billionaires, powerful industrialists from their respective countries. And yet they were here, gathering around Gavren, as if he were their master.

And all the time, as Gavren led Booker through the party to where a set of tables were reserved for the pizzas, the masculine host flirted with each one of them. He passed several good-looking men, kissing each on the cheek and complimenting them on their looks. He stroked the back of another, admiring the other man's "wonderful work at the gym." He leaned over a smaller bespectacled man in his early fifties and passed him a drink.

"Glad you could make it Charlie, not long now."

"No indeed!" the man said in a mousey voice. "I've been looking forward to it all evening."

A wicked smile. "You know where your bread is buttered, all right. Pizza is here."

"I'm not a pizza man, myself."

Gavren leaned closer, his lips right to Charlie's ears, his hand hovering over the smaller man's crotch. "Oh yes you are, Charlie. Trust me, Booker here has kept it fresh."

The man groaned a little, clearly aroused. "Well then, if you say so."

"I do," Gavren said, and then he was off again, picking the pizzas back up and licking his lips as he passed a circle of other men, each sitting and drinking, already tipsy. Their hands were wandering to one another. It was all a little much for Booker, and yet he was fascinated at the same time. It was like stepping into another world entirely. The large,

dominant man turned to him as they set down the pizzas, much to the excitement of the thirty or so other men spread throughout the house. Already there were other delivered food; clearly this was but the tip of the iceberg.

"I can see that you're wondering what this all is, Booker," he said, his voice low and assured. He seemed to find no unease, and because of his calmness, any discomfort Booker might have felt was significantly reduced.

Booker looked around the room. Upon the plush couches, several individuals were already in the process of massaging one another, or in full blown make out mode. One man was slowly but sensually stroking the hardness of another beneath his pants.

"Look, I have to ask, because otherwise the question will just linger, but is this some kinda gay orgy?"

Gavren chuckled. He pulled another man from the crowd close - a black man who was similarly well-built, though not as tall or commanding. Gavren gave him a deep kiss before sending him on his way. A number of eyes turned towards the spectacle, and the mouths beneath them smiled approvingly.

"Not exactly," Gavren said, "but sort of. Stick around, and you might see something you will never forget. Here, take a seat." He indicated to the red leather couch near the centre of this particular room. The others were already grabbing pizza, continuing to mingle and flirt. "Enjoy the scenery, the fine drink - it's all on the house. Hell, there are some influential people here that may even like to meet you. Not that you need help, what with all the stock options your pizza delivery job gives you. But stay as long as you want, or at least till the spectacle starts. If you excuse me, I have other guests to . . . see to."

The man smirked, and walked away, leaving Booker alone. Various other men seemed to revolve around him like satellites to some great planet. Booker shifted a little nervously, not really sure what he was doing here. The food was good - he grabbed a slice of pizza and some spare suchi - and the wine was *certainly* good, though he questioned why anyone would drink such expensive wine alongside fast food. He was about to leave when someone sat down next to him.

"You're new," the man declared. He had pale skin and curly red hair, and was reasonably handsome to Booker's eyes, though he cautioned himself against that thought. He'd only ever had girlfriends, and had never thought of himself in . . . that way.

"I am," he replied, extending a hand. "Booker."

"Harry," the other man replied, grabbing himself a glass as well. "Are you one of us?"

Booker laughed nervously. "I'm not even sure what 'one of us' even entailed. I asked Gavren if this was a gay orgy or something and he just laughed, told me 'sort of but no', then walked off. Honestly, I was just here to deliver pizza."

He indicated to his batch. Harry chuckled as he took another drink.

“Oh, yes. That’s our Gavren all right. He loves to be so damn mysterious. As you can see, a lot of the girls get off on it.”

Girls. Presumably a fun little feminised code they all used, as far as Booker could tell.

“Is this a regular thing then?”

“Oh yes. Used to be monthly. Once a month beneath the full moon.”

“Spooky.”

A roll of the eyes from Harry as he raised his fingers and twiddled them. “Oh yes, spooooooky! But now we do it more often, ever since we found Gabren. There’s a reason. We’re not too long till midnight, that’s when the fun begins. I’m not sure why Gavren invited you inside to see it though.”

Booker shrugged. “He thought I was funny.”

Harry raised his eyebrow. “Oh, funny are you? Go on then, make me laugh.”

He leaned in close. Closer than Booker was used to anyone doing. In fact, it was borderline *sensually* close. He swished his glass suggestively, staring at Booker with his piercing grey eyes. They were the exact same colour as Gavren’s.

“Well, I can’t just say something funny.”

“That’s a terrible excuse. I’m all primed to laugh, trust me.”

Booker thought. “Okay, I do know one joke.”

Harry placed his chin in his hands, eagerly awaiting it. It struck Booker that it came across like a very feminine gesture. This had to be a get together for gay men, right? He put the thought aside and told the joke.

“Okay, so a horse walks into a bar, and the barman says, ‘why the long face?’”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Oh, everyone knows-”

“And the horse says, ‘my wife just filed for divorce.’”

The other man stared for a second, connecting the dots. And then, he chuckled. It was a light chuckle, but it turned into a full blown cackle after several seconds.

“Okay, that’s good. That’s a nice antijoke. Okay, shall I share one?”

“You must, since as no one has told me what this shindig is actually about, I’m now choosing to believe it is the monthly moonlit convention of conveniently homosexual comedians.”

Another chuckle. “If only. Trust me, some people here are a real boor, especially once you stop being a Gavren groupie.”

“Why stay then?”

“Because Gavren is a good guy, he just likes being a bit of an alpha male, which can wear a bit thin for someone like me. And I’ve got close friends here, people whose experiences match mine.”

Booker nodded. "Fair enough." He looked to the side, where a group of men were looking his way. He could hear several of them calling him "cute." What made it even stranger was that a number of them looked to be powerful businessmen in the local community. One was even a local politician.

"Seems you're popular here."

"The guy who brings the food is always popular. Though I think a gathering of gay swingers is not the first location I thought of being popular in."

A snort. Harry ran his fingers through his red hair. "Okay, it *is* something of what you think it is, but you're a bit off the mark. Think of it more like . . . a place where we can gather to freely express ourselves." He gestured round the room to the gathered men. "Each of us was born 'special' but have had to hide it from the world. But when we met Gavren van Galt, well, he helped bring out our true selves, in exchange for giving him a little pleasure. We're okay with the deal, and occasionally we move on. I think this'll be my last night here; Gavren knows it."

Booker was confused. What was special about them, exactly? It's not like they weren't in a progressive-minded city. He went to ask the question when the lights suddenly dimmed, and the conversation all across the mansion died away, replaced by a loud "ooooh" from the many men. Clearly, they had anticipated this, and had been looking forward to it.

A new light, an unnatural silver in colour, lit up the room. It was coming from Gavren, who was now shirtless and spreading his arms wide. His face was turned upwards, looking through the ceiling window to the night sky, and he was howling.

"What the-"

Harry silenced him, entranced by his acquaintance's actions. The silver light, impossibly, was radiating from Gavren's very body, a dancing magical fire. Booker gasped as he realised it, and his voice died in his throat when he realised that the powerful man was chanting something, a set of words over and over again in an ancient tongue. Slowly, he raised his hands, alight with silver fire, up above his head and brought them together. A brilliant flash of that silver expanded, becoming spherical and stabilising. It looked like - it looked like a miniature moon!

The new moon shone throughout the mansion, and its denizens fell to moans as they descended upon one another. Each ripped at their clothing, taking it off in a hurried frenzy, all of them baying and howling like wolves. Booker's heart beat like a jackhammer inside his chest, confusion as to what was going on growing with each second. More and more bodies piled into the room, each of them discarding their dress before selecting their partners, or else freely making love to anyone that was near. And at the centre of it was the figure of Gavren van Galt, surrounded by lusty men who moved towards them, their bodies altering.

"The fuck?" Booker said aloud, taking in that last part. It was true; their bodies *were* altering. Thinning. The fat redistributing. Their hair stretching down their naked backs. Booker looked on in shock as all the men in the room began to change, their moans becoming higher and higher, voices taking on noticeably feminine lilts. One man - a black male who had a muscular form - squealed in delight as his muscles melted back into his body, leaving him with a lithe, trim figure. He rubbed his nipples as they expanded, becoming pointed and perfect, and the flesh behind them pushing forward too, until they were a ripe pair of bouncing breasts. His ass rounded out, becoming a sexy bubble but that was further expanded by his broadening hips. His penis shrivelled up and reverted back into his body, becoming a dark set of lower lips. Even his face changed, becoming a round, female face with full lips and dark eyes, a large afro forming on his head. In mere moments he had become a *she*, a startlingly attractive black woman with curves worthy of a fertility idol. She immediately leapt towards Gavren, caressing him and pushing her large DD-cup tits against him. He in turn rubbed at them, kissing her deeply and fondling her ass, even as other women joined him. His attention became divided among several of them, a growing harem forming in a circle, desperate for his attention. All of them were devastatingly attractive, even the older women who looked like what Booker had once called 'hot MILFs'. One of them was undoubtedly the older Asian man he had seen earlier; *she* was now a sexy older Asian woman with pert breasts and almost non-existent wrinkles, but a sensual and dominant bearing.

"This - this is insane!" Booker declared, seemingly only to himself. "This is impossible. How - is it special effects? Is it some technology? It is -"

"It's magic," a voice beside him spoke. It was Harry, only the voice was different. Higher, even. Booker turned with dread to the red-headed man, only to see him basking in the change that was just now overtaking his form. Harry joined the chorus of moans, voice taking on a sexy soprano as his Adam's apple melted away.

"You - you too?" Booker managed, pulling back along the couch. He wanted to flee, wanted to get out of this place, but somehow he was also transfixed. It was just his luck to land in the middle of a weird magic cult, and yet the instinct from earlier beckoned him to stay and watch.

Harry simply nodded between grunts of what looked to be discomfort mixed with pleasure. "Yes. I'm becoming - nngggh! - my t-true s-self! Ooohhhhhh!"

"Your . . . true self?"

Harry smiled, locking his grey gaze upon Booker. "Just - mhhmm - just watch."

The strange man stretched, extending his arms up above his head, and Booker marvelled at the hundreds of arm hairs that retracted beneath his skin. The masculine shape of his arms flowed away like water, leaving them pale and soft. Harry cooed, wriggling his

fingers as they became thin and dainty, the nails coated over with a ruby red. He began to pull away his shirt, moaning all the while, and Booker watched, astonished, as the other man's nipples visibly *throbbed*, extending outwards and growing a perfect pink areola around them. They were utterly feminine, and this was confirmed by a further development: Harry placed his womanly hands over them and began to tease and rub his nipples, causing them to harden.

"Mmhmmm, yes, *grow*. Grow!"

And slowly but surely, they did. The transforming man cupped his chest, biting his increasingly full lip as two obvious breasts expanded outwards, fat and tissue developing to give them the soft, rounded shape that so appealed to men, including Booker. His features softened as they grew, his face becoming thinner, his jaw curved, his eyelashes thick and dark, eyebrows perfectly contoured. A smattering of cute freckles appeared upon her cheeks and over her nose, and a dark beauty spot on her left cheek.

Booker realised he'd just thought of Harry as a *her*, but that's what she was increasingly becoming. She shifted on the couch, lying back further, and extended an arm to shimmy out of her trousers.

"Help me with these!" she whimpered, still holding her increasingly large breasts with her other forearm.

Booker found himself doing exactly that. He grabbed the increasingly tight band around her trousers and pulled. They tugged away easily. He could see why they had become tighter; her hips were widening, bones almost popping outwards, stretching to create an impressive hourglass shape. But she was still male in some areas; the bulge in her underwear was noticeably present, even as her thighs rounded, and her legs took on a shapely feminine arch.

"Mmhhhhmm . . . nearly there," she said, and her voice no longer had a trace of masculinity in it; it was playful and sultry, and it oozed sexuality. She placed her free hand on her crotch, playing with the bulge, allowing it to become hardened. Erect. As she did, she whimpered; her breasts had bulged out further, jumping up another cup size. They mashed against her forearm, the generous flesh ample and easily visible both above and below her arm. They must have been over Double-D cups by that point.

Booker looked with astonishment, unable to speak. Harry caught his eyes, and she actually *smiled*. He was briefly lost in that smile; it was so demure, so filled with passion, her grey eyes boring into him. And then she closed them, bit her lip and groaned in seeming ecstasy as another wave of changes came over here in the silver light. Booker gasped as her penis seemed to simply melt back into her body, the throbbing hardness pulling back inside her and leaving a smooth venus mound against the tight underwear. Her waist pulled in, emphasising her hourglass figure yet further, and the change reached her toes as well;

her feet became slender and dainty much as her fingers had, and each nail was likewise topped with blood red polish. She squirmed, gasping, rubbing her new feminine opening, eyes clenched shut as she focused on her pleasure. Her breasts overflowed her arm, they had grown larger than any Booker had ever had the pleasure of seeing in real life, and yet when she dropped her arm, they were revealed to be perfect teardrop shapes, a buxom chest that nevertheless enhanced her beauty instead of appearing unseemly.

“Almost - ahhh - there!” she gasped.

She clutched her head in her hands, revealing the perfection that was her voluptuous form, and as if to finish off the changes, her hair slithered out from her scalp, becoming even more vibrantly red in colour, bordering and then passing through the unnatural until it was as crimson red as her nail polish. Out and out it poured, and it was accompanied by a genuine *howl* of pleasure, of perfect orgasm. She arched her back, shifting to the side so that her massive chest squished against Booker’s and he couldn’t help but feel a stirring of hardness himself in response as she bayed at the moon. Her orgasm appeared to hold for a long, *long* time, over a minute at least, until finally she fell against him, her near-nakedness against his now utterly erect hardness. She huffed against him, her hair now reaching the small of her back in a wild red mane.

“Holy shit,” was all Booker could say after her breathing normalised. Around them, the party was just getting started; all the men were now gorgeous women, and a good percentage of them were clustered around Gavren, pleasuring and massaging and competing over his affections. He gave a knowing smirk to Booker as he began to step towards the curving staircase.

“I told you it would be a spectacle, pizza man,” he said, guffawing. “Now, if you’ll excuse me one more time, my harem needs me. You know how it is.”

Numerous beauties of varying ages and body types, from their early twenties to late forties, moved with him, laughing and giggling and visibly turned on. The silver moon shrank away as he moved, but the women did not turn back. They poured praise on him, thanking him.

“Let us please you, master!” one called, a petite Asian woman with a gorgeous, willowy look.

“I want to thank you, I needed this so badly!” said an older raven-haired lady with a prominent set of hips. “Whatever can I do to repay you tonight?”

He smiled, and let them up the stairs, several more flowing after. Those staying behind found comfort in each other, or simply themselves - there appeared to be quite the array of ‘toys’ around, being pulled from numerous available cupboards and drawers.

“He can turn people into women?” Booker asked, viewing the orgy around him, and hearing the even more passionate one going on upstairs. Harry giggled beside him,

uncurling from his form and brushing an incredibly long strand of red hair away from her face.

“No, silly. I told you, this is my true self. Gavren just has the . . . power to unlock it. What do you think?”

He gestured to herself, lifted her large breasts up and then allowed them to wobble heavily on their chest. They were perfectly sized melons, large and soft and yet impressively pert on her chest.

“I . . . wow, I just - fuck.”

She grinned. “What happened to all those smart words? All that wit?”

Booker looked her in the eyes - it was a difficult task to pull away from her natural (was natural even the right word in this context?) cleavage.

“Sorry, I lost them the moment I saw the most beautiful woman in the world. You could say you just took my breath away.”

Harry giggled. It was perhaps the sweetest sound Booker had ever heard.

“Oh my God, chee-sy! But also quick! I take it you like then?”

Booker nodded. “I can’t say I understand it, or that I’m even sure I’m not dreaming. But yes, I like. I like a *lot*.”

“Good. Because you’re not dreaming Booker. And I’m not actually Harry - that’s just the name I go by when I’m not the real me. I’m *Harriet*.” She thrust out her hand to me, and I shook it. She didn’t let go.

“Nice to meet you Harriet.”

“Charmed.”

“So, um, what is this?”

She gave a Cheshire cat grin. “I could tell you that, definitely. Or . . . you could come a little closer. Like all the girls here, I get a little *needy* after I’ve just changed.”

Booker was overwhelmed. So much had happened in the last several minutes that he had previously thought was utterly impossible; men turning to women, a man with magical power summoning an illusory moon. And yet, somehow, none of it scared him off. Not when the most ridiculously sexy woman in the world was right in front of him, her bare breasts jiggling as she shifted forwards, her perfect pink nipples already throbbing with need.

“That’s good,” he said, trying to play it cool, “because I just got off shift, and now I can fraternise as much as I want.”

She smirked. “Oh, that’s what you call it now?”

And then she was upon him. Her full lips locked against his, soft and perfect and strangely tasting of peaches. She made quick work of pulling away his jacket and tearing off his shirt.

“Mhhhm . . . I thought you looked like you worked out.”

“Well, I’m no Gavren.”

She rolled her eyes. “I don’t want Gavren. I want someone a bit more real.”

She pulled against him again, her boobs pressing, if not flat, then certainly wide against his torso. She moaned, and he moaned with her as he groped at her rounded ass, feeling its soft flesh. She wiggled it just for emphasis. Her red hair spilled around them both, providing a modicum of cover as he shoved his face into her cleavage, licking and sucking at her gorgeous nipples. Harriet gasped, tenderly stroking his back as she rocked her hips.

“Oohhhh, that’s good. Lie back. I want you to do that while I *ride* you.”

It was the most sexually charged sentence Booker had ever heard in his life. He laid back, gripping her wonderful hips and helping position her over him.

“Wait, trousers off,” he said. “I want to feel all of you.”

“Oh damn, you’re keen!” she replied. She leaned forward, letting her breasts dangle and rub against his chest. “That’s good. Because I am too.”

They both quickly did away with their remaining garments, hurling them across the room in their shared passion. She straddled him, appearing like some wild warrior woman with her long red hair and exaggerated curves. She placed her hands on his shoulders, spreading her thighs and allowing him entrance. It had been so long for Booker, and he didn’t want this to be over too soon, and so he steeled his will, focusing on pleasuring this magnificent creature.

He entered her.

The two of them grunted as his hard cock pressed into her depths. Her passage was tight, but well-lubricated by her horny body, and so she gripped him perfectly.

“OHhhhh . . . you’re quite . . . big,” she muttered, again biting her lip.

“Always been pretty - ahhh - proud of that myself,” he replied, grinning.

She leaned forward and kissed him, still bucking her hips, beginning to ride him. Soon they were lost in pleasure, the two of them finding a good rhythm that allowed his member to thrust deeply into her most private regions. She whimpered, voice high and sonorous, and her breasts bounced with each thrust. He groped at them, clenching them, allowing his thumbs to rub over her nipples. She was practically salivating in pleasure, and he could tell he was doing all the right things. In fact, it felt almost like he was finding his groove again.

He thrust into her, and could feel himself drawing close. She was the image of perfection, and it was unbelievable he was even having sex with such a specimen of a woman.

“I’m about to - ahh - come!” he exclaimed between thrusts.

She locked him with her thighs, still bouncing, milking his cock for all it was worth. His balls were tensing, aching for release, and somehow the moans of arousal and pleasure all around him from the other partygoers only made the moment hotter.

“Just h-hold on!” she breathed, groping her own breasts, bouncing even more aggressively. “I’m s-so c-close! I’m s-so - OOHHHHHHHHhhhh!”

She arched, her massive rack jutting out with the motion. Her body quaked with orgasm, and Booker could hold himself back no longer. He gripped her hips, fingers fondling that perfect ass, and thrust one last time. His balls practically quivered, and his dick throbbed, as he finally shot his seed into her. He grunted, low voice accompanying her high tone, as spurt after spurt of ejaculate coursed into her, to her very depths. He had never come so hard in his life, and his penis was still throbbing, still firing. It was only after what felt like a full thirty seconds that his pleasure ended, and she collapsed on top of him, her gigantic chest pillows resting on his face. He made no complaint at all. They lay there together.

“That, that was something else,” he finally said.

“I’ll say,” Harriet giggled.

“So, you were supposed to run a business?”

“Yeah. I was doing a degree on it, but I was also acquiring a loan at the same time. It was a pet services clinic - there’s a desperate need for one in the west of the city; the east clinic is always overflowing, but no one’s taken the opportunity. I had it all lined up, got my certs and everything.”

“What happened?”

Booker sighed. “You know, life. My Mom got sick, I got hit with unexpected debt, and I had a girlfriend who was . . . well, let’s just say there’s a reason I’d like to work with dogs; they’re often loyal.”

She gave a bitter chuckle. It was over an hour later, and the two of them had stopped fucking and started simply talking. Well, they were still *feeling*, a little bit; Booker found it difficult not to occasionally stroke a finger over the marvellous curves of her large breasts or the roundness of her hips as she lay against his side. They were still on the large couch, but were now the only two in the room; after the initial sensual overload of the other men-turned-women, they had either taken their turns pleasuring Gavren upstairs, or gone out onto the town, having brought their women’s wear in separate bags. Most were adorned in wonderfully tight dresses. Booker had asked Harriet if she was going with them, but she simply replied: “I feel comfier here.”

“Well, I’m sorry about that. Hopefully things turn around.”

Booker smiled, turning to kiss her on those sweet lips. “You know, I think they already are. Though, you never did tell me why you are this way. We’ve talked about jobs, dreams, life, and all that jazz, but the central question is still lingering.”

She pressed closer against him, obviously pleased with the mystery.

“Well, I like to play the femme fatale from time to time.”

“I can’t think of many noir films that had this plot twist.”

“Point.”

“So please, before you drag me into another round of that wonderful sex you’ve been dragging me into, can you tell me what this is about?”

“She’s a werewoman,” came another voice. We both shot upwards, sitting naked on the couch. Gavren was before us, wearing a towel around his waist and little else. His body was riddled with scratches from long feminine nails; evidence of rough and enjoyable sex with numerous changed women.

“A were . . . woman?”

The dominating man smiled. “Werewoman. Most days she is forced to live as a man, but beneath the light of a full moon she is able to transform into her true self, they all are. The effect lasts for three days, until the full moon’s phase is ended.”

Harriet gave a wan look. “Just three days of bliss a month. It’s not enough.”

“Which is where I come in,” Gavren said. He weaved a silver sigil through the air, and a miniature illusion of the moon appeared in the air. He waved it away nonchalantly.

“You’re some kind of wizard,” Booker said, putting the pieces together. “That’s why you don’t change. And why these women are all into you; you can make them change when they want.”

“When I want,” he said. “They agree to be my harem for a time, and many return time and again for the joy of becoming themselves.”

“And this is how you’ve managed to have such a mansion too.”

Another vulpine grin. “You’ve figured that out too, then. Clever boy. Yes, there are a number of powerful politicians, including a former Senator, as well as several multi millionaires and even billionaires willing to part with some money for my services. And my care. After all, there is also a magically charged horniness they feel when they first change. Can’t say I’m too bothered by that. Though I prefer wizard to sorcerer. It’s more a natural talent than book reading.” He flashed a vulpine smile. “But I must say, you two look like you’ve had your own fun down here.”

Booker blushed, shifting a little to cover his nakedness. He noticed that Harriet had no such shame, smiling sweetly as she brushed a hand against his stomach.

“We did,” she said. “You finally brought someone interesting to the party, Gavren.”

“Apparently so! And here I thought you were for certain going to give in and come knocking at my door.”

She squeezed tighter against Booker. “Nope, not this time. In fact, I rather think I like Booker here. He gets me, y’know?”

Booker raised his eyebrows, but he understood what she meant. Despite the absurdity of everything around him, he felt as if he’d forged a genuine connection to Harriet in the aftermath of their repeating fucking. She had a wry wit and dry humour that gelled well with him, and she too had an entrepreneurial spirit that was dashed by circumstance; though hers was more supernatural in nature.

“Are you two going to be a thing, then?” Gavren asked, his face indicating he imagined it to be otherwise.

The two of them looked at each other, exchanging a look briefly. Booker knew in that second that he had to seize the moment. Take the initiative.

“We are,” he said, placing his fingers around her. “If Harriet will take me, then a second date would be lovely.”

She appeared briefly struck silent, and then she curled up against him more comfortably, grinning sweetly, not a trace of irony present. Gavren was even more shocked.

“Well, I invite you into my house, pizza man, and you steal away the hottest member of my harem. That must be some pistol you’re packing between your thighs, or otherwise you’re just that damn good a guy.”

“Who’s to say it’s not both?” Booker and Harriet said at once. There was another moment where they exchanged glances, and this time it was followed by a knowing smile. Gavren could only sigh.

“Ah, I knew this day would come, but I’d hoped it would be for a while yet. It’ll take a while to find another dame as sexy as you, Harriet.”

“Maybe forever.”

“Maybe,” he said, shrugging. “Ah well. If you’re attached to Booker here, then maybe it was fate. Tell you what, pizza man, if you’re gonna start dating this beauty, then you better treat her damn right.”

“I intend to,” Booker said, reaching for his clothes. Harriet was likewise picking up her own clothing, and the delivery man spent just a few moments giving a sideways glance at her perfect ass, and her large, wobbling chest. She fitted them into an appropriately red bra, and she filled its large cups to overflowing point, her boobs lifted to form a delicious line of deep cleavage. The two of them got dressed, Booker feeling a little awkward beneath the other man’s steady gaze, but buoyed by Harriet’s own confidence. She seemed so sure of herself in her ‘true self’, and she grinned several times as she adjusted her men’s clothing back on over the lingerie. It was quite loose in places, particularly around the waist and

shoulders, but was also impressively tight around the chest and hips, and even her prominent ass. Somehow, being in men's clothing with a body like hers beneath it only made it sexier.

"Well, let's be a-going," she said.

"Where?" both men replied.

She chuckled. "Back to Booker's place, of course. Or mine. Or perhaps out on the town. You didn't think this constituted a full first date, did you?"

Booker blushed, and he finished buttoning his own shirt.

"Well, you've said a high standard. I'll just have to see if I can meet it."

Harriet was a perfect vision in her top and trousers, both of which hugged and emphasised her incredible curves, and left suggestions where the material was loose. Her long red hair bounced and swayed with every step, enticing to see. They made it to the front door before Gavren spoke in a booming voice.

"Stop. I can't let you leave."

Booker turned. If it was a fight this man wanted, he'd try his best, but he couldn't imagine winning against that titan of a sorcerer, even if magic wasn't involved. But when he turned, Gavren wasn't wielding a wand or a fist, but rather a chequebook.

"Here you go, lucky man," he said, ripping off a check and passing it to him. "Your delivery tip."

Booker nearly fainted when he saw the amount attached. Harriet leaned over and whistled.

"That's - that's five thousand dollars," Booker breathed.

Gavren just shrugged. "Takes some grit to sneak this lovely lady out from under my nose. I'd like to turn you into a rat for it, but I can see you two have the chance to be pretty close, so why spoil the fun? I've got enough women for myself. Sometimes you have to let one go." He stepped forward, and shook Booker's hand. The clench was tight. "But you treat her right, y'hear? And if you do, then I might be down to keep tip similarly in the future, when I next want pizza delivered. How about that?"

Booker was flabbergasted. It took Harriet to respond.

"We would appreciate that very much, Gav."

"I thought so. You lovebirds have a good night. Be warned Booker, she's *insatiable*, that one."

He closed the door, farewelling them, and they stepped out into the 2am night. Harriet pressed herself against Booker, hanging off his arm as they moved towards his car.

"He's not wrong, you know, I *am* insatiable."

Booker looked her up and down, from her large rack which threatened to break the seams of her men's shirt, to her perfect long legs that he knew were hidden beneath the trouser fabric.

"I don't think that's going to be a problem," he replied. "In fact, rather a bonus, I'd say."

She gave him a curious look. "You know, I'm not a woman all the time. Only three days a month and maybe ten or so more when Gav's around. How do you feel about that?"

Booker thought back to the cute man with the red hair who'd first sat down next to him and started talking.

"The wonderful thing about a good pizza," he said, "is that there are so many toppings. That's why I always buy mine half and half."

"What do you mean by - oh. Oh! Oh, that's a terrible joke."

"That's okay," he said, pulling her close against him and kissing her deeply. "I don't think I'll be a delivery guy much longer. I think my luck's finally changed."

She kissed him back.

Epilogue

It was two weeks later, and Booker was just waking up after a very wild night of passionate sex. He looked over and smirked at the still-sleeping form of his lover. Last night, it had been Harriet; the busty, bodacious redhead with a rampant libido. They had fucked over four times, his body always rising to the occasion, particularly when she pressed her big, soft tits right in his face.

But, as usual, this morning he was Harry again, the cute redhead (though not as red as Harriet) with a strong yet supple body, with a lithe and handsome face. His body was pressed lightly against Booker, his breathing subtle, his expression peaceful. Booker could only smile at this gorgeous man - and often gorgeous woman - who had transformed his life so completely. In just two weeks, his life had changed so completely.

His former life as a down-on-his-luck delivery boy, in debt and living in a decrepit apartment, sometimes seemed like a dream from another life. Ever since that fateful night when he'd impressed the strange sorcerer known as Gavren, and been invited into his strange party, life had only gotten better. Booker often chuckled at his memories of that night; his confusion at the large party attended only by men, his shock at their descent into orgy, his awe at the way the sorcerer conjured an illusory moon within the living room, and his utter disbelief when each of the men in the room began orgasmically transforming into beautiful women of all colours and sizes and ages and shapes.

And yet, for all the supernatural surprises of that night, it was the chance meeting with Harry-Harriet that had been the most special. Instantly, the two of them had hit it off, sharing a wry sense of humour and a passion for pets, as well as a love of games and old film. And, of course, neither found the other bad looking. Quite the opposite in fact. And while Booker had always been happy to bat for either team, he couldn't deny that Harriet's voluptuous female form, with her full, heavy breasts and shapely derriere, basically had him drooling. And with her pent-up desires from the transformation still boiling, they had quickly taken to each other rather physically as well. Several times, in fact. Their physical compatibility had only been tested and proved further since, with both Harriet and Harry.

Gavren was so impressed he actually gave Booker a leg up. The young man looked around the room, trying not to shift and wake his lover. The hotel suite was positively luxurious, and were the curtains open, he would have a sweeping view of the city. It was extravagant, he knew, but he could afford it now; with the money Gavren had given him, he'd been able to make short term investments and grow it already. Enough to treat themselves to a few nights of passion while their new shared apartment was being prepared.

"Morning, handsome."

Booker turned, and smiled at Harry. The red-haired man was still a little asleep, but his eyes were warm. Comforting.

"So, we got pretty crazy last night," he said. Harry gestured to the knocked over lamp and upturned couch pillows, along with the various articles of clothing attached to the ceiling fan.

"You're not wrong," Booker replied. He reached out and stroked his lover's back. "But to be fair, it was the final day of the full moon. I wanted to give Harriet a show."

Harry shivered, pulling closer to his man. "Oh, you gave me a show alright. I haven't cum that hard in years, maybe ever. You were like a beast possessed!"

"Appropriate, given we're starting a pet services company soon."

He rolled his eyes. "Okay, that was bad."

"You know what wasn't bad, last night?"

"Mhmm . . . me?"

"Absolutely."

"I thought you were going to suffocate putting your head that deep into my tits."

"I came up for air eventually."

The two chuckled, softly caressing one another. Booker himself was getting hard, and he could feel Harry's own erection against his thigh.

"Speaking of air, maybe we can open up the window, let the fresh air in. Oh, and order some room service."

“Good idea. Because I want you in this bed a while longer,” Booker said. He got up, and walked nakedly over to the window, cranking it open but leaving the blinds shut. Harry posed a little dramatically on the bed, batting ‘come at me’ eyes in a somewhat feminine fashion, though still a deeply sexy one. Booker licked his lips, his dick beginning to pulse with need, but he halted when he noticed something by the door; a silver envelope that had been slipped under it silently. When, he had no way of knowing.

“What’s taking so long, handsome?” Harry asked.

“Someone slipped us a note,” Booker said.

“We can have sex and *then* investigate it, you know.”

“Yeah, but . . . “

Booker stepped over to the door and retrieved the envelope, even as Harry folded his arms and sighed a little overdramatically. The envelope indeed was coloured silver, but its writing was embossed in a crimson red and styled in cursive.

To Booker and Harry/Harriet. From Gavren.

“Holy shit, it’s from Gavren.”

Harry sat up, suddenly interested. “Open it. I hope he’d not playing tricks again or trying to win me back.”

“He seemed to be okay with us. He gave me two sets of five grand, didn’t he?”

“Yeah, but he can also be a bit of an asshole. This is the dude who comes from a long family line of sorcerers, and proceeded to use his magic to convince a heap of werewomen to be his submissive harem because he could transform them into their true forms whenever they wanted.”

“Yeah, but, you know, he was pretty cool to me.”

“And he was pretty good at sex.”

Booker shot her a look that said ‘*seriously?*’ but Harry just grinned. She knew how to stir him up sometimes.

“Well, hurry up and open it then!”

He did so, and into his hand came a set of strange silver slips of paper. They looked like vouchers. They *were* vouchers. And with them, a short letter.

“Hello Booker and my dear Harriet,” he read aloud as Harriet drew near, “I trust this letter and its contents finds you well. I confess, my dear delicious redhead, that I rather miss you in my harem.”

“I’ll bet he does,” Harry said, drawing near.

“However, I respect a man like Booker, a man with his own dreams of success who impressed you with his humour, tenacity, and ambition.”

Harry curled his fingers around Booker’s side, placing his head on the other man’s shoulder. “Not wrong there, Gavren.”

“As such,” Booker continued, “I have enclosed within this envelope a new creation of my own design: a set of 20 Lunar Vouchers. Simply rip one along the dotted line, and it will serve as a miniature moon, compelling a transformation into womanhood that shall last a full twenty four hours. I hope this makes up for the fact that you can no longer benefit from my spell.

“P.S. You are always welcome back whenever you wish. It’s fun enough simply to have the sight of you both there, especially when things get . . . fun.”

Harry picked a voucher up, examining it, his eyes wide. There were shining images of little half-moons leading up to full moons along its length.

“Wow, he really went all out on this. Hot damn, I wonder if they work.”

Booker’s heart jumped a little, an excitement returning to his slightly softened dick.

“Well, only one way to find out, right?”

They shared a brief look, and Harry nodded.

“Do it.”

Booker held the voucher out from his body, and ripped it along the dotted line. He quickly returned the hand over his eyes, just in case something disastrous happened. Instead, nothing did. They both waited a few seconds, and nothing continued to happen.

“It is a dud?” Harry asked, “or maybe it only works at ni-”

He was interrupted by a loud *WHOOM* as the voucher fluttered up from Booker’s grip and shrunk into a small bead, before exploding brilliantly into dust. The dust expanded to the size of a basketball, forming a circle. Both of them were hit by the rays of an unfolding moon, its shape spherical, pockmarked by little cratered. An ethereal light bathed the room, and it was warm and inviting, becoming ever more powerful as the dust solidified.

“That crazy bastard still has tricks up his sleeves,” Harry marvelled, before doubling over, his stomach audibly lurching.

“Are you alright?” Booker said, moving to his side.

“Y-yes, m-more than alright! Ngh! I’m ch-changing! Oh God, it’s working and feels good!!!”

Harry twisted his form shifting and pulling. The process was slow, and as with every time it occurred, Booker found himself immensely turned on by the sight. The naked man’s height shrunk slightly, and his red hair became ever more vibrant, snaking from his head to reach down past his shoulders. It was a wild mane, and made all the more attractive for the cute freckles that rose over his nose and cheeks.

“Mmhm - oh, it’s powerful! Hold me Booker! I want to f-feel you!”

He pulled his lover against him, and marvelled at how Harry’s muscular form shrank, becoming soft and feminine. His hands became dainty, red nail polish appearing upon them. The same change occurred in his toes as well. But the true changes were on his body. A

gasp, and Harry's waist pinched inwards, the first major development to what would soon be *her* hourglass figure.

"Oohhhhh," he moaned, gyrating his hips against Booker, who himself was also almost painfully erect by this point. Those same hips widened, expanding outwards slowly. Booker placed his hands upon them and savoured the feeling of their increasingly womanly proportions.

Harry's face 'finished', becoming Harriet's, complete with full ruby red lips and an adorable button nose. But he wasn't female yet. The werewoman moaned in ever-heightening pleasure as his nipples expanded, first widening and forming a perfect pink areola, then distending outwards, tensing with need. Harry pressed himself against Booker's nakedness, his now-shapely legs bereft of body hair, as tissue and fat developed behind those nipples. Booker groaned as well, feeling his lover's body slide against his penis, bringing him to near orgasm as well. He held it off, wanting to complete the act properly with his soon-to-be female partner.

"My b-breasts! I love it when they come in, oohhhh!!"

They rose like dough, expanding outwards, becoming full and heavy F-cups that were half the size of his own head. They jiggled, wobbled, flattened slightly against Booker's chest, and it was clear that just the act of those sensitive tits against manly skin made Harry draw ever closer to orgasm.

"S-so c-close!" she stammered.

And then the final barrier to womanhood was reached. As her ass expanded, her arms finished developing, and her breasts completed the last of their immense expansion, Booker felt the telltale withdrawal of his partner's penis. He held Harry as he transitioned to become Harriet, and reached out his fingers to tease at his transforming lover's penis. Harry/Harriet moaned in pleasure as the shrinking shaft was stroked, his cock becoming hard even as it shrank. A womb was no doubt forming within her, and it was accompanied by the pleasure of a vaginal passage beginning to tunnel through her. Her penis reduced in size, but she shuddered, her body clearly in the throes of orgasm. Another stroke from Booker, and it tensed.

"Oh - my - Go-oooooooood!"

As a result of Booker's tender touch, she came, her balls withdrawing as they spent their seed against Booker's hips. He felt her ejaculating, wads of cum exploding onto his side. She gasped, the transformation completed, and Booker revelled in the sheer sensual arousal of the moment.

"You liked that, didn't you?"

The woman could barely respond, she was breathing so heavily. Her breasts rose and fell like empires, enormous globes that were made for groping and sucking upon.

“Uh-huh,” she finally responded, “I-looks like G-Gabren improved his magic. That was - that was something else.”

She slipped on jelly legs back onto the couch, collapsing into a deeply sexy position, her legs parted, her breasts spilling slightly over her sides due to the lack of bra. She rubbed at her soft body idly, still immersed in post-coital bliss.

But Booker was still hard, and he wanted his lover more than he had ever wanted her. Her gazed over her perfect, utterly curvaceous form, his eyes lingering upon her incredibly tits, full and firm yet - as he knew from experience - wonderfully soft as well. He stepped towards her, and clambered onto the bed. She looked up at him, her eyes half-lidded in the aftermath of ecstasy.

“Poor honey,” she murmured, reaching out to stroke his penis, “I got my present, but you have yet to get yours.”

She pulled him closer, and managed to curl around him, her face directly near his cock. She rubbed his shaft with her soft, feminine hands, and gave him a fluttering look of sensual desire.

“Why don’t you let me fix that for you?”

“Yes please,” Booker said, smiling.

She opened her full lips, and pressed them like a seal over the head of his erect penis. It felt magnificent, and her ministrations were perfect. She began to give him the best damned blowjob he’d ever received, stroking his shaft ever faster as she sucked and licked at his manhood. It throbbed, his balls aching for release as she increased the pace, her lack of gag reflex evident from how deeply she swallowed him. He reached out and grabbed her tits, eliciting a murmured squeal from her. Her nipples were rock hard, contrasting her supple flesh, and he began to knead at them, enhancing his own pleasure as well as hers. Soon they were both on the cliff edge of orgasm, but suddenly Harriet withdrew, taking his mouth off his throbbing cock and lying on her back. She pulled him down, widening her legs to accept him.

“You can finish *in* me,” she purred, reaching for his dick and guiding him in.

“I love it when you talk dirty.”

A gorgeous smile. “That’s the same as saying - ahhhh - that you love me all the time.”

“It’s true. I love you.”

“And I love you.”

They both knew it. They both felt it. But it was the first time either of them had said it.

“Now make *love* to me,” she cooed, “cum inside me, baby.”

He didn’t need any more permission than that. Booker thrust, sliding his impressive member deep inside her, causing her to gasp and moan. Incredibly, her body

shook with even greater pleasure than during her transformation, and within moments they were again on that wonderful cusp.

“I love you!” he shouted, and he could hold himself back no more. He roared in orgasm, cumming deep into her, his semen shooting into her passage and right up into her womb. She erupted into orgasm also, multiple rumbles of bliss causing her to shake and moan, and grip him with her thighs.

Finally, they collapsed upon the bed together, breathing heavily, him still inside her.

The two lovers had to stop for a water break, but their love making was certainly not over. A side effect of the Lunar Voucher was apparently a shorter refractory period for both of them, and they fucked each other repeatedly well past noon. Booker was astonished; his arousal was impossible, and his balls were generating far more semen than he thought possible. With each pump inside of her, he grew closer to yet another orgasm. He was insatiable, and so was she.

It was only when they grew hungry and realised they still hadn't ordered room service that they both paused to come up for air. They had just showered - together of course - and were lying back on the bed in their white bathrobes, though Harriet's was open, allowing her full breasts and slim belly to be free to the fresh air.

“Mhmm, that was wild,” she murmured. She traced a red-nailed finger over her belly in little circles, and to Booker it seemed as if her mind was slightly distracted suddenly.

“It certainly was. God, I love you like that.”

“Me too. And I love that you love me. It was good to say it.”

“Well, it's true.”

She grinned back, before returning her expression to her stomach, past her full breasts. Booker slid closer to her, placing a hand over her belly as well.

“What's up? Feel a little ill?”

She gave a noncommittal shrug. “Not really. But I was thinking that, the way we just went then and last night, that I might be feeling ill soon. Nauseous even. Especially in the morning.”

Booker considered himself a smart man, but it took a moment for him to connect the dots. “Wait, what? Really?”

The werewoman nodded a little sheepishly. “Mm-hmm. I should have told you, but werewomen can be especially fertile. When we fall pregnant, it's the one time we stay in our true forms, and we remain like that until we have finished breastfeeding. It's why so many of us like to make plenty of kids.”

“And you think you might be . . .”

“I think I am. I think,” she turned to him, giving a deeply sexy wink and a smirk, “that you might have knocked me up, honey.”

Booker blinked once. Twice. Three or four times. He was trying to process what she was saying. He’d never expected this. It was so soon. Of course, it wasn’t confirmed yet, but he trusted his lover’s instincts. Was he ready to be a father?

One look in his partner’s eyes was all that it took to reassure him that he did. This gorgeous werewoman was someone he wanted to spend the rest of his life with, and the idea of having children with her excited him already.

“If you are pregnant, then I can’t wait to go on that journey with you,” he said.

She snuggled against him, her full breasts pressing wonderfully against his side.

“We’ll find out soon enough, but even if I’m not, it’s only a matter of time, especially with those vouchers Gavren left us.”

“Mhm, we should think about moving. I think our business idea would be better suited in a small town somewhere.”

“There’s a place out in the Midwest that should be discreet. It’s called Cirrane.”

“Let’s go there, then. Make a life together.”

“Even if I’m a werewoman?” she teased.

“Especially because you’re a werewoman, darling. And because you could be pregnant.”

She lowered a hand to his crotch, where he was beginning to become hard again. She purred, pressing his palm against her enormous rounded boob.

“Well, why don’t we practice getting me knocked up, just in case I’m not pregnant yet?”

Booker’s dick rose to attention, and soon they were upon each other.

Room service could wait.

The End