

Moonlight Research

A Story Commission for Axell

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Content Warning: Violence, Transformation, Size/Muscle Growth

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Chapter 1



Loup Garou. Rougarou. Skinwalker. Lycanthrope. They have many names and come in many varieties from all over the world. But at the end of the day to most people they were all the same thing.

Werewolves

Shapeshifters that morphed into the visage of a monstrous humanoid wolf with absurd strength, speed, and instincts. They were an Apex predator to surpass all others. At least on the land, anyway. Few could retain any sense of control or awareness when transformed. Most simply turned into raging, wild animals looking for anything living to tear apart with tooth and claw without any ability to control themselves whatsoever.

Johanna was in charge of changing that.

Doctor Johanna Wagner was well known for her work as one of the world's foremost biologists. Or at least she would be if the overwhelming majority of her work wasn't covered with so much classification tape you would need hedge trimmers and a presidential authorization to get through it all. For the last few years in particular she had been focusing her efforts on studying RG5 Adenoviruses. Which, again, was yet another part of her expertise hidden behind classification. most of the world didn't even know there was a fifth risk group classification for diseases. It

typically only included diseases that the world governments didn't want people to know about. Lycanthropy was one such disease.

Many might assume when they first heard her particular field of study that Johanna's work had the goal of curing Lycanthropy. They would be wrong. The military-controlled research facility that she worked for had no desire whatsoever to find a way to reverse Lycanthropy. Why would they want to cure something that could make a person faster, stronger, more durable, and all-around more dangerous when they could weaponize it instead? But Johanna wasn't interested in the idea of turning werewolves into biological weapons. Hers was a more academic interest in the function of a lycanthrope's biology rather than their lethality. Luckily both her and the government's interests overlapped enough that they had provided her with a facility and an expansive budget to conduct her research. But it was hard to run any kind of extensive tests when the subjects were either unconscious from enough tranquilizers to kill a horse or actively trying to tear her throat out. Which is what led to the primary focus of her current work being a way to repress the wild instincts that drove lycanthropes mad and let them retain at least some of their sapience and sanity when transformed.

"Bring out subject seven for me, Marshal." Dr. Wagner called absentmindedly over her shoulder. She was far too distracted reviewing the information displayed on her tablet and considering how effective the latest retrovirus variant might be to bother looking up and checking whether or not her pale-skinned lab assistant was doing as instructed. It was only when she heard the sound of wheels skidding across the polished tile floor did she finally look up. "Ah, there he is. Thank you very much."

Her attention slowly drifted towards the creature laid out on the oversized, steel-reinforced hospital bed before her. His body – as there were obvious and admittedly very impressive signs the creature was male – was covered in a thick coat of pale grey fur. She knew from experience how soft and luxurious it felt to the touch despite its wild and disheveled appearance. Werewolves weren't exactly known for meticulous grooming habits. His body was swollen from head to toe in thick, corded muscle that would have made him an amateur bodybuilder's equal in size had he still been human. But his lupine form did not have quite the same proportions of a human. His shoulders were broader, as was the chest. The pectorals were more pronounced and she knew from experience their spine was flexible enough to allow them to stay comfortable upright or on all fours. His thighs were significantly

thicker than a human of his size would have been as well in addition to being slightly longer to better fit with his digitigrade legs that at a glance appeared almost as if his knee joints were reversed. Even if he had been of human proportions, though, no human bodybuilder could have matched him due to his sheer size. Subject seven was the largest of the nine lycanthropes they had secured on site for testing. Were he to stand upright he would easily reach nine feet tall even considering most lycanthropes naturally hunched down somewhat when on two legs. Which is why the hospital bed had been custom designed to accommodate someone of his larger stature.

"Jeez, I should be used to it by now but I still can't believe how big he is." Marshal muttered under his breath.

The doctor couldn't help but smirk. "Keep it in your pants or he'll rip it off." she quipped.

The comment elicited a furious blush and scowl from the young man who quickly changed the subject back to work. "Readings are all within acceptable margin of error. No major changes to height, weight, or metabolic systems. Handler has time of tranquilization listed as ten o'clock."

"AM or PM?" Johanna asked, arching an eyebrow.

After double checking his tablet he shrugged helplessly. "Greg didn't put it in again."

"He's going to get fired if he can't learn to do paperwork properly. I don't know how he's survived so long as a government employee when he's so bad at cooperating with the bureaucracy." the doctor sighed.

"Because you could find more people with a third nostril or vestigial tail than you could find people willing to work hands on with un-tranquilized, captive werewolves?"

"Point." Johanna conceded. It wasn't exactly a position that had people beating down the door.

"Unless he's got someone else knocking these guys out," Marshal started, pausing to pat subject seven's massive thigh. "I would say It's safe to assume it was this morning, AM. I know for a fact yesterday he had the day off and spent most of it at a bar."

Another smirk blossomed on the doctor's lips and she couldn't help but prodding at her assistant a bit. "That's interesting. Wasn't your day off yesterday as well, Marshall? I seem to remember you coming in with quite the hangover this morning."

Again the young man's face lit up like a tomato with a furious blush. Luckily an alarm from his pocket saved the lab assistant from trying to concoct some kind of deflection or excuse. When he pulled his phone out of his pocket, he saw the time was 2:45pm. Shutting off the alarm he turned to look back at the doctor. "You still okay with me leaving early? Now I feel kind of bad to run off when you've got the big guy here to work with all by yourself."

Despite his sheepish expression she could easily tell that they were all-but-shaking with excitement to get out of there. It wasn't hard to guess what his plans were for the evening.

"Yes, it's fine. I'm just going to be doing some bloodwork trials and it's hard to get viable samples from the containment level all the way up here before the samples aren't viable. Apparently werewolf blood doesn't do well outside of the body. Too bad. I'm pretty sure the director was secretly dreaming of being able to give himself werewolf blood transfusions to undo the aging process or something silly like that." Johanna laughed with thinly-disguised derision in her voice. She wasn't exactly antagonistic towards the expectations the suits in charge of her budget had for her research but she made little effort to hide how absurd she found some of what they had hoped she would be able to make viable. "I'm pretty sure I can draw a few blood samples without you holding my hand, Marshall. Maybe after you've finished and presented your thesis then you can worry about what I can and can't handle." she teased.

The young man slumped in response and shrugged. "Yeah, let me present to all of, what, four people including yourself? A thesis about a topic that's classified top secret doesn't exactly have an engaged audience."

Dr. Wagner chuckled at the poor kid's plight. At least she had made a bit of a name for herself in her field before she had vanished into the obscurity of classified research. Marshall, on the other hand, would be starting out his career already in the shadows of government hush-hush

projects. Rather than poke at the sore spot she decided to shoo him out of the lab before he was late.

"Like I said, I'll be fine. Greg got the big guy down this morning so he's had plenty of time for the tranquilizers to settle. And you know how much of that they pump into these guys. Even Seven here is gonna be out at least until tomorrow. So get going and enjoy your night."

Marshal smiled brightly at her before setting down his tablet and making for the door. Just as he was about to leave the lab space Johanna called after him. "Oh, and Marshal?"

"Yes, doctor?"

"Tell Greg I said hello."

The burning blush once again blooming on Marshal's face as he scurried through the door left her chuckling to herself. It was cute that he thought their little fling was a secret. But now that he was gone she could get back to work. She had spent the last week producing a new compound that should, in theory, alter the lycanthropy virus as it was first entering the body enough to lessen the effects it would have on the cerebral cortex. If all went well, while probably not completely mitigating the mental effects, it should dampen them enough that the subject could retain their sense of self and at least some self-control. She just needed a few blood samples with the virus that she could test the compound on to determine whether or not it would properly bond to the viral agents.

While carrying the small tray of syringes over to the unconscious monster she couldn't help but admire him the same way she did all of the subjects. Once you got past the fear of being torn to shreds by a supposed mythical monster, werewolves were quite regal and beautiful. At least in her opinion they were. They were all apex predators with the symmetrical beauty of nature and the powerful physique of a humanoid. Add in their physical capabilities which bordered on the supernatural and Johanna simply couldn't understand how anyone could see them as anything less than amazing. After setting down the tray of needles she couldn't help but run her fingers along subject seven's jawline; enjoying how soft the fur felt as her fingers combed through it. Sometimes she wondered how warm and snuggly something like this would feel if she could just wrap her arms around it and nestle her face into their chest

fluff. If she could get them to a point where they wouldn't be trying to eat her for doing so, that is.

Carefully the doctor lowered one of the needles towards the beast's neck while her other hand continued stroking their cheek as if to comfort them. "There there..." She cooed as if to soothe the already-unconscious beast. "Just going to take a little sample. You won't feel a thing."

It was only when the needle was half an inch away from the monster's neck did Johanna notice something was off. Something that made her eyes widen in shock and her body tense in sudden concern. The werewolf's eyes were open. Wide open and staring right at her. In her surprise, the doctor's hand became unsteady and without meaning too she jabbed the needle into subject seven's neck. As if whatever momentary spell that had kept the wolf docile and content to simply watch her, the moment the needle pierced subject seven's neck their eyes blazed with animalistic fury as he twisted his head with what little range of motion he had and snapped at her hand!

Johanna stumbled back in surprise and tripped over her own feet; toppling backwards to land painfully, ass first, on the hard floor below! The werewolf struggled and strained against his bindings while their jaws angled down as if trying to get his teeth around one of the restraints to rip it free. Thankfully they had been thoroughly tested and even subject seven was unlikely to be able to break free from the bed. At least, not anytime soon. But that was the least of Johanna's concerns at the moment. Rather than worrying about the lycanthrope thrashing about to free itself and attack her, the doctor's attention was on her arm. Particularly on her hand where several large, bloody puncture wounds were leaking fresh blood.

Chapter 2



It's a common misconception that anyone bitten by a lycanthrope will automatically become one themselves. The truth is that werewolves only produce the unique chemical at certain, uncontrolled times. In most it's a monthly cycle where for anywhere from one to three days each month a lycan will be able to turn someone by biting them. Its where the idea of the whole full moon thing came from. Someone centuries ago mistook a man being changed into a werewolf because he was bitten during that particular werewolf's active cycle for the man changing because he had been bitten and there was a full moon that night. A complete coincidence had been fueled by rumor and hearsay into a perceived 'fact' about lycans that had persisted for thousands of years and was considered as true today as the sun was bright and that grass was green. The fact that it was complete bullshit didn't matter. Society can be weird like that sometimes.

But that was why Johanna's heartrate was rapidly escalating to dangerous levels. She had specifically brought this test subject up to get some fresh samples from their mouth to experiment with. Because this was the time of the month that his enzymes were active. This was when he could turn others by biting them.

Like he had bitten Johanna.

It had only been seconds since the bite and she could already feel her body temperature rising in a futile attempt to burn up the oncoming infection. A bone-deep ache was building across her entire body as if every last one of her muscle groups were experiencing a post-workout soreness. Unlike in movies or stories there was no waiting for a full moon or some arbitrary point before the change would take effect. Once you were bitten, you changed right there. Desperation and fear forced her to ignore the growing discomfort and rush over to her work station. Her hands shook as she sorted through one test sample after another; nearly causing her to drop one of the sample dishes three different times. There was no delaying the change and there was no way to cure it. That was what she had been ultimately searching for. Her only hope was that one of her partially successful test-batches might be effective enough to let her keep at least some bit of her intact and in control.

Just as she found the right sample, one of the last ones she had tried that evening, her entire arm spasmed violently enough that she knocked a nearby centrifuge off of the table! when she had control of her arm again her eyes widened at the sight and feeling of wicked-looking claws pushing their way out of her fingertips! Not to mention mid-spasm her arm had grown a good two or three inches larger and was now, if only slightly, disproportionate with the rest of her body. Panic urged her to work faster as she carelessly knocked equipment aside until she found a syringe and another dose of the test sample. She fumbled several times trying to insert the dose into the syringe as she wasn't used to one of her hands being larger than the other. a fresh pain caused the transforming doctor to gasp audibly as her feet tore their way out of her shoes by gaining claws of their own and growing three or four shoe sizes larger in the span of a second! Already fearing that it was too late, Johanna jammed the needle roughly into her thigh and forced the plunger down as fast as it would allow.

The injection had barely entered Johanna's blood stream before a muscle spasm in her legs sent her tumbling to the floor. A sickening series of crunches and pops filled the air as the bones in her legs from the knees down shattered and rapidly realigned themselves. Her anklebone rose higher, and the balls of her feet increased in size both in their surface area and from a thicker layer of muscle fiber welling up under her skin. Within moments the doctor's legs had reshaped themselves from plantigrade to digitigrade. Thick, darkly colored fur soon sprouted from her feet and traveled up her leg like a spreading infection. As it did her toenails lengthened and sharpened to wicked, curved points in a facsimile of claws to match the ones now adorning her hands. The fronts

of her shoes were ripped open by the razor-sharp appendages while her pants legs were partially torn from the forcibly altered shape of her legs. Shakily, Johanna reached up to grab one of the metal rails on the side of subject seven's bed and used it to haul herself back up to her feet. She didn't even notice the steel guardrail bending and warping under her tight group like it were made of thick bread dough rather than metal. Nor did she notice when her grip caused her new claws to gouge several tears in one of the thick leather straps holding the werewolf down.

By now the taste of blood had driven the nearby werewolf still restrained to their bed into a frenzy, not that the doctor had the luxury of paying attention to subject seven at the moment. The surge of adrenaline from that tiny taste had let subject seven's body burn away the majority of the sedatives still trying to keep him down. When he saw the doctor stumbling backwards from his restraints in an attempt to stand on her own two, now drastically altered feet, he began thrashing wildly against his restraints! The scent of blood in the air and the sight of what, at least to his animalistic mind, looked like frail prey too weakened to even stand up properly pushed the werewolf into a frenzy! Johanna was too distracted by the fangs forming in place of her teeth and the continued ache coursing through every inch her body to pay him any attention. Which is why she didn't notice the strap she had damaged tear open and let the captive werewolf put that much more strain on the others.

She could feel her mind hazing over. Each second it became more and more difficult to form coherent thoughts. Fear was replaced with a directionless, primal rage. Frantic thoughts of ways to at least slow down her changes melted away into baser urges for hunting and food. She didn't remember what she was doing here. She knew it was something important. It had become much more important more recently but she had no idea why. Everything was suddenly so loud. The hum of the ventilation system's fans was like a jet engine in her ears and the shattering of glass vials her hand inadvertently knocked from a tray made her wince like a half dozen gunshots had gone off right next to her now-pointed ears! The smells were even worse. The harsh chemical scent of disinfectant overpowered almost everything else and made her want to gag. Then a new sound cut through the myriad other ambient noises she had never noticed before. A voice called out in shock and dismay, bringing with it the scent of human fear.

"Oh my god, Doctor Wagner?!"

Several events happened in rapid succession in response to Marshal's exclamation. The familiar voice pierced through the haze around her thoughts like a sunbeam burning away a thick morning fog. Her eyes widened and snapped over to see her lab tech standing in the doorway to the lab with a terrified expression and his hand already reaching for the big red panic button by the door. The moment his fingers touched it a blaring klaxon thundered through the air and made Johanna wince from the painfully loud noise. It felt like it was going to blow her eardrums out! Subject seven reacted just as poorly to the noise. But, instead of wincing and covering his ears like Johanna did, the werewolf gave one last mighty push against his restrains before snapping them like guitar strings. In a blur the massive werewolf leapt from the bed straight towards the partially transformed doctor! But he only made it halfway before an immovable object slammed against his throat and forced a pained yelp from the werewolf.

Johanna hadn't even realized she had moved until she felt the weight in her hand. Her arm had moved on pure instinct and caught the pouncing monster by his throat! After the initial shock the werewolf began flailing and fighting against Johanna's grip but, despite still having a significant amount of both height and mass on her, the doctor's clawed hand was as immovable as if it had been made of solid steel. Even when the beast started clawing at her arm, tearing red streaks through her skin that splattered the ground with blood her arm never so much as twitched. Marshal in particular was horrified both from the brutal violence and terrified when he saw the gouges on the doctor's arms healing as fast as subject seven could make them! All of which the doctor didn't even seem to register as she continued staring right at Marshal.

With her mind suddenly pulled back from the brink of madness by the familiar voice it was like something shifted inside of her. The transformation that had been ravaging her body altered suddenly. The expansion of fur along her legs abruptly halted and the growing pelt quickly receded back into her skin. Instead, the hair on her head thickened and swelled down her back and shoulders until it mixed with new hair growing around her collarbone to form an enormous black mane that stretched all the way to the floor. While her body no longer changed its overall human shape beyond what had already happened to her legs that didn't mean it stayed the same. While most werewolves got bigger than their human forms when they changed Johanna didn't just get a little bigger. If what normal lycans went through was a growth spurt then she went through a growth explosion!

Her body surged upwards as she grew taller with terrifying speed; tearing her remaining clothing to shreds almost instantly. Within seconds subject seven's paws no longer touched the floor! With each second that passed she gained a full foot of new height until her head smacked against one of the lamps hanging high overhead and the growth abruptly came to a stop with her a bit more than twice her previous height. But her body wasn't done. While her proportions had stayed the same during her increase in height they no longer did so now that it was over. All the while as her growth had lifted him higher and higher off the ground the still-captive werewolf's feral expression became more desperate than angry and the slightest twinge of human fear just barely peeked through the feral snarling.

While she had always been in shape the doctor had never been particularly athletic and had little visible muscle definition to show. Now, though, she was rapidly filling out with layer after layer of muscle sinew until she would have made the hulk look small in comparison! Her thighs exploded in size until each one was packed with enough muscle to surpass her waistline's circumference! Her arms ballooned with layer after layer of muscle until her biceps easily shamed her own head in size! Her stomach tightened, what little bit of bodyfat had been there melting away and replaced with a washboard set of abdominal muscles that any professional bodybuilder would have sacrificed their firstborn to possess. Her pectorals surged outwards to such a borderline disproportionately enormous size that her pectoral shelf jutted out farther than her chin did! Although they weren't visible for long. As if seeing the enormous slabs of muscle as some sort of challenge the doctor's modest bust size, made to look positively tiny with her newfound muscular proportions, bulged outwards like two massive balloons filling with soft, malleable flesh. Within seconds each of her breasts had swollen to the size of a small beanbag chair! even if she had still been her normal size with breasts that big there wouldn't have been any bra on the planet that wasn't custom made that could have contained those two monsters.

Finally the burning ache that Johanna had been drowning in since the bite faded away and the transformation ended. She was left standing there, panting breaths hot enough to leave tiny wisps of steam in the air from each exhalation. Even now that the transformation was done her eyes stayed locked on who was now the only human left in the room. The silence was finally broken when the titanic pseudo-werewolf that had been Doctor Johanna Wagner rumbled out a single word in a deep, growling thunder of a voice.

"Marshal..."

Chapter 3



The poor kid looked like he was about to wet his pants. His body was visibly shaking. Johanna could tell, not that she was entirely sure how, that every muscle in his body was tensed and ready to send him running at a moment's notice. It was only fear of setting off a predatory reaction with sudden movement that kept the little human from trying to run away.

Wait. Little?

Marshal had always been taller than her and it was only now that Johanna realized she was looking down at him. Not just down but WAY Down. Even though she was halfway across the room from him she could easily tell that she was at least twice the man's size! More of the fog around her thoughts cleared as pieces began to fit themselves in place. Instincts receded in her mind and let her take conscious control of her body once more. Marshal noticed the difference almost immediately. At least, that's what his subtle change in demeanor told her. He was still terrified, she could somehow smell it as easily as she could see it, but he didn't look ready to leap through a nearby window. She still didn't realize the intensity her gaze had held until she had fully taken back control, nor that her lips had been pulled back to expose fangs the size of kitchen knives. But a look of humanity, for lack of better term, had come back over her that seemed to at least give Marshal hope that he wasn't about to be violently ripped to pieces.

"Marshal?" Johanna asked again. This time her voice, while still much deeper and more powerful than it had been before, didn't have as much of a primal growl to it. Doctor Wagner noticed that it was a bit more difficult to speak as easily as it had been before. While they still fit comfortably enough to not be a bother it was readily apparent her teeth were slightly too big for her mouth. "I uh... What are you doing back here? Didn't you have a date with Greg?"

Something about the absurdity of his boss-turned-monster towering over him like some kind of mutant and asking him about his evening plans seemed to deflate the emotional tension in the man. His legs gave out and he fell back on his ass with a disbelieving look on his face. The doctor's expression showed she was clearly struggling to properly form her thoughts but the fact that she was able to think and talk at all was too crazy for him to properly process. With no other idea of how to even begin approaching this situation he just answered her question.

"I forgot my keys on my desk. I got all the way through security and to the parking lot before I realized." he explained in a daze. Then the man's eyes turned from Johanna's gaze and glanced to her side. When he spoke again his words came out much more reluctant as if he were afraid he were about to step on some kind of verbal land mine. "Doesn't um... does that not hurt?"

The look of confusion that formed on Johanna's face showed she had no idea what he was talking about. When she followed his line of sight the answer became apparent immediately. She was still holding subject seven! The werewolf, now having fully given up any anger in place of full blown panic, was still biting and clawing at whatever he could reach of Johanna's arm. Considering how massive she was now that wasn't exactly a lot. Her hand had grown so large she was able to encircle his entire neck with her fingers and he couldn't even reach all the way to her elbow from his position. As if that wasn't enough most of his attempts to attack her didn't even have an effect! Claws that both the doctor and Marshal knew could tear through steel were scraping against her skin like a butter knife against leather. The few times they were able to break the skin the wound healed so fast that nothing more than a drop of blood escaped. The damage was so minor and gone so quickly she hadn't even noticed she was still being attacked!

When the werewolf realized he had her attention again he desperately dug his claws into one of her fingers. Using every ounce of his

supernatural strength he tore into the impossibly-hard flesh until blood welled up around his claws. The attack didn't do any real damage. The wounds were actually healing around his claws as fast as he was stabbing them in; sealing flesh actually trying to shove his claws back out. But the unexpected stab of pain was enough to surprise the mutated biologist. She let out a yelp of surprised pain and jerked her arm around as if she were pulling away from a bee sting! Out of reflex her fingers released their grip on the werewolf and he was freed from her grasp! Unfortunately the sheer kinetic force generated by her powerful arm swinging so fast it was a blur sent the werewolf flying across the room with so much force that the concrete wall literally cratered inwards where the werewolf hit it! A sickening CRUNCH could be heard as a significant portion of the werewolf's skeleton shattered from the impact and he slumped to the floor in a broken, unconscious heap. Werewolves were sturdy creatures that could regenerate with absurd speed and survive ridiculous amounts of damage. But even one as powerful as subject seven would need at least an hour or two to heal a broken spine, much less all the other damage he surely had.

Both of them stared in equal shock at the effortless way that Johanna had just nearly killed a werewolf that had taken four strike teams and enough ordinance to wipe out an entire stampede of elephants to take down with a casual swing of her arm. Well, maybe not a casual swing but certainly not the full force she could generate. If that was any indication to go by if she had actually thrown him with intention as hard as she could have the werewolf probably would have been pulped on impact. Johanna raised a hand to look at where the werewolf had stabbed her in disbelief; both at the absurd power she had just displayed and that there wasn't a single mark anywhere on her arm from his flailing. She tried to calculate just how much force that had been but every time she almost could start lining up the numbers in her head the damn emergency klaxon blared and momentarily blanked out her thoughts with the painful volume of it.

"Can you please turn that damn alarm off I think I'm about to go deaf." She growled out to Marshal. Though she didn't notice it he clearly saw the way her teeth bared themselves and clenched together each time the sound went off. Whether it was from reflexive obedience to his superior or the fear of disobeying a monster that could probably crush his whole body with a single hand Marshal immediately complied and hit the button to turn the alarm off. In response Johanna let out a happy rumble-growl and let her eyes slide half closed in relief. "Oh god, thank

you.... I don't remember that damned thing being so loud at the last drill. I couldn't even think straight."

Before Marshal could ask anything further, he was thrown to the floor by the door behind him bursting open and knocking him aside! A half dozen men and women wielding huge assault rifles and kitted out head to toe in armored riot gear flooded into the room and all trained their weapons on Johanna. The transformed doctor immediately recognized the intruders as a threat and bared her teeth; even going as far as to start growling threateningly at them! Her stance widened and her arms spread to her sides as if readying herself to charge.

"WAIT!" Marshal yelled as he scrambled to get back to his feet. "Don't shoot yet!"

Fingers were already on triggers but none of the security forces fired. The one in charge looked towards Marshal without turning his head away from the monstrous doctor. After a moment of eye contact the man glanced around until he spotted the broken body of the lycan test subject on the opposite side of the room. As if in response to his attention the battered beast gave a weak, gurgling whine as their body continued piercing itself back together painfully slow. When the man turned his attention back to Marshal he gave a tiny nod of acknowledgement, though neither he nor his fellow guards made any move to lower their weapons or move their fingers off the triggers.

None of that seemed to soothe the still-growling behemoth that Johanna had become. While her experiment had allowed her to retain her sense of self it clearly had not been entirely successful. She could still think and even reason to an extent, but she also could feel the primal animal instinct that otherwise would have overridden her entirely still churning beneath the surface of her mind. If anything, it was worse for her; not only did her primal self recognize the threatening stance of the guards but her rational mind further fed those instincts by happily informing the bestial part of her how dangerous the guns they carried were. But she, too, made no move to attack. Or it would be more accurate to say she held herself back from doing so. From the way every muscle in her body was wound up like a spring she was ready to leap on them at the slightest hint of additional threat.

"Just... Put your guns down, everyone. She's still her I think. She talked to me!" Marshal said before turning his attention back towards Johanna.

"Didn't you, doctor? You're still fine, right? Still you? Everything's under control and there's no problem, right?"

The words helped the doctor solidify her self-control and her body relaxed, at least somewhat. It wasn't so much Marshal specifically that was helping to keep her under control but rather the conversation stimulated the part of her that wasn't a feral animal and drew it closer to the surface. Though she relaxed and lowered her arms from their threatening posture none of the guards made any move to similarly disarm. This clearly irritated the doctor but she forced herself to stop growling. Mostly.

"Yea... I'm still me. Well. Kinda?" she responded after a moment. While she wasn't snarling anymore, she couldn't entirely keep an angry animal growl from echoing in her words. "I can still think. Mostly. I remember everything I just... it's a bit foggy. I have to focus to keep everything in place. Talking helps." Then a wry smile spread across her lips as she looked down and a thought occurred to her. "But I think I need a new shirt. Mine doesn't seem to fit anymore."

The last statement elicited a choked laugh from Marshal and even a couple of the guards snorted audibly. Johanna knew that she should have felt at least somewhat embarrassed being so exposed like this even if she didn't have such absurd proportions. but the other part of her didn't mind being bare to the air at all and the feeling bled over.

"Stand down." an authoritative voice called out from the doorway.

The guards instantly lowered their guns, clearly recognizing the voice, but neither Johanna nor Marshal knew who it was until another guard holding a tablet with the facility director's face displayed on it walked into the room. Johanna immediately rolled her eyes when she recognized the man. She had only met him in person once when he had first approached her for this job years ago. Johanna had just walked into her living room to find him sitting in her recliner waiting for her. The most ridiculous thing about the whole situation, besides the grown adult pretending to be some tv show secret agent, had been the aftershave he wore. She wasn't an expert on perfumes and such but even she could tell it was incredibly cheap. Not to mention he had been wearing so much of it she had nearly gagged when she had first opened the front door. The doctor had never been told his actual name and was pretty sure he was playing out some childish secret operative fantasy and thought it was cool to be enigmatic and quirky to only be known as "The

Director". Unfortunately at her new size it was far easier to see her facial expressions and the frown that formed on the balding, pale-skinned man's face was a sure sign he'd seen her reaction.

"Doctor... Wagner. You are still Dr. Johanna Wagner, yes? Not some wolf pretending to be her?" came the man's voice from the tablet.

"Well unless you know of another..." The monstrous doctor paused to look around the room until she spotted the light fixture hanging beside her head. After squinting at it for a moment it became clear she had been measuring herself when she continued. "...I'd say maybe... fifteen-foot giant mutant girl that got her degree from Stanford?"

"Well don't you worry. Clearly you're having a... difficult evening. Why don't you just make yourself comfortable and hang out for a bit while I call in some help so we can figure out how to deal with this." The Director soothed.

Johanna recognized immediately he was talking to her like someone might talk to a child on the verge of a tantrum. Part of her wanted to be angry about that but she mercilessly squashed that anger before it could get a foothold. She was still having trouble thinking beyond her immediate situation and it might actually be a good idea to get some other people in here to help sound out what to do. After a moment she finally relaxed, dropping her aggressive stance entirely. Three floor-shaking footsteps later and she was sliding down the far wall into a sitting position.

"Mr. Marshal, if you would please join our security team outside." The Director insisted and he complied immediately.

He gave one last glance over his shoulder towards Johanna, who he noticed was watching him like a hawk until he and the others vanished into the hallway beyond the door. But that didn't mean that the doctor wasn't still keeping track of them. Her sense of hearing was far more acute than even a normal werewolf's would be. With only a slight shift of her head to better angle her ear she could hear every word they were saying as if they were still in the same room with her. Which is how she heard their intentions for her.

"A marvelous breakthrough. Her personality and reasoning is still intact and just look at her! The biggest recorded lycans on file wouldn't even come up to her chest." The Director's voice exclaimed in delight.

"She's strong too, sir. Far stronger than a lycan should be even at that size," the security chief added in a southern drawl. "Did you see what she did to subject seven? We had to pop that thing with the 40mm grenade launcher a couple of times to knock him down. I saw the camera feed after the squirt here hit the panic button. She basically backhanded seven into that crater without even meaning to. It's a miracle the damn thing is still alive."

"Wait, why are you all talking like this is a good thing?!" Marshal asked with growing alarm. But they continued talking as if he wasn't even there.

"We need to contain her for proper examination if we're going to reproduce this. We were going to make a fortune with lycanthrope soldiers. Imagine how much money we could make when we deliver them something even stronger than a lycan! The golden child has gone and turned herself into a golden goose!" The Director excitedly enthused. Then his tone turned serious. "Do whatever you need to and get her secured. If you have to kill her, make sure not to damage the brain."

Chapter 4



Any sense of calm that Johanna had at that point shattered into blinding rage. Worse still she couldn't even blame it on her situation. She had always hated the Director. He was a pompous asshole that didn't know a damn thing about what she or any of the other people working for him did except if it could make him money. Add that to his complete lack of moral compass and he had been responsible for some really awful things. And now the bastard was wanting to add her to that list! The beast inside of her thrashed against her mental control, desperate to let loose against the threat to her safety and authority. It wanted nothing more than to rip them to pieces for daring to treat her as just another science experiment for them to sell to the highest bidder! That was when she realized there was no 'It'.

There was no beast inside of her. There was no invading personality trying to overtake her and turn her into a monster. It was just...her. A strange clarity descended as she suddenly understood the lycanthropy virus didn't supplant a person's mind; it simply enhanced their instincts to a degree they couldn't control themselves. All of this anger, this rage, this desire to tear the Director's head from his neck was all hers. And maybe it was the primal instincts or maybe she was just fed up with working for such short-sighted idiots, but she suddenly couldn't be bothered to convince herself she shouldn't do it.

The security chief was cut off halfway through giving his men orders by a massive, clawed hand smashing through the concrete wall and wrapping around his waist. A sickening crunch echoed like a gunshot through the hallway as Johanna's powerful grip crushed his spine in two in an instant. Before his body had even hit the floor the arm tore the hole in the wall wider until the monstrous pseudo-werewolf had crawled on all fours into the hall to face the remaining security forces. She hadn't even made it halfway through the hole before the others had begun firing on her. Unfortunately for them their weapons weren't up to the task of taking on whatever lycan mutation she had turned herself into. Few of the rifle bullets could even pierce her skin and the ones that did were forced out of her almost as fast as they entered by her body's absurd healing speed. A backhand smashed two of the guards together into pulp against the wall; a far more graphic display of what would have happened to subject seven if he hadn't been so durable and she had actually used any real strength. Another one was shoved over and pinned to the ground beneath one of her hands and a moment of her full weight pressing down on him caved in his chest. The last two that had wound up behind her dropped their weapons and ran; far too scared to continue fighting a losing battle. The hallway shook as she bumped and smashed against it in her bid to turn around in the comparatively narrow space to chase after them. That's where she found Marshal.

The man sat on his ass huddled up in a corner beside the lab's door, staring up at her frozen in fear. He looked over the bloodstains across her eyes and hands then up to her sharp teeth and wild, animalistic eyes. He knew he was dead. Even if he hadn't been trapped in a corner, he couldn't have hoped to escape her. All she had to do was reach out and gouge a claw through his chest or bite off his head. His only hope was that it would be quick. When the massive pseudo-werewolf leaned closer he clenched his eyes shut, waiting for the inevitable.

"Sorry."

The word lingered in the wake of the wall-shaking thuds and crashes of her pushing herself on all fours down the hallway towards the main lift. Marshal was left staring after her, terrified but unharmed. The single word had reassured him that she was still her; that this wasn't her turning into some wild beast. And he didn't know if it was better or worse that he knew she was still in control. That it was her, Johanna Wagner, that was choosing to do this rather than some wild beast who only knew carnage. All he did know was that he was quitting after tonight and asking Greg to move far, far away with him.

Johanna had barely made it around the corner before the lights winked out and were replaced by red emergency lights instead. A new, slightly different klaxon fill the air signaling for the staff too evacuate. Everyone except for the security team. Within thirty seconds of the alarm going off, a fresh squad of soldiers rounded the corner and opened fire on her without hesitation. Reflexively she raised a massive arm to shield her eyes from the hail of bullets. She wasn't even sure if she needed to but if there was any part of her that was still fragile enough for those rifles to hurt it would be her eyes. The audacity they had to continue attacking her when they could clearly see it wasn't having an effect only inflamed the part of her snarling through her thoughts demanding retribution for the attack. And this time she didn't bother fighting it.

Abruptly, the pseudo-werewolf launched herself towards the group. The sheer force of her leap from the floor cratered the concrete under her toes and sent a spray of debris behind her. She moved so fast even she couldn't keep up with her movements initially and she didn't so much leap on top of the group as she did barrel into them. The effect was ultimately the same, though. What had to be several tons of monstrous, transformed scientist slammed into the group like a bulldozer and sent them flying through the narrow corridor. Well, narrow for her. It was normally wide enough to drive a couple of golf carts through, but she was wider than a golf cart at this point.

The two guards to either side of her that hadn't been bowled over by her initial rush desperately aimed their rifles towards her face in a last-ditch effort to save themselves. The one on the left was slammed against the wall by a casual smack from the back of her hand and fell limp to the floor. The other one stared in wide-eyed horror as her fang filled mouth lunged at him only to clamp down on his rifle and bite through the tempered steel like it was Play-Doh. Too shocked to let go of his weapon, the last guard was thrown a dozen feet back behind her when she jerked her head trying to rip the weapon from his grasp. It had taken her less than 2 seconds to take out an entire squad of the base's security team. And these weren't your mall rent-a-cops either. These were trained soldiers. Although none of them had been trained to deal with something like her.

She met no more resistance going through the narrow side corridors until she came out into the main thoroughfare leading towards the lift elevator that led up to the surface. She had expected more guards, possibly ones that had been smart enough to get something a little higher

caliber than assault rifles. The ceilings were higher here and as she began to stand upright in the larger space of the main hallway, a pair of red dots appeared right on her center of mass. It was only thanks to her new supernatural reflexes that she avoided having holes blown straight through her chest.

A pair of twin anti-material rifle turrets that she had never known were there before had dropped down from hidden compartments to either side of the elevator. Each one of the automated guns fired a slug that could have gone straight through an Abrams tank! And it was immediately apparent she was not tougher than a tank. One bullet tour straight through her left shoulder while another shredded half of her bicep in the mad leap back into the side corridor she had come from. They hadn't just pierced through her, either. There was an entire chunk of her missing in both places that the old her could have stuck her arm through. The pain should have left her unconscious. Well, she felt it and while she forced to grit her teeth in agony it wasn't nearly as painful as it should have been. She wasn't sure if it was just the ever-increasing rage building up in her overshadowing the pain or something about her new physiology that made it less acute but either way injuries that should have crippled her or sent her into shock instead only pissed her off more.

Luckily her new body still sported a freakish level of regeneration even amongst lycanthropes. The outrage at being attacked momentarily quieted as she watched, fascinated, as new bone and sinew wove itself together into fresh flesh to fill in the gaps the bullets had created. In only a couple of seconds her arm and shoulder didn't even look like they had been hurt! But they had. And she wanted nothing more than to rip those guns out of the wall and tear them to shreds with her own bare hands.

"Give yourself up, doctor. You know you're not getting out of this facility alive unless we let you. If you willingly put yourself back in containment, we won't have to dismember you and pickle your body parts for study later."

The director's voice made her grit her teeth in rage once again and a quick glance to her side confirmed the presence of an intercom speaker hanging from the wall. She also noticed a security camera and quickly smashed it to pieces with a fist. Not that it stopped him from talking to her as there were dozens of other speakers all throughout the facility. A new voice, one without the electric buzz of a voice being transmitted through a speaker called out to her from around the corner and demanded her surrender. She risked a quick peek and saw that a

dozen more security guards had taken up position in front of the elevator in between the two auto turrets. To her dismay she also saw the heavy blast doors of the elevator shaft closing behind them and sealing her inside. They had her trapped and intended to hunt her down like a dangerous animal.

But the most dangerous thing about the doctor wasn't her absurd strength, durability, or ability to regenerate. It was her mind. She was still able to reason and plan instead of charging blindly into a killing field like any other feral lycanthrope would. That was exactly what they had expected her to do, especially when the sounds of wonton destruction shook the facility and left the guards increasingly nervous. They could hear walls being smashed apart and equipment being demolished, assuming she had gone into a blind rage and was just destroying anything she could get her hands on. Which is why they were so surprised when the wall to the left of them exploded outwards in a shower of concrete debris and a few tons of pseudo-werewolf after she had circled around and came at them from the side. Their mistake was expecting a closed killing field against something that could bash through reinforced concrete like it was soggy drywall.

With preternatural speed she reached up and ripped the entire auto turret out of the ceiling directly above where she had come through the wall. The thing was surprisingly heavy even to her, although nowhere near enough to strain her. It was just the first thing she had picked up that actually felt like it had any weight since her changes. Which made it that much more satisfying to hurl it towards the other auto turret like it were an oversized baseball! The two machines collided with a thunderous crash and several of the ordinance inside detonated, showering her and the security team in shrapnel. And unlike her the soldiers didn't have skin as hard as steel and the ability to regenerate any damage that made it through that. Most of them were shredded instantly by the explosion and the pair that still were upright quickly found themselves picked up and simply tossed behind her, sailing a whole fifty feet down the hallway to land with a pair of dull thumps she didn't even bother to acknowledge. Instead, her attention was already focused on the blast door.

Bracing herself, Johanna smashed her fingers into the seam between the two doors. Even with her monstrous strength the metal resisted the impact and even with her sharpened diamond-hard claws her fingers barely made it through. But the moment she had a grip she began to pull. It was the first time since her transformation she had felt any real resistance to anything she had touched. Even the concrete walls had

given with only a bit of pressure. But the powerful electromagnetic locks and hydraulics of the blast doors meant to stop nuclear explosions fought valiantly against her assault. She let out a thunderous snarl that would have deafened anyone still in her vicinity as the monstrously proportioned muscles crisscrossing her body flared and strained to the point they nearly tore her skin open! But to her delight with each passing second she was actually gaining ground and forcing a gap between the blast doors to widen more and more!

Then she was through.

The blast door slammed shut hard enough that she heard something break as the hydraulics suddenly had nothing pushing back against them. Not that it mattered; she was already on the other side. The elevator was long gone but that wasn't a problem for her. A quick glance upwards showed the darkened shaft stretching hundreds of feet into the air with nothing save for a few emergency lights illuminating the path.

The doctor crouched down only to quickly jump up, sailing several stories into the air before her momentum began to die off. But she had angled her jump so that she landed against the wall of the elevator shaft and dug her clawed fingers and toes into it for purchase. Then she turned and leapt off the wall to the opposite side and repeated the process. To those still waiting up on the surface it was like a chorus of increasingly loud drumbeats thundering through the elevator shaft as she wall-jumped her way up to meet them. And it was then the man in the overly expensive suit watching the computer terminal in front of him finally started to sweat for the first time in decades.

Chapter 5



The guards waiting for her on the surface didn't even put up a fight. Half of them went running the moment they caught sight of her coming up the elevator shaft. The ones that stayed were as effective as the ones in the sub level, their guns not even able to leave a bruise on her. She guessed that on the surface they weren't as willing to have such heavy artillery laying around as she didn't run into anything else as dangerous as the anti-material turrets.

Luckily by now much of the surface level had been evacuated which was good because she found the walls and ceilings were far less durable up here. It only took her a couple of aggravating minutes of trying to squeeze through hallways without collapsing nearby offices before she finally got fed up and just started smashing through things again. She wasn't sure where she was going at first. She knew who she was after, but she had no idea how to find him. It's not like the wannabe Nick Fury had an office in the company directory. For all she knew he might not even have been on site, and it was only now that her animal rage was subsiding slightly that she realized that. But then she smelled it.

That goddamned disgusting cologne.

Even as her nose wrinkled up in disgust, her lips twisted into a wicked, toothy grin. He was the only person she had ever known to wear that god-awful smell, much less in the absurd quantities her enhanced sense

of smell could tell he still wore. Even though it was only a faint whiff that a normal human nose wouldn't have picked up to her it may as well have been a homing beacon screaming, "Here I am!" And she was more than happy to follow it.

It led her out into the parking lot where some of the stragglers were still making for their cars. Seeing her explode through the front of the building was the perfect encouragement they needed to stop lollygagging around. But they weren't her concern. What was her concern was the seemingly innocuous guard shack, now abandoned, where the smell was originating from. A quick swipe of a hand tore open the roof of the chest high building and revealed the small guard post inside. It also revealed the tiny bathroom, a small storage closet, and an extremely deep elevator shaft connected to a door hidden in the back of the closet. Somehow, she wasn't surprised.

Without hesitation, she leaped down the shaft, which she only barely fit in, and didn't fall nearly as far as she was expecting. She was looking forward to some incredibly deep subterranean bomb shelter of an office like what the President of the United States hid in whenever there was any threat to the White House. Instead, she only fell about thirty or forty feet and tore open the door at the bottom to step into an obnoxiously luxurious office. The ceiling was so high even she could stand up straight and not be able to reach up and touch the ceiling. The floor was covered with carpet so soft and finely woven she was pretty sure it was made of something like silk. Considering the size of the room, the carpet alone probably cost more than her first house. Your taxpayer dollars at work.

As the monstrous pseudo-werewolf's eyes scanned the room looking for the source of the scent, she almost didn't see the pudgy little man hiding behind his office chair. Time had definitely not been kind to him in the 10 years since she had met him. He had put on at least fifty pounds and his skin was noticeably paler and wrinkled. It was readily apparent that some kind of photoshop touch up filter was being used whenever he appeared on tablets to make him look less withered than he was. It almost made her feel sorry for him.

...Almost.

"G-get back!" The director shouted when it was apparent his pathetic attempt at hiding had failed. Instead, he stood up and frantically brandished a revolver at the giant pseudo werewolf. "I-I'm warning you!"

Any other time, the man seemed calm, collected, and in control. But seeing the leader of one of the government's most secretive organizations looking so run down and pathetic deflated her anger somewhat. It was hard to be mad at someone who you pitied. It was only made worse by him acting as if the tiny snub nose revolver had any chance of hurting her when high powered assault rifles hadn't left a mark. None of that stopped her from feeling a sense of satisfaction and superiority at how utterly terrified and intimidated he was by her. It tickled that primal part of her brain that was now so much closer to the surface that craved to assert her dominance. And with her cooling temper came new clarity. In hindsight it would be better not to kill him anyway. Not when he would be much more useful if he knew what was at stake personally.

"You're in luck today, director. I'm feeling charitable and have more important things to do than dissect you like you wanted to dissect me. Besides with you being so small it might be hard to... how did you put it? Not damage the brain?"

As she spoke the doctor took an intimidating step forward. She purposely pushed more of her weight than necessary onto her foot and caused the whole room to shake ominously. Her intimidation wound up being too successful and the man stumbled backwards, the revolver in his hand going off. The bullet grazed her cheek and ricocheted into the wall without leaving a mark which only further terrified the man. He immediately dropped the gun like it had suddenly become scorching hot. As if somehow removing it from his grasp would alleviate him of the responsibility for trying to shoot her.

In retaliation and as a final show of force, Johanna casually kicked his desk and sent the solid oak piece of furniture slamming into the wall behind him with enough force that it all but exploded and showered the room in wooden shrapnel. She smirked derisively; that thing probably cost more than her first car.

"Here's what's going to happen." She continued, unphased. "I'm going to walk, or rather climb, out of this little rat hole of yours. And I'm going to leave. And we're never going to meet again. I'm not going to meet any of your subordinates. If I so much as catch a whiff of anyone even loosely tied to your authority in my vicinity, I'm going to come looking for you. And then...together...we can find out just how much of a monster I can be like this. Understood?"

Eyes squeezed shut in terror, the director nodded furiously, unable to form words. She had no way of knowing if he would actually keep his word once he wasn't face to face with her, but her only other option was to snack on him and hope his replacement was a bit more intelligent. By the time he was willing to open his eyes again without fear of debris getting in them all he could see of her was a brief flash of her thick mane vanishing out of sight back up the elevator shaft.

It was only when she got to the surface that Dr. Wagner realized she had no idea what to do from here. She had been running more or less on instinct from the moment she heard the director wanting to lock her up like his lab rat. Now that she was coming down from the rush she was starting to wonder if she had overreacted. She needed time. She needed someplace quiet to hide out and think so she could straighten herself out. She was still struggling to grasp her new mental state and wasn't sure what was a good idea and what was an instinctual response. But she had no idea where to go. At least not somewhere that several tons and a story and a half of naked mutant werewolf woman wouldn't draw national attention and, most likely, a military response.

“Get in!”

The voice, familiar in a strangely comforting way, snapped her out of her thoughts. Only then when she looked down and saw one of the large box trucks from the supply warehouse idling in front of her with Marshall leaning out of the window. She'd been so wrapped up in her own self-reflection she hadn't even heard what now sounded like a thunderous roar of the idling engine approaching. She wanted to ask a half dozen questions ranging from why he wasn't terrified to why he was helping her or where he got the truck – as petty a detail as that seemed in the situation – but ultimately, she decided all those things could wait. She decided to trust her lab assistant. Or, more accurately, former lab assistant now. She was pretty sure they were both out of a job. She had no better idea of where to go or what to do now. And besides, if he double crossed her, she was certain she could rip through the walls of that cargo truck like tissue paper. After a few minutes of squirming and adjusting the giant pseudo-werewolf was squeezed as comfortably as she could manage into the back of the truck and pulled the doors closed behind her. As they drove off the little sliding slat separating the cargo space from the cab opened and she saw Marshall glance over his shoulder at her. His words were accompanied with a ragged laugh, clearly struggling to find sanity in a world turned upside down for him.

“Greg said it was okay for us to reschedule our first date. Apparently, there was an emergency at work.”

It took a moment for the words to sink in for Johanna. When they finally did, she just couldn't stop herself from laughing. “Oh, Greg... if only you knew how right you were...”

Chapter 6



“Five and six are done!” Greg called excitedly over his shoulder. Marshall had just finished slathering the first four steaks in barbecue sauce while his recently official boyfriend finished up the last two.

It was beautiful autumn afternoon. Clear skies with a brightly shining sun and a gentle breeze mixed to keep things that perfect temperature. The happy couple playfully shoved against one another as they walked across the yard towards the massive barn behind the farmhouse they had taken residence in. Marshall liked to think that it was their cheery laughter that had broadcasted their approach but by now he knew better. The smell of freshly cooked meat would have reached her long before their voices did.

The couple entered the barn and were forced to squint their eyes briefly to let them adjust to brighter than normal artificial lighting illuminating the barn. Well, it had been a barn before they had begun painstakingly, and somewhat successfully, modifying it into a makeshift laboratory. Sitting cross-legged in the middle of the room, looking over a large monitor hanging on the wall, was the familiar sight of their massive pseudo-werewolf housemate. Johanna was making a valiant attempt to act like she hadn't noticed them enter as she stared intently at the readouts on the screen but from the way her ears perked and her fingers clenched against her thighs it was impossible to hide her eagerness for

the fruits of Greg's exquisite barbecuing skills. He was a damned good cook.

Luckily the doctor had eventually stabilized a bit once she had time to collect herself. The primal instincts were still there rumbling around in her head but, after a bit of practice, she had been able to better integrate them into herself. She still couldn't stop herself from growling uncontrollably at times when she got irritated or felt threatened, but she was far, far less likely to leap on someone and rip out their throat if they pointed a gun at her. Or in this case leap at her roommates and nearly bite their arms off in her desperate bid to get at Greg's deliciously cooked food. She found through trial and error that she could even change back into her human form now and when she did so the instincts were far easier to suppress. But when she did so she felt like she was trapped in her own skin, so she rarely stayed human unless she had a reason to. Johanna was just more comfortable in her transformed state now and forcing herself into a comparatively tiny and weak human body felt like being forced to wear an itchy sweater that was three sizes too small.

It had been over six months since the insanity had taken place at the research facility. Marshall had driven Johanna and himself to a farmhouse out in the country his parents owned and eventually had convinced her to let Greg in on the situation. But it was only in the last month that they finally had cobbled together enough equipment that she could start running proper tests on her blood to try to analyze what exactly she had done to herself. Hell, she didn't even know if she was infectious or if her strain of the lycanthropy virus would act differently from the normal virus. It's not like she intended to run around biting people, but the doctor wanted to know if somehow, she did accidentally infect someone whether they were going to wind up a normal werewolf or whatever hybrid she had become. Or, gods forbid, something worse.

So far, there had been one instance of soldiers surrounding the house. She wasn't exactly sure if they had actually been the director's men or a different branch of the government, so she hadn't immediately made good on her threat to go after him. But she had decided to make a very strong point to the commander. The soldiers had snuck in under the cover of night and surrounded the farmstead, armed to a man with anti-material rifles. But they hadn't known her senses were even more acute than a normal werewolf's and their standard anti-lycanthrope tactics weren't as effective as a result. It had been quite a shock when the commander was lifted off the ground by a pair of clawed fingers around his neck. Even more so when the monstrous visage of Johanna's

transformed face calmly but firmly informed him that this was their one and only warning. After that they had quickly packed up and she hadn't seen anyone else since.

They were still watching all of them, of that much Johanna was certain. But they could watch all they wanted as long as they didn't bother her. If they didn't provoke her, she had little desire to do much more than research her current condition and try to figure out how it happened. Well, that and occasionally going on a run through the woods. She had been rather embarrassed one afternoon when the guys had come back from town laughing their asses off about a new rumor running rampant through town about a Bigfoot spotting. Apparently, a hunter had caught sight of her when she was out on one of her midnight runs and had found a few of her footprints. Their laughter only increased in intensity when she had asked if her feet were really that big and it took a solid five seconds of them suffocating from laughter before she realized what she had said.

As the doctor helped herself to the offered barbecued steaks the guys had brought, she continued musing over her latest lab results. Johanna believed she was finally getting a grasp on what exactly had happened. She even had a few theories as to how she could undo it. Her biggest concern was the only way she could see to do so was to modify and inject herself with the lycanthropy virus again. If she modified it right, it might be able to undo or at least partially suppress the changes the first infection had caused. Greg and Marshall had been extremely adamant that she shouldn't do that under any circumstance, but she was pretty confident it would work. After all, what's the worst that could happen? It's not like she could become a double werewolf.

....right?

About Author

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