

Super Wolf Blood Moon

By Victor Waite

After Dak's first encounter with her lycanthropy, she can't resist researching the artifact that gave it to her. Her efforts prove mostly fruitless, but she finds a lead that by chance points to a monument on display downtown. Her curse strikes before she can investigate the lead, however, but her beastly self seems more than happy to do so on her behalf

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains A Female Arctic Vixen, Transformation, Muscle and Size Growth, Light Macro, Light Rampaging, Soft Vore, Object Vore, Oral Vore, and Grand Theft Monument

Soft, furious clicks filled the cramped room as Dack typed away, calling and dismissing page after page from the forgotten corners of the internet. The arctic vixen scanned every burst of information with a critical eye, filtering out any and all irrelevant information. She marked and highlighted everything deemed useful, prompting a program of her own design to compile her research. She blinked only when her eyes grew unbearably dry, unwilling to break her streak of concentration until the constant influx overcame her mental endurance. Her chair squeaked when she leaned back in momentary retreat, and she rubbed the strain from her eyes, allowing them to readjust to the world beyond her screen. The vixen reached for a bottle of water and chugged it in a single gulp, then slammed it back down and wiped the moisture from her lips. The drink loosened her thoughts and broke up the congealing mass of her mind, though not enough to preserve her momentum. She begrudgingly acknowledged her need for a break, then stood from her seat in submission and stretched the stiffness from her frame.

Pops and cracks broke the silence of her hidden office, followed by a quiet groan as she levered her arms over her head. A set of twists drove the soreness from her back, and she restored her posture by stretching down and touching her toes. The relatively short vixen held the pose as long as she could, then eased upright and strove for the ceiling. She hardly reached half-way, though her stature was the farthest thing from her mind in that moment. Dack took another moment to rub and pop her neck, then shook herself loose. Her routine drove most of her research-induced strain away, and her gaze fell to the object of her obsessive curiosity as she considered diving right back into her work. Her pupils narrowed as she locked gazes with the perplexing idol, which stared back with a detached, mocking smugness. The vixen bared her fangs to little effect, then rubbed her temples and re-centered herself. She let out a breath she didn't realize she was holding, then decided to review all the information she'd unearthed to that point. Dack fetched a snack from beneath her desk and settled in for a delve into her curated archives.

She commanded her script to produce everything pertaining to the idol, and a mess of pages exploded across her screens. Lines of text jumped from impenetrable walls of words on colorful highlights as her program worked its magic, culling and composing the sources into a comparatively clear report. A frown crossed Dack's muzzle as more and more of the documents boiled away, leaving behind a woefully small amount of useful information. Her dismay deepened as she read, gradually realizing most of the academic residue only referenced records she had yet to explore. Still, her findings weren't completely useless. The scraps revealed the idol's Norse roots, which if nothing else, narrowed her search range considerably. Dack also determined it was somehow connected to a god or other pseudo-divine figure, which was significantly less helpful. Instinct lead her to believe it was used in direct worship, though even that much still remained unclear. The vixen let out another drawn-out sigh, then reclined and dropped her heels on the edge of her desk. She stared deep into her ceiling and lost herself in thought, hoping the distraction would help connect her missing dots, until a ping from her computer broke her concentration.

After a moment of exhausted hesitation, she mustered the motivation to lean forward and look over her AI's finding. The corners of her muzzle turned up in a smirk while she

skimmed the museum's advertisement, which boasted a never-before-seen exhibit. A combination of anticipation and relief welled in her chest as she learned of the recently unearthed Norse monument, drawing her in until her nose pressed to her monitor. At a glance, the intricate carvings decorating the towering stone sword matched the style of those on her idol. Dack strained her eyes in an attempt to decipher the glyphs covering its middle, though the quality of the photo did her few favors. Still, the details she gathered were more than enough to pique her interest, and she sent her AI off to scour the internet's underbelly for the museum's floor plans. The notion of stealing the carving and all its twenty feet of glory crossed her mind, but logistics pushed that notion aside. While possible, such an act would drag out her planning far longer than she would like. The secrets it bore would be plunder enough.

Dack poured herself a cup of coffee and braced for a potentially long haul, then threw herself into a wealth of architectural secrets. Her AI found a floor plan for the museum almost instantly, though it lacked many details critical to her plotting. Regardless, she figured out where her target sat and traced out a basic route. The gaps in her knowledge filled as her computerized partner scanned through more tightly guarded documents, which betrayed the locations of cameras and sensors alike. The vixen noted them on her map as they came to light, and she adjusted her course accordingly. She drew contingency lines of travel through service hallways and across air-conditioning ducts, refining her approach until it couldn't possibly fail. She reached for her drink and sipped each time her mind threatened to slow, and before long, the sunlight filtering through her windows waned and allowed the moon's radiance to take center stage. The vixen's posture shifted as lunar rays sparkled across her pelt, and confusion flickered across her brow when she reached back to scratch the offending spots. She brushed the sensations off and sank back into her scheming, though the itching returned with a vengeance several times over.

Had she kept a closer eye on the calender, she would have known the reason for her endless scratching. Instead, she remained engrossed in her work as her affliction expressed itself. Her clothes tightened across her figure, hugging her subtly swelling muscles. Her back arched as her spine lengthened, tightening her chest and adding definition to her bulking abs. The subtle popping of threads mixed into the ceaseless clacking of her keyboard, and her increasingly ragged breath joined in shortly after. Dack wiggled her hips as her pants inched toward uncomfortably tight, eventually drawing her attention when a seam popped across her ass. A deep yelp of surprise leapt from her broadening chest, and she craned back to investigate the source of her surprise. Her luminous eyes widened at the sight of her figure, and her chair shot across the room when she jumped up. The vixen's foot wraps split and shredded as her toes splayed and sprouted bestial claws, which carved furrows into her floor as she rushed to her window. A simultaneous wash of dread and excitement welled in her chest when she looked to the night sky, where she beheld the biggest and brightest blood moon she'd ever seen. Dack's eyes glassed over in its gorgeous presence, and the beast within basked in its call and broke free from her mental fetters.

Strength surged through Dack's being, swelling her muscles until they shredded her clothing. Tatters of denim and cotton fluttered to the floor as her senses scrambled,

eclipsed by her counterpart's sharper perceptions. Her muzzle cracked and extended, crating space for her enhanced scenting and pointed fangs. Growls rumbled in her chest as it widened and bulked, streamlining her figure from feminine to androgynous. The vixen squeezed her eyes shut and brought her broad paws to her temples and rubbed, struggling to ease the slip into her alter ego. One of her last rational thoughts commanded her to escape her sanctum while she could, and she sprinted to the window to just that end. Her claws carved distinct marks into its frame as she frantically wedged it open, slamming it open when it finally slipped. The impact's force nearly shattered the pane, though thankfully survived the rough encounter. The growing vixen didn't dwell on her carelessness, however, and she leapt to squeeze herself through the narrow gap. A moment of uncoordinated wiggling crammed her shoulders through to the night air beyond, and the rest of her figure followed with relative ease.

The werewixen rose to her full height and brushed off the consequences of her sloppy landing, then turned her gaze to the sky. The moon's glowing hue struck a primal chord, rendering her powerless to resist turning her muzzle up and letting out a fearsome howl. The note resonated in her bones and ushered in a sense of feral peace, chasing off the stresses and strains of civilized life. A strange contentment filled her chest and rolled into her limbs as her song tapered off, rising in intensity as it settled into her being. Her predatory satisfaction twisted into a rising blaze, instilling her with an uncompromising but nebulous need. Dack's piercing eyes rose to the moon once again, and while she traced its flickering features, understanding trickled into the back of her mind. A prophetic call rung between her ears, rooting her in place while it tampered with and directed her desires. Lost in her trance, she failed to notice it tampering with her form too. Though already quite the alpha-wolf, the strange mysticism magnified her potential and stature, adding inches and feet to her figure. That lunar sphere seemed to draw in closer as she towered over her house, and with her added height came a deep sense of power and pride.

Moonlight glittered in her feral pelt while she flexed and basked in her strength, showing off her supernatural might to anyone who may have watched from their windows. She scanned the neighborhood, her domain and territory, from her new vantage and claimed it as her own, and the urge to hunt and explore welled in her chest. With that desire came something else as well, however. A quiet yet persistent calling rolled between distant skyscrapers and sprawled across the sleepy suburbs, tugging and tickling her perceptions. Dack's eyes sharpened her and her ears swiveled while she discerned its source, and though its precise location eluded her, she divined its direction with ease. Instinct demanded she investigate, though the allure of her expansive territory tempted her away from that goal. A curious growl rumbled in her chest as her brow furrowed with thought, and after a moment of consideration, she realized she could simply multitask. Her fangs gleamed in the moonlight in a cunning grin, and the ground under her feet cracked and split as she leapt over her house and landed in the street beyond. A dull rumble shook the earth with her landing, and she owned the resulting tremor with a proud stance.

From her driveway, Dack sunk her claws into the street and charged into the heart of the city. Motes of light streaked to the edges of her vision as she raced passed street lamps

and cars alike, caring little for her collateral damage until it elicited a reaction. An ear-splitting noise broke her stride and focus, sending her skittering gracelessly across the pavement. The offending car squalled its tires and raced off to escape her fury, but the sedan couldn't hope to outrun an enraged werewoman. Her monstrous claws slammed down on the car's hood and stopped it cold, stunning its driver for an instant before they scrambled from their seat. The regretful deer ran for their life while Dack dispensed her punishment on the vehicle, crushing it into the shadow of its former self. Her stomach rumbled with hunger with the exertion, and the corners of her mouth turned up in a curious grin as an idea popped into her head. The cervine looked on with disbelief and horror as Dack rolled the flattened scrap into a crunchy tube, then shoved it into her muzzle. Faint crunching and creaking filled the streets as she feasted, oddly satisfied by the flavor of well-worked metal. She chomped and chewed, inching it bit by bit down her durable gullet, until she clicked her teeth together over its opposite end. An audible gulp followed, and her belly billowed out with its weighty contents.

Dack brought a paw to the lumpy swells of her middle and hefted its bulk, then let out a contented growl. Her belly sloshed and burbled with her ministrations, breaking down the car's heavy metallic mass. The points poking from her stomach subtly softened as her attention returned to her surroundings, and her desire to sample her territory's flavors deepened. The werewoman took in a deep breath and surveyed the still night air, picking out the most appetizing scents. She focused on those along the way to her destination, and she let out a mighty howl before racing off. Her rumbling charge echoed between the buildings and resonated through the earth, warning even the most lethargic of her approach. Those with sense scattered before she arrived, leaving an unattended buffet of metal and plastic in their wake. Her pace slowed as her ravenous instincts guided her to an empty park, where she found a group of newspaper vending boxes alone and vulnerable. She wasted no time crunching into the first and slurping it to the back of her muzzle, where the texture and flavor of the ink mixed with its delicious ferrous base. Her rumble of approval shook the night, only stopping when she attacked the next in line. Her belly swelled and sagged over her thighs, obscuring her abs and softening her otherwise firm figure. She wore her belly like the badge of a successful hunter, however, and she swiftly devoured the rest of the cluster.

For minutes on end, her chewing and swallowing filled the air, and the strained noises of her belly soon filled the gaps of her gluttonous chorus. Her hide stretched around the growing load of paper and metal, pulling tight across its jagged contours and stretching her pelt. Taught muscles flexed when she called upon her enhanced strength, crushing the mass of steel down into a more favorable shape. A sigh of relief crossed her muzzle as the peaks and points rounded, leaving nothing but a pleasant weight behind. Her back arched and her posture suffered by the time she finished her snacks, and with a feral huff, she fell on her hands and knees. Her primal instincts strengthened as she shed the last remnants of her civility, which only added to the satisfaction hanging between her legs. Dack strutted about the empty park and relished the ponderous swing of her middle, adjusting her gait to maximize its arc and her enjoyment. The call of her objective picked that moment to ring in her ears, as if to bring her back on track, and she shook its melodious sound from her skull

and reset her focus. Whatever it was, it was tantalizingly close, and she rushed toward it with renewed purpose. Her sense of curiosity and duty kept her on a steady path and tempered her urge to snack on fire hydrants or street lamps along the way, and her pace quickened as the distance closed. It wasn't long before the mysterious call delivered her to the steps of the museum, and a faint recognition ticked in the back of her mind.

She took a moment to scan the outside of the building for cameras, then realized she didn't care and barged through the entrance.

Shattering glass and shrieking alarms announced her presence, spurring her to fold her ears back as she wandered into the main lobby. Vibrant and colorful signs detailing the various exhibits greeted her as she waddled along, though neither their words nor pictures conveyed meaning. Dack closed her eyes and sifted through her perceptions for the guiding force, which smothered her other senses with its proximity. Her tail slowly swept at her feet as she homed in on the signal, squeezing herself through comparably tiny doorways and cramped hallways. The object of her inherited desire revealed itself before she lost patience and began crashing through walls, and a confusing tide of emotions washed over her while she beheld the age-worn monument. Carved from the frigid stone of the north, the sword towered over everything else in the room. Aged runes faintly pulsed with her presence, seemingly woken by the return of an old master. A strange kinship with the blade welled in her chest as she returned to her upright stance, inviting her to wrap her monstrous palms around its handle. A faint voice in the back of her mind demanded caution, but she tossed it to the wind and drew the ancient weapon from its resting place. Mystic light poured from the blade and illuminated the room, twining and betraying her presence to every single law enforcer in the city.

The back of Dack's neck bristled, and sharpened instincts dropped her prone as canisters crashed through the windows. Dozens of tiny cylinders scattered across the floor, before they release a horrendous sight and sound one by one. The werewixen had the foresight to shut her eyes and close her ears before the stun grenades went off, though they hammered on her senses regardless. Her world was little more than an incessant ring and a hazy fog by the time they stopped, and she scrambled to her feet before the special forces unleashed their second volley. The earth quaked when she sprinted to an adjacent room, destroying the door in the process, where she she came face to face with one of several SWAT squads. An empty moment of fear hung in the air while they both came to terms with the occurrence, but their training couldn't match the werewixen's speed when reality resumed. She closed the gap between them in an instant and made quick work of their weapons and equipment. A wild swipe scattered the team disarmed team across the ground, save for the one she scooped up in her glinting claws. A predatory growl rumbled in her chest while she glared daggers into the canine's eyes, which only abated when she opened her maw wide. There was no teasing and little enjoyment as she tossed him onto her tongue, only the natural exchange of hunter and prey.

The dog's peers watched with shock and awe as she swallowed him in a single gulp, sending him to her cramped and sagging middle. His thrashing created obvious bulges in

her throat before he vanished behind her chest, and her belly subtly bounced with his landing. Faint bulges thumped out from behind her strained muscles as he pounded away, which she quelled with a condescending pat and threatening clench. Dack swung her arms wide and trapped the remaining trio before they recovered, then presented them with the same view when she opened her jaws wide. Puffs of humid breath washed over them as she descended, gathering up all three of them in her massive muzzle. Her fangs poked and prodded their exposed pelts while she stuffed them into her jaws, though miraculously, she never broke skin. Their struggles weakened with the lack of space, and two of them accepted their fate as she took her first swallow. The third thrashed enough for the tree of them, however, drawing an irritated rumble from somewhere far below. The stubborn cat took it as a sign of progress and redoubled her efforts, until Dack reminded them she could make their descent much less pleasant with a firm chew. The trio calmed, though whether it was from exhaustion or compliance remained unclear. It was all the same to her in any case, and with a strenuous gulp, she crammed the three of them into the entrance of her throat.

Their world dissolved into a dark, steaming cavern of gulps and swallows. Dack's maw filled with drool as she slathered them with her tongue and lapped up their mixed flavors, though as much as she wished to savor them, she lacked the time. The werevixen bundled their legs in her grip and shoved them down her throat, straining her muscles around their delicious bulk. Several bulges pushed out from her neck and reflected their token struggles, leaving nothing to the imagination as they crept toward her chest. Each laborious ripple of her gullet inched them closer to the noisy cauldron of her stomach, which churned and sloshed in anticipation of their arrival. Its other occupant battled to stay surfaced in the thick pool of slime and only mildly succeeded. The dog's sputtering complaints grew louder when the trio mashed against the gate of the werevixen's stomach, and a humid wave rushed by them when it finally opened. Their roles reversed, and the canine could do nothing but watch as his comrades joined him in the sloshing chamber. The trio's descent slowed when Dack's lips reached their hips, which presented an unexpected challenge when taken all at once. Pressed for time, she popped her lower jaw loose and let it sag free, crating more than enough room to negotiate their combined width. Blushes and looks of embarrassed surprise played across their faces while she conquered their rears and thighs, bringing the majority of their forms into her greedy depths.

The thunderous sounds of breeching charges shook the room at her back, spurring Dack to flee before finishing her meals. She immediately reasoned it would be too much trouble to bring them back up, however, and she bolted for an exit with their legs dangling from her lips. The werevixen winced as she realigned her jaw and nestled it back into place, effectively sealing the trio in her gullet. Every bounce of her frenzied sprint inched them closer to the churning sea of ooze, until physics forced them to take the plunge. They took in deep breaths in concert and squeezed their eyes shut, then frantically squirmed until they curled back up into relatively fresh air. Their wiggles unleashed a tide of predatory bliss in the werevixen, nearly strong enough to compromise her balance, but she managed to stay upright while she tore through the empty museum. The sounds of authoritarian chaos followed closely in her wake, however, spurring her to push her endurance and

corralling her to the roof. Hazy mental images of the building's floor plan flashed across her mind's eye, guiding her to a narrow staircase that funneled her to the open air. The moon's familiar radiance greeted her on a pleasant breeze, and unfortunately, so did a helicopter's sharp spotlight.

Dack shielded her eyes and roared as the oppressive beam fell upon her, casting a monstrous shadow across the graveled rooftop. The combined strength of her meals rendered her squirming belly obvious and undeniable, forcing her hunters to change tactics or risk hurting their own. She took advantage of their hesitation and bolted for the edge of the building, then vaulted from the railing and spread her arms wide. The pillar of light followed her arc through the shadowy sky as she plummeted to the neighboring building, missing her mark and crashing through one of its many windows. Luckily the business was empty, and she found a moment of peace to plan her escape. Her bestial panting slowed and evened as she allowed her rational side briefly surface, just long enough to concoct a route. One of several contingencies plotted by her smaller self brought a passage in the building's basement to her attention, and she made a beeline for the building's staircase. Unfortunately, the office's ceilings were prohibitively low compared to the museum, forcing her to leave an obvious trail of destruction in her wake. With stealth eliminated from her options, she threw subtly to the wind and rampaged through desks and computers alike. Her dragging belly cleared the debris from between her claw marks, though that was the farthest thing from her mind as she scrabbled down the concrete staircases and squeezed into the basement.

She found the passage after a few minutes of furious searching and crammed herself through before the consequences of her raid caught up. The law tracked her easily, though her escape was rendered clean when no one could muster the nerve to follow her.

Dack winced as consciousness slammed upon her skull, which she promptly tried to dispel by rubbing her temples. Her arms rebelled against the simple motion, however, triggering a chain reaction that set every muscle in her body ablaze. She resisted opening her eyes in the vain hope she could escape into sleep until she felt better, but that possibility dwindled with an angry roar from her stomach. The arctic vixen doubled over and hugged her middle, only to find a lumpy and swollen mass protruding from her figure. Even in her exhausted battered state, it only took her a second to recall her adventure the night before, and she begrudgingly sat up to survey the mess left by her alternate self. Aches and pains pounded on her nerves as she attempted just that simple act, until she finally conquered the weight pinning her legs to the floor. She grimaced and traced the lumpy points still resisting digestion, and nausea welled in her core when she remembered roughly what she'd eaten. Her mind ran off on a tangent regarding the effects of eating an entire car, but something in the corner of her eye captured her attention. The vixen briefly debated if it was something she was prepared to deal with, and with great apprehension, she turned her head.

Sitting on her collapsed couch, miraculously intact and unharmed, was the museum's stone sword. She inwardly cursed her feral aspect and grappled with the problem of concealing her prize, until exhaustion dictated she address it later. With considerable effort, she picked herself up from the floor and fetched a tarp from her supplies, then haphazardly tossed it over the mystic artifact and her sofa. Dack then asked her computerized assistant to research how long it would take her to digest metal, then shambled to her mattress before she collapsed before she got her answer.