

Beastly Woman (Beast Girl TF)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for CreepyJ

Alice is an orphan and a thief, a bad-tempered wild child who is always getting into trouble. But after the town guard gives her one last chance to rehabilitate, it's determined that if she acts like a beast then she deserves to be one too. Forced to drink a potion, Alice finds herself slowly turning into a beast girl, one among many working in the castle. But the wild child refuses to give in. If she can't change back, surely she can adapt?

Beastly Woman

Alice was on the run. Again. The young woman sped down Midden Alley, appropriately named for the revolting contents that washed down the streets from the malfunctioning sewer pipe that the city had failed to repair again and again. Her brown cape, useful for surviving cold winters and for blending in among common crowds, flurried behind her as she turned corner after corner, making the alleys a maze in her escape. It was for good reason that she hurried: half the town guard were after her, and she knew she'd pissed them off *big time*. She was known as a common thief and street urchin, but stealing a coin purse off of a visiting noble delegation's youngest member had clearly been a crime too far, because now the local Lord Gayle was intent on making an example of her.

"Shit heads!" she cried out, racing around a corner and turning over an apple cart. It belonged to Macy Dayes, who didn't deserve it, but Alice didn't much care so long as she got away.

"Flank her from the sides!" someone called. "She's got a green coat on! Don't let that damn wig fool you, her hair is chestnut brown!"

"Fucking pigs!" she cried, making a nearby priest gasp in horror. The gods didn't smile on such behaviour, but they'd never smiled at Alice anyway. She threw a rude gesture at the priest just for amusement's sake and carried on through the local Beast God temple. It smelled of animal parts, that was for sure. She toppled over several candlesticks and other expensive looking items as she raced past one of the local beastmen, who appeared to have antlers and fur and a long snout. He cried out, demanding to know what she was doing.

"Getting away from the other animals, freak!" she yelled, passing out through the other side of the temple. Several other beastpeople pulled aside to let her race past. Given their status as servants of the state or indentured workers and the like, they weren't willing to risk that she might be someone important.

“Morons,” she muttered under her breath. “Don’t they recognise a street urchin? I bet Lord Gayle does.”

Not that he would get another chance to recognise her. She’d stayed here too long, and was ready to head to another neighbourhood, or nearby village, to lay low for a bit. Nasqeth was her home, so she would never leave for good, but this was her biggest haul in some time, and she aimed to spend it. Perhaps on some drink. She was seventeen years of age, after all. It wouldn’t do to stay sober too long. Plus, she could give into a roaring good fight when suitably warmed by liquid courage.

“Ha! They’ll never tame this wild . . . child . . .”

She skidded to a halt at an intersection, and for a solid reason too: the guards were already blocking the exits, and members of the public were locking their doors. She scrambled to turn, but other guards were already arriving on scene.

“Hands up and half, Alice the Wild Child,” a man called. It was Captain Beurth of the City Guard, and he had long held a grudge against her. Perhaps because he’d once tried to rehabilitate her. She’d bitten his fingers in response. Apparently the pinky still didn’t bend quite right.

“I didn’t do anything!” she exclaimed. “What are you even chasing me for? This is bloody discrimination, this is!”

She was stalling, looking for a way out, but could see none. Perhaps there was a slim chance of vaulting through the window of the baker’s. It didn’t look like the hinges were particularly strong . . .

“You and I know full well that you are a cutpurse and a rogue and a thief,” Beurth announced. “And this time you went too far. That was a diplomatic delegation, and you took coin from a valuable heir to an impressive house. One that trades with the city regularly. This time, the whole weight of the law is finally coming down on you, and it’s high time you were tamed anyway.”

She stuck out her tongue at him, even as the guards drew nearer. She darted forward, swirling her brown cape and discarding her pointless wig to let her chestnut hair flow free. The window to the baker’s was just feet away, and so she launched herself up, scrambling to smash through the hinges.

Only to be caught at the last second. It was a pile on, one she had no chance of escaping from. At least four separate guards were on top of her, squishing her rather diminutive and malnourished body to the stone surface of the town streets. It smelled just like a privy midden indeed.

“Got you, you beastly little girl,” she heard Beurth announced. “You’re lucky Lord Gayle is quite the merciful type. Anywhere else and you might be losing one or both of your hands. Haul her up.”

She was pulled up, snarling and trying to spit and scratch, to face the Captain. A small crowd had gathered out of interest, and she threw a rude gesture with her freest hand their way, causing another commotion.

“Last chance, Alice the urchin,” the Captain said. “You either enter indentured service under our local Lord, or you face a harsher punishment. Those are your options now.”

She spat on his face. It was shocking enough that the guards almost released her out of surprise, though they grabbed her quickly. One even went to punch her but the Captain held up his hand.

“Don’t,” he said. “Let’s not succumb to her level. Well, I guess it’s the other option you’ve chosen then, Alice. If you’re going to act like a snarling, animalistic beast, then perhaps it’s high time you became one. Right men, give her the salts. The Mistress can deal with her.”

Alice scowled, incredulous. “The Mistress? Who the fuck is the freaking Mistress? What are you talking about? You’re not giving me salts! I’ll get out of any cell before . . . before . . .”

A guard had placed a thick pinch of something beneath her nose, and just the smell of it was making her woozy. She collapsed into the guards’ various arms, unconscious. Her last thought was pondering just what in the world Beurth had been talking about, what with her being a beast girl and all. Huh, that was a funny thought, her near unconscious mind considered: *her* as a beast person.

At least she hadn’t sunk *that* low.

Little did she know.

Alice woke in a strange room. It was finely decorated, overdecorated in fact, filled with books and tomes and papers of all kinds, as well as tinctures, potions, and various other alchemist’s supplies. It was not a particularly well-lit room, with only the candles giving light to it. No windows, which meant it was likely underground or hidden away. She was strapped into a chair and unable to get out despite her nimble fingers.

“Do not bother child,” came a voice. “Those straps are enchanted. They will pull tighter the harder you struggle.”

“Who the hell are you!?” she demanded. “I’m innocent, I tell you! Get me out of here! It’s that freak, Captain Beurth! Stupid name anyway! Release me before I tear you to bits!”

The voice only laughed. It was husky and female, with something of a strange rasp to it. Something hot breathed down Alice’s neck, indicating the woman she was speaking to was now right behind her. She had moved very silently indeed.

“They told me you were already a beast in spirit, but clearly I was too sceptical to believe it.”

As if to prove her point, Alice *snarled*, gritting her teeth and grunting and growling like a fierce animal. She tried to pull free of her restraints, but just as the woman had said, they only pulled tighter. It didn't stop her from animalistically screaming and raving in response to her entrapment.

“Ha! So like a beast indeed,” said the woman, stepping silently in front of Alice. “But then, you are not the only one.”

Alice fell silent at the sight before her. The woman she was speaking to was *not* a woman, at least not a human one. She was one of the beast-people, those who were looked down on in society and given only the menial jobs. She had the characteristics of a wolf, with a tapered snout with sharp teeth, though there were some scales along her cheeks instead of fur. Her eyes were yellow and slitted like a snake's, and her figure was large, albeit still strangely female despite her broader shoulders. She wore a dark cloak and had the symbol of the Herbologist's Guild upon her. That surprised Alice.

“Yes,” the woman said, noticing Alice's gaze, “not all beast-people are held back by society. Some are allowed to thrive. I myself am the head beast mistress of the castle, serving Lord Gayle. I am allowed . . . certain privileges in exchange for my talents, the greatest of which is known only to him, myself, and certain trusted members, such as the Captain of the City Guard.”

“I don't give a fuck,” Alice said, spitting. “I didn't do anything! I want out of this, and if you won't release me then you'll bloody regret it, because I'll tear your ugly fur off your beastly hide!”

The woman just smirked as much as her snout allowed. “Perhaps you will, but first I think it's time for a drink, dear Alice. They say that in wine there is truth, well perhaps in this potion we will see the truth. Now drink.”

She placed a potion before Alice's mouth, and Alice tried to bite her fingers. The wolf woman was quicker though, and grabbed the wild child's mouth with her strong fingers, forcing her jaw open. She poured the potion down and Alice gagged upon it, unable to do anything else but swallow it. It tasted acrid and bitter and *wrong*, and only when every last drop had descended down her throat did the wolf woman pull back, folding her arms as if to wait.

“That shit was awful,” Alice said. “Wait till I feed it back to you. I've got rights and you just violated them!”

“I'm afraid that beast-people have fewer rights, young Alice. Far fewer. No one will care about your mistreatment, especially after all your actions.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? I may be a bit rough around the edges, but I’m not beast - what the fuck?”

She was staring at her palms. They had begun to itch, and now right before her eyes brown hairs were beginning to sprout from them, forming an increasingly thick patch in little time at all. It was followed by a warping in her fingers, which thickened and lengthened slightly. Light brown hairs sprung up there also, but her nails made her wince: they withdrew impossibly *into* her fingers, then out again, then withdrew slowly once more, becoming thin and sharp, like . . . paws. Animal paws.

She was hyperventilating now. “What is this? What are you doing to me?”

“I should think it was obvious, Alice. You’re becoming one of us. A fitting punishment, really.”

Alice tried to control her breathing as similar changes occurred in her feet. She couldn’t see them due to being strapped to the chair, but she groaned and whimpered as they too became pawed and hairy, the fur racing up her calves and then spreading to her thighs. There was a loud *pop* followed by several equally loud *cracks*, and it made her howl.

Actually howl.

She would have clasped her mouth in shock if she could, particularly as she did it again when her legs reformed to like animal legs, with the ankle very pronounced, the pawed foot long, and the joint bending the other way. The experience was positively foreign.

“Nghh! F-fuck you! You can’t d-do this! Ohhhhh!”

She writhed, feeling the changes coming over more of her body. Her entire form was starting to grow fur, and it was thicker around her chest and belly, with extra tufts around her joints. To her surprise, her forearms gained noticeable stripes; three darker stripes over the light brown, and she had to imagine a similar patterning was happening on her legs and other parts of her body. Where the changes went, her body swelled a little, though she didn’t lose her female figure, at least. A small consolation given the horror she was going through.

“P-please!” Alice cried, voice going a bit lower. She was getting desperate now, desperate enough to *plead*, and she was rarely in a mood for that. “Please just - ahh! - stop this! I’m sorry, okay? I’ll make it up however I c-can! But I don’t d-deserve this! I don’t deserve to be a b-beast-person!”

The wolf woman gave a wan smile upon her snout. “My dear wild child, none of us deserve it, but we make do all the same. I’m sure it’ll be the same case for you.”

“NGGH! No! Please! AAGGGHH!!!”

There was a little further pain as the changes stretched up to her chest and face. She grunted as two pairs of points below her breasts pushed out, sensitive and strange. Nipples. She knew it would be the case; she’d heard rumours that beast-people often had extra nipples, just like mammal creatures. Even her flat breasts bloomed a little, growing

noticeably in size so that they had a discernible shape. She would have rejoiced, were it not for the other changes.

“Well, some parts of the transformation aren't too bad,” the beast mistress mused with a bit of humour.

Alice didn't find it funny, especially when the big changes to her face and head hit. This was, in many ways, the strangest set of changes yet. Her skull actively reshaped, pushing forward and causing her to go briefly silent as her voice box altered.

“OHhhhhhhhh,” she groaned, before falling to beastly grunts. Her jaw sculpted into a snout, complete with those same darker stripes alongside the light brown fur, and a dark nose in the upside down triangular fashion common to mammals. It was instantly wet also, just like a dog's nose. Her ears became triangular and pointed, shifting to the top of her head. Instantly her sense of hearing was magnified; she could take in every bubbling potion, ever crinkling bit of paper.

“I'm a w-wolf girl?” she asked, trying to control her breathing.

“Not quite. Sort of. Think of it like a blend. In fact, you look like you've got more than a little deer in you. And perhaps some ram, to judge from what's pushing out from your head as we speak.”

Alice went to ask what she meant, only for two sharp pressures to form at the back of her head. Fur sprouted over her neck - thicker there, like a semi-mane - but her main concern were the two spiralling horns pushing out from behind her thin, triangular ears. They curved inwards, circling back under said ears, and the weight of them was noticeable.

“Oh G-Gods,” Alice groaned, her voice raspier now, albeit still young and noticeably female. “Fuck this! Fuck this! F-fuck - OHHHH!”

As if by afterthought, one final pressure erupted from her body, this one located at the base of her spine and above her now-furry buttocks. There was a loud tearing as a long bushy tail erupted from her backside, pushing out until it was easily long enough to drape upon the ground. It was utterly bizarre to feel attached to her, especially since it seemed to have partly a mind of her own: it wagged in nervousness and fear, sweeping around to curl in her lap before she managed to flex it back behind her.

“A tail. I have a godsdamn tail,” she spluttered. “And horns. And fur. I'm a freak!”

“You are not a freak. Indeed, by beast-people standards you are quite beautiful. Look.”

The wolf woman of a beast mistress retrieved a large mirror on wheels and pulled it over before the girl, who was still strapped down despite her overall larger frame. Alice gasped at the sight of herself. She did *not* find herself pretty or good-looking at all, though she had to admit she wasn't outright horrifying either. Just as the beast mistress had said, she looked like a humanoid wolf/deer/ram hybrid. She had dark grey-black ram's horns, a

pointed snout with flat teeth, and a wolf-like tail. Her paws were perhaps more like those of a big cat; they had retractable claws that she was still not used to, after all. The changes had left her clothes somewhat tattered and ridiculous, which only added to the effect of her looking like a beast-person.

“How can you do this to me?” she asked.

“Because Lord Gayle ordered it as punishment for your actions, and because we need a new servant in the castle to perform menial work, and you have been selected.”

Alice growled. “I’ll *never* work for him. I’ll never help you. I’m likely to kill you before I do anything else! Change me back before I do something *you’ll* regret, you crazy magic *bitch!*”

The beast mistress wasn’t afraid. “The only ‘bitch’ here now is you, I’m afraid, Alice. Well, actually, we *both* are. Wolf parts, remember?”

She smirked, chuckling darkly, then waved her fingers. The straps released on Alice’s chair, and the new beast-woman took zero time to launch forward, claws outstretched by instinct, ready to slice at her tormentor.

Only she stopped before she even reached her, held back by some invisible force.

“And don’t think you can hurt me, dear Alice. My potions and magic are strong, and will ensure that you will serve out your indentured service to the Castle. Five years, my dear. Five years, then you can go about your life.”

“You’ll change me back?”

The woman smirked. “It is not an impossibility. I could well do such, *if* you prove yourself dependable and capable of taming your own beastly instincts, so to speak.”

Alice bit her lip; it was an odd lip, now that it was part of her snout.

“Five years. I’ll be twenty one years old by then!”

“Still in the prime of your life. And during that time you will eat better, have board, and others among you who will, at least, tolerate you. Otherwise, should you try to refuse, you will simply be a beast-woman on the street with no prospects. Good luck being a cutpurse and thief when you are already sticking out as you do, and not trusted by the public. Hard to be invisible as a beast-person, isn’t it?”

Alice fumed. A million ranting insults and crude statements filled her mind, all the ways she wanted to hurt this woman for what she had done. But the beast mistress had her over a barrel, and was also the only way at turning back; it wasn’t like Alice knew anything at all about herbology, alchemy, or magic. Let alone beast people, really.

“F-fine,” she said under her breath.

“What was that?”

“I said fucking fine, alright? I’ll work in the bloody castle, not that I’ll be much use. You just better turn me the fuck back when this is over, alright? That’s the deal.”

“You are hardly one to dictate terms, but I’m more than happy to agree,” the woman said. “Though who knows, maybe after five years you’ll find you prefer being a beast-woman and wish to stay.”

Alice scoffed, wincing a little at the strange sensation of her tail wagging in dark amusement. She touched her horns thoughtfully, still getting used to them. To everything. All this hair . . .

“Not bloody likely, bitch,” she muttered under her breath.

Lord Gayle’s castle was deeply impressive to anyone that had never been inside it, especially an urchin like Alice. Her clothing had been repaired (though her shoes had been discarded; beast-people didn’t need them apparently), and her fur had been brushed by several other beast servants in order to make her presentable. She’d had to have a bath, and that had been a plain awful experience with all her fur and the long time it took to dry. But then she was escorted into the castle, expecting in her mind to meet Lord Gayle.

She was in for disappointment, as she hardly saw him at all. He was a wealthy older man with a family of his own, including three sons and a daughter. He was immaculately dressed, and appeared only for a moment when the beast-mistress introduced the newest servants of the castle by name, getting them to step forward for inspection in the courtyard.

“Yes, all very good,” the Lord said. “Get them to their duties then. Excellent to see the cutpurse paying the price, so to speak.”

“Y-yes, milord,” Alice said, bowing slightly as she had been told. It was bloody humiliating, not least because of her sagging tail, but at least the Lord didn’t rub it in.

“Very well, on your way. Let’s hope you’re as good of a cleaner and labourer as you were a thief. Better, even.”

He smirked, actually *patted* her nose, much to her absolute hatred (it took every effort not to try and bite his face off, and in fact the magic probably restrained her more than anything), and then walked off.

“What a kindly lord,” she said sarcastically, but one of the other beast-people - a young man who had goat-like aspects right down to the weird rectangular pupils - shushed her.

“Hey, some of us are just trying to get work,” he hissed.

She stuck out her tongue at him. It was longer than it used to be. It would explain why she kept accidentally slipping it up her nostrils by some animal habit without realising it.

“Whatever. I’m just here to work off a five year debt, freak.”

A girl giggled. She was furry and had antlers. She was actually a pretty cute doe girl, all things considered. Luckier than Alice was, or so she reckoned.

“We’re all freaks now.”

“You were changed too?”

“Nah, I was born a beast-person. But this is one of the few places we can be accepted.”

“Please, we’re lower class citizens. Even worse than when I was an urchin.”

“But we’ve got warm bed and warm suppers, and that’s something. It’s as much as Lord Gayle can do right now, but he’s really not that bad, you’ll see. Of course, I hear he has it in for you. Better be on your best behaviour.”

The doe girl snickered, and Alice could only roll her eyes.

“It’s going to be a long five years, isn’t it?”

“Try being a beast-girl for life,” the doe girl said, though she paused afterwards.

“Actually, it’s not that bad. It’s humans that are the problem. *We* have nothing to be ashamed of.”

Alice thought it was the most ludicrous thing she’d ever heard. Nothing to be ashamed of! Even with all the disgusting fur and weird horns and stupid wagging bushy tail and the snout and everything? She thought of that as she was set to work cleaning and mopping the floors of the Lord’s castle, and then in following days.

“No way am I ever going to get used to this,” she said defiantly, looking back at her own tail and catching her horned animal-like face on the surface of a display knight costume’s reflection. “I am going to get my fucking body back. I will *not* be a beast-girl all my life. Five years. I can fucking do this. Five godsdamned years.”

She gritted her teeth, snarling. And there was no way she was getting tamed.

That much was for certain. At least, so she thought.

For the first couple of years, Alice stuck to her begrudging attitude and kept almost entirely to herself. She’d always relied just on her own willpower and tenacity, and she was willing to do the same now. Her furry body and tail and horns were all continual reminders of her new position in life, and when she had to leave the castle to buy supplies on behalf of the beast mistress (whose name was Tayna, apparently) or for the manservant of the castle, she was likewise reminded of her status by the judgemental stares, the rude comments, the ways she stuck out like a sore thumb. Beast-people were not comment, and there were few places they were welcome. Ironically, the priest of the Temple of the Beast God, Nathaniel, was

exceedingly kind to her, despite how rude she had been when fleeing through his space on the day she was caught.

“Just take it day by day, child, and pray to our patron god.”

“Not my bloody God,” she whined.

“Well, he looks over you all the same, now that you are one of us. There is always a sanctuary here for our kind. And there is always hope that our lives will get better.”

“Yeah, in four more fucking years.”

Of course, it was hard work being a castle servant. She thought once they all had it peachy in such a space, but it turned out that it was just as difficult as being a street urchin. Sure, it was slower, and not as desperate, but it was harder labour with less downtime and more oversight. Slowly, without even realising it, the days of supervision and routine began to sink into her changed bones. She would have adamantly disagreed but she was indeed slowly being ‘tamed.’ Oh, she barked back at orders, complained and swore, and more than once overstepped boundaries only to get into trouble. But working in the washer rooms, sweeping the floors, tending to the gardens, shifting stones for the defence walls, they all became part and parcel of her life. And as such, slowly she came to know her fellow beast-people and even the human servants. She didn’t want to open herself up to them - it was unknown territory for her - but it was impossible not to get to know some of them.

One was the doe girl, whose name was Grace. A funny name for a beast-person, but then again her parents had raised her with love, something that left Alice feeling quite resentful during her moods (her monthly period was far more annoying as a beast-person, especially as her body was still going through puberty). Grace became something of a proper mentor to her, alongside the goat boy whose name was Davad. He was a little more pig-headed, though ironically not as much as the *actual* pig-headed beast-man named Jarev, who was one of the older beast-people working jobs in the castle, and a source of wisdom for many of them. More than once he was the one who would manage to get Alice to finally eat her meals and stop sneaking out into the halls at night. Rather than turn her in, he simply sighed, sat down beside her, and would spin some yarn of wisdom such as:

“Listen girl, I know you’ve had a hard life and a hard turn of one at that, but some things you’ve just got to tough out. You’ve got a light at the end of the tunnel most of us don’t have: to be human again. I know Grace is proud of being part-beast, but it’s a stiff life at times, so maybe just think about pulling yer head in and toughing it out just a little more. It’s a big ask, but maybe you can always remember most of us don’t get your option. We’re in it for the long haul. So making things difficult and reflecting on all of us is just paying pain on those who don’t deserve it.”

Moments like that were enough to make Alice truly reflect on herself. As an urchin thieving off the streets, the only people she really had to worry about hurting were those she

targeted for theft. But now, strangely, she was considered one of a community. What she did reflected on Grace, on Davad, on Jarev and all the others. It was the unfortunate part of being a discriminated minority: what you did was considered the fault of 'your kind.'

"My kind," she mused late one night, even when Grace was fast asleep and she could hear Davad's snoring coming from the male room opposite. "My fucking kind. I've never had a 'kind' before. I'm not really sure what to think of it. Maybe best not to screw them over though. I owe them that much."

And so, slowly, she began to improve her manner. There were numerous court instructors and teachers who insisted on the staff following proper etiquette regardless, so it was a path she was on anyway, but making an attempt also made all the difference. She slowly stopped hunching her back and walking 'like a lady' (ironic given that she was now a beast-woman), and learned how to properly address the Lord and his family, as well as those of her other 'betters.' She increasingly showed deference where needed, practising discipline (throwing rocks at the castle walls in secret was a nice way to flush out her anger and frustration without getting into too much trouble), and - this was perhaps the hardest of tasks for her - even speaking without too much crudeness. Sometimes, by some great willpower, without any crudeness, lewdness, or swearing at all.

Of course, these changes were also accompanied by further changes in her body. Even as Alice became more used to her furry form (particularly how to keep it clean, wash it, and avoid too much shedding, much to her annoyance), it still managed to change in other ways as well. She had been transformed at the meagre age of seventeen, and as such her development into a full woman was still occurring, albeit a beast-woman now. Slowly, her height increased by two more inches, and her figure became more nicely proportioned, even for her new species. Her tail became less ragged and more soft, while the darker patterns along her snout, forearms and legs also became more noticeable and properly outlined.

As the months and years passed in the castle halls and town streets, other changes became more noticeable as well, particularly for the male beast-men (and perhaps more open-minded humans). Not only was her fur shinier and fuller and better maintained, but the overall shape of her body was far more feminine. Her bust grew, swelling to a proportion that was noticeable even through her clothing, and this was something she didn't mind, though it made her a little embarrassed when someone like Davad stared.

"F-fuck off!" she would cuss, returning to the old swear word like a dusted off tome from the library shelf she often had to clean. "Stare at a pair of goat udders if you like the sight so much!"

Davad would just chuckle through his embarrassment. "I don't think you mind so much, especially now that you walk with a straight back! It's like you want others to notice!"

“Don’t mind him,” Grace said, stepping on his hoof as she walked past and rolling her eyes. “Let’s get down to the washer rooms. “The boy stink is something fierce up here.”

Alice actually giggled, taking her friend’s hand, thrusting out her now-impressive chest, and stepping away with the slimmer girl. They had indeed become friends over the three years she had now spent in service as a beast-girl, though it still amazed her at times that Grace loved her form and could never imagine being a human.

“I like my antlers, I like my fur, I like the cute beast-men who throw me compliments, though I’m still waiting for the right one. Certainly not Davad. Besides, if men like Jarev can come from our kind, then who can really call us lesser?”

Alice considered this. “People used to call me lesser all the time, and that was when I was just a scraggly, scrawny human.”

“Not so scrawny any more, are you? In fact, you’re quite the nice beast of burden these days!”

Alice would have blushed if she didn’t have fur. She looked down at herself. Not only had her hips widened and her furry bust grown, but she had gained a lot more brawn and overall curves to her body since becoming a beast-woman. It was a consequence of all the hard labor, the constant vigilance and discipline, the fact that she was no longer malnourished. In many ways it astonished her that she could feel so powerful, healthy, and perhaps even *attractive* while being covered in hair and possessing a pair of ram’s horns (a pair that she was taking further pains to keep neat and well-filed, as of late).

“Well, it’s better than starving on the street and stealing to survive, I suppose. Fuck, I can’t believe I’m even saying that. What’s wrong with me?”

Grace smiled with her cute little snout. “Nothing wrong with you at all, Alice! Like Jarev said, it just took becoming a beast-person for you to grow up and stop being such a wild-child.”

“Pah! I’m still as rotten and misbehaved as I’ve ever -”

She paused, seeing a new sight as they continued down the hall to their duties. Heading in the opposite direction was a male beast-man around her age, perhaps a year or two older. He was tall, broad-shoulders, and had an impressive pair of antlers upon him. His ears were tapered and long, and his snout was like hers. His fur was darker though, and longer around where he would have developed a short beard were he a human. His striking blue eyes took her in and he faltered mid-step, dropping a number of scrolls he’d been carrying.

“S-sorry!” he declared, his voice soothing in its impressive baritone. “I was distracted!”

“I’ll say you were,” Grace teased. “Walton, this is Alice. Alice, meet Walton. He’s new here. I’ve been wanting to introduce you too, actually.”

“Wh-why ever would you want that?” Alice asked, looking up at the man. Something in her was confused. Warm. Attracted. Those antlers were deeply impressive, and his friendly face had a wonderful masculinity to it. With her greater sense of smell, she could take in his manly musk, and it made her unable to properly think.

“Oh, no reason,” Grace said with a smirk. “I’ll leave you to it. Alice used to be a human. Walton was a cutpurse, once. You two should have plenty to talk about with that starter!”

She hopped away on her hooves, leaving Alice stricken with embarrassment and unfamiliar emotion, and Walton himself looking a bit awkward.

“So,” he said, picking up the last scroll, his hand touching her paw just briefly, “you are new to being a beast-person?”

She put her hands on her impressive hips, accidentally outlining them for him. “Hardly. I’ve been like this for three years now! I still have two bloody damned years to go before they turn me back. Fucking beast mistress, pah! At least I’m well-fed, though I’m putting on weight in all the stupidest places like these damn hips and ti-”

She stopped herself, then covered her face. She had so much experience in matters of danger, of escape, of trouble with the law and serving under it, but she had no idea how to navigate *attraction*, and to a beast-man no less!

“Well, I can’t exactly sympathise,” Walton said, cracking a brief smile. “I’ve always been this way. But I have also grown the large antlers in the past year.”

“They are very nice,” she admitted. “If, you know, you like that sort of thing, or whatever. They’re pretty fucking big, I guess.”

He stood a little taller. “That they are. It’s a good sign, they say. Nice that a former human acknowledges it. So, are you planning to turn back then?”

“Of course I am! No offence, but I’m not getting stuck as an ugly beast-girl for the rest of my life.”

“I don’t know about that, you’re very pretty. It’d be a great shame to lose your current form.”

Alice’s jaw fell. Her tail fluttered behind her, obviously indicating both her surprise and the unexpected rush of heat and pride that his words indicated. She had to grab it to stop, further making her feel red in the cheeks despite all the fur.

“Yeah, well, I don’t feel pretty. I never was, I guess. But I’ve only got two years to go. Two bloody years. Gods, it seems like a fucking eternity - sorry, I get all swears like old times when I’m nervous.”

“Why are you nervous?”

“Because you’re tall! And you’ve got huge antlers! And Grace is playing games with us!”

Walton stepped closer. His smell really was delicious. "I won't lie, Grace did say there was a very cute beast-girl I should meet once I got acclimated into Lord Gayle's service. She definitely wants to set us up."

"That bitch."

"Well, there's no canine in her, as far as I can tell. And I'm thankful to her, because you really are intriguing. And, if I can be shallow, very pretty as well. Very beautiful, in fact."

Alice swallowed. She brushed some of her still-human like hair back behind her ram's horns. "Well, like I said, you're not bad, if you're into that sort of thing."

"Are you? Into that sort of thing?"

There was suddenly a commotion from the end of the corridor. Someone was calling for Walton to hurry up and deliver the scrolls.

"Saved by the impatient human," he japed. "Look, Alice, I won't lie, this has been a short meeting and I'd like to make it a longer one. When you finish on tenthday at the end of this week, would you like to join me by the pond in the gardens?"

"That's off-limits to-"

"Don't worry, I can get us there. I used to be a thief, remember? And so did you, I hear. We can be a little naughty. I'd like to get to know you better. I'll be there. If you don't turn up, well . . ."

He made an expression as if to say it would be the saddest thing in the world, then turned and went away. Alice was left standing there feeling like an idiot. A strangely aroused, oddly flushed idiot, and one who couldn't stop thinking about antlers for the rest of the day. Hells, for the rest of the damned *week*.

The pond in the gardens really was beautiful beneath the starlight, especially since the full moon was shining. Alice weaved through the bushes, keeping to the shadows and avoiding notice thanks to her fur. She could smell Walton's presence by the pond, and sure enough he was sitting there looking utterly relaxed, like some ancient god totally at home in his realm. He stood up nervously when he saw her, standing to attention.

"I wasn't sure if you'd come."

"Well, you had me bloody well intrigued. Besides, like I said, the antlers are nice."

"And your horns I should have said before are utterly captivating. I love their curves. Quite a lot of your curves, actually."

She rolled her eyes, despite being secretly glad of his comments. "Oh, come off it. You are way too into this. Why bring me here? What's the interest for?"

He sat back down, motioning for her to sit beside him. She did so, and he gestured to the garden. "Because I want you to consider *this*."

"The garden?"

"Nature. The wild. Do you smell it? The dewdrops, the stems, the petrichor after rain? The earth and dirt, the life teeming in the trees? You can hear it too, can't you? We beast-people can far better than human-folk."

She could. When focused, her senses picked it up far better. The crickets in the ground, the stirring birds in the trees, the dark things in the forests beyond the walls who were still wild and free. She was jealous of them. There was a beauty to that freedom and wilderness that she had not appreciated enough. That she had never really known.

"Wow," she uttered. "Okay, that is pretty amazing. I've never really come here for long."

"I have to," he said. "I've been here only two weeks, but I need to remember that there is a place for us, and that it is beautiful. It's something you deserve to know about, since you were not born one of us. In nature, true nature, is where we flourish. Where we can be proud of ourselves and what we are."

Alice stroked her own fur. She had gotten used to it over the years, but she had never been *proud* of it. Hells, she'd even come to *like* her tail, but pride was beyond her. It wasn't even a consideration until now.

"You're proud of being a beast-person?" she asked. "But you were a cutpurse!"

"Well, I was a little of what they made me. You would know also that a troubled childhood can lead you down the wrong roads. But I'm not ashamed of my species. There is beauty in it. I suppose I invited you here not just because I like you but because I wanted you to see that."

He reached out and slowly stroked the fur of her arm. She didn't pull away. Though her heart pounded and her tail fluttered, she instead drew closer, looking up at him. He was indeed very handsome, and somehow his pride in knowing what he was made him all the more attractive. He raised his paw-hand, sliding it up her figure to cup the chin of her snout, raising it so that she had to look in his eyes.

"We don't have to do anything," he said. "But there is no one else here."

"Bloody hell," she said. "That's . . . fuck. This is going further than I expected."

He chuckled, then kissed her. It was different from how a human kiss would go, more like a nuzzle really, one that involved pressing the side of his snout against hers and rubbing it softly. Her ram horns briefly slid against his antlers, and that too felt right. Almost . . . instinctual.

"Mhmm," she moaned softly. "That's not - ohhhh - half-bad."

She decided to take it further. She always had been one to throw all-in and cast risk aside, after all. She grabbed his snout and kissed him back even harder, then felt the supple muscles of his chest beneath his cloak.

“You should get rid of this,” she said. “Like, really get rid of it right now.”

“Are you sure?”

“Walton, I’m a beast person and you’re here telling me to act like one and be proud. We’re surrounded by nature and no guards can see us. Let’s fucking do this. I want this.”

He smiled. “I want it too. I’ve never met anyone like you, Alice.”

“And if you don’t take off your clothes, you still won’t.”

He obeyed her, but he took the time to help her slide out of her things as well. She’d never actually been naked in beast form in front of anyone else except for Grace when it came to the open bath complex, and even that had been difficult. But there was something different in the air now; a powerful desire. Perhaps some animal-like estrus. Her nipples were hard, her womanhood was moist, and she wanted to receive this man.

After three years of being ashamed of herself, she wanted to feel this pride.

It didn’t take long, either. Walton may have been stronger and taller, but she was still a wild child at heart. She shoved him backwards once they were both naked, she admiring the length and size of his manhood, complete with its animal-like knot at the end.

“I’m taking charge,” she announced, crawling up on top of him. Her tail wagged in excitement, as did his. She grabbed his antlers while he held her wide hips, and together they lowered her down upon his enormously erect penis.

“Mhmmmmm,” she moaned as he entered her. “It’s my f-first time. Be godsdamned gentle.”

“I promise I will be,” Walton said, looking slightly surprised it was her first time.

The experience of being filled was so strange to her, yet so wonderful. He was massive - that was a nice bonus, really - but more than that, rutting out here surrounded by nature, underneath the stars and the moon, it all just felt *right*. Like it was meant to be. Something in her beast-woman instincts savoured it, and she began to ride him, mount him like a thing of nature. He caressed her form, nibbled at her large breasts, and whispered compliments about her strength, her beauty, and best of all, her *wildness*. As they matched rhythm, him sliding ever deeper into her, ever faster, she realised how wonderful it was to finally reflect her inner wildness. She had always been called such, but now that her body matched her true self, there was also a harmony she had never felt.

“Th-thank you,” she moaned as climax drew near. “This is what I n-needed. I never knew how right this all was. How gods-damned f-fucking right! Oh Gods! OHHHH!!!”

He managed to shush her from alerting the guards just as both were hit by amazing orgasms. She climaxed, trembling as his knot swelled inside of her, until finally spilling forth

his seed. Her body quaked, fur standing briefly on end, and then she collapsed against him, breathing heavily. It took a little time to disentangle their horns afterwards - hers were caught in his antlers, much to their shared amusement.

“Did you enjoy that?” Walton asked.

She smiled, nuzzled up against him, staring up at the stars. “Oh come on, you know I damn well did. That was . . . eye opening.”

“In what way?” he asked.

She still stared at the stars. She imagined what it would be like to stare at them without castle walls blocking the view. Just two years to go, and she would be free. But free to do what? To be a wild child of a human girl again? Why was she so obsessed with that? It's not like status was something she cared about, nor had she ever been particularly proud to be a thief. It was just . . . a necessity. Now Walton had opened her eyes to new possibilities, away from the stench of the city and out in the wild with her new people. Hells, perhaps they had always been her people, and her body simply hadn't matched. Out there could lay all sorts of mischief and fun and beauty and romance, and with someone like Walton at her side.

“Alice?” Walton asked. “Did you hear me?”

“Huh? Yes. No. Sorry, I was thinking about two years from now.”

“When your service is done?”

“Yeah. When is your service finished?”

“Would you believe around the same time?”

She nuzzled closer against him. “Well, I was thinking that maybe . . . I mean, maybe I don't *have* to turn human again. You know, since you seem pretty big on this beast-person pride thing, maybe I'll think the same way. In two years.”

Walton placed a strong arm around her. Gods, he was comfortable.

“Only if that's what you would want.”

“A few more nights like this, and I can't imagine wanting anything else. Do beast-people date? Do they go steady?”

He chuckled. “They mate for life. Much more loyal than human partnerships.”

“Wow. Mate for life. Whew.” It was a lot to take in. She wasn't that committed. Yet. But still . . .

“I suppose I have two years to decide,” she said. She looked up at the stars again. “But maybe we could try. You know, being together. You could teach me more of this pride in being a beast-person. Among other things.”

Walton took her paw-hand in his and shook it. “Sound like a deal, my beautiful Alice.”

The End