

A WOLF'S TAIL

COMMISSION STORY

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Renie was in a bad mood.

Maybe that wasn't a *surprising* thing to hear. The Little Red Riding Hood-dressed girl wasn't necessarily the most sociable of the Grandcypher's crew members. She may have only been a nine year old girl, but she was distant and aloof with almost everyone on board – and that even included the captain under most circumstances. It had only been recently that she had begun to soften up, and even then she was doing it very gradually and insignificantly.

The singular person aboard the ship that she was friendly with was Wulf and she had been with him even before they had become crew members. Even though it was the most amicable relationship she had, the relationship between Renie and Wulf was still complicated in its own right. He was a powerful member of the werewolf race. This didn't bother the child at all though. If anything it had helped her grow closer to him, knowing that others kept their distance from him out of fear.

What was complicated about it was their feelings. The two of them acted like their bond was something born from necessity, that they were helping protect each other and things didn't necessarily go any deeper than that. But through observation it was easy to see the truth. Renie and Wulf shared a familial bond like parent and child or maybe even brother and sister. They genuinely cared about each other.

Therein existed the crux of the problem and the origin of her bad mood. "**Stupid book...**" Her irritation wasn't actually aimed at any one *person* specifically, but instead a storybook that she had found mixed in within the Grandypher's archives. The archive room was the closest

thing that the airship had to a library, and being a child who was growing and learning Renie had been making a habit of checking in once a week to see if she could find more complicated texts to read.

But this week she had found *it*. A book titled *The Hunter and the Wolfman*. Based on the title alone you could probably assume what type of story it was. It was a fairly common theming after all. The Hunter character is portrayed as the main protagonist hunting the *very evil* wolfman. “**Wulf isn’t like that though...**” The Wulf she knew was kind and gentle. He would never hurt anyone unless he was forced to.

With books like the one she was clutching floating around though, she was reminded of the fact that just because *she* knew of his gentle heart that this didn’t mean everyone did. He had been persecuted in the past, and while the crew of the Grandcypher had been very acceptant of him despite it, whenever they went out in public it wasn’t unusual for people to leer at or keep their distance from him. It really got Renie thinking.

I wish we could live somewhere free of judgment and persecution.

If only she could write a fairy tale where the wolfman got to live happily ever after with a family, living his life out without any need to fear being scorned by others. It was an innocent wish made by a child, but of course the child hadn’t had any expectations that it would actually be granted. An ideal like that was impossible, right? Even as a nine year old she could recognize that it was something that would require a lot of work to accomplish. You couldn’t change everyone’s perception overnight.

And yet a lingering magical force that was present in the ship perceived those desires in a different light. The world that Renie dreamed of might have sounded impossible in terms of realism, but for the setting of a *fairy tale...* Well, such a wish could probably be represented quite nicely with a few *alterations*.



“**H-Huh!?**” Renie woke up with a start. Which was alarming largely because she had never gone to sleep in the first place. “**Where... am I?**” She had just been walking down the hallway to the room she shared with Wulf, and now she was in an unfamiliar yet *very* large bed. Pulling herself out from under the sheets she was dressed in a dark blue nightgown that was *much* too

large for her tiny body. The skirt was pooling all around her on the floor and was *extremely* loose on the neck and shoulders. But at least it kept her small body covered.

It didn't make moving around the room easy though. Each step was fumbled as she was overly cautious to avoid tripping. Morning's light filtered in through a nearby window but she was too short to see out of it. It didn't *feel* like she was on an airship anymore. The bedroom itself was unfamiliar though. The bed seemed big enough to fit two *very* large people, and furniture towered over her – designed in ways she had never seen furniture designed before. In fact her surroundings were far less *fantasy* than the Skydom she hailed from. “**Am I in danger?**”

That was a reasonable concern to have, all things considered.
Fortunately she wasn't. At least not *technically*.

Before Renie could do much exploring, however? She had to come to terms with the fact that her body felt *weird* in spots. “**Itchy... Itchy...?**” Was it the clothing she was wearing? Out of *nowhere* both her hands and feet had begun to itch, leaving her *very* uncomfortable! With the nightgown so large it was difficult to see what was happening to her feet, but the child *could* see her hands. And if not for her quiet nature she might have screamed out in surprise.

She had been greeted by the sight of silver strands of hair poking out of the skin of her hands – a very obvious culprit for the itchy feeling that she had been experiencing. It was a mere few, short strands at first... but as time wore on it was clear that they were beginning to coat her hands entirely. “**F-Fur?**” It wasn't regular hair. It was definitely the fur of an animal. By the time it had completely coated her hands (and unbeknownst to her, her feet as well), it was a full and soft layer that stopped just past her wrists and ankles.

Renie was *already* in disbelief at how soft and downy her digits had become, even her fingernails seemingly absorbed by the fluff. But eyes widened once more at the sight of those hands *swelling*. Hands and fingers alike thickened like sausages, while where fingernails had once been short, black claws began to poke out of her fingertips. On the undersides of her hands, too, something awry came to surface – five paw beads with one under each finger, and a large paw pad in the center of her palms. If not for the fact that she had five fingers still they almost resembled the paws of a...

“**Wolf?**” The girl wasn't exactly certain how she had come to this conclusion, and yet deep down she definitely *knew* it to be true. It was more obvious in the feet that she had been incapable of examining, where changes had proceeded similarly to what had happened to her

hands with one *very* notable difference. She no longer had five toes. Two on each foot had merged with swollen, fluffy, clawed alternatives, and even her heels had been raised to become more canine through their design.

The child's head was racing. Was she becoming a werewolf like Wulf? If she was becoming a feral canine then her hands would have lost fingers, right? She flexed those fingers curiously, pointedly aware of the fact that she could feel the itchy feeling now traveling up her arms and legs but deep down certain that there was little she could do about it.

Not all of this fur was silver, either. A navy blue grew around her arms, legs, back, and rear end while the itchiness swept across her torso. They weren't erased or anything, but silver fur grew over her miniature chest and the nipples atop them – ultimately disguising them while retaining her girlish shape. “**Ah!?**” Even Renie couldn't avoid crying out with surprise at the sensation of the back of the nightgown lifting up. Not of its own volition, but because an appendage had poked out from her tailbone. A *tail* of course, one with navy blue fur on top, and silver on the bottom. It looked very much like a wolf's tail, and she could feel it wagging.

“**...Wagging? Am I... happy?**” Was she? She already felt closer to Wulf now that she was becoming *like* him. This should have been jarring, so was this making her happier somehow? It was a thought she came to wonder as the fur reached her neck, consuming it with an even thicker fluffiness than the rest of her body. It only had one other place to go from there and silver fur spread into the bottom half of her face.

The changes that affected her face in kind were probably the only ones that the girl would describe as ‘uncomfortable’. It was like someone had grabbed her by the nose and was pulling her face forward. The motion temporarily unhinged her jaw, her face's bottom half yanked out into a snout where her nose flattened into the tip as a wet triangle. Lips thinned and darkened to black to give her a natural :< expression, while *inside* her mouth? Each and every tooth sharpened so that it was triangular, perfect for tearing into meat.

Sniff, sniff! The scents of the bedroom she was in had become *incredibly* vivid to her new nose. As did the sounds, for ears moved up the sides of her head and began to peek out from her hair in a pair of navy blue, furred triangles. This blue was transferred to her hair in its entirety, though a blonde moon shape was fashioned from her bangs in the front, and that same blonde seemed to dye the lowers layer of chin length locks that now curved inwards. Silver fur reached down her snout towards her nose, and eyes began to glow orange beneath thick, white eyebrows.

“I’m just like Wulf!” Renie did a few circles where she was standing on her pawed feet, tail wagging with newfound energy. Despite her body being so foreign she felt completely at ease. How could she not be? *After all, she had such a supportive and loving husband!* **“Hus... band?”** But she was nine! Where had that thought come from? Why did it feel directed at Wulf? Why did it make her heart... *skip a beat?*

Rather than cry out, the girl whimpered like the canine that she was as she found herself through clawed hands out to the sides. All of a sudden a wave of dizziness had struck; or at least that was how her brain *initially* processed it. **“Oh dear, I’m getting taller!?”** Renie’s reserved nature had been retained all this time, but it was beginning to crack. There was a great deal of emotion in her voice as she noted what was obvious.

The fact that she was growing upwards, inch by inch. Furred limbs stretched and her spine elongated so that her torso did as well, the coverage of her fur remaining consistent no matter *how* much taller she grew. And it was *substantially* so. Renie was only supposed to be 4’2” and yet she had grown all the way up to 5’10”, a great height that was *still* seven inches shorter than Wulf. At the very least the nightgown was no longer dragging on the floor – it now reached the base of her thighs.

“Mmm... No, I’ve been this tall for a long time? I’m a grown woman after all.” With her wolf features it wasn’t as easy to note as if she had been human, but with great height had also come a great deal of maturity to her facial features. Her reflection would have suggested a wolf woman around the age of *forty*, and seemingly her mind had adjusted along with it. Even the woman’s voice was deeper now, its tone both alluring and gentle simultaneously. Had she been a child just now? That *must* have been impossible, right? After all, with a body like hers...

A touch of maturity had developed through the rest of her body when she had initially gotten taller, just so she didn’t appear *bizarre*. But Renie was thinking of her body as if it was much, *much* more. And her ‘memories’ of how this body should have appeared rapidly became reality. This was plain to see even *with* her nightgown around her ass. Fuzzy cheeks had simply *ballooned* beneath her still wagging tail, the flourishing thickness spreading to grain her ample thighs and extremely shapely hips. Her gait was reminiscent of a stereotypical, sexy MILF in a way. But then again...

Wasn’t that what she was becoming? That, but furry.

Regardless of how much larger she had gotten over time, there was one part of the navy nightgown that had remained extraordinarily loose. Her skirt had been that for a time, but now that her hips were wide and her caboose was plush it had all been filled in. It was her *neckline* that still hung there without purpose, yet silver-furred tits were quick to spring to life soon after.

And spring to life they *did*. “*Ohhh!*” The wolf woman couldn’t help but bellow out a moan as her posture was flung forward. Handfuls of fuzzy bosom simply *exploded*, burgeoning out into shapely orbs that *quickly* dwarfed Renie’s head in size and nearly *doubled* the size of said head each. Tits were so big, in fact, that they hung down all of the way to her bellybutton and, even though they were still hidden by her fur, nipples had grown to appropriate sizes to match. A wave of fatigue hit her right after. Not because her big tits were so heavy, no.

It felt more like she had just woken up?

Now as snug as a bug in a rug in her nightgown, the woman’s wolf snout opened to bellow out a cute yawn as she stretched within *her* bedroom. “*My, my. I must have slept in a little.*” *Luna* remarked to herself while walking over to the television on her dresser, turning it on with one of her paw fingers to display a weather forecast... hosted by another werewolf. Completely assimilated in this space, the woman that had once been Renie didn’t realize at all just how different things were – nor just how different *she* was.

Her bond with Wulf remained and yet it was different. He had been brought into and assimilated into this new reality himself, yet... “*Hehe! I bet Wulfie had such a cute look on his face when he got the pups ready for school this morning!*” *Luna’s* thoughts wandered to her *husband*, Wulf. They were high school sweethearts, and now in their early forties the two of them were raising three children of varied ages. Her pups were so cute that she could just eat them up! But she felt the same way about her husband too!



In a society of werewolves there was no threat of either of them being persecuted for being who they were. So Renie’s wish *had* been granted, even if she hadn’t meant to include herself in its execution. *Luna*

believed she had lived in this world since she had been born anyways, and she was incredibly happy as a loving, kind, doting mother and wife. Surely there was nothing wrong with that, right?

With the forecast still playing, the mama wolf in question stripped down to show off her downright *sexy*, furry body. All so that she could dress in jeans and a top with a neckline so low that her massive tits were completely on display. She was a married woman. A married woman who knew *exactly* what her husband liked to see. **“I’m a touch in the mood today, so maybe when he gets home tonight we can try and make *another* litter!”** A little wolf joke. They would use protection!

And so that made two victims to this fairy tale curse now, for Djeeta had already succumbed and been turned into a mermaid. A mermaid who, incidentally, lived off the shores of the very city that Luna and her family occupied. But was the force that changed them content with only these transformations?

Or would there be more to come?