

Mini-Story: Full Belly on a Full Moon (Man to Werewolf TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Hank discovers that his best friend Lars is a werewolf during a full moon, but the discovery doesn't go the way he thinks it will. That's because Lars is looking for a mate to carry his pups, and a werewolf's bite can do more than make one a new werewolf; it can also change one's gender as well . . .

Full Belly on a Full Moon

Pro-tip for if you ever suspect your best friend might possibly be a werewolf: don't, whatever you do, follow him out into the woods as a full moon rises to try to take photos. It will *not* work out for you. You'll get a lot more than you bargained for, and you might not just say goodbye to your humanity, but your own manhood as well. Trust me.

Nghh. Ahhh. Mhmm. Case in frickin' point, the rather full, furry belly I'm currently lugging about. A whole litter of cubs' worth, in fact, and growing more each day. Did you know that a pregnant werewolf female can't change back to her human form until she gives birth, even when there *isn't* a full moon in the night sky?

Because *I didn't*. Not until it was too late.

Ughhh . . . nnggh . . . ohhhh. God, it's hard to tell a story when you've got an entire party in your womb. I don't know how many are even in there. Five or six, maybe? More? Please not more. A werewolf has a gestational period of five months, and I'm only a little over halfway and already massive. I can still barely believe it. What the hell was I thinking, following him out into the woods with a *camera* and no other plan? Did I think I was a member of *Ghost Watch* or something? Was I trying to angle for some kind of publishing deal or a major news story? No wonder Lars thought I'd taken advantage of him, so why not take a little nibble of my shoulder and take advantage of me in turn?

And now here I am, laying on my side on the forest floor, waiting for him to bring me some nice warm chunks of steaming meat to chow down on so I can keep growing his pups. *Nghh. Ahhh.* Maybe that's why they're so active right now; they're hungry. I can't blame them, but God they're getting in the way of me trying to clean and scratch myself.

Oh, that's the other Life Pro-Tip for you. If you ever find yourself transformed from an ordinary twenty-five year old man into a female werewolf, and *then* proceed to get yourself knocked up, make sure you have a plan to clean your fur and scratch all those hard to reach places, because if you don't, your belly is for sure going to be in the way. These days, I literally lean up against a tree while holding my huge dome in my paws, just so I can get to those hard to reach places. And yes, that includes my furry canine pussy.

Life Pro-Tip if you ever become a female werewolf: stay far away from a potential mate when you go into heat. Because you *will* go into heat, and while in estrus it won't matter how much you swear you're not into werewolf dick, because you'll literally be *howling* while your new mate mounts you from behind again and again.

Ughhh. Just thinking about it is making me a little excited. Stupid furry wolf body. I can still smell Lars' scent on my fur and in the surrounding forest. He rubs up against trees while transformed in order to mark his territory, and *I'm* marked as his too.

Another Life Pro-Tip: avoid becoming marked as a werewolf's lover. It is a lifetime commitment, and it *will* make your instincts go ga-ga for being part of his pack. The mother of his pups.

Okay, that's enough whining. You're probably wondering just who on earth I am to be talking about transformations and full bellies and full moons and all these tips for a supernatural creature you probably don't even believe in. Well, I can assure you it's true. I *am* a werewolf, and I *was* turned into one by my best friend, who also made me his very female, very devoted mate. How else do you think I got an entire litter of pups growing in my belly? And that's not even getting into the fact that I've got *eight* swelling teats that are getting ready to fill with milk. Used to be I just had one upper pair of fairly large furry breasts, and the lower ones were just nipples. Now, thanks to me being super knocked up, the rest of them have grown, and the uppermost ones are even bigger. Lars loves sucking on them while he still has the chance, the absolute dog.

Ha! The absolute *dog*. I didn't even mean to make that joke. My tail is wagging from amusement at my accidental pun.

Anyway, the story goes like this. My name is - *was* - Hank Schemansky. I'd been best friends with my buddy Lars Henriksen ever since we were yay high back in elementary school, but for the past couple of years my friend had been a bit . . . different. For one, one day he rocked up to my house with his normally blonde hair having turned a dark shade of brown. He claimed it was just a dye job, but it's stayed like that ever since. More than that, it was also a little mangy, and his face was hairier too. All of him was, in fact. For two, his behaviour was a bit different as well. He'd always been the more outgoing of the two of us, but he had never been a big hiker. Now, he was constantly out in the country, and when I caught up with him, I couldn't help but notice that my formerly vegetarian friend was now a meat-eater in a really big way. He tore into his food with wild abandon, and he loved his meat as red as it could get. Bloody, in fact. Lastly, he disappeared at regular intervals, to the point where it was quite hard to reach him each month. He claimed he just liked his 'away time,' but eventually I mapped it out: he was always gone during a full moon each month. Each and every time. It was then that I realised that his behaviour had changed after he'd gone to a national park and complained about a wild wolf attacking him. It was just one of

those stories I never quite believed, even after he showed me the bite mark on his leg - I just assumed it was a coyote or something - but now the pieces were coming together.

Well, that's when I got my really bright idea. You see, I'd always been pretty passionate about making a name for myself. I'd wanted to break into documentary-making for a while now, but funding was difficult and my short films weren't garnering much attention. But what if I caught my friend turning into a real-life werewolf on actual high definition footage? What if I exposed the unreal to reality?

Life Pro-Tip: Never plan to betray your friend's secrets, *especially* if they're a big muscular werewolf. At best, you lose a friend. At worst, you end up carrying all his future pups and have the world's worst hair day for the rest of your life.

So yeah, I stalked him one night. I even sent messages to indicate I was heading interstate, but in reality I followed him in a hire car, and then tracked him through the woods even as the evening set in and the full moon was set to rise. I had my best mobile camera equipment, and I could hear my distracted buddy grunting and groaning as he made his way further into the woods.

He turned alright. Right before my eyes. He screamed and groaned and barked and howled as he became a monstrous werewolf, bigger than any man, rippling with muscle and covered in thick, dark fur. His face was a mix between a man and a wolf's, and his back was hunched, his body able to go from bipedal to quadrupedal at will. I caught it all on footage, amazed at what I was seeing.

I really thought I had a good plan, but the thing about wolves that you've probably already thought about? They've got a *great* sense of smell. Instantly, Lars turned his monstrous head and saw me.

"YOU!" he replied. "YOU LIED TO ME! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?"

His voice was powerful and guttural. I tried to run, but my betrayed best friend caught up to me.

"You were filming me!?" he roared, spittle flying everywhere. "You were trying to expose me!?"

"No!" I cried. "Well, yes! I just thought - this could be a big break for me! I'm sorry, really. But - but it could change everything for me!"

At this, the beast growled. I briefly feared for my life, but thankfully Lars had a lot of control over his werewolf form. Unfortunately, he still had a whole lot of instinctual desires.

"You want change!?" he growled. "I'll give you change, alright! You have no idea what it is like to be a werewolf, Hank, but you're about to! And since you betrayed me, you can make it up to me by giving me what this body needs!"

"Wh-what is that!?"

He brought his face low to mine, and I could smell his powerful scent even with my human nose. His features became something approaching a predatory smile.

"A mate."

And then he bit into my shoulder, leaving me to shriek in pain as his curse was passed onto me.

I don't have to tell you the rest, I'm sure. I woke up in hospital the next day, being treated for a strange wolf bite despite there being no native wolves in the area. I reached out to Lars to apologise, to ask him what I could do, but he rebuffed me, continuing to tell me to wait until the 'Full Moon change' occurred until we spoke again. I began to grow nervous, but I also started to question myself. Maybe it was all fake? Maybe I'd just been imagining things!

Spoiler alert: I hadn't.

Sure enough, just before the next full moon, Lars finally turned back up on my doorstep.

"Come with me," he said, and his tone left no room for disagreement. He drove us out to the woods again, and then made me walk into the darkness and away from civilisation. By that point I was nervous as hell. Again, you can probably guess the rest. I changed. It was the most agonising, discomforting, horrifying thing I'd ever experienced, and I'm just glad that the first time is apparently the most painful. Only I didn't just become a werewolf alongside Lars; I became a *female* one.

"Oh God, you c-can't do this to me!" I growled, my form hairy and powerful, but clearly female in profile, complete with several rows of breasts, the upper ones by far the largest.

"It can't be undone," Lars replied, his scent now magnificent. "This is what you get for betraying me, friend. Now we can be more than friends, and my werewolf form can finally have what it craves; a mate."

"No! No, I refuse! You can't do this to m-me!"

"I can and I have. This is how you make it up to me, Hank. This is how you make things right and we can be friends again. Friends, and more. *Lovers*, and *mates*."

Well, I tried to resist, but I simply couldn't. My body fell into heat, and by the end of the night I was howling as he mounted me, a slave to my instincts. When the full moon period ended, I didn't turn back into my old self either. Instead, I was a beautiful dark-haired woman with full breasts and a goddamn spectacular figure. I had no ID to back up my existence, and had no idea what to do; all I could rely on was Lars to take me in, which he did. Worse, my body still longed for him. Yeah, I had sex with him as a human woman too. That was weird enough, but we were damn animalistic about it, too. He was so damn muscular, a result of the curse, and I craved the feeling of his thick matte of body hair

against me. He fucked me in a bestial fashion, and I *screamed* and bit down on his shoulder just like he'd bit on mine. I even drew blood; in human form, we still have nice canines.

"Good girl," he told me afterwards, stroking my muscular back. Fuck me, when he calls me good girl, my brain gets hit with all these endorphins. It's even better when I'm actually in werewolf form, because I feel like his hot *pet*. Fucked up, I know.

Well, I had a lot of sex as a human woman, but I got *pregnant* by him while in werewolf form. Probably because my estrus was so damn powerful that I was fertile as fuck. Now here I am, a full belly on a full moon. I guess it's not so bad; I don't have to worry about bills and taxes and clothing and a job anymore. I don't have a human identity, and I won't even be able to turn back to human while pregnant, so I don't have to worry about that for a couple of months anyway. Hell, Lars has told me that his breeding instinct is strong, and God only knows I'm aware how strong *mine* now is. I suspect I'll be carrying my mate's heavy litters on and off for a long time to come, and when I'm not I'll probably be lying on my side, feeding them with all my milky wolf-tits. So I might as well try and enjoy the lovely taste of a fresh kill, and the pleasure of being mounted by my dominating alpha mate. Who knows, maybe I'll even be able to repair my friendship with Lars. We'll have to, I suppose, given that I'm going to be the mama wolf to a whole lot of his pups going forwards. And it is somewhat freeing, running or even waddling naked through the woods, totally bare to nature and living within it, the wind blowing at my fur and my tail wagging behind me.

Hmm. Ahh. Ughhh. If only these damn cubs wouldn't kick so much. Far t-too many growing inside me. At least I can smell Lars returning with a fresh deer to feed me. God knows that I need it. He'll probably want to mount me as thanks, and my body is excited enough to let him.

One final Life Pro-Tip: if you *do* end up as a pregnant werewolf with a whole litter in your belly, make sure your alpha takes care of you in every way your body needs.

That's one lesson I actually managed to get right.

The End