

!!There's some spoilers for KPop Demon Hunters in here and it'll be even more fun if you've watched the movie. Either way, though, you'll get some hot female to busty hung werewolf action!!

Rumi's been feeling odd ever since Gwi-ma's defeat. During every full moon, smells have been more intense, her canines have felt bigger, and she keeps feeling a tail wagging when she's happy, but when she looks, nothing's there. Falling into old patterns, she's been fighting these sensations and trying to ignore them.

Worst of all, under the full moon, her clit pokes out past her pussy lips and all she can think about is stuffing her growing clit in Mira and Zoey.

Not wanting to betray her friends by keeping secrets, she tells Mira and Zoey about her new sensations when the light of the full moon is beaming through their penthouse window. When they encourage her to embrace her new sensations, no one expects what happens next.

Rumi's a Werewolf?

--> Female to Werewolf With The Best of Both Worlds TF <--

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Through the floor to ceiling windows that made up the two outer walls of Rumi's bedroom came the reflected silvery light of the rising moon. It was a bit past eight in the evening and she felt guilty about her tears wetting the light blue fur with snow leopard rosettes that covered Derpy's chest. Having tiger stripes on most of his body, it made sense Derpy was the size and weight of a full-grown tiger. He was an awesome cuddle companion. Somehow, he always knew what she needed. Tonight, he was vibrating the whole bed with his deep, reassuring purr while kneading her side.

Rumi's purple hair was in a braid that started at her hairline and ran all the way down to her ankles. She was slim and athletic, but had curves that let her captivate audiences with her dance moves. Compared to the other members of Huntrix, her demon-hunting K-Pop group,

she was shorter than Mira and taller than Zoey. Despite that, she stood out amongst them because she had jagged, pearlescent markings across her whole body. They looked a bit like non-forking lightning that never intersected. They were thinner on her face, but they could be up to an inch across before they tapered off into sharp points. Until recently, they were a dark purple reminder of her half-demon nature. She'd followed Celine's advice and hidden them from everyone, covering up more as they spread. The lies she'd had to tell to keep Mira and Zoey in the dark about her markings had nearly ruined their friendship. Now she was learning to accept her markings and was starting to find the shifting, cyan, green, pink, and purple gradient that they exhibited, truly beautiful.

Today, though, like so many days recently, they ached. It wasn't exactly a painful ache, more like the ache one got from tying one's shoes too tight or really wanting to buy something one was not sure they needed. What pissed her off was that she'd put tons of effort into not letting shame enter her life after Gwi-ma's defeat, but her demonic heritage remained one step ahead of her. Tears flowed faster as shame upwelled within her. Maybe she hadn't actually changed. Worse than the lies she'd been telling Mira and Zoey over the last few full moons were the lies she'd been telling herself.

Fully accepting her markings, her demonic side, was not going well. They held a confusing mass of non-human urges and sensations that were constantly seeping into her. Noises that tried to escape her throat. The phantom sensation of a tail, or her ears, moving. At times, she even felt like she had fur. Right now, even though she was crying, she could smell a hint of wet hay in Derpy's aged lemon and oregano scent that she'd never noticed before. She blew her nose quietly and then tried to catch more of the wet hay scent. Just as her nose and jaws started to tingle, she pushed back against her markings' alluring influence for what had to be the hundredth time.

Accepting the rest of her wasn't going well either. The ache in her markings emboldened an ache in her whole body. An ache that got worse every time Mira or Zoey made her laugh, hugged her, worked out the kinks of a new song, saw the way their outfits accentuated their gorgeous bodies, or heard their voices harmonize with hers, reaching musical heights that none could match. The truth was that it was more complex than an ache.

It was a pang of desire that radiated from her clit to her nipples, then out to her lips, fingertips, and toes before finally making it to her markings. It was getting to the point she had to change her panties three times a day. She'd even had to buy a few extra pairs of pajama pants. The full moon amplified it and she was sure that if she let go fully, both she, and her relationship to Mira and Zoey, would change dramatically.

They'd all worked so hard to find the right boundaries for their friendship and her markings were once again threatening that balance. At the same time, she knew she'd kept this secret too long, she was terrified, and she couldn't handle this on her own anymore.

Her friends were just on the other side of the door, working their way through Zoey's hoard of turtle videos. All she needed to do was call out to them and they'd be there. She pulled in a breath, getting ready to-- No, she had to push all this down. This was too much. She was too much. When she opened herself to her markings, there was something animalistic there, something not human. What if Celine had been right all along? That fully giving into her demonic side would destroy her, and Huntrix. The pang hit again, her markings burning for her to further embrace her demonic side while the burning desire to be touched by Mira and Zoey got so bad she felt like she was losing her mind.

Frustrated tears soaked into Derpy's fur as he purred even louder, trying to reassure her. She couldn't even cuddle Derpy properly when she was like this, having to keep her crotch well away from him which left them in a bit of a diamond shape on the bed. She let him try to comfort her for another couple minutes until she felt her clit push past her pussy lips and rub against the crotch of her pajama bottoms.

Moaning and gasping, she extracted herself from Derpy's forepaws and rolled onto her back. She grabbed one of the extra pillows and growled as she bit it, feeling so fed up with this situation. If she didn't appease her girl parts, she'd be stuck in her room and away from her friends all night while her whole body had cramps from her not getting off. She'd tried to deny this before and gotten no sleep. The next day, she'd nearly cut Bobby's head from his shoulders when he'd spilled some coffee on her shoe. Celine was at least partly wrong, she couldn't just force everything down. She had to strike a balance and right now that meant she needed to do whatever she could to get off so her mind and body could focus on something else.

When Derpy tried to scooch over and restart their cuddles, she sat up and grabbed the Teddy bear that lay amongst her pillows. With a well-aimed toss, she knocked over the mesh trash can that sat at the corner of her bed.

Derpy's tiny ears turned toward the trash can followed by his head. He climbed off the bed, went over to the trash can, and put a paw on the end. Then he gently pulled at it until it was upright only to have it fall back over due to him letting go too soon. He tried again with the same result.

Knowing this would easily occupy him for hours, Rumi pulled down her pajama pants. Her own scent, a mixture of the clove-like scent of marigolds, and the sweet, tangy scent of a very ripe melon, hit her nose so hard that she gasped. Biting her lip in embarrassment at how much she liked her own aroma, she embraced her clit with the thumb and index finger of her right hand. Her wetness was all over it, and the cleft beneath it. "Haah!" she carefully breathed out, not wanting to alert Mira and Zoey.

The pleasure was so intense that she was feeling fuzzy flashes of sensation in her ear tips. Oddly enough, her ears felt longer and pointier, which was a new sensation. A more familiar sensation for the height of the lunar cycle was the furry tail that she could've sworn was running along the crease in her derriere and flopping around between her legs.

Though she was trying to stroke and get off as quietly and efficiently as possible, she couldn't keep her hips from joining in. That always made it much harder to stay quiet because the moment she started thrusting, she couldn't stop thinking about times she'd seen Mira and Zoey bend over to dry their legs in the bathhouse. For some reason, seeing them nearly on all fours drove her wild. She wanted to grab their toned, gorgeous butt cheeks and part them so she could shove her big, throbbing clit into--

"FuuUUHHHK!" she screamed quietly. Both of them had such cute pussies. Zoey's had big inner labia that almost made a heart shape while Mira's had surprisingly plump outer labia, making both oh so inviting.

Her clit throbbed, gaining another half inch in length as her markings tingled. No matter the fact her clit had a longer final size every single time she got off nowadays, she couldn't function without stroking it when it begged. Her left pointer and ring fingers moved to her pussy, getting slippery fem juice all over them as she worked the tips into her sweltering depths. She was already close, sparks of pleasure were jumping up to her tits and neck. Just a little more.

Her mind filled with a new image. Her hands gripping Zoey's hair while Zoey sucked on her clit and Mira rode her face. What did Mira's pussy taste like? What did Zoey's mouth feel like? She tried to breathe out to stifle her moan, but it ended up sounding like a breathy howl. She felt her phantom tail press against the bed as it tried to flag. Fuck! She was so close!

There was a knock at her door and she stopped cold.

"Rumi, I thought we were over this, you can't just hide in your room expecting us to sit back and ignore you when you're obviously not okay." Mira's voice was muffled by the door.

"Yeah, when you cry, it's our job to comfort you." Zoey's tone was demanding in a way that only occurred when she was really worried.

Rumi blushed so hard that it felt like she was under a thousand spotlights. She pulled her hands away from her crotch and licked off her fingers before awkwardly scooting across the bed. Picking up the Huntrix T-shirt she'd shed before putting on her pajama top, she wiped off her fingers and then dried her cooch.

"Rumi, please say something," Zoey pleaded.

"If you don't tell us what's going on, I'm cancelling tomorrow's livestream." Mira's voice had an edge to it, sounding less compassionate than she had initially.

"Sorry. I'll be right out." She was an idiot. It took so much work to try to hide things from them and she knew, deep down, it wasn't worth it. So, why did she keep doing it?

"Good. See you on the couch!" Mira cheered, sounding a lot less tense.

"Couch! Couch! Couch! Couch!" Mira and Zoey chanted as they walked away from the door.

After Rumi got her pajama bottoms back on, she heard her trash can fall over and turned toward Derpy. She righted the trash can and then petted Derpy's head before motioning toward her bed. "The bed's all yours."

Derpy blinked very slowly while staring blankly at her with his slitted, yellow and crimson eyes. The fact that Derpy understood what she was saying never seemed to fully register on his face. After a couple more seconds, he brushed against her leg on his way to her bed. Then he curled into a crescent in the center of the bed with his tail up near his forepaws.

When she opened the door to her bedroom, she smiled nervously as she caught sight of Mira and Zoey in their favorite pajamas. Mira was wearing her thigh-length, lavender pajama top which had a grumpy-looking, cream-colored cat with a pink bow on its left ear taking up most of the front. Zoey had her pink, short-sleeved, two piece pajama set on, which featured yellow triangles, red squares, and chibi, green turtles with brown shells.

Due to the fact their living room was glass on all three sides, she had a panoramic view of Seoul's eclectic skyline, which the full moon was just starting to clear. She averted her gaze from it as she felt a blissful clenching deep in her abdomen. The pangs inside her were stronger than ever as she turned her attention back to her best friends.

Zoey had her long black hair up in twin buns with high bangs. The concern on her face was dimming her normally bright and expressive eyes. Her small chin and round nose made her look more cherubic than the other two girls. Her body was compact, but her limbs were still long and elegant. She was well-muscled while still managing to look smooth, and her perky tits made a nice rise in her pajama shirt. Her thighs were the thickest, making her the most bottom-heavy out of all of them.

It was no wonder Mira was their choreographer, with her long reach and seemingly endless legs, she could easily make a spectacle of herself onstage. Her lanky form was balanced by her being especially well muscled and athletic. Her face was stretched out like the rest of her, making it almond-shaped and imposing. Flowing from the top of her head down to her thighs like a magenta waterfall was her long, dyed hair. Her straight, commanding eyebrows had been dyed the same magenta as her hair. Her pecs were developed from her swinging around her Gokdo polearm, lifting her small tits enough that they showed up in every outfit she wore.

The living room's high-ceilinged enormity usually ensured that odors got dispersed by the sheer volume of air. However, with her newly acute sense of smell, Rumi could pick up Mira and Zoey's scent from across the room. She already knew some of what they smelled like, but as she got closer, she was getting detail she could never have imagined. Zoey smelled a bit like cinnamon-and-sugar covered soft pretzels fresh out of the oven while Mira's scent reminded her of grilled pineapple. She was now hungry in two different ways.

Even though she'd never touched, let alone licked anyone's pussy, it was all she could think about as she headed toward their huge, half-of-hexagon-shaped, beige couch. Knowing Mira, she probably wasn't wearing panties under her long pajama top. That thought made Rumi's clit throb. She didn't understand why Zoey preferred tight-fitting pajama bottoms, but they did show off Zoey's mighty thighs. Rumi was glad she preferred relaxing in baggy clothes, especially since her clit was still jutting out from her groin .

"Start talking, girl." Mira stretched her arms out across the back rest of the couch, her left forearm ending up behind Zoey.

Rumi walked past the hexagonal coffee table with a black stone top. There were two instant ramen cups on it, one hamburger flavored and one spice queen flavored, as well as a mostly eaten kimbap and shrimp crackers. She could smell the shrimp crackers, the seaweed on the outside of the kimbap roll, and the ramen so clearly that she nearly lost focus.

She sat on the couch close to Mira, her heart pounding. She'd never sat this close to either of them right off the bat. Nothing more than friendship had been explored and they only got especially close when hugging, supporting each other while crying, or all looking at something on one of their phones.

It was tempting to try to engage in some small talk and try to deflect their concerns, so she decided to just come out with it. "Every full moon, my markings have been aching, but it's not painful, it's more like I can feel them trying to change me somehow. I feel like if I lose control of them, I'm going to destroy everything we've built together." She grimaced, realizing how much she sounded like Celine.

"Maybe you should just let them do whatever they need to do under the full moon. It turned out great when you accepted your markings before, and I'll be here no matter how they change you." Zoey leaned forward while she spoke so she could beam her most supportive smile at Rumi.

"As much as I want to say, fuck everything Celine taught you, do we even know what kind of demon your dad was?" Mira looked down at Rumi, her head tilted a bit as she thought.

"No, Celine never talked about it and she's been distant ever since I started openly exposing my markings." Rumi sighed. "I want to believe letting go is the answer, but I'm terrified."

"Not all demons are bad. Derpy and Sussie wouldn't ever hurt anyone, and Jinu made the right choice in the end." Zoey grabbed a slice of kimbap and chewed it.

"That's true." Rumi stared at the magenta yellow and green carpet that went under the couch and coffee table. She wished she could be as optimistic as Zoey.

"Can you feel your markings trying to influence you right now?" Mira bent her elbow, bringing her forearm near Rumi's head, but not touching her.

"Yeah." Rumi had been hunched forward, but with Mira's arm there, she felt less anxious and straightened up a bit.

"Are they making you feel aggressive or, I don't know," Mira thought for a moment, "evil?"

Zoey laughed, accidentally spitting out some of the kimbap slice. "Evil, really?"

"Gross!" Mira protested.

Rumi laughed and then picked up a slice of the kimbap. "No. They're making me feel other stuff, though." She took a deep sniff of the pickled veggies, rice, egg, and seaweed before moaning.

Mira chuckled.

"What kinda stuff?" Zoey asked while cleaning up what she'd spit out with a tissue.

"I-It's not important, trust me." Rumi put the kimbap slice in her mouth and started chewing. The sweet, salty, and sour flavors of the pickled vegetables, and the savory tastes of both the seaweed and scrambled egg went off like a bomb in her mouth. "Mmmm!"

"If I said that when you were worried about me, would you trust me?" Mira sighed.

"You're right. I just--" Rumi blushed, pressing her legs together. Her clit pulsed between them as pussy juice started to wet her pajama bottoms. "It's really embarrassing."

"More embarrassing than fan photos of us binging on junkfood?" Zoey grabbed a handful of shrimp chips.

Rumi nodded, grabbing another couple slices of the kimbap roll. She was voraciously hungry.

"More than when Bobby overheard us talking about our periods being synched up?" Zoey stuffed too many shrimp chips in her mouth and started chewing.

Rumi nodded, looking at her knees. Her clit just wouldn't quit. It was more sensitive than ever with her sitting this close to Mira.

"You're into us, aren't you?" Mira crossed her legs.

Rumi winced, curled in on herself, and started shaking as tears poured out. This was it. They were going to want separate apartments, everyone would find out she was the sole bi girl in their trio, and they'd never be as close to her as they were now.

"Hey, Rumi, did you forget how good I am at reading people?" Mira put one of her big hands on Rumi's braid and stroked it. "I've suspected this for a long time and I'm still here."

Rumi looked into Mira's dark brown eyes, tears still streaking down her cheeks as she stopped shaking. "Y-you have?"

"Mira and I have been talking about it, actually." Zoey blushed. "We kinda fooled around last time you went all hermit mode during the full moon." She bit her lip.

"You two actually--?" Rumi blushed so hard that she looked like she'd just eaten one of Mira's extra spicy ramen cups. A cloud had cleared and moonlight was hitting her torso and head. She felt lightheaded and her clit was making a little tent in her pajama bottoms.

"Yeah, and it was soooo awesome!" Mira cheered. "We've been wanting to tell you, but you've been all aloof and unavailable over the last bit."

"I had--NGH--no idea." Rumi stifled a moan as her pussy clenched. Their scents were getting stronger and her need was getting so much worse. She could feel her clit's throbbing resonate with her markings.

"Do you want to join us sometime?" Zoey bounced in her seat. "We missed you when we were trying stuff out."

"That--RRRHHH--sounds nice." Rumi had to push back against an urge to buck her hips. Knowing both of them were okay with her attraction, the barriers she'd put up around being intimate with them were crumbling. Without those barriers, the more animalistic sensations from her markings were getting stronger. It felt like her tailbone was pushing against the couch, and like her ears were being tugged on. They felt longer. On the backs of her hands, she swore she saw silvery fur growing. It felt itchy as it came in.

There was an aggression in her now, definitely from her demon side. Her hands ached to grab hold of Mira, or Zoey, and press up against them while she shoved her clit into their folds over and over again. If Mira's hand hadn't been atop her head, soothing her, she would've gotten up and run into her bedroom. She was torn between running away and staying, and neither instinct was winning, leaving her hunched over on the couch while forgetting to breathe.

"Okay, I'm happy to go down this road with you." Mira narrowed her eyes. "But before we go any further, let's get one thing clear, your markings aren't turning you bi or lesbian. Fans have been shipping us since our first livestream and we've blushed about it every time."

"My markings are dangerous, though. I'm getting urges I don't know whether I can control. And just look at my hands. I'm turning into a monster." She held up her hands for Mira and

Zoey to see the fur. "Maybe we should call Celine?" It was getting harder to talk because her canines were getting longer while her jaws felt sore.

"She's never suggested anything other than suppression and avoidance. And that never did anything other than hurt you." Mira curiously felt the pointy tip of Rumi's left ear.

"Unlike her, we love all of you, Rumi. There's no way your demonic side is evil. Gwi-ma never had control over you and you have less shame than ever." Zoey pet the fur coming in on Rumi's right hand. "Whatever this is, whatever's happening to you, we're all in, Rumi."

Rumi's heart slowed down as she started taking deeper breaths. Zoey just touching the fur on the back of her hand without showing any signs of fear was helping immensely.

"Definitely. Let's ignore everything Celine said about you, and your parents, and just see what happens." Mira petted the fur on Rumi's left hand. "Huh, this fur's really thick and soft."

"If you get covered in it, I bet you'll be ultra-cuddleable." Zoey bounced excitedly.

"Hate to scare you, Rumi, but there's something happening between your legs." Mira's eyes were wide.

At first, Rumi tried to think of a way to deflect things, get away, or hide what was happening, but then she realized it was exactly what Celine would want. Instead, she swallowed her embarrassment and said, "Every full moon, my clit gets bigger. It's connected to some urges that are scaring me. I don't want to hurt you two."

"Hmm, it would've been nice to have bigger clits when we were fooling around." Zoey squirmed in her seat, her scent suddenly getting much more potent.

"What urges?" Mira asked, looking Rumi in the eye.

"You can tell us anything, Rumi, promise." Zoey curled her fingers over the side of Rumi's hand, holding it.

"I have this urge to grab one of you, hold you down..." Rumi swallowed hard, fighting her shame. "And stick it in."

Zoey moaned, arching her back. "I don't think I'd mind that at all."

"What? Really?" Rumi's heart jumped in her chest. Her markings were making green-to-purple patterns in her purple-tinted, silver fur as it crept up her arms.

"Oh, Rumi, you poor, sheltered, girl." Mira laughed as she took off her pajama shirt. "Zoey has a gigantic stash of werewolf porn and she likes it rough."

"If you turn into a horny beast, it definitely won't be a problem for me." Zoey started pulling down her pajama pants.

"Me neither. You think you can hurt either of us? We kill demons on the regular and there's two of us and only one of you." Mira pulled her shirt over her head. Her small tits bounced while her big nipples hardened in the cool air. As Rumi suspected, Mira wasn't wearing panties. The smooth skin between her legs was interrupted by a gorgeous slit with inviting inner labia pushing out a bit past the mound.

"Shhooow pretty." Rumi squirmed, her jaws clicking as they pushed forward.

"It better be! Huntrix got the best pussies in the world!" Mira rapped the line as if she was working on a song. "Get yo' face up in it, Rumi!" She spread her legs.

"Are you shhure? If I do that, I definithely won't be able to hold back." Rumi licked her lips, her tongue getting longer, and feeling clumsy, as she did. Her teeth pinched and her jaws lengthened, clearly developing a muzzle.

Zoey pulled her top off, revealing her pert tits, which were high C cups, the largest of the group. Her big, dark areolae looked incredible in the moonlight. "We've been telling you this whole time, Rumi. You can let go. No matter what you become, we're Huntrix, we can handle it."

"Yeah! Let's have hot lesbian demon sex... For the fans!" Mira cheered, pumping her fist.

"YES! FOR THE FANS!" Rumi and Zoey responded automatically.

Then they all broke out laughing so hard that they grabbed onto each other to steady themselves. As their laughter abated, they stared into each other's eyes, love pouring out of their expressions. They all leaned in, trying to accomplish a three-way kiss that ended up with Mira and Zoey kissing either side of Rumi's growing muzzle.

Rumi's heart raced as the lips of her best friends met hers. After all the pressure she put on herself and the fear of rejection she was carrying, she felt weightless. She felt free. Mira's lips were full and firm while Zoey's lips were thinner, but more supple. Rumi's whole body got warm as her clit and jaws pressed outwards. It felt like someone had grabbed her nose and was yanking it around. She could see it darkening as it folded into a canine shape.

Zoey grabbed Rumi's right tit, squeezing it through Rumi's comfy, light brown hoodie. Mira followed suit, feeling up Rumi's left tit. Joy and pleasure welled up in Rumi, her nipples hardening under her best friends' caresses. The three inches of tail that were now pushing out into her pajama bottoms wagged as she pulled out of the kiss, threw her head back, and howled. She immediately clamped her hands over her half-formed muzzle, her eyes wide.

Mira and Zoey's eyes were wide at first, but then they shared a glance and copied Rumi's howl.

"See? We're here for whatever you truly are, especially if howling is involved." Zoey's smile looked a bit manic and her scent was getting a lot stronger.

"She thinks you're a werewolf and I don't think I've ever seen her hornier." Mira smirked. "And me? I'm a bit jealous. I think I'd make a great werewolf."

"You so would!" Zoey kissed Mira on the cheek.

"You call that a kiss?" Mira grabbed Zoey's cheeks and French kissed her hard before pulling away. "That's a kiss."

A powerful pang of want hit and Rumi whined. She stared longingly at Mira's loveable, smug face.

"Aww, looks like you want one too." Mira grabbed Rumi's muzzle and gave her the same, aggressive kiss she'd given Zoey.

Rumi moaned into the kiss, grabbing Mira's shoulders while using her lengthening canine tongue to deepen it. Mira moaned right back, trying and failing to conquer Rumi's larger tongue. In Rumi's abdomen, a knot of tension moved down the front of her vaginal walls as she grunted softly. Gray fur spread out from her black nose, covering the top of her muzzle as it grew while purple-tinted silver fur filled in on the rest of it. Whiskers sprouted from the sides, feeling like little dots of hot sauce had been flicked onto her furry skin.

Everything she'd been told her whole life made her want to hold back, to try and stop from changing more, but she knew Mira and Zoey wouldn't let her. Plus, she had to know where this was all going. She'd been so afraid, so terrified of turning into something Mira and Zoey would reject, or something that would hurt them, that she'd held back for far too long. She grabbed Mira's breasts and licked deep into Mira's mouth, tasting the waxy flavor of her red lipstick while enjoying the toasted sugar flavor with a hint of pineapple that matched her scent. Mira moaned as she pulled her legs up onto the couch and let Rumi push her down.

Zoey quickly dodged, standing beside the couch as Mira and Rumi made out. Rumi growled, squeezing Mira's tits while shaking with desire. Her muzzle finished forming, fur growing over her face and neck as her ears lengthened. Her tongue could completely dominate Mira's, but Mira was controlling her lips and how much she opened her mouth to keep Rumi from having the upper hand. She grabbed Rumi's tits and squeezed, growling into the kiss. Rumi growled right back, sounding a lot more intimidating, but still not fazing Mira.

"I wanna kiss something too." Zoey grabbed the waist of Rumi's pajama pants and pulled them down. Then she shoved her face into Rumi's pussy, nuzzling the base of Rumi's lengthening clit with her chin while licking across Rumi's pussy lips.

Rumi howled into the kiss, her five inch tail flagging as she felt, for the first time in her life, another woman's tongue plunge into her folds. Waves of a fluttering, joyous warmth buffeted her whole being. Her cheeks burned from the thrill of it all. As the tight knot in her belly moved further toward her groin, she felt a pinch at the base of her clit. A new clit erupted into the world, bumping into Zoey's chin.

This time, Rumi's howl forced her to break the kiss as her needy tunnel danced across Zoey's tongue. Her tail felt like it was being pulled on, lengthening past a foot as fur covered it. There was tightness and then a release as vertebrae after vertebrae came into being. With each contraction in her pussy, the knot in her abdomen moved closer to a sac of flesh that was forming between her new clit and what had to be her dick. A dick which was now three inches long and still growing.

Wrapping her hand around Rumi's length, Zoey stroked it.

As Rumi's tail stood on end, surpassing two feet in length, Rumi gasped. Her climax hit her so hard and fast that her legs started shaking. It felt like someone had lit sparklers inside her. "Hah! Haaah! AAAH!" Rumi's prick grew another inch as she was crying out.

"Welcome to your first lesbian orgasm." Mira licked Rumi's nose playfully.

Only when Rumi's orgasm ended did Zoey pull her face, and hand, away. "Your pussy's so pretty, Rumi. Your inner labia look like a river flowing toward your clit."

"Mmnnghh." Rumi couldn't find one word to respond with. Her tail wagged as it made it to a luxurious three feet in length. It was covered with long, bushy, gray fur that had the same purple tint as the rest. It was a relief to actually have a tail there instead of feeling phantom tail sensations.

"I think you're ready for a girl orgy," Mira sang to the melody of "Takedown" while gently getting out from under Rumi and guiding her into a comfy seated position without sitting on her tail.

"Grope you and send you into a world of bliss." Zoey pulled off Rumi's pink house slippers.

"Cuz you deserve a kiss." Mira grabbed the waist of Rumi's hoodie and pulled it up.

"Yeah, it's an orgy." Zoey pulled off Rumi's bottoms.

"A werewolf with big feelings does deserve to live." Mira helped Rumi out of her hoodie.

"It's so obvious." Zoey took Rumi's cock into her mouth.

"I'm a girl up and get you off." Mira leaned in and sucked on Rumi's left nipple.

They didn't miss a beat reworking the lyrics together. Between how soothing it was to have them sing to her and the electric sensation of their lips and tongues, she felt an overwhelming tide of pleasure and acceptance. Every inch of her skin that the moonlight touched, her patterns were glowing, and the sensations were more vibrant. Instead of freaking out, she stared with wonder at the silver fur that was filling in on her front and the purple-gray fur growing everywhere else. Her jagged, gorgeous markings added ever-changing, purple to green stripes in her fur.

As she bucked her hips and groaned in delight, Rumi felt her muscles bulging under her skin and her tits swelling while her bones got sore. The pleasure was enough to combat the soreness, but a little fear was creeping back in. She looked at the backs of her hands, the thick, purple-tinted silver and gray fur on them. They were larger and stronger. Her arms were thicker too. She started breathing faster, making it harder to moan at the sensation of hungry mouths on her tits and cock.

"You two know I'm getting a cock right?" It felt weird speaking with a muzzle, but now that it was fully formed, it wasn't nearly as awkward as it had been. "That I'm changing a lot?"

"Changing into a smoking hot werewolf? Yes, we know. Now stop worrying and just let it happen." Mira put a hand on Rumi's thigh.

"Your tail's so pretty!" Zoey stroked the fur on it. "It's so fluffy!"

"It looks great on you, Rumi." Mira smiled.

As Rumi tried to let go, a sound tried to escape her throat while her markings glowed with intensity, and burned with an electric potential. Instinctively, she knew letting go would bring her closer to her friends, but she didn't know what that meant. So she clamped down on it. "I feel like something might happen to you two if I do. I'm scared." Rumi tensed up, gritting her teeth as the pressure in her patterns coalesced into a desperate need to sing.

"If I'd been given a chance to share your pain in the past, I would've done it in a heartbeat. You clearly can't carry this alone, whatever it is, so let me help this time. Please." Zoey was looking up at Rumi's face, her eyes wet with emotion.

"We've been waiting for you to let us in since we met you. Plus, it's probably going to piss off Celine, so I'm double in." Mira grinned.

She grabbed their hands and took a deep breath as her markings radiated light. To the melody of "What It Sounds Like," in her deeper, more sonorous werewolf singing voice, she sang, "I stepped into the moonlight's gleaming and I can't go back."

"Now my fur is growing, we're a werewolf pack." The words felt like part of an incantation Rumi had known all her life.

"My life without the lies."

"Thick fur and glowing eyes."

"Our howls without the shame."

"This is what love feels like." They all sang this line together, their voices resonating and lighting up the honmoon, the barrier between the human world and the demon world. A

gossamer-threaded rainbow of curving, non-intersecting, lines covered every surface in their entire apartment. The effect spread outwards, causing the city around them to become awash with vibrant waves of color.

They repeated the line five times, their fiery souls as colorful as the honmoon, and glowing so vibrantly in their chests that they were illuminating the whole room. A wispy tendril reached out from their souls, following their voices out of their mouths. The tendrils touched on the fifth repeat and there was a bright flash that made them all wince. The flash traveled like a ripple across the entirety of the honmoon as Rumi's patterns spread up Mira and Zoey's arms.

"No! Oh no!" Tears beaded in the corners of Rumi's eyes as she tried to pull her hands away.

Zoey and Mira held onto Rumi's hands, repeating, "This is what love looks like."

Rumi sniffled as her eyes widened, in complete disbelief of her friends' acceptance of her patterns. On Zoey, they became more supple and curved and on Mira they looked even more like lightning. Soon, both of them were completely covered like Rumi. Mira's were more magenta than Rumi's while Zoey's were more peach colored.

"Mrrrhhh!" Zoey's nose blackened as her jaws pressed outwards.

"Oh cool!" Mira was watching black fur growing in on the backs of her hands. Then she grunted as her clit pressed outwards.

Rumi blinked as she tilted her head, one of her long, wolf ears folding down. They were happy about turning into dualsex werewolves with her? They'd always been pretty adventurous, and she had to admit, it felt really good to be covered in fur. Her muzzle was fun to kiss with. She was quickly getting attached to her tail. If she hadn't been so afraid of her demonic side, she probably would've responded with a lot more wonder, like them. Her fear really had been in the driver's seat.

Zoey's face pushed forward, her nose continuing to get more canine. "You smell so good!" She dove for Rumi's loins, taking Rumi's dick into her mouth once more.

"Yes, Zoey! NGH! RRRHHH!" Rumi grabbed Zoey's changing head as her prick grew to five inches long. She could feel the sac at the base of her dick clearly and knew exactly what the bulge moving down the front of her pussy was. Since she was starting to feel pent up in a way she'd never felt before, she pushed, moving that knot inside her down as far as she could.

"This is the fucking best!" Mira fondled her inch-long clit, gasping as her muscles thickened along with her whole frame. "Feels like I'm getting a year's worth of workouts in a couple minutes."

"Same here." Rumi's muscles were throbbing in time with her shaft as they got more defined. Her bone structure was widening just like Mira and Zoey's, all of them getting more powerful builds.

Zoey reached under Rumi's sac, pressing her fingers against Rumi's pussy. As she rubbed at Rumi's clit and folds, paw pads formed on her fingers. Rumi and Mira's fingers formed paw pads as well, fur spreading all the way down Rumi's arms while fur covered all the bare spots on Rumi's form. Rumi's muff felt electric during all of this, never having been touched by another's hand. She kept moaning and bucking, unable to control her hips.

With a growl, Mira got up on the couch and put a foot on either side of Rumi's legs. Then she bent her knees and put her clit in Rumi's face. Grabbing Rumi's braid, she said, "I'm gonna fuck your muzzle while I grow a dick."

"Rrrhh! I love your scent." Now that Rumi was living more in the moment, an entire world of scents was opening to her. She could smell the bit of werewolf musk coming off of Mira's cock. It was custardy with a hint of soy. She took Mira's dick into her muzzle, sucking on it as it grew.

Zoey's face pushed outwards, her muzzle growing longer along with her tongue. Not missing a beat, she put her tongue to use, lapping across Rumi's prick, which was approaching seven inches in length. Zoey's canine nose was getting leathery and light reddish fur was growing across the top of her muzzle as she kept licking.

Rumi would've told Zoey how good a job she was doing, but she was too busy sucking on Mira's brand new pole. Using her long wolf tongue, she licked under Mira's cock, just in time to feel Mira's clit divide at the base. Then she licked across Mira's growing sac. Dark gray fur was spreading across Mira's tummy and lap, lightly contrasting the black fur that was covering her sides and back. Mira's dick gained inch after inch, taking on a pointy-headed, canine shape as a furry sheath formed at the base.

"Little bit less tongue action, little more sucking." Mira scratched behind Rumi's triangular ears and then groaned as her muscles tightened. Rumi figured Mira's balls were on their way down.

As Rumi followed Mira's instructions, Mira's dick grew past six inches long, making it easy for Rumi to bob her muzzle on it. She did have to slow down, though, as the urge to push got

overwhelming. With Mira's wolf prick in her maw, she grunted, pushing with all her might. Pressure built above her sac until, suddenly, it was all released. Her balls plopped into their home and immediately swelled in size as her shaft lurched. It felt like something was traveling up her shaft as her cum tube opened up. A spray of precum made Zoey yip in surprise and then swallow before redoubling her efforts.

Mira growled, holding onto Rumi's head, her transformation going much faster than Rumi's had since she wasn't trying to hold it back. Her tail lengthened, dangling behind her while fur covered her legs. As her prick reached eight inches long, she pushed again and her balls fell into her sac. Rumi yelped as Mira flooded her mouth with tasty precum. Rumi's tail wagged as she started sucking more fervently.

Both Rumi and Mira's shafts expanded, getting thicker as they raced for the foot long mark. Rumi's cock turned purple as Mira's turned red. Their impressive lengths were now thicker than their wrists and uninflated knots were forming at the base. Their bodies were thickening too and Rumi could see the underside of Mira's muzzle.

Zoey's muzzle reached full size, able to hold the whole of Rumi's massive dick in her mouth. Rumi was taking notes from the way that Zoey was using her long canine tongue to make little flicks, waves, and longer laps to mix things up. Notes she applied to her treatment of Mira's shaft while making sure to keep sucking on it nice and hard.

Moving her right hand up behind Mira's plum-sized balls, she rubbed around Mira's slit. Mira's moans and more energetic thrusting goaded Rumi to put two of her paw-padded fingers inside Mira. With a howl, Mira picked up her pace, smacking Rumi's chin with her weighty sac.

An incredible feeling swept over Rumi as her body finished thickening and strengthening, completing her powerful werewolf physique. There was tension in her breasts and balls as they quickly gained mass, reaching the size of plums. Each one was a handful, and her tits became a pair of perky F-cups. Mira and Zoey's tits expanded as well, Mira getting a pair of E's and Zoey's hitting Rumi's legs as they made it to G-cups.

Mira growled and got savage with her thrusts as her dick reached an impressive thirteen inches in length. Rumi could feel Mira's knot swelling along with Mira's nuts as they reached the size of tennis balls. "I'm gonnaaah cum! RRRHHHH!"

Pride welled up in Rumi as she fingered Mira's pussy and deepthroated Mira's dick out of sheer desperation to catch all of Mira's first load. Rumi could feel the knot at the base of her

own foot-long cock swelling. Her pussy lips were plump and sensitive. Zoey's fingers were knuckle deep inside her.

With her fingers digging into Rumi's braid, howling and her legs bucking wildly, Mira coated Rumi's throat with delicious, thick werewolf cream. Her inner walls undulated around Rumi's fingers, tugging on them as Mira's nectar thoroughly wet Rumi's fur.

As she swallowed Mira's cum, Mira's knot got lodged in the end of her muzzle. Rumi made ascending moans as her own knot swelled in Zoey's maw, the pang she'd felt so long became a booming bell toll of release. Tension Rumi had been holding in her body, ever since she fell in love with Mira and Zoey, broke into a million pieces. Each of those pieces scattered to the farthest corners of her being, becoming a spark of joyous light in the cavernous void of her isolation.

Cum spilled out of her shaft into Zoey's mouth as her knot reached its full size, even larger than Mira's. Her cunt convulsed, sucking on Zoey's fingers while a tide of potent bliss made her howl around Mira's dick just as Mira's final shots were being fired.

Zoey greedily drank down Rumi's spooge, her free hand going between her legs and fingering her sweltering cleft. Rumi lost track of it all, getting tossed around by all the sensations bombarding her. She loved the way Mira was holding her head, the way Zoey's canine nose felt pressed up against her furry sheath, the pulsing of her dick as it spurt its bounty, and feeling fingers in her pussy while her fingers were deep in Mira's. It was all so fulfilling.

After letting go of Rumi's braid, Mira gently helped Rumi open wider and then pulled her massive werewolf length out of Rumi's maw. Rumi was about to lick her fingers when Mira lifted her balls and kissed the end of Rumi's muzzle with her werewolf mound. "Clean up the mess you made."

The peppery and delicious grilled pineapple taste of Mira's snatch made Rumi all the more eager. Instinct made her a bit more aggressive with her tongue than she'd meant to be, and it flicked out over and over, bringing the incredible, tangy flavor of Mira's folds with it.

Zoey carefully pulled her muzzle off Rumi's prick, her hot breath caressing Rumi's dick as she panted with excitement. The cinnamon sugar pretzel scent of her muff was getting strong enough that Rumi could catch hints of it, despite her canine nose being up against Mira's clit, while Mira's balls were draped across her muzzle.

Rumi's dick started hardening again as she licked up into Mira, wanting to taste as much of her as possible. Mira ground against Rumi's muzzle and stroked her dick, moaning loudly. Gleeful that Mira was getting so much out of her eating out, Rumi licked even deeper, growling to vibrate Mira's clit.

"Awrrr--AAAWWWRRRRUUU!" Mira howled, cum splashing down on Rumi's face, as Mira's cunt drenched Rumi's muzzle. Mira bucked wildly for a good half minute before she used Rumi's braid as a handhold and stepped to Rumi's left side. Collapsing onto the couch, she said, "Fuck, Rumi, I--that was the fucking best."

Mira was an imposing werewolf, the tallest of the three. Compared to Zoey and Rumi, she was lanky, but no one would think of her that way now. Her wide hips made a foundation for her muscular frame, and a thicker chest and back supported her E-cup tits. Her tennis-ball-sized nuts looked so enticing in their dark-gray-furred sac while her slowly-receding thirteen inch canine cock was standing guard over them. The magenta-to-red lightning-like patterns throughout Mira's fur made her look even more badass than she already did.

As Zoey stood up, Rumi could see she was the most voluptuous out of all of them. Her tits, hips, and ass were wonderfully round while her toned werewolf physique made her look fierce. The less angular edges of the peach-and-yellow-colored patterns in her fur went with her curvy form. The light gray fur on her back and sides led to buff colored fur on her front. Her patterns fit in perfectly with her coat color. Unlike the other two, she hadn't completed her transformation. Her clit was a few inches long and her tail was a half foot long while the fur on her shoulders and arms was a bit thin. Her ears weren't quite as long as the other two girls' yet either.

Rumi was a perfect balance of the two. She had more curves than Mira, but not as many as Zoey. She had some of Mira's lithe power while having some of Zoey's wider, more stable, frame. Her F-cup tits felt really good in her hands and her fat nipples felt great against her paw pads. She'd always wondered what it was like to have big boobs and she loved them. Her patterns shaded from purple to green and the colors gradually shifted, just like on Mira and Zoey. Her prick was a foot long and her knot had gotten a bit bigger than Mira's. Their shafts were equal in thickness, similar to glass coke bottles. Her balls were as big as peaches and she felt a bit embarrassed whenever she looked at them.

"Your cock's still so hard, Rumi. Can I ride it? Seeing what happened to you two, I don't think I'll finish changing until I get off." Zoey bit her lip.

"NGH!" Rumi spurt pre on her chest as she thought about being inside Zoey. "Sure, I, uhh, would like that." She blushed under her fur.

"Yay!" Zoey got up on the couch, straddling Rumi's loins. Then she grabbed Rumi's thick shaft and lowered herself. She took her hand away as the tip entered her cunny. "So warm!" Her ears folded back as she moaned.

"Damn, that's hot!" Mira stroked her dick as she slipped three fingers in her pussy.

"Haahhh! Zoey! This is amazing!" Rumi panted out. She could feel the heated, slippery walls of Zoey's snatch enveloping her length. Things got tight after the tapered head of her dick was fully in and Zoey had to slow down.

"Okay, breathe, Zoey. You can do this." Zoey took deep breaths and relaxed.

Rumi's cock entered more easily, her feeling Zoey's walls tremble and twitch as Zoey moaned and yipped. Making things a bit more embarrassing, Rumi's tail started thumping against the couch as Zoey got a third of Rumi's dick in her. Mira chuckled, leaning forward so she could get a better look.

After the halfway point, Zoey growled and let herself fall faster. "Need to get filled. More!" Her tail grew several inches in just a few seconds, gaining thicker fur.

Seeing Zoey's wolf side come out emboldened Rumi's instincts and she started making thrusts upwards. Zoey's clit grew ever longer, a new clit budding off of it as Zoey's original clit became a cock. She grunted, pushing her balls toward her groin, which caused her to clench around Rumi's pole. Rumi yipped and then growled as she reached between them and started stroking Zoey's two-inch phallus.

"Rrrrhhh, having a cock is awesome." Mira was stroking faster, her dick at full hardness.

"Thanks for sharing your markings, Rumi."

"YouRRHhhh-- welcome." Rumi felt happiness like a splash of champagne inside her.

Zoey's inner muscles gripped Rumi's cock at the end of each thrust, hugging her shaft. Rumi could feel the smooth, corrugated texture the rings of muscle made in Zoey's passage. She felt more connected to Zoey than ever, and it was adding more depth to every sensation. Being inside her best friend's pussy while feeling their tits collide was a sensation Rumi couldn't get

enough of. Then there was the swelling of Zoey's cock in her hands as she stroked it. It was five inches long and already taking on a canine shape while Zoey's sac was growing in under it.

Mira's paw-padded right hand was traveling faster up and down her shaft when she wasn't giving it appreciative gropes. She had stuffed four fingers in her pussy and was watching her friends go at it with glee.

Rumi felt pressure building at the base of her dick and Zoey's velvety walls were making her happier and happier she had a cock now. She nearly came simply from imagining what Zoey was feeling, having something so thick and knotted inside her. She was falling in love with her demon side, the fact she could experience all this along with her mates. Yes, "mates." It was a word that came along with her instincts and she felt closer to them than ever.

Zoey pushed three times in a row and along with each push, her dick grew another inch while her tail grew several. Her eight inch shaft was now drooling precum as Rumi stroked it with both hands. Rumi's pussy was getting very wet as she thought about her mates doing to her what she was doing to Zoey.

"I FUCKING LOVE MY DICK!" Mira cried out as her knot swelled and her shaft jerked. Then she howled as her prick spurted pearly white jizz all over her neck and chin. As her howl ended, she put her muzzle on the end and drank the rest down. Her hands stayed under her big balls, her fingers still pumping in her orgasming pussy.

The pressure at the base of Rumi's dick had become a burn that was consuming her entire body and seeing Mira cum had nearly tipped her over the edge. It was getting hard to pull her knot out "Zoey, I don't think I can hold it."

"Let go! CUM IN ME!" Zoey pushed and her tail lengthened, reaching two feet long. Then she rode Rumi so hard their breasts were smacking against each other, her wolf ears growing out to their full length.

On Zoey's next thrust onto Rumi's cock, the knot won and she stayed tied to Rumi. She grabbed her tits as her head flew back. "AWWWRRUUUU!" Her pussy milked Rumi's length while the contractions inside her pussy shoved her nuts into their sac. She let loose another howl as her prick grew two inches and started lurching, her balls quickly growing to the size of avocados. Her dick was thicker than Rumi and Mira's shafts but the knot was a little smaller than Rumi's.

Mira dove between them, catching Zoey's wolf spoooge with her muzzle.

"AWWRRRUUUU!" Rumi's howl got muffled as she bit Zoey's neck. Her shaft spasmed powerfully, her cum shooting out so hard that it splashed inside Zoey.

The sparks of joy that were now lighting Rumi's darkness caught fire. She felt a weightless warmth in every part of her as their patterns flashed brightly. Every single little detail of their werewolf forms was now solidified. Their tails were all long enough to go down to their ankles. Their ears were long and triangular. Their muzzles and fangs were fully formed. Their bodies were built for endurance and durability. They had blunt digging claws, wet canine noses, and tapered, knotted cocks. Their demon patterns covered a beautiful spectrum, each with colors that matched their fur. Rumi was covered head to toe in shades of gray, Zoey's fur was light gray and buff-colored, Mira's was black and dark gray. Their eye colors matched the colors of their patterns, giving them all an otherworldly beauty.

As Rumi and Zoey came down from their orgasms, they looked into each other's eyes for a moment before kissing. Still panting from the exertion, they licked into each other's mouths, exploring the ridges on the top, their teeth, and each other's tongues. Mira joined the kiss from the side and soon they in a three-way French kiss that only werewolves could accomplish. Rumi lost track of who's mouth she was in at one point, but it didn't matter, she'd never been happier.

Eventually the kiss ended and all of them were just staring lovingly at each other.

"We're not just singers and demon hunters anymore. We're a werewolf pack!" Zoey grinned, showing her fangs.

"A dualsex werewolf pack." Mira fondled her balls with a relaxed smile on her face.

"Yeah!" Zoey felt her balls for a moment. "A-are mine the biggest?"

Mira reached between Rumi and Zoey. "Huh, guess you're the one with the most curves overall. Hot!" She retrieved her hand. "I think Rumi's knot is the biggest while my shaft's the longest."

"Never thought we'd just be sitting around talking about each other's dicks." Zoey laughed.

Rumi and Mira laughed with her.

"I never thought my demon side would be contagious like that." Rumi sniffled, tears welling up.

"I'm glad it was. Full moons are going to be extra fun now." Zoey stroked the fur on Rumi's cheek.

"So true, I'm going to be looking forward to it." Mira rested a hand on her nuts and leaned back on the couch as she looked out over the city. "Rumi, how many days around the full moon do you feel off?"

"The full moon, and the two days on either side of it." Rumi's eyes widened. "Do you think we'll be like this all day tomorrow?"

"I fucking hope so. I'd stay like this all month if I could, well, as long as I can still sing and pull off dance moves." Mira's tail flicked.

"You like it that much?" Rumi's left ear folded down as she tilted her head in question.

"What's not to like? I'm stronger, covered in beautiful fur, hear and smell better than I ever have, and I don't have to use a strap-on." Mira grabbed her bust. "Plus, I've got bigger tits."

"I've been into werewolves for so long, thought about what it would feel like to transform, what it would feel like too..." Zoey trailed off, blushing under her fur.

"Get fucked by one?" Mira chuckled.

"Yeah, that!" Zoey's tail wagged.

"I love you both so much." Rumi grabbed Mira's hand while hugging Zoey with one arm. "I thought--" she broke into tears "--thought my patterns would separate us again. I was so worried."

"Instead, they brought us closer together." Zoey's tail wagged. "Love you too!"

"I love you too, Rumi. If you had repeated past mistakes, they absolutely would've separated us again. But you were smart enough not to." Mira squeezed Rumi's hand, tearing up. "And you ended up giving me a gift I will cherish for the rest of my life."

"Yeah, my friends in Burbank made fun of me for being a furry, because I always associated so closely with animals, but now I'm an actual werewolf and I can't believe how wonderful it is!" Zoey squirmed as she thought about something. "You like your dick, right, Rumi?"

Rumi nodded, still crying.

"Well, I never really thought too much about having one, but when I was in bed with Mira for the first time and she ground her pussy against mine, I thought about what it would be like if we both had both parts. It made me really happy and now--" Zoey sniffled as tears fell down her cheeks. "--now that I know how perfect it is, I'm going to be sad when we turn back." She started bawling. "I don't wanna lose my fur."

"I don't either!" Mira cried louder.

"I can't believe you two. I'm so lucky. So glad." Rumi's tears fell down her furry cheeks, her crying hard while Mira moved in and they all hugged each other.

They all cried for a while until they fell into a cuddly silence.

"The livestream tomorrow!" Zoey blurted out.

Rumi's ears shot straight up as her eyes widened.

After blowing her nose into a tissue, Mira said, "Why don't we show up as werewolves for our live stream tomorrow? Since it's a song-writing stream, if we're not used to singing in these forms, we can just say we're still figuring out how to perform in these costumes."

"I don't know. Do you think the fans will be okay with us showing up like this?" Rumi's heart beat faster.

Zoey put a finger on her furry chin as a huge smile spread across her muzzle. "Who are we kidding? Our fans already saw us fight demons on stage and went crazy. They'll go wild for Werewolf Huntrix."

Rumi's tail wagged as she fed off of Zoey's energy.

"You're right, they would." Mira's tail wagged.

"Hmm, even though we're covered in fur, we'd have to put clothes on." Zoey was looking at her balls and sheath.

"Way to go stating the obvious, Zoey." Mira shook her head, but then she stopped and her ears folded down. "Sorry, you're actually onto something. Do we have anything werewolf-sized?"

"I don't think so, we're a lot taller and our bras definitely won't fit." Rumi bit her lip.

"Let's call Bobby and set shit up!" Mira cheered, wiping her hands on her furry thighs and then grabbing her phone off of the coffee table.

"I'm still not sure it's a good idea, but I'm going to trust you two on this." Rumi fondled Zoey's huge tits to calm herself as another wave of anxiety hit her.

Mira dialed Bobby and then held her phone a bit below her muzzle so only her neck and face would be in the camera.

"Hi girls!" Bobby's eyes moved to the screen as he realized it was a video call. "OH GODS! WHAT THE!?"

"Surprise, we got some state-of-the-art werewolf costumes made and we're thinking we might wear them to the livestream tomorrow. Problem is we don't have outfits that fit over the costumes yet." Mira grinned, showing her teeth.

* * * * *

This time, when Rumi retreated to her bedroom, Mira and Zoey came with her. Derpy and Sussie were there too. Derpy was laying next to the bed, staring at the mesh trash can. Sussie, the six-eyed, demonic magpie with a little wide-brimmed tophat, was sitting atop Derpy's wide head, plucking stray hairs out of Derpy's fur. Zoey was against Rumi's back while Mira was against her front. She'd wanted to have Mira in her arms because Mira was the one always protecting them and she'd wanted to see if she could help Mira feel safe. Turns out, Mira had gone out like a light, and Zoey had followed soon after. That left Rumi between them, feeling like the luckiest girl in the world. As her eyelids got heavy, an old memory surfaced.

She was in Mi-yeong's arms, her mother's arms, looking up at her almond-shaped, loving face. Mi-yeong's hair was matted with sweat while her navy blue battle armor glistened in the moonlight. A growl caused her heart to skip a beat as she turned her head to see a big, dualsex werewolf with gray and white fur biting the neck of a demon with sickle-like claws. The demon exploded into a turbulent cloud of magenta fog which quickly vanished. The werewolf's demon markings, which were a more angular and sharp version of Rumi's, shimmered as she

walked up to Mi-yeong. Putting a paw-padded hand on Rumi's head, she leaned in and gave Mi-yeong a big kiss.

When they broke the kiss, Mi-yeong said words Rumi was too young to understand, but amongst those words was something she could grab onto, the name of her other mother. With her eyes wide in shock, she quietly said, "Soojin."

She looked at the place where the ceiling met the wall above her doorway, wondering why she'd never heard Celine mention Soojin's name. Her stomach churned as another question popped into her mind. What had Celine done all those years ago?

THE END

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