

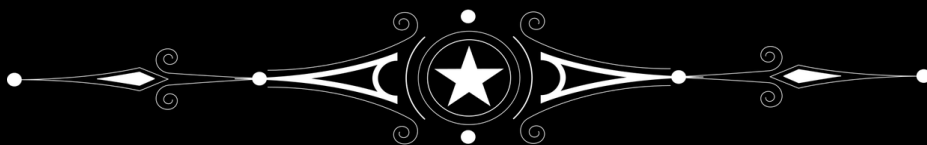
# *Moon Dust*

By

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The following contains: Werewolf TF, hyper muscle, hyper breasts

Read at your own discretion.



One of the least fun things about being a merchant was taking inventory. All that passion for finding strange and magical items and passing the fun of their effects off onto others had to take a back seat every couple weeks for the sake of figuring out what there was even left to sell. Paperwork and bean counting taking up precious energy that could be spent having a lot more fun.

Although finding a bucket of 'skunk paint' buried deep in the backpack of holding did bring value to such boring side work. The goddess only knew where that thing came from. Although, it was pretty cool how the thick black and white substance inside never mixed no matter how much it got stirred. What such a product did warranted some experimenting later. Anthro skunks were pretty hot, after all.

Beatrice set the can down on the table along with her other small pile of 'potential fun' knickknacks. It also consisted of a pile of twenty-sided dice made from gemstones, a deck of cards that promised wishes, and a shoe that gave baking recipes when held to one's ear. Her hairless pink tail curled with the joy at finding so many forgotten treasures in her pilfering and hoarding adventures. That was going to make for some fine extra cash at the farmers market next week.

Having her peaceful rummaging cut short by a series of dinosaurs roaring nearby sent Beatrice into a panic. A second later she laughed at remembering that was her phones ringer for the moment. Luckily all the potions and fragile looking junk were at the opposite end of the table for this specific reason.

"Hey! You got Bea~!" She chirped into the square device, brushing stray bits of long black hair out of her face. "Are you buying or selling?"

"Um, I'm actually your UberEATS delivery driver?" The nervous man's voice seemed he'd be nervous enough on a normal day without such an orthodox greeting. "I'm having some trouble finding your house."

The many fangs of Beatrice's broad smile vanished with its reverse into a frown. All the enthusiasm of her sales woman energy deflated with the need to fight off a dejected sigh. These dorks never read the instructions she put on the app. Why even bother anymore?

"That's cause I'm not in a house. I'm in the small park area on the corner turn on Elm Street. Just look for the opossum surrounded by random shit." She glanced around just in time to see a red compact turning the corner. "Never mind. I think I see you."

The car came around to the small section of grassland, picnic tables, and children play area. Upon Beatrice's frantic waving, it slowed to a stop at the open section of its gate.

"Okay." The driver said and promptly ended the call.

A little curtness could be forgiven on an empty stomach. She was bouncing on her bare, pink skinned, paws watching a German Shepard clamber out of a vehicle space dangerously too small for his stocky body. The stack of pizza boxes he carried on over to the table and present to Beatrice held more value to her in that moment than all the trinkets combined.

"Thanks very much!" she cried, moving her enchanted, opossum-sized backpack off the surface.

"I just need to take a picture," the dog man said in a borderline grumble, stopping Beatrice from diving right into the top box.

"Ah, right. No worries!"

She waited for him adjusting the phone and, realizing that most of her was also probably in the frame, couldn't resist flipping up her tank top at the last second. The poor dog must have been too zombified with motions repeated a million times by now. Beatrice watched with a wicked grin as he confirmed the photo, only to realize what bounced above the pile of food with growing wide eyes. By the time his eyes shot up trying to confirm the reality of what he'd captured, Beatrice had already re-covered her plump chest mounds.

"All good?" she asked with an innocence that ignored her spontaneous lewd act. When the dog nodded so stiffly she could almost hear the rust creek in his neck, Beatrice couldn't hold her laugh. "Great! Have a good day. Oh! Here's a tip for ya. I know the app likes to cheat you out of those."

The dog nearly jumped when he got a small rock thrown at his face. Credit to their reflex for managing to catch it with their free hand in time. Holding up the sparkling green gaming die promptly confused him as missing a random opossum's bare boobs.

"I'm not much of a gamer for this kind of...holy fuck! Is this a real ruby!?"

"Yeah. Probably." Bea flipped open the top box, immediately drooling at the smell of garlic cheesy bread still steaming off the contents. The canine was still staring at her, so she offered a shrug. "Just don't roll it inside your car. I'm not responsible for any accidents."

He looked like there still a thousand questions needing to be asked. Thankfully there were also several other deliveries to drop off and that took a higher priority to this exchange. Without a second glance, he hopped into his car with newfound wealth in hand.

"He'll be fine," Beatrice muttered while watching their car speed off. Worst case, he was probably going to end up enjoying a much bigger pair of tits on a personal level. It was almost a shame she wasn't going to be there when he found out...whatever these magic dice do.

There were more important matters for her to attend to, anyway. Rummaging through a side pocket on the backpack bigger than her entire body combined, Beatrice pulled out the handy wrap that contained her stash of spices. One of life's perfect tools for traveling.

Muscle memory flew her pink, hairless, fingers around with minds of their own. In short order, Beatrice had seasoned two pizza slices with vials of grated parmesan and pepper flakes. A perfect combination for a meat lovers pizza when she folded the two slices together and devoured like a sandwich.

"Hmm..."

That was not pepper flakes. With all the juicy fats assaulting her tongue, it took a second for her to pick up something a bit less tantalizing. The bulging cheeks of her narrow muzzle slowed their grinding to a halt while Beatrice's mind caught up with what her taste buds were telling her. Realizing the very familiar texture of dirt didn't stop her from swallowing the mushy lump, of course.

"Whoops." She picked the vials back up, ears folding slightly as she read the label for one containing a course grey powder. "Moon Dust? What the frack are you doing in my seasoning bag? I... oh..."

Looking at her hand holding the vial quickly diverted the opossum's attention. Namely the growing concern she couldn't stop either of them from shaking and twitching fingers at random. Vial and pizza slipped onto the ground while she held them up. The usually short fingernails were suffering a serious case of grow in the passing seconds. Opaque shells darkened into a thick jet-black set of sharp looking claws slightly adjusting position to rest more at her finger's tips than on top.

"Double whoops!" Beatrice said, more out of fascination at the waves of thick red fur growing over her fingers, overtaking the black on her hands and forearms like running paint. A few harsh pops rang across each knuckle, leaving her digits squishing against each other as plump sausages. She turned each hand over and back wiggling them to a surprisingly dexterous degree. They heavily resembled an animal's paw with thumbs.

"Guess this is why I need to take better inventory, huh?" This was already feeling too good for Beatrice to care she was talking to herself. Her hair whipped back with a sharp roll of her head, a guttural moans escaping with the changes going up her arms. She gave in to a reflexive impulse to tense every muscle in them for a hard flex. As a reward the shiny new coat of red fur bubbled and swelled in such sensual ways. Biceps surged thrice their normal size, designing her coat with patterns of hard meaty ridges that traveled across the sinew of her forearms down into her paws. The whole process

left her limbs almost grossly disproportionate to her opossum body, just shy of dragging their claws on the dirt while standing. "Aaaah! I like where this is going already!"

Based on some experiences, Beatrice would consider spontaneous muscle growth akin to a good visit to a chiropractor. Except one left you spending some time as a sexy hulk to flaunt around.

"HRRRKK!"

The sudden rush of both arms fur hitting her shoulders was expected, yet no less intense. Bones crackled, developed additional calcium, and reforged in seconds, broadening her torso and pushing out her back. Muscle puffed with all sorts of strength, defining all of them through her thickening fur as it changed to the crimson hew. Her tank top couldn't hope to put up a fight. The cotton exploded off her widening body in a shower of scraps.

A moment later Beatrice had to slam both massive paws on the picnic table just to keep standing. Organs groaned with their increasing size and strength, thankfully managing to fit in when her ribcage barreled out with a thunderous crunch. Everything above the waist was getting a little too big and juiced up for her legs to handle. Granted that probably wouldn't last for much longer.

"Bwehehehe!" Tickles traveled across her stomach with the downpour black fur covering her from breasts to crotch. That didn't make any harder to watch her flat ab rise in a series of rough bricks around her belly button. "Mmmmh! So much better than doing crunches every morning. Oooh!"

She shivered at the way her pectoral muscles flexed independently of each other, causing her breasts to jiggle. The comically small mounds squished against the rising bulge of their support as the quivering increased its intensity. Beatrice bit at her bottom lip, nostrils flaring with deep breaths. The insides of her panties were getting plenty moist already, but the tingles racing over her mounds nearly shut down all control.

"Gah!"

There was a sudden give in tension, making her breath escape in a delighted gasp. It turned into a yelp when her tits slammed onto the table seconds later. Fatty mass and milk poured into them at high velocity, leaving them draped far down her ridged six pack as two fluffy medicine balls. Areolas stretched into wide fleshy plates, helping to advertise their new enormous girth.

"Nice!" she growled through clenched teeth. One paw hand risked cupping a feel, unable to get a supportive grip with so much breast flowing across the pads on her fingertips. The slightest breeze was enough to have her loins twitching, moisture soaking through to her shorts while plump paw fingers trapped a swollen nipple between them and tugged. "Yip!"

Sending a thick squirt of milk out from her boob across several artifacts made Beatrice stiffen for a second. Thankfully, that didn't seem to activate any latent magical effects. She was clearly becoming a werewolf, so stacking it with several more unknowns could be a bit overboard.

Not that she wasn't sorely tempted to start rolling those jeweled dice.

"Hooo boy!"

Claws peeled off slivers of the wooden table. Light moans turned into growls, sending drool raining off the sides of Beatrice's muzzle. Muscles in her neck were clenching and stretching, deepening her voice with each pleased groan that she exhaled. Eyes squinted shut with all the shifting overtaking her head.

Most of the fur became the same bright red, save for the black patches around both eyes. Shoulder length hair grew even faster than her claws, migrating down the muscles of her back and wait until the tips brushed at the top of her butt. Granted it didn't stay its usual flatness, but clumped together in a puffy spiked bush. A very wild style she could get behind.

"Huff!"

Beatrice snorted, drawing her nostrils back hard. When she let her head hunch forward in a release her muzzle widened into a much broader canine snout. Eyelids flew open finding her vision drastically improved with dazzling golden irises inside. They promptly went crossed, a much thicker tongue falling out with her heavy panting while she watched the pink opossum nose on the end swell into a plump black button befitting her new cast.

"Arf arf! Hee!" Making barking noises was always a lot more fun from the genuine source. Tightness in her shorts signaled things were reaching their climax and she tried maneuver her bulking body for the best view down there. Her fleshy pink tail slapped at the sidewalk before becoming incased with an extra thick coating of the red fur. It's happy wagging getting so strong her enlarged canine ears could hear the wind whooshing.

"Fffffffuck!" she growled through the pleasure of her hips popping. Seams along the outside of her pants ripped in short, jerky motions, allowing tufts of red fur to break through. Legs were quick to thicken out with them, legs tearing around thighs getting so powerful for long running sessions. The gap between them closed even as her stance widening, feet driving little trenches in the dirt along the way.

Toes curled tight in response to the tension as their pink skin grew jet black fur around a red swelling paw. Each on unfurled with a hard pop, instantly bloating into a giant meatball with black claw jutting out until she stood on massive wolf paws.

"Goddess! I'm going to cum."

She was so glad to have some big red drumsticks to stand on again. Just in time to bring both paw hands around to feel the cheeks of her rear. Finger pads pushed their soft feminine mass together and apart in kneading motions. Each pass had them filling out a little bit more, pushing away the already taut seat of her pants. Excess rose out from under the waistband, pushing it down in a gradual reveal of her thick ass crack. Rather loose jeans were becoming booty shorts in no time. The fat piling across her hips and butt spilling out the torn remains of their leggings.

"A-WOOF!"

That's the good stuff. When the final seam gave way under Beatrice's cooking buns so her jeans shredded off her muscular curves in an explosive release, she just couldn't keep it in anymore. Her enormous thick tail shot high into the air while her head whipped back to let out a loud series of barks. The muscles inside her nether region went crazy in a series of hard clenches, soaking her already ruined panties to the point excess leaked across her inner thighs. Wood around her paws cracked in several places with her hands hard flex, surprisingly not breaking the entire table under her muscle's massive gains.

She didn't really care about the integrity of park furniture, nor the safety of her merchandise for several long minutes. Orgasms continued rocking her body, leaving her a towering mess of quivering muscles and sloshing fat. Both breasts sprung a leak in the process, trickling small but steady streams of milk down the night black fur of her stomach. Slowly the transformation neared its end with a few light pops of bone there, or a small surge of fat here, bringing her into a gentle afterglow. Even then muscles ruff with fresh strength continued to twitch as her body adjusted to their presence.

Beatrice was so heated from the experience she could see the fog of her heavy panting in the warm fall air. Cognitive function was picking back up inside her very satisfied consciousness. There was just one more thing left to do. Not out of any compulsion or obligation. It was just really fun and looked cool to do.

"AAWWWOOOOOO!!!"

There might not have been a moon out, forgiving the hefty red one getting brushed by Beatrice's tail. It didn't stop her from taking a deep breath and unleashing a howl fueled by longs strong enough that it carried across the entire town she'd nestled in for the day. Hell. She'd love to know if people driving on the interstate could hear her.

"Holy hell!"

Despite the location and scene she was making, hearing some actual feedback made Beatrice jump with a startled yelp. Standing just on the other side of the parks chain link fence was a young mouse man. His eyes took in all the giant red wolfs amazon figure had to offer, chin hitting the sidewalk. In one hand he still managed to keep hold of his leash, preventing a very curious normal labrador from bounding over to her.

"Uh, hey!" Beatrice raised a giant hand in a stiff wave. She tried to smile and quickly thought better of the many giant fangs inside her bigger snout. If her face wasn't already turned red, the flustered heat still burning at her loins might have done the job better. "How's it going?"

"Good. Good." The mouse collected his jaw with a surprising level of calmness, making the werewolf wonder how long he'd been watching. He made that a bit more apparent when his eyes darted to Beatrice's medicine ball tits and back to her eyes. "The hell kind of pizza was that!?"

"The wha...oh, right!" Beatrice glanced down, finding her sandwiched slices still resting on the grass next to her vial of moon dust. Without hesitation, she hunched over to pluck one in each hand. The food vanished into her hungry maw in one quick bite, dirty grass and all. "I think I'll call it a Lunar Special for the moment. I'll sell ya a slice for fifty bucks."

The mouse blinked several times. His mind slowly processed this offer while scanning every muscular crevice and curve of Beatrice's wolfish figure. A smile that wreaked of horniness slowly overtook his pointed muzzle, prompting him to tie off his dog leash at the gate.

"Why the heck not? That looks like fun."

Beatrice gave an approving growl while popping the stopper off the vial with her thumb claw. Today was going to be a good business day after all.

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# Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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Moon Dust

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