

## Chapter 35

A sickening *crunch* sound echoed through Sophia's ears and her right shoulder erupted in blistering hot agony as she came to a sudden stop against a rock at the bottom of the slope. A shrill shriek escaped her and the rest of her senses momentarily abandoned her. When they returned, she dearly wished they hadn't. Her stomach joined in the merciless assault and smaller aches piled on all over her body.

Rolling onto her left side, she tried to clutch her stomach with her right arm and cried out at the stabbing burst of pain as her arm refused to move. Pulling her legs into her stomach, she gritted her teeth even as she felt them moving and reshaping in impossible ways. Dimly, she could feel pain and pressure at the end of her toes that rapidly built up until she felt something give way. Across her body, the itching turned to burning and a tickling sensation cascaded down her chest and across her abdomen. Below that, she felt a stretching, twisting sensation that was oddly pleasurable despite the pain. Her nose and lips burned while her ears felt like they were being pulled from the sides of her head.

*Is it over?* She opened her eyes as the pain in her stomach subsided, her breathing fast and ragged. *I don't remember it being this painful.*

Her reprieve didn't last long as intense pain appeared in her legs, hands, lower back and, worst of all, her face. She tried to reach up to her face and cried out as her right humerus tried to rotate in a way it wasn't designed to. Reflexively, she clasped her right arm with her left, feeling hard protrusions on the ends of her fingers catch on the sleeve of her sweatshirt. Even through the pain, she sensed an odd, but familiar numbness where her fingertips and palm rested against cloth.

*Oh God, my face..!* Tears ran down it as she could feel it stretching and hear bones popping and grinding.

She fought to keep from screaming again even as her body continued to reshape itself. Her tongue was on fire and it seemed like there was increasingly more of it than she was accustomed to. At the top of her butt, it felt like someone was pulling on her spine and she distinctly felt something push on her underwear or more accurately, her underwear pushed against part of her. Her fingers, resting on her arm suddenly ached and then she gasped as fresh agony tore through her shoulder.

*Just make it stop!* She began to wonder if death itself could be as bad as this. *Please!*

After what felt like an eternity, but was only a few seconds more, all of the pain, sensations of skin and bone contorting stopped and Sophia flopped flat on her back, breathing

hard. Before she could even begin to process what had just happened, a deluge of olfactory information flooded into her brain and drowned out the rest of the world. A world that had maddeningly and tantalizingly been just out of reach a month ago came to rest within her grasp now. She could almost feel new synapses forming as a hitherto neglected part of her brain came alive. Everything her human mind had considered a distinct smell was actually a tapestry of threads wound together, each with its own subtle nuances. Her brain eagerly and methodically dissected and cataloged each and every one.

*There's so much; I could spend all night just learning the smells of everything around me.* Awe-struck, she turned her head, taking in all the information a new direction could offer.

There was her own 'smell-print' of course - that of a female wolf. All trace of human was gone from it, but the pattern that had made it uniquely hers was still there. As if to remind her of her origins, a weaker version of her scent seemed to cling to her and lingered in the direction she had come from. Its combination of wolf and human disgusted her, but she put it aside for the moment. She could smell animals - deer, rabbits, birds - each individual with its own distinctive "smell-print". The air was thick with the chemical markers of plants, trees, urine, feces, decaying meat, rocks, dirt and...

*Humans! Panic gripped her. I can't let them find me. Need to get away.*

The scents were faint, but vaguely familiar and - most worryingly - she recognized the smell of that strange wolf from earlier among them. As her thoughts turned to escape, a torrent of information from the rest of her body flowed into her brain.

*Everything is so weird.* Nothing felt like her brain expected and, to make it even more confusing, it felt like she had two conflicting notions of how her body should feel and move.

Even stranger, the part of her she had come to think of as 'Wolfgirl' was not among them.

*I'm a wolf, right? No, that's not quite right.* She concentrated, trying to think of why that wasn't right. *I'm... human? Definitely not, oh... I'm a werewolf?* Shaking her head, she finally brought the maelstrom in her head under some semblance of control. *My name is Sophia Jones, I'm a werewolf and tonight is a full moon.*

She focused, trying to map out the body that felt so alien now. The thick fur on her chest and back was pushing uncomfortably against a sort of soft shell - clothes was the word - that seemed to be drawn tight against her. A similar unpleasant tightness was present on the lower part of her body. An appendage that was simultaneously too short and shouldn't have been there at all was pinned painfully underneath her.

*Arr, my rear paws really hurt, her lower appendages felt like they had been painfully stuffed into a vice. But not my shoulder; I could have sworn I had broken it.*

The appearance of gasoline vapor in the air reminded her she couldn't stay there. She went with a motion both parts of her conflicting sense of self seemed okay with and rolled onto her side. The appendage extending from her butt tried to move with her but was trapped by her underwear and jeans. Sticking out her forelimbs, she continued to roll onto her front.

*Now what?* She concentrated, trying to decide if she was supposed to get on all fours or on two feet. *Okay, I'm a werewolf, but shaped mostly like a human, I think.*

Though she deeply desired to embrace the wolf part of her mind, she sensed it would be expedient to move as the form she was most familiar with. Extending her arms, she pushed against the ground with fingers that felt oddly inflexible. She got to her knees, wincing at the flash of pain from her rear. Then, she tried to stand on her feet.

"Yelp!" She let out a lupine cry of surprise as she tap-danced forward, her feet seemingly at war with her shoes to flex properly.

Her shoes dug into her Achilles painfully as she stumbled and then fell onto her hands.

*Paws? Hand-paws?* Sophia stared at limbs that were neither human nor wolf.

Black claws extended from her digits as they had a month before, but the tops of her hands were covered in dense, short gray fur. Her fingers seemed to flex backwards several degrees further than they should but seemed otherwise anatomically human. As a result of the unusual angle, she could feel most of her body weight falling on them and her metacarpal pads. Where her fingers looked largely unchanged, her thumb was a different matter. It looked like an inch-long stub and had apparently migrated up her hand.

*What's wrong with my feet...* Turning her head, she looked down the length of her body. *Oh, I didn't take my shoes off.*

Black claws poked out of the fronts of both shoes and her feet felt like they had been stuffed into them. Rolling onto her side, she bent forward and opened her mouth, intent on ripping the bothersome footwear off. To her frustration, she discovered her body did not have the proportions or range of movement for her mouth to reach her feet.

*I can use my forepaws... er, hands... er, hand-paws!* Concentrating, she recalled how she had put them on earlier and how to take them off.

Reaching her right arm forward, she repeated the series of motions she had performed so many times in the past without conscious thought. At least she tried to. In defiance of the mental patterns developed in infancy, her hand simply refused to work the way she expected it to. When she tried to pinch a shoelace, her forefinger curled to meet her thumb, but the latter

was nowhere to be found. Commands to the muscles associated with her thumb just resulted in the stub part way up her elongated hand wiggling uselessly.

*Wolves don't have thumbs.* She stared in dismay at her partially transformed hands. *At least I can still spread my fingers apart.*

Separating her fore and middle fingers, she managed to nab a lace and pulled apart the knot. Then, she hooked her clawed tips in the sole and pried the shoe off. Relief flooded her as her foot was freed from the shoe's vice grip. She didn't dwell on it though as the smell of the tame wolf intensified. The human scents remained distant, but Bruno had definitely picked up her trail and was closing fast.

*Come on,* she brought her left leg into her body and repeated the process for her left foot. *Now, run.*

She felt her ears swivel towards the distant sound of distant engines revving and she flipped back onto her hand-paws. Pushing herself up, she instinctively stood in a crouched position on the conveniently padded balls of her feet. Willing her legs to move, she felt her toes curl down and her claws dig into the snow while her leg propelled her forward. The run was awkward and unnatural to both human and wolf, but she was moving.

*Crap, my coat!* Panic shot through her, but it was too late to do anything about it. *Ow! I think I have a tail! Can't it wait until I can get my jeans off?!*

The small extension of her tailbone was valiantly trying to keep rhythm with her movements, but confined as it was, every attempted movement hurt. It was also throwing off her balance and she found herself running in a crude zig-zag.

*That wolf smells me! He's getting closer!* Terror gripped her as she tried to run faster. *I'm so hot,* she started to pant, her tongue conspicuously sticking out of her mouth. *He's going to catch me!*

Suddenly, the pants leg of her jeans slid partway down her left foot as it was in the air. Her foot caught on the material and, unable to bring her foot forward in time to put it on the ground, she fell forward with a surprised yelp. She hit the ground and rolled painfully over a large stick.

*Stupid jeans!* She glared down at the offending garment.

The jeans were more than halfway down her foot, which she vaguely recognized as odd since they hadn't quite made it down to her ankle earlier. Panic seized her as she realized the scent of the tame wolf indicated he had almost reached her. Frantically, she rolled off her side and onto her hand-paws and the balls of her feet. She spun to face the direction of her assailant's scent just in time to see Bruno bounding towards her.

Arching her back, she opened her jaws and let out as menacing a growl as she could manage, 'Stay away!'

Startled, Bruno tried to come to a sudden stop, but his front paws slipped in the snow and he fell forward. He scrambled to his feet with snow falling from his fur, surprise and confusion plain in his scent and body language. Keeping her teeth bared and ears back, Sophia kept her gaze fixed on the dog.

*I'm bigger than him, she sized him up. He should back down.*

Bruno made an uncertain yelp, 'female two-leg dog friend?'

Sophia blinked in shock, nearly losing her precarious balance. It was as though the tame wolf was 'speaking' with a heavy accent and his 'speech' lacked the complexity she sensed in Shadow's communications, but she had still just understood him! Even more astounding, she somehow knew how to 'speak' to the tame wolf in turn. Feeling unnerved by the discovery and unsure of what else to do, she resumed baring her teeth threateningly.

Bruno sniffed again before whining in confusion, 'two-leg dog now bitch? Smell like bitch, bitch look strange.'

'I'm *not* a dog; I'm a wolf,' Sophia growled indignantly, but the snarl slipped from her face. 'Sort of.'

'Wolf? Wolf friend!' the dog yelped and wagged his tail despite Sophia's stance. 'Play?' *What?* She had certainly not expected *that*.

'Friend play!' Bruno yipped and jumped while keeping a respectful distance.

*He's not part of my pack, she regarded him warily. I should chase him away, but maybe he can help me.*

Sophia relaxed her body and whined, 'I can't play. The two-legs can't find me.'

The sound of a small engine starting up echoed through the forest.

The black-furred wolf cautiously came closer, 'two-legged leader gave me two-legged bitch's scent. Me find.'

*Leader?* Sophia pondered what Bruno had just said. *Oh, Camden.*

'No, I need to hide,' she said in wolf-speak. 'Your leader can't find me.'

'Confused. Not like leader?' Bruno whined in disappointment, drooping his tail. 'Leader nice two-leg. Play with us!'

Sophia looked past the tame wolf nervously, her tongue curling out of her mouth and over her nose as she sniffed. The sound of the snowmobile had moved to the main road. She could discern the scents of two humans with the snowmobile and the rest were still at the house.

'No, he can't find me' an idea occurred to her. 'Uh, play hide!'

*Did I just lick my nose?*

Bruno's ears perked up and he yipped excitedly, 'Leader find wolf! Play!'

'Yes, but only 'leader' can find me,' Sophia yipped impatiently. 'I'll bring you treats if you help me hide.'

The tame wolf pranced around happily, 'I help play. Smell?'

Sophia understood immediately what he was asking. *Not much time, but he might change his mind if I'm rude.* The thought of Bruno - or anyone - down there made her more than a little anxious, but she didn't smell any *interest* from the canine. *And I'm curious too.*

She let out a short rumble in her throat, 'fine'. Then yipped wryly, 'You're certainly determined.'

Wobbling a bit, she carefully moved a hand-paw and then a foot-paw. She certainly wasn't used to moving that way, but it still felt right in a way walking on two never had. Bruno enthusiastically covered most of the distance. He walked past her and then angled his rear towards Sophia, raising his tail. She realized then, that she was a bit taller than the dog, even on all fours. With her feet-paws beneath her pelvis, her hindquarters were angled up out of the dog's reach.

*Oh, uh.* Sheepishly, she bent her knees onto the ground. *Now to smell a dog's butt, heh.*

Bruno lifted his tail and she bent her nose in until she was a few inches away from the scent glands straddling his anus. She could hear Bruno sniffing the glands that had appeared on her own rear. Sniffing each other's behinds to get to know each other seemed like the perfectly logical thing to do and she felt a twinge of embarrassment that her own scent was partially covered.

*I'm not quite comfortable running around naked, as nice as it sounds,* she zeroed in on the dog's scent gland and sniffed. *Ah, that's what's missing from his scent.*

Bruno's scent was healthy and indicated to her that he was only four or five years old. However, he was missing the masculine signals her brain intuitively expected and she realized it was a result of being fixed. Though, even ignoring his lack of virility, there was little in his scent that she found attractive.

Still, his scent was fascinating in its own right and she sniffed again, exploring how it deviated from his lupine cousins and the different markers that defined him. She could even detect his current mood, level of fatigue and how hungry he was. Of course, she could also smell the products of his digestive system.

*Weird how normal this feels*, she continued to sniff curiously. *Any human seeing me do this would find it disgusting.*

From the terminus of his digestive tract, she could detect traces of various meats, some dairy and, surprisingly, corn and other plant matter she couldn't place. He had also apparently ingested a bit of leather and plastic recently.

*Heh, I wonder whose shoes he chewed up.*

'Female wolf smell good,' Bruno yipped suddenly from behind her with sounds that would have been too subtle for a human to pick up. 'Make strong pups.'

Sophia's face heated up and she scrambled back onto her paw-feet. Her tail tried to curl down and she growled warningly, 'No'.

His scent wasn't desirous though, just admiring. He looked at her and yawned noisily before spinning his body around to stand in front of her.

'Bruno!' They both looked in the direction of the faint voice.

'Leader!' He yipped cheerfully, his tail wagging. 'Help play!'

With that, he bounded off.

*Well, that happened*, Sophia watched him clamber up the escarpment she had fallen down and disappear, his scent steadily fading. *I guess I can talk to dogs, cool. Hopefully he does what I need him to.* A strong surge of guilt ran through her at the recognition her friends were worried about her. *I'll make it up to them... somehow.*

The human scents and sound of the snowmobile were still in the direction of the main road. Bruno's scent soon joined them and they moved away from her.

*Go Bruno! I can't believe that worked.* The new appendage on her butt tried to raise up but got caught on her panties. *Ow! Okay, I really need to put some more distance between me and them, but I need to do something about my jeans.*

Now alone, she pushed up onto her knees and looked around. Between the full moon and her changed eyes, the night was quite bright. Yet, she found herself squinting at objects even a few feet away from her. Everything started to blur past a few feet and the forest quickly became an indiscernible blob after a couple dozen yards. That was unless there was the tiniest bit of movement. Even with the limited wind, she could make out movement whenever branches swayed in the forest canopy.

*Okay, Camden's house is that way and the road is over there.* Musings about her vision faded into unimportance as olfaction produced a mental map of her surroundings far beyond the range of human eyes. *So, the road must be south.*

She pointed her head in the opposite direction of the road and sniffed.

*Heh, heh, I licked my nose again. Alright, focus, I smell another house towards town, but nothing past it. Relying on her nose instead of eyes to 'see' just felt right. I'll find you Shadow!*

She registered the smell of wet denim and looked down to see a slowly spreading wet spot where her jeans rested in the snow. Despite her knee being pressed into the wet spot, she couldn't feel anything except fur getting compacted into her skin. Reaching her hand-paws down, she tried to undo the button of her jeans.

*Damn it.* She struggled with the button, her vestigial thumbs wiggling uselessly as she tried to unfasten it. *If only I could get my teeth down there.*

After a bit of effort, she managed to get it undone and pushed her jeans down. Dropping the jeans in the snow, she stepped out of them. Despite her legs now being bare, the fur that now adorned her legs was quite adequate at keeping the cold from her skin. Indeed, she had been unpleasantly warm with the jeans on. She twisted her torso to look down her back. Where the curve of her butt started, she saw a distinct bulge under her panties.

*I can't believe I have a tail!* Joy flowed through her as she eased the back of her panties down.

Gray fur puffed out from under her panties even as the movement revealed a still human pair of fleshy mounds. Between them was a three or four-inch rope-like, sparsely-furred object. Focusing on it, she gleefully willed it to move. She watched and felt as the object curled up and away from her body. Still not quite believing, she twitched it from side to side and even wagged it until she was thoroughly convinced it was really part of her.

Her jubilation was cut short as the sound of a snowmobile grew louder. *I need to go. But I can't just run around in my undies.*

As much as she desired to be completely free of the confines of her clothes, it wasn't enough to overcome a lifetime of conditioning around the shame of nudity.

*Hmm.* Her small tail went limp as she pondered her options. *Well, I need new clothes anyway.*

Turning back towards her jeans, she settled back onto all fours without thinking. Using her hand-paws to pin the garment, she bent down and gnawed on the spot just below where the leg met the crotch of the pants. Her elongated teeth ripped straight through the material like it was tissue paper. Continuing, she gnawed the pants leg off and then did the same for the other side. Flipping the jeans over, she used her teeth to tear a hole in the rear.

Backing off the makeshift jean shorts, she pulled off her panties. Cold air touched her now exposed nethers and she hesitated. Then, the memory of Shadow finding her with her clothes off flashed through her mind and she blushed furiously.



Getting into a crouching position, she wrestled the modified jeans on and somehow got them fastened. Turning, she guided her tail out of the hole she had made for it. The shorts felt strange against her fur and she could feel the air against her womanhood, but they satisfied her human urge for modesty.

*Maybe I could try going without later tonight, once I get used to the idea.* Her tail wagged a bit. *Maybe if Shadow is a good boy.*

Her ears swiveled in the direction of the road as the sound of the snowmobiles grew louder and she took off running.