

The Change

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a Loup Garoux's transformation...Werewolf

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The Change

I strip down to nothing,
so the moon's rays can brighten my flesh.
I stand alone,
naked.

Then the change begins.

I fall down on all fours.

I watch, fascinated as my hands grow longer and furred and deadly claws replace nails.

I love how I can feel the muscles in my back ripple and flow.

My arms pop as they grow longer, my legs do the same while they grow shorter.

I can hear crunching noises as cracking of replacing bones fill my ears.

My ears dissolve inside my head and make a stretching noise as they grow on top of my head.

They grow pointer like a wolves so I have my acute hearing ability.

I feel my muscles build and pile.

Then the snapping stops for a few moments.

My body is done.

Now just my face has to go through The Change.

The snapping and cracking begins again as I watch my nose and mouth grow longer to make a muzzle.

I taste a coppery liquid in my mouth when my teeth grow longer and sharper.

My cheek inside was bleeding from my canine teeth.

Lick my lips to make my muzzle wet with saliva and blood.

To make me look ferocious and deadly.

I tremble and shiver not of the cold but the tickly feeling of my fur grow long and thick.

Then it all stops, this time for good.

I ran around trying out my new legs.

I can feel my muscles move with every stride.

I am beautiful.

I am human.

I am a wolf.

I am a werewolf.

The Change is done now.

Till the sunrises and warms my flesh.

But, for now,

I run out at the smell of a fresh feast.

Tonight my senses are lost in the mind of my wolf brain.